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VOL. LXXX.

## A FEW IRISH BOOK-COLLECTORS.

It is only natural that a genuine lover of reading, a "*helluo librorum*," should love the vehicles through which he receives his darling information, and among which so many of his hours are pleasantly occupied. However, when we see a gentleman spend much valuable time in putting in order those volumes which had been arranged a score of times already, calling his binder frequently to council, applying his ivory ruler to the margins of two copies of the same edition, and rejecting a correct for an inferior copy on account of some casual advantage, we begin to entertain doubts on the soundness of the intellect of our student.

It has been our fortune to meet with one instance at least of a juvenile bibliomaniac. He was a quiet, and rather a heavy youth of thirteen or fourteen, whose mother and elder brother had vainly endeavoured to inoculate him with a love of study or reading of any description. Fortunately he had in his possession a neat little bookcase, and a few newish volumes being one day given to him, he placed them beside the few there already, and began to think how much better the mahogany article would look if the shelves were filled. "I think," said he, "if these three shelves were full, I should like to sit down and read the books one after another till I would get to

the very end." His family acted on the hint; and though not encumbered with unnecessary cash, managed by degrees to add sundry volumes of "*Juvenile Libraries*," Tabart's "*Fairy Tales*," "*Collections of Voyages*," Miss Edgworth's "*Parents' Assistant*," &c., till there was not a vacancy to be found. No more purchases being needed, the heavy youth sat down in front to refresh himself with a view of his treasures, and was rapt in delight for some minutes. Alas, the want of uniformity in the backs began to displease his fastidious taste, and he cried out to his mother, "Oh! how ugly they look! I must get all Darton's Library bound uniform, and all Miss Edgworth's Stories, and all the Voyages. Oh, what a nice piece of furniture my bookcase will be then! and every leisure moment I can get, I'll be sitting in that chair and reading. At this point of the "fat boy's" education we lost sight of him, and we cannot now tell whether the additional expense was repaid by additional literary exertions on his part.

If he is still "benath the canopy," and can afford the expense, he is certain to be in the possession of a cheerful-looking library, and to be in the habit of attending auctions when long sets in tasty bindings are contended for. Purchasers such as

he are no better than literary upholsterers. Their motives are almost intelligible—not so those of another class of book-collectors, of whom we were once acquainted with a model specimen.

This worthy lived in one of the Dublin squares, was unencumbered with a family, had money at command, was most miserly in every respect but the one; but at auctions would not let himself be out-bid when a nice-looking work in long or short set was put up. This, after being got home, he never opened, and his purchases lay in attics, bedrooms, drawing-rooms, and parlours, on tables, chairs, on the carpets, without order or symmetry, and the owner had not the slightest clue towards the discovery of any volume he might wish to consult.

At a time when it was a gentleman's custom to shave himself once a-day at least, our bibliomaniac endured that infliction only once or twice in the week. He did not patronise the ordinary sellers of books, new or second-hand. The mere purchase of a volume or volumes had no interest for him, unless flavoured by a brisk contention, and consequent victory over some rival of similar taste. The second-hand booksellers, resenting his interference in their little speculations, and the scarcity of his visits to their dusty emporiums, were in the habit of "salting his purchases," a technical expression for making him pay dear for his literary acquisitions.

This gentleman was not without a double in his pursuits, which were, however, carried on with a difference by his *concurrent*. He owned a lonely house in a midland county, purchased books whenever or wherever they came in his way, got them conveyed to this building, and deposited in the style adopted by his Dublin brother, locked the door and set forth on a new quest. At his death, his learned stores were found in a rapidated condition, vermin,

mildew, and other incidental plagues, having for years been silently doing their worst on them.

Some years since, there existed a rich, wifeless and childless Dublin citizen, whose house was so full of books, that except the small portion of a room where he took his meals (meals cooked by his own hands), and another small portion of another room, where his bed was placed, there was neither table, chair, nor portion of floor uncovered by volumes in every conceivable condition. Contemporary with this student, and not far from his residence, dwelt a woman collector, whose pursuits and mode of life were similar.

Among the most eccentric of book-collectors might be reckoned Abraham Abell, a gentleman of the Society of Friends. He was born at Pope's Quay, in the city of Cork, on the 11th of April, 1783, and died on 12th February, 1851. He was an intimate friend of the late Rev. Matthew Horgan, of Blarney, and of John Windele, the estimable archæologist, of his native city. This last-named of the literary trio left a brief memoir of his attached friends, and from it we submit an abridgment of some passages.

Mr. Abell's ancestors had occupied a high position among the Cork merchants for about two centuries, but he himself took more interest in the pursuits of literature and science. He exerted himself for the interests of the various literary institutions of his native city, and was a member of some learned societies, Irish and foreign. Mr. Windele says of him, "His social qualities, his virtues and moral worth, his well-stored mind, and his keen sense of the humorous, his happy powers of narration, and inexhaustible fund of anecdote, combined with many amusing whimsicalities and harmless eccentricities, gave him welcome access to many circles."

He diligently collected numismatic works and rare books, and

when not occupied with these, made experiments in electricity. Of his intense interest in the relics of pagan and early Christian times, Mr. Windele, his biographer, gives the following amusing instance. The first sepulchral mound ever visited by him was that on Currahilly Hill at the entrance of Cork Harbour, and thus he inaugurated his acquaintance with it:—

“On reaching the summit of the mound, he flung himself on his back on the sward, his face to the sky, and shouted aloud in his exultation. He then rolled himself down the side of the cone. Again he ascended the apex, and made a similar descent at the opposite side. This he also repeated at the other two points, so as to describe a cross, thus Christianising the old Pagan sepulchre by these strange rites.”

Having met with a severe heart-disappointment in early life, he thenceforward adopted the manners and customs of bachelorhood. Giving up business, he would have taken up his residence in an unused tower; but finding serious obstacles in the way, he sought for rooms in the Cork Institution, and there enjoyed for years such an existence as we are about to describe. None but a most intimate friend was allowed to cross his threshold, or gratify himself with a sight of the literary lumber piled on every coign of vantage, and even on the solitary chair, which over-looked the incumbered floor.

Unlike the worthies just mentioned, our archæologist diligently studied his books. He would even read far into the night; and if he found “an exposition of sleep,” creeping over him, he immediately strapped up one of his legs, and read on, painfully supported by the other.

No fire was allowed to burn in his chimney. He cooked his simple meals over a few sticks or alcohol set on fire. He endured the cold of

winter by warming his members with such exercise as could be furnished by a skipping-rope, or what our children call *cutchy cutchoo*. Stooping down and joining his hands before the upper part of his shins, he hopped about, and thus promoted the circulation of the blood, and the promotion of animal heat. These exercises he supplemented at times by a race up and down stairs. On every return of his birthday he walked as many miles as he was years old. His biographer says he continued the custom till he was beyond fifty.

His nightly repose he took on a mere mattress, his head resting on a pile of paper. In youth his nerves were somewhat affected by the recital of some ghost stories in the kitchen. So, to conquer any tendency to superstitious fears, he slept for a few weeks with a skeleton on either side of his bed, and, the first few nights excepted, felt no inconvenience.

Before the consumption of horse flesh had become an institution, he made an experiment on a rump steak taken from a young colt which had been accidentally killed. Having cut it off, he left it in brine for a few weeks, and then cooking it, he fell to, and as he afterwards boasted, never tasted a more delicious morsel.

Mr. Abell thus began the day's duties. Sitting down without undergoing the fatigue of putting on any article of clothing, he cleaned and polished the pair of boots or shoes to be worn on that day. He next sponged and brushed his body, and concluded the (quasi) healthful process by standing on an isolated stool, and by means of a silk handkerchief, communicating to his frame as much electricity as he thought sufficient for the day's use.

He would occasionally abstain from food for twenty-four hours, through fear of becoming corpulent, though his constitution had no tendency that way. Perceiving in his



left arm some symptoms of rheumatism, he inveighed against its enjoyment of a sinecure, and at once began to inflict on it all the drudgery formerly executed by its brother, and to such purpose as to frighten the ailment away. Like most well-disposed people he was kind to animals. At his business, previous to his eremitical life, he would have a cat sitting on his desk at each side of him, and another on his back, their *cronans* affording him delightful music.

In 1848, feeling a serious, or rather morbid spirit taking possession of him, he resolved to sacrifice those things which had furnished with pleasing or interesting exercise his mental and corporeal faculties. He filled several sugar hogsheads with books, musical instruments, curiosities of various kinds, which he had long been collecting, set fire to his stores, and destroyed them. He intended to wander forth as a pilgrim when the holocaust was consumed, but soon laid aside that design. He began again to collect, and before his death was again in possession of a fine library, and a fund of scientific and antiquarian relics.

With all his information on nearly every subject, he entertained a morbid dislike to literary composition. He carved his name, indeed, on every Oghuim stone and ruin which he met in his excursions, and wrote one short tale for a Cork newspaper. These were his only contributions to the literature of his country. "He was, on the whole," adds his much-attached biographer, "a curious compound of learning, eccentricity, wit, and sagacity. With few and venial faults, he had a large over-balance of virtues and attractive qualities in his favour.

The late Dr. Murphy, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, was as keen a book-hunter as any of these mentioned, but his acquisitions were made with the intention of adding

them one day to the Diocesan Library. If, in the laudable pursuit, the influence of the book-collecting mania entered for something, it is out of our power to find fault with the letter-loving, large-hearted Churchman. The few days that preceded an expected visit of his to Dublin were days of excitement to the vendors of second-hand books in shops or stalls. Books and bookshelves were dusted, and floors washed out, and Sunday clothes not spared. Most welcome was the kind face and the slightly-stooped figure leaning on the gold-headed cane as they darkened the shop door, and warm were the greetings given to the much-revered visitor. The whole process of purchase and sale went on under a continued torrent of banter, jokes, and sallies of wit; the dignitary occasionally darting looks of feigned resentment over his spectacles at the quasi-extortionate vendor. Before he left the shop, the whole family of the bibliopole filed in, and requested, and received the cordially-given blessing of the good bishop. The pencil was kept at work during the whole time of the bargain-making, so that the seller had no need to make out a bill; and if the amount was not paid on the spot, a bank order was sent the day following the return to Cork. Much of the purchases by the Dublin booksellers through the year, were made with a view to this periodical visit.

Our mighty collector differed to all intents and purposes from the ordinary herd of collectors. He examined his purchases, read whatever in them was not as yet familiar to his studies, and was able to lay his hand at any time on any book required for the moment. Every room in his house was shelved, so was the grand staircase, so was the hall, and so would have been the flight leading to the kitchen, but for the ill-temper and despotism and contempt of literature displayed by

the cook. With spit in hand, she charged the carpenter when about to take liberties with the approach to her domain, and put him to ignominious flight. He appealed to the lord of the kitchen stairs, of the kitchen, and of its irritable mistress; but the kind-hearted master would not enter on a conflict with the powers of the inferior regions. If the artisan could effect a lodgment by his persuasive powers, it was well; if not, the cook's kitchen and its approaches were her castle. However, eloquence not happening to be among the tradesman's gifts, things remained *in statu quo ante rixum*.

But peace be with our zealous collectors! Their bodies are in the narrow house, their souls we trust in happiness; but the literary stores for which they made such sacrifices, are, with one exception, scattered, as a dust heap would be dispersed by a hurricane. Zealous collectors, "moderate the rancour" of your perquisitions; call to mind the indecent haste with which you have often seen the executors, the children, nay, the very wife of a book-collector, take down his too-dearly-valued stores, and cart them away to the auction-room of our Jones or our Lewis.

There, unless the ensuing sale be invested with some *prestige* or attraction out of the common, the fate about to be recorded awaits them. Single volumes, very valuable in the eyes of their late possessor, will probably be tied, six or twelve in a lot, and sold for a shilling or two. Valuable folio copies of Tacitus, Aristophanes, Xenophon, Thucydides, Homer, or Virgil, will be secured by some hawker, under the price of waste paper; and he, after trying such second-hand booksellers as did not attend the auction, and some of the mercantile offices to which he has access, will, perhaps, be obliged to dispose of the goods to the literary

undertakers of Cook Street, at the ordinary price of waste paper. Then will some literary chandler or butterman of Francis Street, Patrick Street, or the Coome, sadly contemplate the good strong paper and well-bodied ink of the title page of "*Xenophontis Opera, Græce et Latine* (H. Stephens, 1581); of "*Aristophanis Comœdiæ*," 1607; of "*C. Taciti Opera Omnia*," 1648; or of "*Thucydidis Bellum Peloponnesiacum*," 1594,—for some minutes before he begins to tear up the leaves for the convenience of wrapping up a couple of candles, or may hap a small parcel of "Cooney's unrivalled blue." He had got as far as "*Corderii Colloquia*," or Valpy's *Delectus* in his school days, and was capable of partially appreciating the Vandalism of the act in which he was engaged. This book, about to be devoted to vile uses, was the result of the exercise of the mental faculties of a man of lofty thought, of great judgment, of keen observation, perhaps of a high order of imagination. Through repeated exertions of brain, extending perhaps over years, the pictures present to his mind were transferred by his hand to the vellum or paper, and were preserved by transcription, for ages, till a master printer of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, with a soul awake to the value of the literary legacies left by the rare old Pagans, and a will intent on preserving and multiplying them, painfully and laboriously, got type set up, worked off impressions, and instead of the one antiquated, nearly indecipherable copy before him, gave to the reading world of his and all after days some thousand handsome and legible copies of the now imperishable work.

The poor huxter feels that he is now undoing, to a certain extent, the good done to humanity by Xenophon and Stephens, or perhaps, Tacitus and Elzevir; but he is a mere slave in the service of Plutus

and Hermes, and must do the work appointed to him.

Our feelings on the haste with which valuable works are scattered by the ignorance and selfishness of the survivors of a collector, are of the sorest kind. The late Edward Bunting left behind him many of the ancient melodies of our country in MSS.; but he was scarcely laid in his grave when some members of his family feared they would never get to Cook Street in time to sell the pile of paper. By some lucky chance, one of the Dublin literary conservatives heard of the exploit, and drove like the wind to the house of the executioner, but too late to find the sacrificed treasure. The man of paper, pitying the distress oozing at every pore out of the good man's face and figure, gave him, as well as he could remember, the addresses of the chandlers and grocers to whom he had disposed the much-inked sheets.

By immediate applications at the different shops, some portion of the unique collection was rescued, but, alas, the smaller moiety as we fear.

It is not desirable that any one should be a mere bibliomaniac, but it is most desirable to rescue, as far as is in our power, literary relics of value from the destruction that awaits them at the hands of soulless possessors. This good work will be only imperfectly done, unless the proprietor adopts means during his life for the future preservation of his treasures. The gentleman above alluded to effectually prevented the destruction or dispersion of his books and valuable MSS. after his death, by handing them over to a national institution while yet in the vigour of middle age. He will, as we presume, dispose of his later acquisitions in the same prudent and patriotic manner. May he be followed by many imitators.



## MYLES O'LOUGHLIN.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE VERDICT.

THE jury had been unable to agree upon a verdict when the court rose, and so his lordship committed them for the night to the safe keeping of the sheriff, who forthwith sent for his "sub," and handed over the care of the imprisoned twelve to him and his halberdiers. At the approach, however, of the hour whereat all well-ordered people love to retire to rest, the imprisoned ones sent a request to the judge that he would come into court again. And he did so. It was a strange contrast—the still nocturnal scene—to that bustling one of a few hours before. The eager, elbowing crowd had gone: the table around which so lately had sat or stood the busy members of the bar, the solicitors, clerks, and clients, and the sedulous reporters with their nimble pencils, was now deserted, save by a mouse, which ran furtively across it, picking up the stray crumbs which remained over from some barrister's luncheon. The intensity of the silence which prevailed in the dimly-lighted chamber may be imagined from the fact of the timorous little quadruped having had the courage to make its appearance there. It scampered away as Myles entered the court with Mr. O'Malley. These two champions of the unhappy prisoner had scarcely seated themselves, when the door again opened, and accompanied by the clerk of the Crown and the sub-sheriff, the judge appeared. But how changed from the awful-looking personage in flowing wig and scarlet robes who had sat under the canopy throughout that exciting and wearying day! Myles could scarcely

believe that the shrivelled-up little man, in rather seedy-looking black, and a badly "got up" shirt front, was he who had, by his majestic rebuke, caused poor Kitty's uncle to cower and crawl away abashed and confounded from the witness-box.

Scarcely had the judge taken his seat when, just as he was about to direct that the jury should be summoned from their room, a reverberating noise was heard overhead, resembling in its regular cadence the roll of a number of drums, and yet in its raucous sound more like to the rattling of cart wheels. Everybody present pricked their ears for a while and listened. The sound increased in intensity, and now and then the sharper ears could discern a shriller noise like that of crashing glass.

At last the judge inquired of the Clerk of the Crown what this could mean.

"I'm not quite sure, your lordship; but I rather think its the grand jury, in their dining room up-stairs, drinking a favourite loyal toast."

"But what is that peculiar measured beat?" asked the judge with a puzzled look, in which the shadow of a smile could be detected.

"As this is your lordship's first visit to the north of Ireland, you may possibly never have heard what is called 'Kentish fire'—a tattoo upon the table, which is a usual concomitant of the toast in question."

"Well, I have often heard of it before, but this is the first time that I have had auricular proof of what it is. And at such a moment I will



own that I would gladly *not* have heard it. Will you send up immediately, Mr. Sub-sheriff, if you please, to request the presence of the sheriff, and also to say to the gentlemen who are enjoying themselves, that I would as lieve they would remember that the life of a poor girl is hanging in the balance here below! I am sure that intimation will be a sufficient hint to the gentlemen of this enlightened county, and that we shall be no longer disturbed."

The message fell like a bomb-shell in the grand jury dining-room. One very obese and slightly inebriated gentleman did, it is true, make a heartless and boorish joke, but every other soul in the room felt painfully rebuked. It is but seldom that the gentlemen of a county have an opportunity such as that afforded by grand jury dinners for meeting all together in joviality and good fellowship. What wonder, then, if they are tempted in the evening to forget the serious events of the morning's work. And if the Charter toast, as it was called, had been given and received that night with unusual vigour, there was more of serious earnestness than of levity in the clamour. The Government of the day had been attempting a crooked policy, which had called back to the minds of those amongst them who were best versed in history the treacherous intrigues of James II., and his creatures in this country, and renewed in the minds of others, whose Protestantism was rather an instinctive passion than a reflective belief based on an actual study of historical facts,—all the expiring embers of a waning politico-religious bigotry. But all these excellent, though noisy squires, the more as well as the less extreme politicians, had the kindly hearts and the instincts of gentlemen; and there was not one among them but wished that he had not "thumped the table" with such ill-timed vigour when a jury was debating upon life and death below—a fact, indeed,

that, in the pressure of their own more immediate county business, had not been known save to a very few of their number. The majority of them now crept silently and on tip-toe into the grand-jury gallery which opened from the room next that in which they were dining, and when they had arranged themselves in the gloom along the front of it, in order that they might hear the verdict, the judge, merely noticing their presence by a reproachful glance upwards, accompanied with a slight inclination of his head, directed that the prisoner should be put forward and the jury summoned, who held her fate in their hands.

"Gentlemen, have you agreed to your verdict?" asked the Clerk of the Crown.

The foreman replied by a bow of his head. A pin might have been heard to drop in court. Myles felt as if his heart had for the moment ceased to beat.

"You find that Catherine O'Brien is NOT GUILTY of the murder of her child?"

Again the foreman bowed his head: and at the same moment a wailing cry arose from the dock, as poor Kitty, utterly prostrated with weary suspense, and now half dead with mingled gladness and sadness, sank upon the seat behind her. Life is dear to every one. Instinctively she had longed for life. Yet now that she knew that she was saved, she already saw unfolding before her a vista of bitterness and shame; for who would there be amongst all those whom she would ever be likely to meet in future who would not know her history and disgrace? She scarce could tell now whether or no she hailed the verdict with joy, save for the fact that it proclaimed to her world that she was at least not guilty of that great crime. For love (albeit a debased love) she had sinned one sin against Heaven. She had been acquitted of the bitter charge of sinning another sin against love and

Heaven both—the charge of slaying her love's token—her beloved babe !

Ere many minutes the court was deserted, dark, and silent once more. Once more the mouse came forth to seek her morsel, all unconscious in her little heart of the passions, and the griefs, and the hopes, and the fears which found expression in the briefs which had so recently encumbered that now vacant table. She had trembled as she heard the wailing cry from her home behind the skirting of the court. But finding that cry concerned not her, and that by-and-bye the court was quite

empty and undisturbed, she came forth to her own quest again. And thus it is ever in the world. The griefs of others, or their joys, are oftentimes a matter of utter unconcern to us, even though those others dwell and move near us and around us. Now and then they may chance to be so unavoidably apparent as to startle us a while from our repose ; but by-and-bye we return to our daily pursuits, and busy ourselves in our own concerns, and that outer world is soon forgotten and clean gone out of mind !

## CHAPTER X.

### DARK AND FAIR.

AMONGST many varying definitions of "happiness" which we have chanced to scan, we have seen it described in one case as "the first flush of success." Such was the happiness in which Myles revelled for many days, after the verdict which had rescued Kitty O'Brien from a felon's doom. She had been saved, and *justly* saved, he felt (for of her innocence of that crime he was thoroughly convinced), and he had been mainly instrumental in saving her. He it was, and he alone, who had drawn attention to the fragment of flannel petticoat in which the little body had been enveloped ; and but for this evidence of maternal solicitude at the moment when suspicion seemed the darkest (Kitty's aunt having, moreover, sworn to the fact that this flannel was not about the child when her niece left the cottage) the jury would, in all probability, have recorded a verdict of "guilty." True it was that Mr. O'Malley's eloquent rhetoric had forcibly affected the minds of the jurors, but even this would have been of no avail in the presence of the damning presumption of a motive for the crime, coupled with the fact of the body having been found in the

water. It needed the strongest presumptive evidence of innocence of the charge to weigh against the almost overpowering presumptive evidence of guilt ; and that which was so needful had been supplied by our hero's observant acuteness.

It was not, however, vanity or conceit at his own sharpness which so elated Myles ; his feeling was that of a humble but earnest, or sometimes, as he thought it all over, an almost *tearful* thankfulness that he had, under Providence, been the means of saving this poor girl from a terrible doom.

He had enough to make him vain and conceited. He was complimented in every direction. The young men of his own persuasion gave him a regular ovation. And they did this with the more zest, because they had made almost a party matter of the affair. A Protestant lover had been the cause of Kitty's downfall. But she, a Roman Catholic, had been saved by Myles, likewise a Roman Catholic, from being compelled to drink the last drop in the cup of bitterness. To Myles this party complexion which they gave to his triumph was very distasteful, much as he felt flattered

at the distinction. He valued far more the earnest commendation bestowed upon him by his employer ; and the warm, kind letter which he received from his good friend, Squire Heartman ; and the few lines which reached him from his own humble home. His heart warmed also as he marked the unselfish warmth with which Willy Lawson congratulated him—Willy whom he had outstepped, both in the office, and in favour in the Vellums' family circle—Willy who, four years ago, when he first came to Y——, had had almost an aversion to him.

But there was one whose approval he yet burned to hear—one, a word of commendation from whom would have been more treasured than the applause of all the rest put together ; and that one was Rosey Vellum—the dear little pet friend whom he loved so ! Her commendation, he felt, would confer on him a more lasting happiness than that which existed only in “the first flush of success.” He had not seen her since the trial ; but now behold him on his way to her home, having been asked there to spend his Saturday evening, hurrying, almost to a run, in his eager impatience for the meeting which was to crown his happiness.

When he entered the drawing-room, Rosey was not there. Another young lady, however, was standing near the table—one whom he had never beheld before, and who, nevertheless, attracted him, even in this moment of his eagerness to see his favourite Rosey, with an unaccountable attraction. She was rather above the middle height, and had a slender, graceful figure. Her hair was almost black, her eyes were blue, with a melting expression of tenderness, combined with a somewhat dreamy look, betokening much reflective and imaginative power—she had a finely-chiselled nose, slightly aquiline, and a delicate curl in her upper lip (the sweetness at the sides of which

showed, however, that no haughty pride was there). These features, and her upright mien, gave to a head well set upon a graceful neck, an unspeakable air of nobleness. Myles felt that he had never beheld any one so beautiful—not even his pet Rosey. Rosey's was a beauty of a different sort—a beauty to be fondled and played with almost patronisingly. But here was the beauty of a queen ! No man could help being fond of little Rosey, if he knew her in the least. And any nice, good man might aspire to Rosey's affections—let him be ever so ordinary—so long as he had anything in him at all. But no man who was not either already a great one, or one possessing within him the seeds of greatness, could dare to dream of being worthy of the love of Edith Lindsay. Rosey was a girl who would cause a man to stop by the wayside in his race for the honours of life, that he might help her to catch butterflies, and she would reward him with very delightful and captivating smiles for his pains, until he sought to leave her, when she would frown plentifully enough. Edith, on the other hand, was one who would hover ever before a loving runner in the race—beckon him onward with the inspiring glances of those soul-deep eyes, and thus lead him upwards to an eminence, without attaining which, he would not even be her equal !—much less the man, whom she, besides loving—could vow to honour and obey !

Myles had only had time to observe how beautiful she was—only time for the reflection to dart through his mind—“*How* I should like you if I ever got to know you well !” when Rosey entered the room carrying an armful of fashion books, which she had been in quest of. “I've found the right one at last, Edith !” she exclaimed to her friend on entering—not at first seeing Myles, who, to relieve himself from the slight embarrassment which he felt

in presence of the unknown beauty, had, after he had returned her grace-bow, stooped down to pat Rosey's pet spaniel, which lay lazily upon the hearthrug. On hearing Rosey's voice, he sprang up, and advanced with outstretched hand to greet her.

Oh, I'm so glad you're come!"—she said to him cheerily; "I was afraid you were going to be kept away by those horrid assizes. And now we'll be able to have our round game. It is never any fun without you; and the children will be so delighted! But, I forgot! You don't know my friend Miss Lindsay:—Mister O'Loughlin—Miss Lindsay."

"We have already made our bows to each other;" said Miss Lindsay; "but I had the advantage of your friend, I knew his name, though he did not know mine. Mr. Vellum has been singing your praises, Mr. O'Loughlin, and most deservedly so—for he says that you have broken your first legal lance in the cause of true chivalry—in the defence of an almost friendless woman! He honours you for it as he should do."

Myles grew very red, and he felt his eyes moistening, for this speech had been uttered very earnestly. Miss Lindsay evidently meant every word that she said.

And Rosey—what said she?

"Oh, yes, to be sure! how silly of me to forget that stupid trial, which has occupied papa's thoughts for so long! I certainly had every reason to remember it, for I have heard of nothing else for days and days. But I'm so glad for the poor thing that she's got off, and about your cleverness, and all that, you know."

Before he entered the room, Myles had had upon his lips the warm little speech which he had pictured himself making in return for her congratulations. But, somehow the speech had gone back into his heart again—and as it went, had taken a chill along with it. Why, the words of a mere stranger had

just filled him with more emotion than those which he had been longing for days and hours to hear, and which he had felt that he would assuredly value more than all the rest beside! Nor was that heart chill removed when Rosey continued after a moment's pause—

"Now, Myles, do like a good fellow, go and hurry the children down; you know where to find them; and we're full of latest fashions here, and all that sort of thing—most uninteresting to gentlemen!"

"So I perceive," said Myles, trying to laugh. But he felt that it was a grim attempt at a laugh, and he hastily turned towards the door to go for the children. But when he got outside, he slipped quietly out of the hall-door, threw himself on a garden-seat, and buried his face in his hands. Oh, the pain which he felt in his breast! It was the pain of a heart which has long been buoying itself up with eager, happy expectation, and has been suddenly and unexpectedly crushed down by the hand which was to have raised it to a still higher level of happiness.

And in contrast with the careless tone of his petted Rosey, there came back to him the hearty words of that lovely stranger—aye, and a sympathetic look which he had just caught a glimpse of as he left the room, scarce daring to trust himself, in his chagrin, to look at either.

Edith Lindsay had taken in the whole situation at a glance; she knew already what friends Rosey and Myles were; she could feel in her own heart how Myles must have been hungering for a word of real, earnest approbation from his little chum. Rosey's careless manner to him, and her preoccupation with her books at such a moment, had grated upon her as though she, and not Myles, had been the wounded one; and she could not refrain from a glance of warm-hearted sympathy

at the youth whom she had liked from hearsay, even before she had laid eyes upon him.

Now, some of our lady readers will doubtless say that Myles was a very shallow-hearted and selfish lover, to be not only huffed with his friend Rosey, because she did not "butter" and praise him as every one else had been doing, but even to be ready to think tenderly of another girl whom he had only then seen for the first time in his life, just because she—apparently with that slightly exaggerated interest which "company manners" often cause people to exhibit—spoke more sympathetically to him on the subject which at that moment was next his heart. Was he, for a mere accident like this, going to abate in his fealty to the dear little girl whom all "their world" was expecting him to propose to, and to be allowed to marry, as soon as he was made a partner by her father—a set of contingencies which seemed to the gossips to loom nearer and nearer every day?

If we admit that Myles was selfish, we do so with the questions—"Who in this world is not? And "Was not Rosey also selfish?" There was this difference between his selfishness and hers. He was a man—working for others—one who could not benefit himself without benefitting those others also. And all the selfishness he displayed was a craving to be rewarded for his efforts by appreciation. To this extent it is to be admitted that he did rather expect that Rosey would have given up her own little interests just for a moment and would even have made him her hero in the hour of his success.

Rosey was a pretty little woman. She considered it her right to be petted and admired. And when she was petted and admired, she purred like any dear, delighted, tabby cat. But she was a very jealous tabby cat—jealous, that is to say,

in her selfishness, she appreciate Myles's admiration, perhaps above that of any one else she knew. But she had no idea of reciprocity. When people began to admire what Myles had done, it bored her. For she then ceased to be the centre of attraction. But she did not really know her own motives in the matter. She persuaded herself that Myles was rather selfish and conceited and that he required a little snubbing. She was not going to join the herd in praising him up to the skies—not she! She was quite angry with Edith Lindsay for what she had said to him; and it was not forgetfulness or preoccupation but downright premeditation, which caused her to pass over the recent triumph so carelessly.

She did it all for his good—so she persuaded herself. How many of us are thus deceived, by not knowing ourselves aright! It is scarcely credible that people can thus mislead themselves as to their own motives and impulses. We can imagine people doing a thing from one motive, and striving to make the world around them believe that they do it from another and a better one; but it is hard to fancy them deluding themselves into the same belief. Yet, so it is. Good people—people who have so keen a sense of right and wrong, that doing a wrong thing knowing it to be wrong, would positively pain them and force them to despise themselves—are apt sometimes, in the case of some pet temptation, to persuade themselves in the first place, that it is right, because their motives are so and so—and then they go away and do it with a whitewashed conscience!

Thus, "good people" may, sometimes, without knowing it, prove greater hypocrites and less honest folk than bad ones. This may appear a somewhat cynical view to take of human nature; nevertheless we beg of our readers to think it out a little for themselves, and there

to ask themselves whether there be not a great deal of truth in it.

Rosey was a charming little girl ; but a friend of Mr. Vellum's who had been staying with his wife on a visit there, and had seen Rosey and Myles together, had said afterwards to the partner of his own joys and sorrows—"That's not the wife for that young man ! He is made of the right stuff for pushing on in the world—but she would wind her soft arms around him, and hold him back with irresistible force, weak little woman as she is. She would expect him to give up everything to and for her ; and in return she would give nothing—not even an encouraging word of praise whenever he might chance to do well in spite of her enervating syren influences. That young man, the more he loved her, would become the more ready to give up self for her. But this, in his case, would be just the reverse of what ought to be. In this case

it is she that should give up her little, pretty, useless, frivolous self, to the task of encouraging, supporting, and pushing on a right worthy husband to the goal of success. That is a sacrifice which I firmly believe her to be incapable of making ; and I feel grieved for the young man, for he is sure to marry her. He thinks her perfection, too ; because as yet he has never seen one more perfect. He believes that he loves her, because as yet the love of his soul has never been really and truly awakened. May it not be awakened when it is too late !

"How do you mean, love ?"

"I mean, may he not find, after he has married her, not only that he ought to have married another, but that that other was within his reach when he knew it not ?"

"My dear, do you speak from experience ?" asked his wife roguishly.

"No, my own soul's delight !" replied this husband tenderly.

## CHAPTER XI.

### LOVE COMPARATIVE AND LOVE SUPERLATIVE.

SOME months had elapsed since the events narrated in the preceding chapters, and the winter had set in. The revolutions of time had been favourable in more ways than one to Willy Lawson. In the first place he had gradually become so constant a guest at the Vellums, that there was now no distinction made there between him and Myles : they were always asked together. A combination of two events had been quite a turning-point in his life. The first was the original advent of Myles to the office ; for our hero's example had given Willy the moral courage to strive to be his real self, and to shake off the "bad form" into which constant association with Dick Lighthed had caused him to degenerate. The second event was Dick's departure from Y—. None can realise as well as those who have

passed through the ordeal, or seen it passed through, the difficulty of giving up bad associations for good ones, and of taking to the ways of the latter in preference to, and instead of, those of the former. It requires even more than moral courage. Some of your best feelings are in a manner brought to bear against, instead of being arrayed on the side of your better self. For dissolute companions are often such very good-hearted fellows (their badness being rather that arising from the defects of early training than from any *peculiarly* vicious propensities), that to tear yourself asunder from them seems a violation of the natural law of good fellowship and of love for your friends. And yet if you do not tear yourself apart, if you strive to live on equally good terms with both good and bad, to run with

the hare and hunt with the hounds, the chances of breaking yourself of bad habits previously contracted becomes a very poor one. It is all very well for one whose character is already formed to mix in the world at large, and to associate with all kinds of people. Even such a one had best beware of too close intimacies with those whose ways are not as his ways should be. But for the youth whose nature is plastic, whose inclinations are those which are common to his time of life, whose powers of resistance have not been fully tested ; or, still more, for one who has actually begun to acquire bad habits, to be in continual contact with bad company, there is a grave danger from which we need heartily to pray—"Good Lord, deliver him !" The departure, then, of his old friend Dick contributed as much to the saving, and to the moral and social elevation, of Willy Lawson, as the advent of his new friend, Myles.

There is a common saw in men's mouths—"One good turn deserves another." We shall presently see what kind of turn Willy gave to Myles's prospects in life, and to his future lot. Whether it was a good one or the reverse, we shall leave to the discerning judgment of our readers.

Master Myles had hitherto had it all his own way with Miss Rosey. As we have already said, he liked the little pet most heartily, and admired her intensely ; which made him really believe himself in love with her. It was true that she vexed him now and then ; and he sometimes wished to himself, in moments of impatience, that she had more soul, and wondered whether she would ever in all her life cease to be a child, and become a woman—a help-meet for a man of brains and energy. We have already seen him vexed with her once, and that, too, at a moment which which was dangerous to the

course of their true love, if such it was. For just at the juncture when she had shown an indifference to his interests, which had galled him to the quick, there had appeared upon the scene another charmer, to the full as beautiful as she, and one who evinced a really hearty sympathy in his successes, stranger though she was to him. Nobody could long be angry with this sweet little fairy, and, least of all, could the devoted Myles. "How I love the little dear pet !" he would ever and anon say to himself. And so he did. But Mrs. Vellum had fathomed his sentiments to a nicety. It was with a sort of brotherly love and affectionate admiration that he loved her little girl. It was all the love he then knew, for as yet his heart had never been stirred by any deeper sentiment. We wonder how many people marry, and live and die quite happily together, just liking each other very much indeed, neither of them ever having experienced what it was to feel a real, soul-deep passion ! It is not of the "passion" (so-called) which moves the *lower* part of our nature that we here speak—not of a passion such as that of Dick Lighthed for Kitty O'Brien, which flared up for a brief moment, and then went out, leaving to the poor little girl a future of darkness—but of a passion which causes the spiritual portion of two natures to feel in perfect unison, which, elevated above the level of earthly desires, finds its nourishment in the communion of thought from a distance almost as much as in the actual presence of the loved one ; and yet when in that actual presence, elevates its subject into an ecstasy of happiness which is perfectly exquisite, and yet knows no further earthly wish than the purest desire for a perpetuity of that loved companionship right on into eternity. We speak of a refined and exalted love such as that which our first parents might have felt for each

other before they tasted of the tree of knowledge of good and evil—of one which, although not by any means too refined to descend to the loves of mortals in general, is still sufficient and complete in itself in the loftier sphere in which it delights to soar. It may be said that we have here spoken of a sentiment almost ideal, to begin with, and at any rate too high flown, too intellectual, and too refined to be spoken of in connection with one of Myles O'Loughlin's humble origin and limited culture. As to the idealism, we feel perfectly confident that such a love might be common enough were there to be found in human nature more than we at present meet with of that refinement which a combination of sterling religious and intellectual culture affords to hearts which are actuated by principles of veneration undeteriorated by superstition, and of love unsullied by grossness. We believe that the reason why mankind does not, as a rule, enjoy in their entirety the exquisite and lasting pleasures which are within the grasp of our race if we but knew it, is, that we are brought up in accordance with a low social, moral, and intellectual standard. Elevate the style of human training, and consequently the ideals of human aspirations; and a field of enjoyment will at once be thrown open to our race of which the present men of low, grovelling, and speedily satiating tastes have no conception.

And let no one say that such elevation is not within the reach of those who tread the lowliest paths of life. Although Myles O'Loughlin was born in a country cobbler's cottage, he had in his nature those seeds of refinement which required but a little stimulus to develop them, until he sprung to a level which the son of many a peer does not reach after years of expensive education.

Let us have done with the fal-

lacies about blue blood. Of course when certain good qualities have been cultivated from generation to generation, they are more likely to be found in the descendants of these generations than in the descendants of a stock which has paid no heed to them. But as, on the one hand, high and noble qualities will not necessarily follow from the mere accident of high and noble birth unless, on the principle that *noblesse oblige*, those who are high and nobly born have taken care to cultivate them; so, on the other hand, they are to be found springing up spontaneously amongst men and women of the humblest extraction. Unhappily, the daily records of the history of our age and country bear a painful testimony to degenerating tendencies amongst families of the bluest blood, whilst those who have mixed unreservedly with our humblest classes cannot fail to bear testimony to the abundant instances of nature's nobility to be found there, which need but opportunity for a more thorough development. We have had in these few past years—during which "Penny Papers" have left nothing secret and nothing hid—such evidences of degeneracy where we ought most confidently to look for advancement, that we might well despair of the world we live in, had we not the consoling assurance that we are moving in a hidden republic, gradually assuming a more and more marked position—a republic in which the weight of moral, social, and intellectual influence will, ere many decades, rise superior to that of either birth or fortune. A gentleman by nature, though not by birth, Myles O'Loughlin was speedily becoming a thorough gentleman by dint of the training which he was imparting to himself (owing to his eagerness to elevate himself), ten times more effectually than many of our dawdlers at public schools and universities are wont to train them-



selves. *They*, thinking that their position is made for them without effort, speculate on that position, and very often lose. *He*, having his position to make, was pressing forward towards the mark with all his might and main. It is but the story of the hare and the tortoise over again.

But, poor Myles ! With all this advancement in refinement and intellectual culture, and all the rest of it, he was not making way with Miss Rosey. During the winter of which we are about to speak, a finishing touch had been put to Willy's vantage-ground. Willy had always been very fond of riding. So had Rosey. Poor Myles had scarcely ever thrown his leg across a horse in his life. Willy had a rich uncle who had made a good deal of money by horseflesh. This uncle had just died, and had left Willy not only those horses then in his possession—two in course of being made up for sale, and one his own particular nag which he always rode and drove—but had also left him such a comfortable little sum of money, that he could afford, without affectation or extravagance, to keep the nag for his own use. And so, Master Willy having become, as we have said, as constant a guest as Myles at the Vellums', was allowed now and then to escort that young lady, in company with her father, whenever the harriers met in the neighbourhood. And Rosey began to think Willy an uncommonly nice young fellow, quite in her line, and suited to her tastes, more up to chaff and fun than Myles, who was "a dear, good, old soul," she said, but much too deep for her, one of those superior natures, which might be all very well in their way, but which caused poor little ordinary mortals like herself to feel quite out of their ease with a sense of their inferiority." Myles almost patronised her in the midst of his tender attentions. He made her feel herself the mere baby he

thought her. Willy treated her, not as a baby, but as a grown-up chum ; and in his company she felt grown up—quite as much so, at least, as ever she cared to be ; and never felt humiliated by the conviction that she was being "kindly tolerated" as a being of an "inferior stamp."

"There's to be such a capital meet next Friday!" said Rosey, one Saturday evening, when the two young men were at tea at the Vellums'. There's to be a ball on Thursday, at Lady Mountfield's ; and all the country houses in the neighbourhood are to fill for it. The meet is to be in her park next day, by special desire, and "all the world and his wife" will be there. You'll have to go too, Myles, although you are not an equestrian. And you won't have to go alone, for Edith Lindsay is coming here again on Monday. She is no more a rider than you are, but she'll be sure to want to see the fun, so you shall escort her, while Mr. Lawson and papa escort me."

The reader will observe that it was still "*Myles*" on the one hand, and "*Mister Lawson*" on the other.

While Willy was as yet only in the outer circle of intimacy, Myles was still the old brotherly friend ; and Rosey, in spite of all her chumminess with Willy, was none the less affectionate to him, whom she had known now for three or four years, commencing in his boyhood and her very young girlhood. It is not always by degrees of intimacy that preferences are rated.

Now for a nice question !

Wednesday arrived ; and with it the meet. The day was all that could be desired—our friends sallied forth as had been arranged, Willy accompanying Rosey and her father, and Myles actually allowed to escort Miss Lindsay thither—it was but a mile from the town—unchaperoned. For Mrs. Vellum, poor soul, was suffering from a face-ache, and could not stir out of doors. But she would not hear of Edith

Lindsay losing the fun on that account.

Now, our question is *this*—Which couple enjoyed themselves most? Rosey and Willy—both fond of riding, both fond of the excitement of the chase, both growing rapidly fonder and fonder of each other? Or Edith Lindsay and Myles, almost strangers to each other, trudging along on foot with what was, *to them*, a mere ordinary object for a walk? Not but that Myles was fond of the music of a pack of hounds. What Irish lad is not? But hunting was to him an amusement out of his regular beat—one of which he had never enjoyed enough to acquire that longing for it which adds a zest to so many of life's pleasures when they *are* enjoyed. As for Edith Lindsay, she had lived all her life so much in and about Belfast, that she knew nothing about hunting save by hearsay, although it is true there are frequently meets within no very great distance of that town.

Notwithstanding this unsportsmanlike disposition on the part of our pedestrian couple, we will venture to say that they were as enviable a pair of souls as any that trod the sward, or sat in the pigskin that day in Mountfield Park. And why? Their natures had fraternised! Already, during the short evening when they were in each other's company in the previous spring, they felt that they liked each other, even while mixed up in the Vellum family circle. But here they were now, the two walking along together, freed from all constraint, and emboldened by the previously-formed feeling of mutual attraction, opening their hearts and souls to each other as they chatted about their sympathetic tastes and sentiments. Edith admired Myles's character, because of his energetic and enthusiastic perseverance; and Myles gazed upon Edith's lovely features as she spoke to him, and he to her, until he began at last

to wonder whether there could be in creation anything more beautiful than she was. He felt as if he could be perfectly happy in merely gazing for ever into those large, liquid, violet eyes, which looked so sweetly into his own, while she told him enthusiastically of her different home pursuits. Modelling figures in clay, trying to write a story, sketching out of her head scenes of which she had read in books, or droll incidents in her every-day life. Enjoyments such as these were interspersed with the more practical and benevolent pursuits of visiting the families of the workers at the mill in which her father was managing partner, and teaching in the schools; together with a combination of delectation of self and of others, in the shape of a regular dolly-clothing establishment which she and one or two girl friends had set up for the benefit of the mill children.

Then, she and Myles became more fast friends than ever, when, in talking of books which she had read, she chanced to mention a new magazine which had lately been started in the north. There were some papers in it which she always liked, so full were they of the milk of human kindness. They contained, she said, all the pleasant dreaminess of romance, coupled with all the spirit-stirring dash of practical energy. Had Mr. O'Loughlin ever read any of them? They were always signed "Molou."

Myles smiled a quiet, happy smile, and said that he had read them all, and oh—the traitor!—added in a somewhat injured tone that he had once or twice asked Miss Rosey to read them, but could never induce her to do so. She always said they were not in her line—she wanted something more sensational.

"But they are in *your* line, I am sure," said Edith. "Indeed, I have heard you say one or two things this morning which show me that you enter quite into the writer's sentiments.

Myles gave another little smile and a quiet laugh, and then said shyly—"Well, I think it would be difficult for me to do otherwise, seeing that I have the happiness to be myself the author of the papers you are so kind as to like."

"Oh no; are you really? Oh, I am so glad. And why do you sign yourself "Molou?"

"Take the first five letters of M. O'Loughlin, and you have my *nom de plume*."

"Oh, that's capital! But do you say that Rosey does not read them? I should have thought that, were it only from knowing them to be yours——"

"But she does not know them to be mine. I meant to have told her, if she had liked the first, when I gave it to her to read. But when she pitched it aside, I kept my secret to myself. I felt taken down several pegs, I can assure you. And yet I persevered, hoping that some day, by dint of perseverance, I might improve until I could manage to write something which my friends would care to read. My perseverance has been amply rewarded, Miss Lindsay. I don't think I am a slave to flattery myself; and I know I am not fond of flattering others, but there is no flattery either given or received—there is nought but an earnest gratification on my part—when I assure you that this knowledge of *your* appreciation of my poor efforts, especially when expressed in ignorance of the identity of the writer, has given me more real pleasure than any that I have felt for a long time, unless, indeed, it be the still greater pleasure of being in your company,

and interchanging thoughts with one whose feelings harmonise so thoroughly on all points with my own!"

He did not add—"and whose beautiful features it delights me intensely to gaze upon"—but he *looked it* with his eyes, which spoke his admiration more eloquently than words could tell it.

And so these two, indirectly and prettily, flattered each other into love! Not with that fulsome flattery which is often more closely allied to an affront than to a compliment; but with that flattery which is no flattery, springing as it does from the genuine and sympathetic enthusiasm of hearts full of appreciative fondness. But as yet, they had neither of them a notion that they were falling in love with each other—not they! As yet, each only looked upon the other as a real and harmonious friend. A dangerous sort of friendship it was! Friendship, *plus* admiration of outward charms in the one, and of sympathetic inner qualities in both! When such a regard arises, love cannot be very far away. It would need but a spark to kindle the train! But then, Edith Lindsay had at least one devoted admirer in Belfast—to say nothing of two or three specially favoured dancing partners there too, whom she counted amongst her "chums," scarce knowing, up to that moment, which of the lot she liked the best. And Myles—why! was he not fancying himself in love with Rosey all this time, and flattering himself—oh the conceit of these men!—that Rosey was really partial to him? He had not actually dreamt of Willy as a rival in that quarter!

## CHAPTER XII.

## WITH THE "HARKAWAY HARRIERS."

THE meet in Mountfield Park was in every way a success. In the first place it was a success so far as Lady Mountfield was concerned. She was a fat, lively little body, whose whole aim and object in life was to make herself popular. She lived for popularity, and upon it, and she was delighted with this meet, not so much because of the sport, as because—the fineness of the day having brought together a really large field—she was thus given the opportunity of ingratiating herself with scores of people whom she would otherwise have had but little chance of coming in contact with. There was sherry and sandwiches, aye, and mulled port, and a spiced round of beef, a brawn, and a Christmas pie, and all manner of good things, for any one who chose to dismount and take the dining-room by storm—whether friend or stranger. And then her ladyship was here, there, and everywhere upon the lawn, mounted on a favourite white steed—more charger than hunter—saying pretty things to some, and getting pretty things said to her by others.

The meet was certainly a success in itself, inasmuch as both the weather and the locality were everything that could be desired for a good day's sport, compared with the average of sport usually enjoyed by those who were in the habit of riding with the "Harkaway Harriers." And never had so large a field been seen before with that renowned pack, nor so well mounted. And among Lady Mountfield's guests stopping at the house, there were one or two gentlemen quite of sporting celebrity, who had brought their own horses for the occasion from ever so far away. And we must not omit to mention the denizens of the surrounding hills and dales, all the farmers' sons and farm-servants in the neighbourhood,

who had congregated there to see the start, and have a bit of a run on their own account. In their eyes everything was a success. It was hard to say whether they most appreciated the sight of so much "quality," or the horses, or the hounds, or the prospects of a run. And it was not only from the surrounding hills and dales that the unmounted spectators had assembled. There was many a lad and lass from the neighbouring town of Y—. The reader may be sure that Myles O'Loughlin and Edith Lindsay were not the only couple who had footed it out thither that morning.

And Willy rode by Rosey's side, as happy as a prince; and Rosey was as happy as a queen upon her new little chestnut horse, a recent gift from her father—rather a fiery little animal, as chestnuts not unfrequently are—and not a little hard to hold. Mr. Vellum had lots of people to chat to in the field, and, since she had a younger cavalier, strayed away many a time from his daughter's side. Willy stuck to her closely. He was in Elysium, and would not lose a moment of such happiness for a great deal. He could scarce believe his senses when he thought of himself as now riding cheerily beside her—he who had so long admired her from a distance, which seemed to rear an insuperable barrier between them—he who had been tantalised by seeing a new-comer preferred before him, and admitted to her intimacy, while he was kept aloof from the home of "all the Vellums." Willy Lawson, we may be sure, thought the meet in Mountfield Park no end of a success. And Rosey was quite ready to say "ditto" to him. We already know how Myles and Edith were enjoying *their* day.

The park was not a walled one. It was bounded by a big, stiff bank,

with a quick-set on the outer side, and a deep gripe or ditch beyond—a very nasty thing for the best of horses to encounter. But there were weak places in it (what barrier is there in the world that has not its weak spots?), and there were knowing ones who had a pretty good idea where these weak places were to be found, while there were others knowing enough to know who the knowing ones were, and to whom, therefore, it was advisable to stick pretty close, so as to get a good lead. A stream, about ten or twelve feet wide at the narrowest, and swollen by recent rains, ran into and through the park. But this was crossed by means of a farm-road bridge before the hounds reached the ground which they were to draw for a hare. It was a very likely piece of ground—a rough old pasture all along the river, dotted over with whin bushes. At one spot there was a regular whinny brake in a long strip, some sixty yards across; and into this the hounds turned with great eagerness. How pretty it was to watch the feathering tails making the gorse seem quite alive, as they scattered through it!

"There is a puss there, and no mistake!" said Willy. "Look, how keenly the dogs are working! There! there is a whimper!"

"Ah, that's only one of the young hounds; never mind him," said a rider who was near.

Presently another musical tone.

"Hark to Traveller!" exclaimed the whip. "There's Traveller's tongue, now; and when he speaks, you may be sure the hare's not far off."

The dogs seemed to know this as well as the whip—their faith in their canine leader was equal to his—and they all became immensely excited, and the tails feathered more actively than ever; while ever and anon, some one or other of them would give tongue, in a half-suppressed tone, most expressive of delighted

and eager excitement. At last the music burst forth grandly from every throat in the pack, as, headed by old Traveller, they made away, at a rattling pace, for the park fence, which was a couple of hundred yards ahead of them.

"You don't ride her on the curb, do you?" asked Willy of Rosey.

"No; but I have it well in hand to give her a touch of it if necessary."

"I think it *will* be necessary by the way she pulls," said Willy. "Go easy across this grass till we get over the park fence. Don't let her rush at it!"

"It's all very fine saying 'go easy;' but was there ever the horse yet, with an ounce of spirit, who would go easy for any one, at the first set off, upon a delightful bit of turf like this, even if there was no hunt to make him quite beside himself? I wonder what's become of papa!"

"There he is over there, riding beside Lord Mountfield; he'll soon be after you, now that we've started. Now, gently! I think I see a good place for getting over. Isn't it jolly to have got away so well ahead of the others. I felt sure the hare would take for that sheep-hill right away there, and that's why I brought you round to this side of the gorse, while the others were keeping on the inside, expecting that she would take back. Now let *me* go first!"

Well over both of them! she sitting her chestnut like a bird. But the fiery little animal, wild with excitement before, now waxed wilder still, elated with the first jump. They were now in a tolerable sized pasture field. The chestnut mare, which had not at all relished being passed by Willy's horse at the leap, made a rush to get in advance of him again. In less time than it would take words to tell, she was fairly running away. Rosey plied the curb, but it was all of no avail. The chestnut had made up her ob-

sinuate little mind not to be passed by again, and passed by she would not be. Willy's efforts to keep his horse alongside were taken by the little vixen as a challenge to race, and race she did like the wind.

"Think more about choosing your line of country, Miss Rosey, than of pulling her in just now; for the latter you won't be able to do for a while yet, I can see," shouted Willy, from behind.

"There now, a little to the left! it looks soft where you are making for, and you'll have a bad take off. Well done! Over like a bird! By Jove, the hare's taken to the river! There go the hounds into it. Oh, Miss Rosey, you *must* manage to pull her up before we get there; it's too much for you or the chestnut to attempt!"

"But I can't hold her! She pulls as hard and as strong as ever."

"There's three fields between us and it, and one of them a plough. The plough is sure to bring her to her senses."

But the ploughed field did not bring the chestnut to her senses. She tore along as if she was bewitched; and the river lay in front of them, at right angles to their course, so that there was no turning this way or that to avoid it. It was a case of either stopping short or going at it.

"I can't stop," shouted Rosey, "and so at it I'll go!"

"God save the child!" ejaculated Willy with fervency, and half aloud; "she has pluck enough, any way."

"Cluckitty, cluckitty, cluckit! splash, squash" go the horse's hoofs through the wet, soft meadow!

"Oh, Miss Vellum! Rosey! more this way, its harder here, and the river is narrower."

But it was too late. At every stride, as they neared the stream, the chestnut got into more and more boggy ground, yet still refused to answer the rein, when Rosey, finding into what difficulties she was getting,

for a moment altered her resolve, and began to determine not to attempt to cross if her steed could be persuaded to agree with her.

"Go along, then, since go you must!" she cried, giving it a sharp cut on the flank, when she found it was not to be persuaded. But the animal seemed filled with the spirit of contradiction, or rather, the sense of its dilemma dawned upon it at the moment when Rosey had abandoned it to its will. There was no fit take off for such a leap at the very brink: the chestnut swerved, and in swerving, floundered and fell on the spongy marsh bank. Poor Rosey, quite unprepared for this sudden change of her steed's intentions, was shot sideways from her saddle, and head foremost into the river. At the same moment, Willy's horse, higher up and in firmer ground, cleared it in first-rate style. The next instant Willy, looking anxiously round to see what success his companion had met with, beheld, to his horror, nought but the riderless mare striving to pick herself up again. Frantically pulling, he brought up, and brought round his own steed in a few strides, and was at the river's brink instantaneously. Fortunately, the curve which he had to describe in bringing round his horse, after the pace at which he had been going, caused him to find himself at a point of the stream many yards lower than the spot at which Rosey had fallen in; and ere yet he well knew whether she was actually in the water, or lying beside, and hidden by her floundering steed, he beheld her rise to the surface of the swollen stream, the force of which—it was some four feet deep—had already twice hindered her efforts to regain her legs, encumbered as she also was by her habit. To spring from his horse, and dash into the water, was but the work of a moment. He had soon seized her and borne her to the brink of the opposite bank; but not so easy was

it to reach the top of it, all perpendicular as it was, with a wet clay facing, and rising just there, some eighteen inches above the water. Having, however, soon clambered out himself, while she—who, though terribly frightened, had not lost all her presence of mind—held on by the tufts of grass upon the top, he landed her, ere long, in dripping, shivering safety, upon *terra firma*.

The "usual thing" on such an occasion is for the "preserver" to press to his dripping bosom the equally dripping and quite inanimate form of the lady whom he has so gallantly rescued from a watery grave. He should next impress a chaste kiss upon the marble brow. The one should gradually recover consciousness, and turning up languid eyes, meet the tender ones gazing anxiously down upon her. He should ejaculate, "Thank heaven, she yet lives!" She should softly murmur "My preserver!" and then close her eyes once more for a little while, suffering her head to droop upon his supporting breast.

Now none of this happened in the case in question. For, in the first place, poor little Rosey had fortunately not been long enough immersed to lose consciousness; and in the second place, her father and two other gentlemen appeared upon the scene before there was time for a single tender passage, save that she said, with a sweet, though pallid and shivering smile—"Oh, I am so grateful to you!" And he—"I would have given worlds that you had not fallen in, but since fall in you must, I would not for the world have had it that any one but me should have pulled you out."

It did not take long to tell Mr. Vellum how it all came about; nor, indeed, would he suffer much to be said till he had set her on the now crestfallen chestnut again. Willy, meanwhile, had jumped over the stream and regained his own horse,

which, fortunately, had preferred watching the evolutions of his comrade and the "water party," to making any solitary attempt to follow the hounds any further.

"There, never mind taking him at the brook again," shouted Mr. Vellum. "There is the road only two fields off. You get to it from that side, we will make for it from this side; and then the best thing you can both of you do, will be to gallop home as hard as you can, and take off your wet clothes."

"Oh, papa, and lose all the fun!"

"My dear little insatiable, I could not have you run the risk of going on. Besides, you have scarce a notion what a state your hair is in!" [Artful papa! he knew that shot would tell.] "If Willy chooses to run the risk of rheumatics, and go on after the hounds, he can please himself, and I'll take you home, but I should decidedly advise him not to be so rash."

This was again repeated to Willy himself when he rejoined them upon the road.

"If you'll really allow me to be Miss Rosey's escort, after my letting her get into this pickle (which, indeed, I could not in any way help), you need not fear my wishing to be anywhere but by her side," said Willy, with much earnestness.

"My dear boy, it was all my fault for letting her mount that chestnut before we knew it better. I may thank you for saving my child's life," said Mr. Vellum, still more earnestly. "There, now, gallop off both of you, hard, and I'll follow you at a more moderate pace."

"Oh, papa dear, do go on with your hunting; we'll get home all safe."

"I've no doubt you will; but although you're so plucky over it all, my little pet, I feel as if I had had enough of hunting for this day, and for a good many days to come, after the fright that I have got about you, thanks to that little rascally

runaway mare. So now be off, and say I'm coming. Take some hot wine and water, as hot as you can drink it, the moment you get in, and then go straight to bed."

Rosey and her cavalier, obedient to command, started off in the direction of home at a rattling pace. For some distance neither of them spoke. Both were wrapped in their own reflections. It had really been a very serious matter. But for Willy's promptitude, it might have gone very hard indeed with the little woman.

At last, when they drew rein to breathe their horses, Willy said half musingly, as though he was saying it as much to himself as to his companion—"If Myles had been as good at riding as he is at every thing else, where should I have been to-day? It would have been reserved for *him* to be your deliverer. And yet, perhaps, he would have given you a better lead, and you might never have got into the scrape at all."

"Don't say that, for were we not riding straight to the hounds, and before everybody else? It was worth it all to have such a glorious start."

"I should feel selfish, dreadfully selfish, if I were to say—"it was worth it all to have the delight of being the one to pull you out."

"Nay, if you say that, I shall be afraid of riding with you any more. I shall expect, next time, that you will lead me up to some terrible fence where I shall have a cropper, in order that you may have the pleasure of picking me up again," said Rosey, laughing coquettishly.

"That's just why I said it would be too selfish to say such a thing. No, indeed! The last thing I could wish would be that you should even have the scratch of a thorn for any plea ure that I might receive thereby. I would not have your little finger ache if I were to gain worlds by it. Oh, Miss Rosey, you have

little suspicion how long you have been my ideal love. Sunday after Sunday, as I have sat opposite to you in church, I have gazed and gazed upon your angel face, and instead of this apparent neglect of my prayers having made a worse man of me, I believe it has made me a better one; for when I indulged in day-dreams about you, and pictured myself as one who was to be some day your wooer, I kept thinking how much better I must try to make myself, that I might be more worthy of you."

Rosey was blushing very red indeed, and said with a timid, trembling voice, feeling, at the same time, not altogether guiltless of sundry reciprocal glances in his direction—"I don't think, though, you should have looked at me so much in church, for all that. I don't like to feel that I have caused a neglect of your devotions, which might not have been, in the end, so good for you as you say it was."

"Well, but then I'd nowhere else but in church to see you scarcely. And, oh, when Myles came, and so soon became such friends at your home, I felt so chagrined and so jealous. To think that I, who had been about the place so long, should thus be cut out by a stranger. And yet I have old Myles to thank, after all, for being admitted to your intimacy, at least. So I can owe him no grudge. Indeed, I feel that I'm scarcely acting fairly by him now. For while I feel that he loves you devotedly, I am earnestly longing, Miss Rosey, to be able to cut him out, and to persuade you to like me better than you do him."

Rosey blushed redder than ever, and hung her head without a reply.

"He cannot love you so devotedly as I do," continued Willy, pleading his cause with fervour. "No one could help loving you, you know; and his case is only the same as would have been that of any one of a hundred who had had the



good fortune to be thrown so much into your sweet society. But I have made you my ideal for these years back—aye, since I was a boy, and long before it was my privilege to become acquainted with you. I have been constant to that ideal, and never turned my heart aside to any other. And now, when, after all the years, I am rewarded by being allowed to know you—and to know you, thank heaven, intimately, and to find the reality even surpassing the ideal I had formed, I love you—oh, I love you with a devotion which I defy Myles, with all his energy, to be able to vie with. Say, can you not, will you not, return my love?"

A week sooner, and Rosey would have been much perplexed by the appeal which was now so ardently made to her. She, in her turn, long before she had personally known Willy Lawson, had felt an instinct telling her that he was one whom she would "cotton to." Then Myles came, and she saw so much of him, and his affectionate admiration of her was so palpable, that she could not but feel that he had the first claim upon her heart, did he choose to demand her love. And yet, for all this, she never felt quite at her ease with Myles. She, too, felt an affection for him, but it was a sort of brother-and-sisterly feeling. It was not soul-stirring love. As, however, real love had not as yet "stirred her soul," she was hitherto ignorant as to the existence of any warmer feeling than simple affection, and merely knew that she did not altogether love Myles in her heart of hearts for all that she liked him so. But, as we have said, she felt in a manner bound to him, as though he had acquired over her affections, such as they then were, a right of previous occupancy. Within the

last few days, however, since Edith Lindsay had paid this second visit, her feminine powers of acute observation had let Rosey into a secret. She saw, looming in the future, the possibility of a very pretty little romance between her two friends, Edith and Myles. She saw a consolation in view for the latter in the event of her yielding to the most congenial impulse of her own heart. "I shall not then be unkind to Myles—" she said to herself—"If I make to Willy my true confession, and make him happy by telling him that *he* is the object of my preference."

And so, after a little pause, during which the above thoughts had flashed (not for the first time) through her mind, she said softly—

"I do return your love, Willy Lawson!"

"And do you really love me then, more than you do Myles?" he asked anxiously.

"I like Myles very much indeed, —the dear old fellow; but I love you in my heart of hearts!"

"My darling own Rosey!"

Our advice to all young lovers, is not, if avoidable, to propose on horseback. After such a confession as the above, there is a natural craving for a good hug. Willy could only seize Rosey's hand, and press it to his lips. This, however, he did most fervently, and they rode on for some way in blissful silence.

On nearing the Vellum's they met a car coming along at full speed. On it was Edith Lindsay, who, with a face full of trouble, waved to them a farewell, exclaiming, as her driver slackened speed for a moment—"My poor dear grandpa is so ill, I have been telegraphed for. I can scarcely hope to catch the next train, but I must try!"

## CYPRIAN FOLK STORIES.

THE new science of comparative mythology is making great progress. The legends of the nursery, the ballads of the peasantry, aid it no less than the grand epics and poems in which the religions of the people are crystallised. We have on various occasions devoted attention to this important and interesting subject, and shall, from time to time, return to it. In this paper we propose to describe some folk-stories of the Island of Cyprus (published in the *Kypriaka* of Athanasios Sakellarios), which have attracted the attention of a most successful and indefatigable worker in this field, Dr. Felix Liebricht, of whose German translation we have availed ourself.<sup>1</sup>

THE OGRE *Dreiäugige*).—Once there was a poor woodman, who had three daughters, the eldest of whom was seen sitting at the window by a countryman, who, after a short wooing, married, and bore her to his home a happy bride. He gave her 101 keys, the last of which she was not to use, as the room to which it belonged was quite empty. The husband therefore took it back. One day he left it lying about, and curiosity was too much for prudence. She unlocked the door; the room had only a chest in it, over which was a window looking on to the street. She looked through the window and watched a funeral proceed to the cemetery; and when the corpse was interred, and the people gone away, she saw her husband come into the graveyard, his head was as big as a bushel, and decked with three eyes, while his hands were so long that they seemed to grasp the entire world. She saw him disentomb the corpse and devour it, and then be-

came so ill that she had to go to bed. When the ogre came back into his secret chamber he guessed what had happened, but dissimulated, and finding her ill, asked if she would like to see her mother. He then came in the shape of the mother, but the lady revealed no secrets. Afterwards all her relations came in the same way, and, last of all, the grandmother, to whom the young wife narrated her story. With a loud shriek the grandmother changed into the awful form of the ogre. This agreeable gentleman remarked that if she had kept his secret he should not have eaten her, but now it was impossible that she could escape alive. Having made a broach red-hot, he called out, "Be good enough to come, for the roasting-spit is waiting." Having obtained two hours' grace, in which to make her peace with God, she went in the ogre's room, and springing through the window, ran with might and main along the king's highway. The first person she met was a carrier, who could not help her, but sent her further on to the king's camel-driver, who concealed her in a bale of cotton. When the ogre discovered her flight, he rushed after her with the red-hot roasting-spit in his hand, and all who saw him swooned or died with fright. The carrier swore that, as God lived, he had not seen her. On to the camel-driver, who protested ignorance also. The ogre returned to his house, thinking that she might, after all, be concealed there. Unsuccessful in this search, he returned to the camel-driver, and stuck his glowing roasting-spit into every cotton-bale, and wounded the young wife's foot, but she wiped the broach

<sup>1</sup> Jahrb. f. rom. u. Eng. Lit. xi. 4.

with cotton, that no blood-stain might be seen upon it. So, disappointed, he returned, and the camel-driver and the lady proceeded to the King's Court, where she became a great favourite, and eventually was betrothed to the heir apparent. The lady, afraid that the ghoul would learn of this, and wreak his vengeance upon them, contrived a counter-plot. From the bridal-chamber descended seven steps, which were smeared with tallow, and under the last a deep pit was dug, and covered with a mat. The ogre went to the wedding, disguised as a merchant, and had several Moors concealed in sacks. The sacks, he said, were full of fruit, but when the bride desired to buy some, he declined to open them until morning. The King's jester determined to purloin some fruit for her, and was surprised to find a man in each sack. The Moors were all beheaded. Now, when the feast was over, the merchant took his true shape, and went into the bridal-chamber, where he strewed some earth from a grave upon the bridegroom, who lay as one dead. "Be good enough to get up, my dear wife, to get up, for the roasting-spit is waiting for you." He took her by the hand and went down the steps behind her, but at the third step she said, "I pray you go first, for I am afraid." The ghoul politely preceded her, she clutched the balustrade, and gave him a push, which sent him down to the bottom of the slippery steps, where he fell into the deep pit, in which a lion and tiger, waiting in readiness, quickly devoured him. Then the bride swooned, but next day the physician quickly restored both her and the bridegroom, and they determined to celebrate their marriage anew, with great rejoicings, "and when we left the guests, we came here."

This curious story finds parallels in the legends of Germany and Sicily. The incident of the concealed blackamoors will bring to re-

membrance an episode in the "Arabian Nights."

Aschenbridal, as the name will tell the reader of "Grimm," is another version of the widely varying legend of Cinderella.

The father and his three daughters the story of a man who had three daughters to marry, and who, despairing of a suitor, had their portraits painted outside his house. A ship-captain fell in love with the youngest, and married her; but on the bridal night, a ghost appeared, and told him that Rosa would marry her father, and have a child, whom she would also marry. This cheering intelligence discouraged the jovial sailor, who married the eldest sister instead, pretending that it was all a mistake that he had gone to church with the youngest. This happened with another suitor, so that poor Rosa, twice married, had no husband, and knew not the reason why. By a not very delicate stratagem, she learned from the husbands what had deterred them from consummating the marriage. "No," said she to herself, "I will not marry my father, as the ghost said; sooner will I murder him." Pious Rosa accordingly, for fear of committing incest, perpetrated parricide. Over her father's grave grew an apple-tree, and after eating some fruit from it she became pregnant. So far the ghost had the best of the argument; but Rosa, with woman's pertinacity, would not give in. The poor babe, covered with wounds, was placed in a little chest, which was cast into the sea. But vain is the struggle with fate. The boy was preserved, and eventually married his mother, who did not learn the secret of his birth for some years. Accident at last revealed the horrid truth, when she threw herself from the roof and was killed. This is one of a cycle of legends, whose hero varies from Ædipus to Judas Iscariot.

Another story tells of the son of a king, who was given to the study of

philosophy, and whose acquirements were the admiration of the sages. But a danger threatened his life. "Before eight days are over, a ball will cost thy son his life. We have read it in philosophy." So a great glass house was built, stocked with provisions and stored with books. This was sunk deep down into the sea, and the prince read now in one book, now in another, and at last grew tired of them all. He had read them all but a Psalter, in which he saw these words: "In the depth of the sea is the hand of the Lord." No more would he remain, but return to earth. He went punctually to church; one day, however, he was unluckily detained from vespers, but met a merchant, who was bewailing a loss incurred by attending them.

He paid the loss, and so got the merchant's share of the moral benefit of attendance! Scarcely had he acquired this imputed righteousness, than a ball came whistling by, threw the King's son into a swoon, and killed the impious merchant.

We have another version of the Master Thief. On some future occasion we purpose dealing more in detail with the Rhampsinitus legendary cycle.

The stories already given will serve as a specimen of the "folk-stories" of Cyprus, and show how closely allied are the legends of widely-distant lands, and how tenacious is the "conservative people" of those stories which amused it in the infancy of time.

W. E. A. A.



## RICHARD MALVIN'S ORDEAL.

## CHAPTER I.

TOWARDS the close of a sultry day, in the month of August, a traveller rode up the main street of a certain little English village, and drew rein at the door of the only house of entertainment of which it could boast—the Golden Lion. As he alighted on the battered stone pavement, and proceeded to tie the bridle to a window-shutter, Giles Higton, the sturdy landlord, made his appearance from the direction of the outhouses behind, smoking an old clay pipe.

"Good day, sir," said he, removing it from his mouth to make an awkward form of salutation; "will ye no' gie the gelding to yon fellow, t'ostler o' the inn, for a feed of oats and a wiping down. Poor chaps, 'e looks toired."

"No, my friend, I merely intend to remain five minutes. He must even content himself with scant fare, until he can rest his wearied limbs in the stables of Malvin."

An exclamation of surprise broke from honest Giles, when he heard his guest's intended destination, and, for the moment, he appeared inclined to gratify a spirit of curiosity by asking a few harmless questions connected with it; but a glance at the man before him suggested the possibility of his resenting such undue familiarity, and he was fain content to lead the way into his establishment in silence.

The stranger was a tall, manly fellow, though young, and with a mien above the common. A face embrowned by exposure to foreign suns, hair short and curly, eyes of the deepest jet, and a mouth denoting firmness and resolution,—these were his most prominent physical characteristics. His attire, worn

and threadbare from long use, and soiled by his journey, accorded but little with the air of social superiority which his demeanour was calculated to inspire.

"Martha, Martha!" cried the landlord lustily; "look alive, girl. Here be a stranger gentleman in want o' summut, an' no time to lose. Hurry up that kitchen maid o' yourn, an' coom t'attend on him."

Giles again removed his pipe while making this appeal to his better-half, and, on its conclusion, replaced it with a grunt of satisfaction. Seeing that the traveller had, meantime, stretched himself on a rude bench close to the tap, as if overcome by fatigue, he took his position at the little window, where he could command a view some distance down the road, on the look-out for further guests in search of wayside hospitality.

A rustling of stiff calico, accompanied by a few premonitory "hems," heralded the approach of Mrs. Martha, who entered with a formal courtesy, and a request to be informed of the required refreshments.

"Nothing out of the common, good dame,—all I want is a pot of your strongest ale, and a slice of bread and cheese. I greatly mistake or that will carry me so far as I need to go; old travellers have often to put up with shorter commons. But, stay—bring two pots in lieu of one, as, perhaps, the landlord here will join me. What say you?"

Giles cheerfully acceded to the invitation, the more so as it would tend to increase the score, and seated himself opposite the stranger. Mrs. Martha darted a look of wrathful displeasure on her liege lord and

master, whose potations were generally something of the deepest ; but, as he did not pretend to observe it, she departed to fulfil the commission. The traveller, like a sensible man, forbore speaking until he had satisfied his appetite on the frugal fare supplied, when he inquired,—

"You are acquainted with the country around here, I suppose?"

"Aye—a leetle."

Mine host had his pot of beer to his mouth, but he paused in the draught he was taking for the next question.

"What distance do you call it, now, from Malvin Hall to the village?"

"Well," said Giles, wiping his lips in the corner of his jacket, after a little grave consideration, "well, sir, I should say, a trifle past five mile, or thereabouts."

"Not to be too particular, we'll say six?" said the traveller, with an amused smile.

"Not to be too particular, we'll say six," assented Giles.

"Ha! then I will arrive there sooner than I expected. It is so long since I left the country that I have forgotten all about it."

"You are gone nigh on to ten years, sir, I suppose?" queried the landlord of the Green Lion, insinuatingly, as he refilled his cutty.

"Am I," said the stranger, elevating his eye-brows with a comical smile, and then resuming, in a bantering tone, "What a fine memory you have for dates! Who told you that, my good friend?"

Mine host, considerably crest-fallen by his failure to obtain any information, muttered something beneath his breath, but what, the other could not make out.

"Hey-day," said the traveller, at last, "I must not be lagging here too late. Landlord, this will probably settle the score; and now, good evening!"

He replaced the long, lean purse, from which he had extracted the

coin—liberal pay for the meagre entertainment—in his pocket, and left the inn.

Giles Wigton, standing on the threshold, and puffing his old clay pipe, philosophically repressed his curiosity once more as he saw him untie the bridle, mount his horse, and ride quickly up the road.

"A rum lot," muttered Giles, "a rum lot, the whole of 'em, whoever they be, and that 'ere chap as bad as the rest."

And he waited until Mrs. Martha was busy, to slip behind the counter, and, surreptitiously, obtain another pot of ale.

I must here pause to explain mine host's somewhat unusual desire to pry into the business of another, and premise, by assuring the reader that he had ample cause for excuse.

Malvin Hall, the declared destination of the traveller, was an old and ruinous pile of building, situated in a very secluded spot, far in from the highway. A cordon of magnificent oaks, whose spreading branches and luxuriant foliage completely hid the whole structure, except the very summit of the tall, terraced chimnies, from view, surrounded this ancient remnant of feudalism. Perhaps it was this feature that made it seem such a lonely and deserted spot, and gave an air of mystery to the Hall and its occupants. And who were these? None could tell. Sometime the neighbours caught a glimpse of a pale, attenuated female figure, clad in mourning garments, wandering through the trees. Oftener still, a young and beautiful girl appeared, listlessly pursuing some intricate path through the dense shrubberies, employed reading a book, or gazing down towards the highway; but, no sooner would she observe the staring of the honest rustics, than she would vanish, and appear no more for a lengthened period.

The only person connected with the establishment who ever left the grounds was a grim, surly-looking

man, or servant, rejoicing in the appellation of Black Paul. Regularly once a week he might be seen wending his way towards the village, a crabbed and knotted black-thorn in his hand, and a capacious wallet slung over his shoulder, and a full-blooded bull-dog, called Danger, following close at his heels. The savage glare with which the latter passed along did not belie his name, and caused a wholesome dread of both master and dog to pervade the minds of all the country side. Once arrived at the little store, Black Paul would pick out, in utter silence, all the articles he desired to take with him, throw down gold enough to cover their value, pocket the change (still without a word), whistle to Danger, and cross the threshold—not to revisit it for another week. Several times did the old fellow, who thus received the patronage of Malvin Hall, attempt to draw him into conversation; but the grim serving-man shrugged his shoulders contemptuously on hearing the smooth speeches levelled at him, and, on each occasion, left his interrogator as much in the dark as ever.

Many, many long years had passed since this unwonted state of things had first attracted the attention of all around, and still no change occurred at the Hall. At length a whisper began to circulate that the place was haunted; that strange sounds and stranger forms were heard and seen betimes within its lonely precincts. Such rumours soon gain currency and credit with simple untutored peasantry, and, in this instance, eventually produced a steadfast belief in their authenticity. Women pertinaciously avoided passing the locality whenever practicable; and stout men, returning from their labours in the field at dusk, quickened their footsteps, and tried to whistle cheerfully, as they approached it. This dread superstition did not originate, as may be supposed, without some tangible cause.

Rob Goslin, the village tailor, was the first to supply the gossips with his experiences, and he was followed by the blacksmith, the miller, and other men of note in the vicinity. Rob was addicted to some very grave faults; but the habit that he had acquired of roaming about the country every Saturday night, with his week's earnings in his pocket to spend in all the taverns and public-houses within a circuit of five miles, was by far the most condemnatory. On his return, about the hour of midnight, from one of these periodical excursions (as the story goes), he was terrified by the appearance of a ghastly apparition, a veritable ghost, as he averred, wandering among the oaks that surrounded the old hall. The effect was so startling that he fainted on the king's highway, and did not again recover until it was broad daylight, on Sunday morning. There were people found in the village malicious enough to say that his potations, unusually deep that night, had warped his judgment, and made him see more than actually existed; but a strong faction supported the tailor's theory, and the dispute which ensued was decided by an immense majority in his favour. The wonderful experiences of the blacksmith and the miller, some time later, corroborating Rob Goslin's account, had the effect of establishing the belief in these supernatural visitations more firmly than ever.

The oldest inhabitant (that extraordinary personage, who is always turning up with marvellous legends of everything and everybody) remembered that the property of Malvin had, many years ago, been in possession of a wealthy and eccentric squire, after whom it was called. It was concluded that he had married and died abroad, for, after leaving on a foreign tour, he had never returned, the place, after a lapse of time, being taken possession of by a lady in black (his widow, as was

supposed), accompanied by two children and Black Paul. This was mere surmise, however, though subsequent events, as I will relate, established it, in part, as correct. No proof could be adduced of the actual truth of the story; but as, on the other hand, none could be found to contradict it, people generally accepted the current version, and sought no deeper for a satisfactory solution.

One of the children, the boy, who had meanwhile grown up a tall and vigorous stripling, suddenly disappeared, and was seen no more about the grounds. For a time this offered something further to gossip about, but gradually the remembrance of it slipped from every mind, or, at

least, was very rarely mentioned. Years passed. And thus were things situated at the opening of my story.

What wonder, then, if Giles Wigton, mine honest host of the Green Lion, experienced an inordinate desire to comprehend the why and the wherefore of his guest's intended visit to Malvin Hall? What wonder if the wise men of the village, the oratorical sexton, the crabbed little tailor, the grave blacksmith, the jolly miller, and their lesser satellites, assembled in solemn conclave that evening in the old tap-room of the inn, to discuss the startling intelligence, and smoke numberless pipes, and quaff stupendous pots of Mrs. Martha's strongest October ale?

## CHAPTER II.

THE traveller, after leaving the Green Lion, jogged along the road as fast as his wearied steed could bear him, totally unconscious of the food for gossip which his short conversation Giles Wigton would, ere long, supply to the loquacious villagers. Though his seat in the saddle denoted the accomplished horseman, it was self-evident that a long and protracted journey had induced languor and fatigue, and, in consequence, an anxious desire to reach his destination without loss of time. In furtherance of this object, as a turn in the road shut out the straggling line of houses which distinguished this in common with most English hamlets, he caught up the loose reins, and, applying the rowels of his spurs to the animal's sides, urged him by voice and hand into a steady gallop.

One—two—three—four miles were thus passed, and, as the last yellow rays of the setting sun shot out over the lonely landscape from behind a bank of murky clouds, in the low western sky, he paused before the gate which opened into the grounds of Malvin.

"Home at last," he muttered, de-

scending from his saddle, and glancing about at the principal landmarks; "home at last, after six years absence, and the old place is still the same. There are the chimnies of the Hall glancing above yonder trees; there are the ruined gate-house, the moss-grown well, the weather-worn sun-dial, the weeds, the thistles, the brambles, the identical marks of neglect and decay visible, as in my boyhood. Well—well!"

He drew the bridle over his arm, and swinging back the gate—it creaked and grated harshly upon its hinges—entered the long, winding avenue. What a picture of desolation was presented to his eyes at every turn! Fences broken down, rank, noxious herbage springing up through the gravelled walks, pools of muddy water—relics of the last rain-storm—here and there; in a word—wide-spread ruin and decay. The traveller heeded not these particulars, but walked onward, immersed in thought, his eyes bent to the ground.

In among the trees, whose spreading boughs cast a deep gloom on the



narrow path; over a rustic bridge which spanned a gurgling rivulet far below him, and out, once more, in the deepening twilight. There stood the Hall—dark, dreary, silent as a tomb. Folding his arms on his breast, he regarded the scene before him with a dreamy expression on his brown, handsome face. The bridle dropped from his nerveless grasp unheeded, but his good steed remained immovable. He remained thus for several minutes, until a stealthy footstep on the grass close by, and the hoarse growl of a dog, aroused him, and he turned to see from whence the sounds proceeded. A gaunt, burly figure emerged from the shadow of a neighbouring clump of bushes, and advanced to meet him—the figure of Black Paul, followed by his savage attendant, Danger.

"Home, at last, Master Richard!" said he, doffing his slouched hat with respect. "You've been long expected, and your arrival will prove a pleasant surprise to the mistress and Miss Maud. You are welcome, sir! Down, Danger—fool! do you not remember the young squire, who was your friend long ago? Let me take your horse, master."

"Ha, Paul!" said the traveller, grasping his horny hand, and shaking it with warmth, "I thought you would fail to recognise the puny lad of yore in the hardy wanderer of to-day. You are not changed, however—as impervious to time, I see, as the earth we live and tread upon. Yes, take my poor gelding, and give him a soft bed and a hearty meal, for he requires both. Where are the ladies?"

"In the dining-hall, master. You can find your own way to it, I warrant—ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Paul chuckled hoarsely, dealt Danger a vigorous kick, patted the horse's panting sides, and disappeared with both towards the ruined stables.

Richard Malvin, as I must now call him, after casting a glance at the

fading figure of his retainer, ascended the steps of a little terrace, which conducted to the principal door of the building, and entered a capacious but gloomy hall. At the farther end a lamp was swinging by a rusty iron chain, from one of the beams overhead. The few faint rays of light which its untrimmed wick rendered only served to lay bare the repulsive nakedness of its surroundings, and the rottenness and decay which a persistent neglect was engendering in the old mansion. Dust and cobwebs in every nook and corner; fragments of the ornamental cornices, and flakes of broken plaster from the walls, scattered around the broken floor; ruin—ruin—ruin!

"Still the same," he murmured, ascending the broad, stone staircase; no perceptible change in anything here since I left it."

As he reached the first landing, he observed that all above was in darkness. He thought of returning for the lamp in the hall, but, fatigued by a long and rapid journey, he felt disinclined to undergo the exertion.

"Besides," said he mentally, "I am well acquainted with every inch of the way; many a time, indeed, have I traversed it, years ago, and why not now, although I have no light to guide me. I know the corner in which to find the door, and cannot, therefore, experience any difficulty."

He turned to continue his ascent, but instantly felt an icy breath upon his forehead, so cold that it pierced to the very brain. He convulsively grasped the baluster of the staircase, to support himself from falling, for he felt at the same moment a growing weakness was struggling in his heart—a weakness such as he had never before experienced, which seized him like a flash of lightning. He remained thus several moments, unwilling to turn back, and yet uncertain as to the advisability of advancing.

"How strange!" he muttered, half

audibly. "Can anyone be playing a trick on me?"

A pause, and then—a deep sigh. "Who is there?" he asked, after an effort.

No answer.

"I must have been mistaken," thus he attempted to reason. "There are only four of us in the Hali; Paul is at the stables, and neither my mother nor Maud would be out on this staircase at such an hour."

Nevertheless, a lonely feeling was beginning to occupy his mind, but, ashamed of the presence of such a sensation as fear, he shook it off, and courageously resumed the ascent.

The chill upon his forehead now ceased, and, in lieu, a warm perspiration suffused it.

Up through the pitchy darkness, guiding his footsteps by a firm grasp of the oaken baluster. He neared the top, halted, stumbled against something, and immediately felt another hand upon his, a damp, cold, clammy hand, long, rigid fingers, the hand and fingers of a corpse. Once more the icy breath upon his forehead, once more that fatal weakness tugging at his very heart-strings. But there are some men whom an inherent recklessness, or bravery—which you will—make equal to such an occasion, and he was one of them. Steading his voice and, by sheer mental as well as bodily exertion, stilling the nerves that throbbed and palpitated with agitation throughout his entire frame, he asked firmly again,—

"Who is there?"

No answer. He sought hastily to withdraw his hand, but the clammy fingers retained it unmoved.

"In the name of God," said he, while the hot blood curdled in his veins; "in the name of God, I ask, who thus obstructs my path, and why?"

"Welcome back to your inheritance, Richard Malvin, I—your father's spirit—bids you welcome."

The voice was clear and ringing;

it echoed weirdly through the lonely corridors, and died away in a faint whisper.

"Welcome, Richard Malvin! welcome!"

Two burning eyes, and a ghastly form in silvery white, flitted before him, and—noiselessly vanished. The hand was gone, too, but still he felt its cold impress on every fibre of his own. And now, when the phantom had left him, to pursue his way, now it was that the full tide of terror, so long suppressed, crept over his heart and buried it in its flow. He staggered blindly forward, but recovered himself when the lights, in the old dining-hall, flashed out into the gloomy corridor, when he felt his mother's arms convulsively clasped around his neck, and her sobs awakened him to a fuller consciousness of the happy present.

"Dear mother," said he, and he smoothed back the white hair and kissed her wrinkled forehead; "dear mother, you are terribly agitated; do try and be calm, I beg. Why weep when I am safe back to you? But, where is Maud, my little Maud—my future wife?"

"Here, Richard!" said a sweet voice in tremulous accents, and a tall, fair girl presented her blushing cheek to receive his salutation.

Such happiness! The pain at parting, the long and dreary suspense while absent, were fully redeemed by even one short hour of bliss such as Richard now enjoyed. In its depth and intensity the remembrance of his recent adventure was forgotten, and he gave himself up, unrestrainedly, to the pleasant emotions which this re-union awakened.

"Did you see Paul?" asked Mrs. Malvin, after the first happy excitement had partially subsided, and her son was seated on the sofa, herself on one side and Maud on the other.

"Yes—he seemed to have had an intuitive knowledge of my arrival, for he was waiting at the hall-door

to take my horse and direct me to you."

"Poor fellow! he has been so anxious for your coming that it gave him an opportunity of greeting you before us."

"It did, mother," rejoined the young man as the remembrance of that other welcome recurred to his mind. He ceased caressing the little hand—Maud's hand—that lay so confidently in his, saying, with an anxious glance, "Paul first, dear mother, *and you third!*"

The latter words were pronounced in such an impressive manner that their true meaning at once flashed to her brain. She buried her face in her hands for a moment, and when she looked up it was pallid as death itself could make it.

"You—know all, then? she faltered, tearfully.

He hesitated, but Maud's manner convinced him that she, too, had beheld, or at least heard of the fearful apparition, and that it would prove a useless task to court concealment of his *rencontre*.

"Not all, mother; or, rather, in fact, I know nothing; but wait an explanation if it is in your power to give one."

"We will waive the subject tonight, Richard," said she, in answer. "Let us talk of other things: your experiences of continental life, your homeward journey, your haps and mishaps while abroad. To-morrow we can discuss other matters at leisure."

The young man, though extremely desirous of the revelation which he expected his mother would make in regard of the phantom, implicitly obeyed her, desisting from any further allusion to it until bed-time. The hours waned quickly, and, in due time, Mrs. Malvin rose to retire.

"I am sorry, Richard," said she, "that you will have to sleep on the sofa here to-night. However it will be made comfortable, and to-morrow I will get a chamber properly prepared for you. In truth, this old edifice can boast of so few habitable rooms that it is difficult to manage even for our small family."

"Very good, mother! I am so fatigued by travelling that I could sleep on the floor with comfort if need be."

"And now," said Mrs. Malvin, with a grave smile (there was always a melancholy tinge about it), "now I will leave you and Maud to have a little talk whilst I see Paul about our future arrangements. Good night, dear Richard,—may Heaven protect you! I will expect you up in about half-an-hour, my daughter."

She imprinted a kiss on his forehead and left the room. It was long past the prescribed time when Maud followed her example, and Richard Malvin found himself alone. He bit a cigar, and settled himself in a capacious arm-chair before the fire, for the enjoyment of the dreams of bliss which the interview with his betrothed had created.

### CHAPTER III.

I PAUSE here to give a few particulars regarding my hero and the other two personages, his mother and betrothed bride, who form the principal group in this story.

Squire Malvin, the eccentric proprietor of the Hall, while on a tour in the south of France, happened to fall in with an English family, residing near Bordeaux. Travellers, when on fo-

reign soil, are prone to seek their countrymen, and mix with them, if possible, and this remark is pre-eminently true of John Bull. There is a certain pleasure in meeting one of your own race while abiding with strangers, in talking to him of home, and comparing notes of one's residence abroad.

Though impulsive and wayward

in most things, the Squire shared in this feeling, and hence arose an intimacy which resulted in a marriage with Mr. Clarke's eldest daughter, and a continued stay in Bordeaux. Richard was the only fruit of this union, and his father, sometime later, seeing no prospect of further issue, from motives of charity, adopted Maud, then an orphan of tender years. As both the children grew up, he began to cherish the idea of seeing them one day united, and though for a time the old leaven of ancient blood and lengthy pedigree waxed strong within him, and cried indignantly at such a low connexion, he ultimately overcame the feeling, and, with the waywardness of his character, gave up his mind unreservedly to the accomplishment of this design.

Richard and Maud, meanwhile, bid fair to reach such a climax with or without his consent, and their mutual attachment increased every day. Squire Malvin's will was law with his gentle, timid wife, so no objection existed in that quarter. Thus things proceeded for a few years, when, an accident occurring to him, he died somewhat suddenly. When informed that his end was

approaching, he reiterated his desire that the children, upon reaching a proper age, providing they were individually agreeable, should marry. He further expressed a wish that his wife would occupy the old family mansion until the arrival of the time for the consummation of that union, when Richard would find means at his disposal to improve and beautify it. He was about to give directions regarding the discovery and application of these means when death, the fell destroyer, intervened.

Mrs. Malvin implicitly obeyed her deceased husband's injunction by fixing her residence at Malvin, accompanied by the children and Black Paul, the Squire's old and faithful servant, whom he had taken into his pay years before, somewhere on the Continent.

The advance of years suffered no diminution in the love which the children mutually cherished; and when the widow, as a test of that love, sent off Richard, then a promising stripling, on a lengthened sojourn with her immediate relatives, they parted in tears, and with vows of undying constancy. I have already shown how they met, after six years separation.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE noonday sun, shining brightly into the large bow-window of the old library, revealed Mrs. Malvin and her son in grave converse there. They were seated on opposite sides of the green-baize table that stood in the centre of the apartment; the lady in widow's weeds, which she still wore in memory of her husband's death. Both grave and thoughtful, as the subject under discussion required—they met, the one to make a strange revelation, the other to hearken solemnly.

"In accordance with the intimation dropped last night, Richard," said his mother, impressively, "I

propose now to make you aware of an extraordinary series of events which may have an important effect on your future life as the owner of Malvin Hall."

"I listen, dear mother," said the young man composedly.

"This matter, as you may surmise, is intimately connected with your experiences of last night in the corridor."

"They relate to my father, then?" asked Richard.

"To your father."

"Do his bones remain still unburied, that his spirit thus wanders uneasily through his ancient home?"

Are you aware of any darling wish unsatisfied? Do you suspect any secret unrevealed? Tell me, I beg of you, how I may seek to restore uninterrupted peace and rest to that weary soul."

A faint sigh struggled out between her pallid lips as she rejoined:

"I cannot deny that there is a secret, my son—a secret nearly concerning your welfare, and that of your father's house, and of which you are the only living representative, and until your father's spirit imparts it to your own ear, it cannot be at rest."

Then, after a pause:

"It will enable you to restore this hereditary domain to its former opulence and splendour, to endow my little Maud, your future wife, with wealth, and surround her with magnificence; to supply my old age with all, and more than it needs. In a word, it will transform you from the penniless heir of a ruined estate, to the opulent head of a family which, by the prudent administration of its affairs, may, in time, take rank among the leading names of proud and aristocratic England."

He was gazing at her as if in a dream.

"But, mother—"

She interrupted him by a gesture.

"Are, you willing, my son, to hear this secret?"

"Can you ask me?" said he, eagerly.

"Nay—I need not have made the inquiry. I must premise, however, by requesting you to recount the experiences of a few hours since, after which I will communicate all that I know concerning this matter which engrosses our united attention."

The young man briefly described the incident already related. Each word that he uttered seemed to increase the agitation under which his listener laboured.

"And now, dear mother," said he, taking her hand as he concluded

his strange recital, "I would fain have you explain, if it lies in your power, and tell me clearly and concisely what is expected of me as a son desirous of obeying the behests of an honoured father. But first, what do you think of my revelation?"

"I think, Richard—nay, I am convinced, that it substantiates all that I have hitherto known. There is a chance now before you of recovering the treasure and valuables belonging to the family which my husband, the late Squire, concealed before his departure for the Continent, and which are yours in right of your birth. You, no doubt, remember the wayward, eccentric character of your father?"

"I do."

"That peculiarity, I suspect, prompted the strange measure."

"But, have you only suspicion to rest this conclusion upon?"

"No Richard, I have more. I will tell my story and you can draw your own inference."

"Her son again prepared to listen, and she continued:

"I was seventeen years of age when I married Squire Malvin. My father, who was a London merchant, some time before, had fallen into certain business difficulties, from which a legacy, opportunely left him by a maiden aunt, offered a means of extrication. After settling with his creditors, he had sufficient to purchase a moderate annuity left in his purse, and having done so, he retired with his family to a little property in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, where living was cheap. It was then I first became acquainted with your father, who, in a short space of time, attained the position of general favourite with us. He proposed for my hand, I willingly accepted him, and in due course we were joined in wedlock. I now come to a part of my story, which may be thought of some importance in connection with the present state of affairs. I mean

that relating to certain hidden wealth in this old mansion."

"You then heard of the actual existence of such a treasure from—"

"Your father—yes. After our own marriage, partly from his own liking for Bordeaux, but principally, I think, from a desire to gratify me, he decided to reside permanently there so that I might be in constant personal communion with my parents. I appreciated this concession from my husband as such a generous act deserved. We lived quietly and in a frugal manner; this I thought necessary, being of opinion that very little wealth or property remained of the once vast estates and possessions of the Malvin family; but on several occasions he casually hinted that enough of gold yet remained in his coffers to work important improvements in the old mansion, and, if properly applied, to restore the name and fortune of its master. Knowing the peculiarities of his manner, I forbore to seek further information until too late.

"Too late?"

"Yes. Severely injured by a fall from a restive horse, he declined rapidly, and had almost reached the point of death before we suspected its approach. When informed of the imminence of his danger, he called me to his bedside. The first subject that he broached was that of your projected union with Maud, our adopted daughter. He still adhered to his original design of connecting you by a dearer tie than that of simple friendship, and I promised my utmost influence to accomplish his wishes in this respect. He then gave me some few general directions of no importance to my story, and finally he changed the topic, and referred to certain hidden wealth, of which he was the proprietor. Unfortunately the crisis had arrived, and before he could utter more than a few indistinct words, his spirit passed to another sphere. I can never forget the look

of mortal agony which he cast around him, when his speech failed, and he could not reveal the secret."

"So it died with him?"

"It did; nevertheless it still lives. The night following the burial of his remains, his spirit appeared at my bedside before I slept. I was not frightened. On asking the reason of this visit, he informed me that on the arrival of the proper time, he would communicate to you—and you alone—the place where you might discover the treasure. At different subsequent times his apparition visited me in the still hours of night, but only to repeat that promise. A fortnight since, however, he appeared once more, and enjoined me to send for you without delay. And during the night of the anniversary of his death, to-morrow, if you keep vigil in the old state bed-chamber the secret shall be revealed."

The mother ceased speaking; Richard interrogated her by a glance.

"I wrote for you," she continued "and you are here in consequence."

"Well?"

"I have no more to say, my son. It remains for your decision whether you will, after hearing my story, undergo the ordeal or not."

"My resolve, mother, is unchanged, and I do not flinch from it. To-night I will, with your permission, occupy the state bed-chamber and again to-morrow. Now, that I recognise the reason of your hasty summons from Bordeaux, and further, know that a message from the dead is awaiting me, I could not hesitate even if I would. Nor do I fear the interview, knowing its object."

"Well and bravely said, dear Richard, and though I confess an unwillingness to have you placed in such a position, I cannot but hope that your resolution may remain unshaken. I feel no inquietude for what will follow."

## LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS OF IRELAND.

FROM A.D. 1189 TO 1870.

(112) A.D. 1835.—LORD ST. LEONARDS (Edward Burtenshaw Sugden).—After tracing the history of the lives of one hundred and eleven Chancellors, we have arrived at a generation not yet passed away. Lord St. Leonards is still living, and to write the life of a living man is so clothed with difficulties, and so surrounded with many dangers, that we should have hesitated to do so, were it not that his life has already, in great part been written by another writer. To what that writer has said we have somewhat to add—to add what has been written of him, and of his early professional career, and by himself, in his preface to the thirteenth edition of his work on “Vendors and Purchasers,”—to add something too, of his Parliamentary career, and of his course of action in the House of Commons, in relation to the Catholic Emancipation Bill of 1829—to tell of his embittered feeling against the Church of Rome—and what he thought of the Reform Bill of 1832—to tell what was said of him, and to him, by the Attorney-General in the name of the Bar of Ireland as they bid him farewell in the year 1835—to tell of his conduct when a second time Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in relation to the Repeal movement in 1843—to lay before our readers what his ideas on Fenianism were, so late as the year 1867; and, lastly, to say something of his judicial career. These, and some other incidents in his long and active life, we have to add to what has already been written of him by Mr. Fosse.

Lord St. Leonards is the son of a

barber,<sup>1</sup> whose name was Richard Sugden, and who was, as Lord Tenterden's father had been, also a hair-dresser and wig-maker. And from this humble origin has the subject of our present memoir raised himself to the highest eminence at the Bar, to be twice Lord Chancellor of Ireland—Lord Chancellor of Great Britain—Speaker of the House of Lords, and whilst Chancellor of Great Britain, next but one in rank to the blood royal of England.<sup>2</sup>

Whether Richard Sugden had ever intended that his son Edward should follow his own, the hair-dressing trade, and whether the young lad had ever, scissors in hand, stood in his father's shop, we are not in a position to state. But if he did do so, and if he did commence to learn his father's business, and if he were bound to his father, he must have done, what Lucian, the Grecian lawyer, did, when he was bound to his uncle, a stone cutter—he must have forsaken that deity, which, in the heathen mythology, was said to preside over manual labour, and betaken himself to the Goddess of Learning. And, she, if we may be permitted to alter the words of Lucian<sup>3</sup> from the future to the past tense, “took him by the hand, and she led him forth from the crowd, and she adorned his mind, which in him was most exalted, with many good ornaments, with moderation, justice, piety, mildness, equity, prudence, fortitude, love of what was honourable, and a desire of the noblest things, for these truly were the pure ornaments of the soul . . . and he, who was the son of such a

<sup>1</sup> Fosse's Biographical Dictionary of the Judges of England.

<sup>2</sup> Selden's Titles of Honour, ii., 5-46. And Statute 31st, Henry VIII., cl. 10.

<sup>3</sup> Vide Life of Lucian, Dialogue No. 23.

one, in a short time became enviable, and a cause of emulation to all—honoured, and praised, and celebrated for the best qualities, and respected by those excelling in birth, and riches, and deemed worthy of power and precedency; if he travelled in a foreign land he was not unknown, for she placed such marks of distinction upon him, that each of the beholders, touching his neighbour, would point him out with his finger, saying, ΟΥΤΟΣ ΕΚΕΙΝΟΣ ‘*THIS IS HE.*’ And if there were anything worthy of attention, and if it occupied his friends, or even the entire nation, all would look to him. And if he happened to say anything, most people would listen to him with open mouths, wondering and deeming him happy for the power of his eloquence, and his father for his good fortune. And she conferred this upon him, which they speak of, that some persons become immortal, from being mortal.”

How it came to pass that Edward Sugden ever left the barber's shop for the English Bar, must appear to the anxious inquirer as marvellous in the extreme. Between the barber's and surgeon's professions, it is true, there had been for centuries a union, until it was dissolved by the statute passed in the 18th year of his late Majesty George II. The present College of Surgeons, in England, had its origin in the Company of Barber-Surgeons, and was so incorporated by Royal Charter, in the first year of King Edward IV. But we have yet to learn that there ever was at any time a union between a barber and a barrister. How, then, did it come to pass that young Sugden ever thought of becoming a lawyer? Well, as far as we can learn, it happened in this wise: the young lad, from his earliest infancy, displayed a genius which endeared him to all that were around him—his father idolised him, and allowed him the best pony that could be purchased in Quatterman's horse

repository, in St. Martin's Lane, London. Little Sugden soon acquired a taste for horses, which even in the turmoils of active life never deserted him. He was perpetually looking after the most tiny animals, which his father willingly purchassd for him. Now, it so happened that frequenting at the same repository, and on a like business, was a Mr. Duval, an eminent conveyancer, and well-known to the Chancery Bar, and he, meeting with the young lad frequently, was struck with the brilliancy of his genius, and he readily employed him as a clerk in his office.

Each succeeding month and year, convinced Du Val more and more, that the young man was endowed with talents of the very highest order. He accordingly persuaded him to enter his name as a law student in Lincoln's Inn. Time went on, and by the rules of the Benchers of that Inn, it becomes incumbent on every student to disclose his antecedents—to tell who his father was—what manner of business he followed—to tell, too, his own employment, and how he was clerk to a conveyancer and equity draughtsman. Now, by a rule of the Benchers of all the Inns of Court, no person who has ever received a clerk's fee can be called to the English Bar. Consequently, when he sought for admission to the Bar, he was rejected, and his prospects of future success became in a moment clouded. But Sugden's indomitable perseverance, sustained him beneath that shock which would have crushed with its weight many another man. He then obtained a conveyancer's and equity draughtsman's license, and he entered, we may presume, with a heavy heart, on his new career. Business, however, flowed rapidly upon him. He read with avidity every treatise on real property—followed every case, and stored his mind well with learning on the subject from every available



source. He observed how miserably deficient the libraries were in treatises, and how advantageous it would be to men of property, to have a treatise before them which would give them some information in a plain, popular, and at the same time scientific manner.

He accordingly turned his attention to writing a work, and felt delighted, he says,<sup>1</sup> "when he hit on the 'Law of Vendors and Purchasers.' When the book was announced for publication, the universal opinion was, that it would be a failure, as the subjects were too multifarious for one treatise." Nothing dismayed, he laboured on diligently, in Lincoln's-Inn Library, where a considerable portion of it was written, "for his own shelves were then but scantily furnished. At length he finished his work in its original. His courage then failed him, the expense of publication was certain, and success more than doubtful, and it was not," he writes, "without some difficulty that he could be persuaded to refrain from committing the manuscript to the flames. The book was however printed, and the amount he received for its sale but small, but never has he since received any sum with anything approaching to the satisfaction he felt on receiving that small amount." This book was the foundation of his early success in life. It was published in 1805—the first edition was sold at once.

To exclude Sugden any longer from the Bar would be an act of intolerable oppression on the part of the Benchers. He was accordingly admitted, notwithstanding the rule, to the degree of a barrister-at-law in 1807, and soon after brought out his work on "Powers." Next came "Letters to a Man of Property, on Buying and Selling Estates." This was followed by an edition of "Gil-

bert's Law of Uses and Trusts"—published in 1811.

Sugden's fame as a real property lawyer was now unbounded. Almost every question of title in England was laid before him. But the intolerable press of business, and the sedentary life he led, began to make serious inroads on his health; he consequently determined to withdraw from chambers, and confine himself for the future to court practice. But questions of title followed him in the new path he had chosen, and a weight of business was still accumulating upon him. In 1822, he was appointed one of His Majesty's counsel, and at once took the foremost position within the Bar. In 1827, he was active in organising an opposition to the appointment of Lord Plunket to the office of Master of the Rolls, in England, on the ground that his lordship was not a member of the English Bar. In the following year Mr. Sugden was returned to Parliament for the borough of Weymouth, and his first speech in the House of Commons was delivered on the 29th of February, 1828, on Mr. Brougham's motion for an inquiry into the abuses which then had existence in the administration of the Laws of the realm. On the 6th of March following he spoke on the Scotch law of entail, and afterwards, in the same year, on various other subjects, many of them now without public interest.<sup>1</sup>

The opinions of Sugden, from his first entry into parliamentary life, were those of the high Tory and anti-Catholic school. What his feelings on Catholic Emancipation were are best told in his own words, spoken in the House of Commons, on the memorable debate of the 12th February, 1829.

The rapid spread of Popery was then, with all the assurance of prophecy, foretold; and it had been

<sup>1</sup> Vide Preface to 13th Edition of Sugden's "Law of Vendors and Purchasers."

<sup>2</sup> Hansard, 1828.

even said that monasteries and nunneries would once more overshadow the country with their baneful shade.

"He was always," he said, "opposed to Catholic Emancipation; he was still opposed to such a measure, standing by itself, and he certainly was surprised to hear it recommended in His Majesty's Speech to that House; but seeing that it was accompanied by other measures for the *amelioration* of the people of Ireland, and taking it as a lesser evil, between which it was necessary to exercise a choice, he had determined to vote for the measure, as the only course that would insure the safety of the State."<sup>1</sup>

The salutary measures thus alluded to as accompanying Catholic emancipation, were the disfranchisement of the 40-shilling freeholders in Ireland, and the clauses of the Emancipation Act itself directed against the Jesuits. On the 24th of March, Mr. Sugden again announced his intention to vote for the measure, but it was "because the Bill provided for Protestant ascendancy, and in his opinion a Protestant king and Protestant ascendancy were essential to the constitution."<sup>2</sup>

Although supporting the Emancipation Act of 1829, he insisted on the literal construction of that clause, which prevented Roman Catholic members, returned to Parliament before the passing of the Act, taking the new oaths. This clause had evidently been framed to exclude Mr. O'Connell, who had been returned before the passing of the Act.

The 18th May, 1829, was the day on which Mr. O'Connell was expected to take his seat after his first election for Clare. Long before the Speaker took the chair, the body of the House was filled with members, and the galleries with strangers. At length Mr. O'Connell was introduced by Lords Ebrington and Duncannon;

when he declined to swear that the sacrifice of the Mass was either impious or idolatrous, and he claimed the privilege of taking the new oath, as set forth in the Relief Act.

The Speaker declared that it was his impression that the new oaths authorised by the Relief Act, had only reference to such members as should be returned to serve in Parliament after the passing of the bill into law. Mr. O'Connell then proceeded to argue in favour of his admissibility on taking the new oaths. After he had concluded, a debate ensued, and Mr. Sugden was foremost amongst the determined opponents of O'Connell, "whose talent and temper he eulogised. They were such as entitled him to his approbation, and although he did not know whether the hon. member for Clare would accept the compliment in the spirit in which it was intended, he trusted he would pay implicit deference to what might he hoped be the unbiassed opinion of the House."

The *unbiassed* opinion was then taken, when it appeared there were 116 votes in favour of and 190 against the admission of Mr. O'Connell, who was then called to the table, and having declined to take the insulting oath, the seat was declared vacant, and a new writ issued for the county of Clare.

In the month of June, 1829, Sugden received the honour of knighthood, and was appointed at the same time Solicitor-General for England, an office which he held until the fall of the Tory Ministry, in 1830. The Parliamentary debates of those years are filled with the speeches of this distinguished lawyer, whose prejudice against the Catholic faith not unfrequently brought him into collision with Mr. O'Connell. On the 22d February, 1831 he moved for leave to bring in a bill to apply to Ireland the statute

<sup>1</sup> *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, vol. xx. n.s., column 255. <sup>2</sup> *Ibid*, column 1428

of the 9th Geo. II., chapter 36, commonly called the Statute of Mortmain. "By the provisions of that Act, real property and property in the funds, must be disposed of before the hand of death was upon the person giving away his property. The principle of the bill was to prevent any improper influence over parties when in the last stage of existence. It had been found very beneficial to England, and he wished to extend the law to Ireland."

Mr. O'Connell opposed the motion; he said that "the bill would deprive the Catholic Church of all charitable bequests; and the hon. and learned gentleman who thus began a crusade against the laws of Ireland should first ascertain what those laws were, and what was the state of the country." A sharp debate ensued, and Sugden withdrew his motion, admitting, at the same time, "that the object of the bill was to prevent the inconvenient disposition of property to Catholic charities."

Embittered in his opposition\* to the Reform Bill, Sugden spoke with much warmth against that measure, in the debate on the 21st March, 1832.<sup>1</sup> As to increasing the number of representatives for Ireland, he entirely objected to it. "Let them look at the Act of Union, and he would ask was not that question most fully considered? Was it not then decided that 100 members was the largest number Ireland was to have in the Imperial Parliament."

Mr. O'Connell said that the question of the number of representatives was not definitively settled at the time of the Union, and if the hon. and learned gentleman would look into the Act of Union, he would there find an express provision, with a view to some alterations to be thereafter made. They had no right to treat this part of the subject as the hon. and learned

gentleman had done; as if it were an abstract question. Was there not, he asked, an identity of interest between the two countries?"

Lord Brougham was then Lord Chancellor of England. His laborious and successful exertions in carrying the Reform Bill through Parliament are well known to the world. Nor did that untiring Chancellor during the tedious progress of the Reform Bill, ever, even for a day, absent himself from his court. Writing multitudes of letters on the Bench, as counsel was addressing him, he seemed to have been endowed with a capacity for attending to several matters at the same time. Many times in the course of the morning he would receive letters on the Bench, read them, and write, seal, and despatch answers, meanwhile listening to counsel and asking them questions. This habit was peculiarly distasteful to Sir Edward Sugden, who tried to correct it, but was unlucky on the occasion which he took, and the method he employed for that purpose.

As the most marked and effectual intimation of his displeasure, he suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence, while the Chancellor was writing. After a considerable pause, the Chancellor, without raising his eyes from the paper, said, "Go on, Sir Edward; I am listening to you." SUGDEN.—"I observe your lordship is engaged in writing, and not favouring me with your attention." CHANCELLOR.—"I am signing papers of mere form; you may as well say I am not to blow my nose or take snuff while you are speaking." Sir Edward sat down in a huff; he was laughed at, and the Chancellor applauded.

The unalterable support given by Sugden to the High Church and Tory party entitled him to place under the short-lived administration of Sir Robert Peel, in the year 1835.

<sup>1</sup> Ibid vol. iii., col. 682.

But why that place was to be found in Ireland, and why he was not made Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, and why he, a determined anti-Catholic, should be sent as Chancellor to a Catholic people, and why he who had successfully struggled against the brightest ornament of the Irish Bar taking his seat on the English Bench, should now have been placed over that very Bar, are questions that the writer of these pages is unable to solve. "What!" said Mr. O'Connell, "will the Bar of Ireland tamely submit to this fresh insult flung upon them? Are there no able men to be found at the Irish Bar, that we must have an English barrister sent amongst us? Will the Bar, I ask, submit to this foreigner holding high place amongst them?" That the Bar did submit is now a matter of history, and that they fawned on the new Chancellor, is another matter of history; and with all the meekness of the lamb, spoken of in Pope's "Essay on Man," they "licked the hand just raised to shed their blood."

On the 5th of January, 1835, Sir Edward Sugden arrived at his hotel in Dublin, and hardly had he reached his apartments, when the leaders of the Bar were hot foot after him, to congratulate him on his arrival amongst them. The *Saunders' News-Letter* of Tuesday, the 6th of January, contains the following announcement.

"The new Lord Chancellor arrived yesterday morning at Morrisson's Hotel. His lordship was waited upon during the day by the Recorder,<sup>1</sup> High Sheriff Carolin, the Right Hon. Mr. Lefroy,<sup>2</sup> and several other distinguished members of the legal profession." On the following Monday—12th January—the term was opened with the usual formalities, and Sir Edward Sugden

took his seat for the first time on the Irish Bench. The Court was crowded to excess, and, *mirabile dictu*, "He bowed most graciously to the Bar, which they respectfully acknowledged."<sup>3</sup> His term of office, which was short indeed—three months and ten days—entitled him to his *well-earned* pension of £4000 a year for the next six years. In the following April a hostile vote of the Commons, on the Irish Church question, threw Sir Robert Peel out of office, and Sir Edward Sugden off the Irish Bench. The *Saunders' News-Letter*, of the 23d of April, contains the following announcement:—

"COURT OF CHANCERY, YESTER-DAY.

"The Court was densely crowded from an early hour, it being understood that Sir Edward Sugden would take his leave of the Irish Bar previous to his departure from the country. The King's counsels' seats, and those appropriated to the other barristers, were entirely filled, and several fashionably-dressed ladies appeared in the gallery. About half-past eleven o'clock, the Lord Chancellor, with his Registrar and several other officers, entered the court. He looked rather indisposed, and seemed to evince some emotion at the approach of that time which would remove him from a station which he had filled with so much honour to himself, and benefit to the suitors. In a few minutes after, the Lord Lieutenant. (Lord Haddington) entered the Court, accompanied by an aide-de-camp. The purport of his Excellency's visit was to comply with the Act of Parliament, by giving proof of his having received the Sacrament within three months after his acceptance of office. After his Excellency had taken the oaths prescribed, he remained but a short

<sup>1</sup> The present Recorder of Dublin the Right Hon. Frederick Shaw, Q.C.

<sup>2</sup> The late Lord Chief Justice of Ireland.

<sup>3</sup> Vide "Saunders' News-Letter," 13th January, 1835.

time on the Bench, and then retired. The Attorney-General (E. Pennefeather) then rose and thus addressed the retiring Chancellor :

"My lord,—I should do great injustice to my own feelings, and I am persuaded to those of the Bar of Ireland, if I allowed your lordship to retire from that seat without attempting, however feebly, to convey to your lordship the impression of the deep sense which we entertain of the eminent ability and dignified demeanour with which you have discharged the important duties of your high office. Short as has been the period of your lordship's elevation, it has afforded ample opportunity for the display of judicial powers of the highest degree of excellence. Had this period been still shorter—had we been limited to the observation of a single day, it would have been sufficient to have impressed us with an indelible conviction of the profound, extensive, and accurate learning—the patience and discrimination—the masterly exposition and application of the authorities and principles of equity—and, above all, of the ardent love of justice and elevated tone of moral feeling which marked and distinguished your judgments. I have only to add our acknowledgments for your uniform urbanity and kindness, and to assure your lordship that you bear with you our regret at your retirement, and our most anxious wishes for your happiness and welfare."

Mr. Dunne, on the part of the solicitors, then rose, and in like terms of fulsome flattery, bid farewell to the retiring Chancellor, who having replied "in honeyed words," if we may be permitted to borrow the language of Homer, bowed to the assembled multitude, and left the Court. On the 28th of April, the Lord Lieutenant held a parting

levée, which was attended by Sir Edward Sugden, who took his departure in a few days for England.<sup>1</sup> He was now, for the first time in his professional life, full of leisure, and he immediately commenced to revise the whole of his work on "Vendors and Purchasers," and published an edition—the tenth—with numerous additions, in three volumes.<sup>2</sup> In 1837 he was once more returned to the House of Commons as M.P. for Ripon, and thenceforward took an active part in the debates on Irish questions. Her present Majesty had then ascended the throne, and within the first three years of her reign, several measures were introduced in Parliament. The Poor Law, the Tithe Law, and Law for Municipal Reform. Of these the Poor-law was thought to bear most conspicuously on its brow the invariable, inevitable stamp of mortal enmity towards the people of our country.

Poor-laws had become at once necessary in England, on the suppression of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. In Catholic times, and according to Catholic ideas, almsgiving was a Christian duty; from that moment it had to become a tax. Those monasteries had been endowed by charitable and religious people mainly for the relief of the poor; but when their lands came into possession of King Henry's courtiers, the poor immediately began to be regarded as public enemies to be suppressed. In Catholic times the poor man had been a brother, whom it was a privilege and a duty to console: after the Reformation, he became one of the "dangerous classes," to be well watched, to be often punished, and to be ever degraded and disgraced. The very first English poor law (27 Henry VIII.,) prohibited almsgiving under heavy penalties; and as for

<sup>1</sup> "Saunders' News-Letter," April, 1835.

<sup>2</sup> Vide Preface to 13th Edition to "Law of Vendors and Purchasers."

"sturdy beggars—a sturdy beggar is to be whipped the first time, and if he again offend, he shall suffer death as a felon and an enemy of the commonwealth." The fourteenth of Elizabeth provided that these terrible sturdy beggars "should for the first offence be grievously whipped, and burned through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron of the compass of an inch about; for the second be deemed as felons; and for the third, suffer death as felons without benefit of clergy."<sup>1</sup> Innumerable amendments and alterations have been made since those days in the English system of poor-laws, by which, although these ferocious punishments were mitigated, but the principle was maintained, of treating the poor as enemies, and making charity a compulsory tax.<sup>2</sup>

All this system had been hitherto unknown in Ireland—as it is still in Catholic countries. Poor men had always been with us, and that in plenty; but no "able-bodied paupers" by profession. If a third of the population was sometimes in a half-starving condition for half the year, the others, who had more comforts around them, shared generously with their suffering neighbours, and thought that in so doing they were doing God's service. Charity was not yet worked by machinery, nor exacted by sheriff's officers. In short, poor as the Irish were—their nature and habits were totally abhorrent to the idea of poor-laws. But it was the settled design of the British Government to fasten upon them this plague; and for two principal reasons—first, to obtain absolute control, through their own officials, of the great mass of the poor, who might otherwise be turned into elements of revolutionary disturbance; second, to aid and encourage the extermination of the "surplus population"—thus coming in aid of the

new code of cheap and easy ejection—for when there should be great poor-houses in every district to receive the homeless people, landlords would have the less hesitation in turning out upon the highroad the population of whole townlands at once. Besides, the immense patronage which the new system would place in the hands of the Government—a patronage to be chiefly exercised amongst the class a stage or two removed above the very poor themselves—would give to that Government, in every "Poor-Law Union," a very extensive control over the interests and whole way of life of the farming classes.

A person named Nicholl, a Scotchman, was sent to make a tour in Ireland, and to report on the distresses of the poor. After a journey of a few weeks, in a country quite unknown to him, this man made a report. He saw much suffering and privation; and reported that during half the year, there were 585,000 persons, with 2,300,000 *more* depending on them, in a state of utter destitution. He took care to report nothing of the reason of this destitution; namely, the drain of Irish produce to England. Upon the report of this Scotchman, a measure was prepared and introduced by Lord John Russell, to establish an universal system of poor-laws; a Board of Commissioners, and distribution of the island into "Unions." It was in vain that O'Connell, many Catholic bishops, and many Protestant Irishmen, opposed this dreadful law. It was carried by large majorities, and became law in July, 1838. Two years later there were one hundred and twenty-seven Unions marked out and constituted, fourteen immense poor-houses, like prisons, had been built, and the others were in rapid progress.

Sir Edward Sugden, while he

<sup>1</sup> Vide Froude's History of England, *temp.* Elizabeth.

<sup>2</sup> Vide on this subject "Lang's Notes of a Traveller," and vide also "Kay's Social Condition of the People."

spoke in favour of this hideous poor-law, was opposed to the only humane clause it was sought to introduce into the measure, that of out-door relief.<sup>1</sup> In the old times, before the Reformation, when England was known as "Merrie England," the sick were tended by the unpaid hand of the hospitaller at the convent-gate. The like custom prevailed in Ireland—no poor rates then swamped the landlords, and no poor man degraded with the appellation of a "pauper" was immured in those workhouses whose future horrors were thus, in 1838, foretold by the most illustrious prelate of the Church in Ireland, the Most Rev. John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam.<sup>2</sup> "The workhouses will be the prison houses of the poor, where the occupants shall be forced from their families, and where the ties of nature and affection shall be rent asunder."

The act passed, Sir Edward Sugden's opinions prevailed, and out-door relief, though legalised in England, became illegal in Ireland. The English Act may be said to contain some few traces of humanity—the Irish Act none, as the following extract will show at a glance.<sup>4</sup>

"1. In England the Guardians can grant outdoor relief to able-bodied persons in any case of sudden and urgent necessity. [This power is additional to that given in both countries to the relieving officer.]

"In Ireland the only case of this kind provided for is that of persons evicted from their dwellings, to whom, by 11 and 12 Vic. c. 47, (1848), the Guardians can give out-door relief for a period not exceeding one month.

"2. In England the Guardians can grant outdoor relief to able-bodied persons in case of any sickness, accident, or bodily or mental infirmity affecting either themselves or any of their family.

"In Ireland the Guardians are not permitted to grant it (supposing the workhouse not full or infected) except in the case of the head of the family himself being disabled by severe sickness or serious accident.

"3. In England an able-bodied person may obtain outdoor relief for the purpose of defraying, wholly or partially, the expenses of the burial of any member of his family.

"In Ireland no such power exists.

"4. To all widows the Guardians may in England grant outdoor relief during the first six months of their widowhood.

"In Ireland the Guardians cannot do so.

"5. In England, outdoor relief may be granted at any time to a widow having one legitimate child depending on her.

"In Ireland the Guardians cannot grant it to a widow, unless she have at least two legitimate children depending on her.

"6. In England outdoor relief may be granted to the family of any person confined in a gaol or other place of safe custody (which latter phrase will include lunatics).

"In Ireland there is no such power.

"7. In England outdoor relief may be granted to the wife and children of any soldier, sailor, or marine in her Majesty's service.

"In Ireland (which furnishes no

<sup>1</sup> Vide Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, vol. xxxix., 3d series, column 502.

<sup>2</sup> Vide "The Monastery and Abbot, by Sir Walter Scott, notes.

<sup>3</sup> Vide "Letters of the Most Rev. John MacHale, D.D., Archbishop of Tuam," page 402.

<sup>4</sup> Vide "Considerations on the State of Ireland, being the substance of an address delivered before the Statistical and Social Inquiry in Ireland at the opening of the 17th Session, Wednesday, 18th of November, 1863, 2d Edition, with an Appendix, containing a comparison of the English and Irish Poor Laws with respect to the conditions of relief. By John K. Ingram, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin."

small proportion of such servants of the crown) such relief cannot be given.

"8. In England outdoor relief may be allowed for the children of non-resident persons, when those children reside with their mothers within the union ; and thus provision is made for families deserted by their natural heads.

"In Ireland the Guardians have no such power."

Whether the landlords of Ireland, have received, in return, any substantial benefit for the load of taxation with which they were loaded by this uninvited piece of legislation, which Sir Edward Sugden declared was absolutely required for the country, is a question for consideration. But as far as regards the unhappy peasantry, the working of the Poor-law in Ireland has had a serious effect in degrading large numbers of the peasantry unable to emigrate. The system of administering relief only in workhouses is unfitted for a pastoral and agricultural country. From various reasons the Poor-law system has not worked well in Ireland. It has been one of the prominent causes in late years for the degradation of the peasantry.

Can one of us imagine the feelings of an evicted tenant, with the prospect of the workhouse before him for his wife and family ? If he enter, and keep them there, his sons are doomed for the remainder of their lives to be dishonest beggars. His daughters, after living a few years of squalid misery in the poorhouse, will leave the place and become prostitutes. They will lead the lives of prostitutes and die the deaths of prostitutes ; they will drown their wretchedness in drunkenness ; they will wake the echoes of our streets with their midnight

shrieks of despair ; they will die of unnamed disease in some splendid hospital.

Such has been the fate of almost all the female children reared in Irish poorhouses.

The poorhouse has been the lot of all the evicted peasantry unable to emigrate."<sup>1</sup>

Passing from the subject of the Poor-law, we next meet with Sir Edward Sugden's name on the pages of Hansard in reference to a subject which, were it now before the House, would be treated with a smile of contempt, the subject being no less a one than the burial of an old woman named Cathcart, which important question occupied the profound attention of the House of Commons for several hours.<sup>2</sup> The old lady died, as other old ladies have died before her—she, poor thing, happened to be a Catholic, but her burial place happened to be in the Protestant churchyard that surrounds the cathedral church of the maiden city of Derry, and thither her remains were lrouglt, followed by a sorrowing train.

The grave was dug and the service read,  
And the coffin laid in its narrow bed.

And here, let us shed a tear o'er her that sleeps within that narrow bed. Let us say, in all seriousness too, a *Requiescat in pace*. But, pious reader, pause for a moment ! the poet who wrote this admirable poetry little thought that the service could have been read within the hallowed precincts of a Protestant churchyard by a Popish priest, and even by a Popish prelate, and all clothed in dreadful surplices and stoles, and soutanes, and in three-corner caps known to ecclesiastics as baretas. The meek anger of the Dean of Down was enkindled against the most reverend and reverend in-

<sup>1</sup> Heron's "Historical Statistics of Ireland, 2d Edition, 1862, p. 19.

<sup>2</sup> Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, 3d April, 1838, vol. xxxix., 3d series, col. 302.



truders, who thus presumed to pray for departed excellence within the precincts of his territory. It was the abomination of desolation spoken of by the prophet Daniel standing in the holy place. The opinions of the law officers of the Crown were taken. The history of poor Mrs. Cathcart's death and burial was crammed into briefs for counsel, and was finally told without a tear in an unfeeling House of Commons. The wise men shook their heads—prosecutions against the Popish priests were *gravely* debated upon, and honourable members felt no hesitation in disturbing the repose of the dead, by meaningless insults flung at the faith she adored. But she was a Catholic, "Even in their graves," said Mr. O'Connell, in the debate of that night, "the Roman Catholics of Ireland were not free from religious animosities—would the bones of the Protestants of Derry lie worse because those of old Mrs. Cathcart lay amongst them?"

Sir Edward Sugden was of opinion that the case was one for the *gravest* consideration, especially as the Roman Catholic bishop and priests set an example of breaking the law. What was done farther in the matter—whether there was a prosecution or not, we have not taken either the pains or the trouble to learn. And we should have passed the matter by with a sigh and a smile were it not that one of England's greatest lawyers entered with bitterness and with vigour into the debate on that contemptible question. His connexion with the House of Commons entirely ceased in 1841. In the month of August in that year the Whig Ministry, of which Lord Melbourne was the Premier, resigned office, and the government of the British empire was committed to a Tory ministry, under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel.

Notwithstanding the enmity which had existed between the Tories and

the Irish party, strong expectations were entertained by the Irish people, in the year 1841, that the Tories, having obtained the object of their ambition, would extend justice and equal rights to Ireland, if it were only for the purpose of consolidating their power, and establishing themselves more firmly and durably in office. Many causes combined to produce this hope, but a confidence in the experience and sagacity of Sir Robert Peel tended especially to raise it.

That eminent statesman had commenced his official career in Ireland; he had seen, for a quarter of a century, the misery produced in that country by the practice of injustice, and the government of a garrison; he was fully aware that England was bound by international compact, and by pledged honour, to extend to Ireland "the same privileges" which were enjoyed by England; and he was perfectly conscious that, despite that compact and that pledge, equal rights and privileges had never been extended to that country.

It was confidently expected by a great number of the Irish party, that Sir Robert Peel, being at that time in possession of almost unlimited power, would have extirpated agitation by removing its cause, and placing the rights and privileges of Ireland on a perfect level with those of England; and that he would have adopted and applied to Ireland the wise sentiments expressed by Lord Somers, in his speech upon the Scotch Union: "I should think that the true way to make the Union well relished in Scotland is to let that country see plainly that England means no other than fairly by them, and desires they should be in the same circumstances they are in themselves."

All those who entertained these hopes looked forward with intense anxiety to the appointment of the chief officers of the Irish government, and, more especially, to the

appointment of the Chancellor of that country, in full expectation that Sir Robert Peel would have displayed the banner of peace, and intimated his intention of abandoning, or, at all events, of relaxing, the maintenance of the English separate Interest, by appointing an Irishman to the highest judicial office in Ireland.

In September, 1841, Sir Edward Sugden was appointed Lord High Chancellor. Lord De Grey and Lord Eliot were joined with Sir Edward Sugden as managers of Ireland, and thus the entire government of Ireland was committed to English officials, all of whom were utterly, grossly, and totally ignorant of that country and its inhabitants, its wants, its rights, and even its most striking geographical features.

The Attorney-General of this high Tory Government was the Right Hon. Francis Blackburne, afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who had been also Attorney-General under the Whig Government from 1831 to 1835.

The Repeal agitation, which lay smouldering for years past, now burst into a flame which threatened the English institutions of this country with utter destruction. Privy Councils were of every-day occurrence, and every Council Board was attended by Sir Edward Sugden. Additional troops were demanded, and several war-steamers, with a fleet of gun-brigs, were sent to cruise round the coast. Barracks began to be fortified and loop-holed; and police-stations were furnished with iron-grated windows. In the meantime, the vast monster meetings continued, with even intenser enthusiasm, but always with perfect peace and order.

The speeches of O'Connell at these meetings, though not heard by a fourth of the multitudes, were carefully reported, and flew over all

Ireland, and England, too, in hundreds of newspapers. So that probably no speeches ever delivered in the world had so wide an audience. The people began to neglect altogether the proceedings of Parliament, and felt that their cause was to be tried at home. More and more of the Irish members of Parliament discontinued their attendance in London, and gathered round O'Connell. Many of those who still went to London, were called on by their constituents to come home or resign.

Sir Edward Sugden, as Lord Chancellor, began offensive operations on the British side, by depriving of the Commission of the Peace all magistrates who joined the Repeal Association, or took the chair at a Repeal meeting. He had dismissed in this way about twenty, including O'Connell and Lord French,<sup>1</sup> usually accompanying the announcement of the *supersedeas* with what was characterised at the time as an insolent letter; when Smith O'Brien wrote<sup>1</sup> to him that *he* had been a magistrate for many years, that he was not a Repealer, but could not consent to hold his commission on such humiliating terms, instantly his example was followed by many gentlemen, who flung their commissions in the Chancellor's face, sometimes with letters as insulting as his own. And now O'Connell brought forward one of his grand schemes. It was, to have all the dismissed magistrates appointed "arbitrators," who should hold regular courts of arbitration in their respective districts—all the people pledging themselves to make no resort to the Queen's magistrates, but to settle every dispute by the award of their arbitrators. This was put into operation in many places, and worked very well.

The Repeal agitation of 1843 is still fresh in the minds of many.

<sup>1</sup> Vide for this letter "Weekly Freeman's Journal, 27th May, 1843, and 3d June, 1843.

Monster meetings were held at Tara,<sup>1</sup> in the county of Meath; at Mullaghmast, in the county of Kildare; at Clifden, in the county of Galway; and last of all, a great metropolitan meeting was to have been held on Sunday, the 8th of October, 1843, on the historic shores of Clontarf, and within two miles of the city of Dublin, along the Bay. The garrison of Dublin then amounted to 4000 men, besides 1000 police, with abundance of field artillery.

Late in the afternoon of Saturday, when it was almost dusk, a proclamation was posted on the walls of Dublin, signed by EDWARD B. SUGDEN, C., by the Commander of the Forces, and other the Privy Council, forbidding the meeting.<sup>2</sup>

Many persons did not at first understand the object of the Privy Council in keeping back the proclamation to so late an hour on Saturday, seeing that the meeting had been so many days announced, and that many multitudes coming from remote parts of the county would never hear of the proclamation until they should be face to face with the military on the shores of Clontarf. But the thing was simple enough. The Government intended to take O'Connell by surprise, to have raked the meeting with cannon shot, and thus put an end to the Repeal agitation for ever. O'Connell, however, issued a counter proclamation, announcing that the meeting was not to take place, and thus saved an unarmed multitude from being massacred in cold blood on the next day. Messengers were despatched to all quarters of the country throughout the whole of that dreadful night, for the purpose of turning back the crowds who, unaware of the Government proclama-

tion, were pressing onwards to next morning's meeting.

Within a week, O'Connell eight others were held to bail to take their trial for "conspiracy other misdemeanours."

The Chancellor, having superseded the magistrates, and put a stop to the Clontarf meeting, could have been expected to tolerate the appointment of a gentleman even to the temporary office of a *locum tenens* assistant-barrister. Mr. William MacDermot, who was at that time chairman of the County Kerry, prevented from going his October sessions; he accordingly, as it then customary to do, appointed his own *locum tenens*, subject, however, to the Chancellor's approval. The Chancellor did approve, and on the day or two after, revoked his approval, as appears by the following paragraph taken from the *Weekly Freeman's Journal* of the 28th October, 1843:—

"MORE WISDOM OF SUGDEN"

"It appears by the *Evening Post* newspaper of Thursday that William MacDermot, the assistant-barrister, had recently occasioned a call upon the Chancellor to appoint a *locum tenens*. Mr. MacDermot had a right to do, named a gentleman to whom we believe there could be no possible objection, and the Chancellor, as usual, appointed that gentleman was Mr. Robert Hobart. We have not heard of the suitors complained, but somebody else complained, not of Mr. Hobart's qualifications, but of his politics. Mr. Hobart was chosen with being a member of the Repeal Association. That gentleman cannot deny the accusation, and Mr. Sugden revoked the appointment of the *locum tenens*, and lectured

<sup>1</sup> Should the reader desire information on the historic locality of Tara, once until the year 554 after Christ, the capital city of Ireland, he is referred to "Dr. Petrie's Essay on the History and Antiquities of Tara Hill," in the Library of the Royal Academy.

<sup>2</sup> Vide "Weekly Freeman's Journal, 14th October, 1843.

MacDermot. There was a paltry attempt at insult, in this very characteristic, but we are persuaded most innocuous to the gentleman at whom it was levelled."

The State trials commenced on the 2nd November, 1843. A revival of the special jury-list took place before Mr. Shaw, Recorder of Dublin, with a special view to those trials. The names, when passed by the Recorder from day to day, were then sent to the sheriff's office, to be placed on his book. Counsel were employed before the Recorder to oppose by every means the admission of every Catholic gentleman against whom any colour of objection could be thought of; yet, with all the care, a large number of Catholics were placed on the list. Now, as the names were transferred to the sheriff's office, it so happened that the slip, which contained twenty-three Catholic names, missed its way, or was mislaid, and the names it contained never appeared on the sheriff's book. This became immediately notorious, and excited what one of the Judges called "grave suspicion," and what was afterwards denounced by English Judges in the House of Lords as turning trial by jury into "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

In striking a special jury at that time, in Ireland, forty-eight names were taken by ballot out of the sheriff's book in the Crown Office; then each party, the Crown and the traverser, had the privilege of striking off twelve—thus leaving twenty-four names; and, on the day of trial, the first twelve out of the twenty-four who answered their names when called, were sworn as jurors. Now, so well did the sheriff carry out the views of the Government, and so well did he manage the list, that out of the forty-eight there were just eleven Catholics, and these eleven names were, as the Crown had a perfect right to do, struck off, and a jury, whose principles could

be depended upon by the Chancellor and the rest of the Privy Council at the Castle, was secured.

Those details respecting juries may not, perhaps, be very interesting to the general reader, yet the history of the State trials of 1843 enters so much into our memoirs of the next Chancellor, Lord Campbell, and of Lord Chancellor Blackburne, that it would be impossible here to omit those details, however dry.

Early in February, 1844, the trials ended, and O'Connell and the other traversers were found GUILTY.

Immediately on the verdict being known in London, there arose in Parliament a violent debate on the state of Ireland. The Whig party, being then out of place, and who saw in his Repeal movement nothing but a machinery by which they might raise themselves to power, affected great zeal for justice to Ireland, and even indignation at the conduct of the trials. It is almost incredible, but remains on record, that Lord John Russell used these words, 19th February, 1834:—

"Nominally, indeed, the two countries have the same laws. Trial by jury, for instance, exists in both countries; but is it administered alike in both? Sir, I remember on one occasion when an honourable gentleman, Mr. Brougham, on bringing forward a motion, in 1823, on the administration of the law in Ireland, made use of these words:—'The law of England esteemed all men equal. It was sufficient to be born within the King's allegiance to be entitled to all the rights the loftiest subject of the land enjoyed. None were disqualified; the only distinction was between natural-born subjects and aliens. Such, indeed, was the liberality of our system in the times which we called barbarous, but from which, in these enlightened days, it might be as well to take a hint, that if a man were even an alien-born, he was not deprived of the protection of the law. In Ir

land, however, the law held a directly opposite doctrine. 'The sect to which a man belonged, the cast of his religious opinions, the form in which he worshipped his Creator, were grounds on which the law separated him from his fellows, and bound him to the endurance of a system of the most cruel injustice.' Such was the statement of Mr. Brougham, when he was the advocate of the oppressed. But, sir, let me ask, was what I have just now read the statement of a man who was ignorant of the country of which he spoke? No; the same language, or to the same effect, was used by Sir M. O'Loughlen, in his evidence before the House of Lords. That gentleman stated that he had been in the habit of going the Munster circuit for nineteen years, and on that circuit it was the general practice for the Crown, in criminal prosecutions, to set aside all Catholics and all the Liberal Protestants; and he added, that he had been informed that on other circuits the practice was carried on in a more strict manner. Sir M. O'Loughlen also mentioned one case of this kind which took place in 1834, during the Lord-Lieutenancy of the Marquis of Wellesley, and the Attorney-Generalship of Mr. Blackburne (afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland), the present Master of the Rolls, and in which, out of forty-three persons set aside (in a cause, too, which was not a political one), there were thirty-six Catholics and seven Protestants, and all of them respectable men. This practice is so well-known, and carried out so generally, that men known to be Liberals, whether Catholics or Protestants, have ceased to attend assizes, that they might not be exposed to these public insults. Now, I would ask, are these proofs of equal laws, or laws equally administered? Could the same, or similar cases have happened in Yorkshire, or Sussex, or Kent? Are these the fulfilment of the promises made

and engagements entered into at the Union?"

The noble lord then, forgetful of the Campbell job, taunted the government with having appointed Sir Edward Sugden, an English barrister, to the office of Lord Chancellor of Ireland, when Sir Robert Peel thus replied:—

"The noble Lord (J. Russell) had the good fortune to be connected with a man who had long been the faithful friend of the Whig party,—the pride of the Bar of Ireland,—the ornament of the British senate,—the friend of Grattan;—the noble lord had the happiness of being connected with Lord Plunket, whose name will be handed down to remote posterity as one of the brightest stars in the constellation of Irish eminence. Lord Plunket is the son of a Presbyterian minister, and he raised himself to the office of Lord Chancellor of his own country; the Irish Bar rejoiced at his elevation. The noble lord thinks it necessary to consult the prejudices, and conciliate the feelings, of the people of Ireland, and he taunts us with making an English appointment, overlooking the claims of the people of Ireland. He had a Chancellor, the most eminent man the Bar of Ireland had produced, and six weeks before he (Lord J. Russell) quitted office,—he who is so sensitive on behalf of Ireland, so jealous of offence to that country, so opposed to the preference of Englishmen,—having that man, a connexion with whom was the boast and pride of the Whig party, in the situation of Lord Chancellor, signified to Lord Plunket,—the Irishman,—the Lord Chancellor that it would be expedient for him to retire; and for what? So far as the public is apprised, in order that he might gratify the vanity of, certainly, an eminent and distinguished lawyer,—of one, of whom I wish to speak with the respect I feel for him,—in order that he might gratify the vanity of a Scotchman, by a s

weeks' tenure of office; and,—an insult I will not call it,—but an affront to Ireland, which, whatever the noble lord may think of my disposition towards that country, I would not have put upon it and continued in office one hour."

The breaking up of the Tory Ministry, in 1846, drove Sir Edward Sugden from the office which he had held in Ireland, during the five preceding and eventful years. On Tuesday, the 16th of June, he sat for the last time in the Court of Chancery, and it does not appear that he was then, as customary on like occasions, addressed by or in the name of the Bar, owing, perhaps to the belief that he would take his seat on another day. He then left his residence in Stephen's Green, and took his departure for England. While in Ireland the second time, he published the 11th edition of his work on "Vendors and Purchasers," in two volumes,<sup>1</sup> and after his return to England there arose a demand for a more concise view of the subject, and in order to meet it, he reduced the work, with the exception of the chapter on the real property statutes, which was expanded into an Essay, and published, in 1851, in one volume.

During the four years following 1846, Sir Edward appears to have enjoyed his *otium cum dignitate*, and his name seldom appears in the columns of the public press of those years. In 1850, however, he was awakened from his repose by the arrival of the Papal brief direct from Pius IX. in England, mapping out the country into dioceses, as they had been mapped out in a former age by Gregory the Great, when England, and England's princes also, professed a faith different from the See of Rome.

At once there was a shout of

alarm and wrath from all ends of Great Britain, nor were the Orangemen of our own country very silent either; county meetings were held all over England to denounce the "Papal aggression." The pulpits rang for months with denunciations against the Pope—"the Man of Sin and the Son of Perdition," as he was called.

Sir Edward Sugden's voice was no longer heard in the House of Commons, but on the platform he denounced the measure; and his speech at a public meeting at Epsom, in the county of Surrey, did not yield to any other in the force of eloquent indignation.<sup>2</sup>

On the return of the Conservatives to power in 1852, Sugden was appointed, much to the annoyance of Lord Brougham, Lord Chancellor of England, having been created at the same time Baron St. Leonards, of Slaugham, in Sussex; Lord Lyndhurst declaring "that no Government was ever more fortunate in a Chancellor, and that the present occupant of the woolsack, besides being the greatest of lawyers, was distinguished by his placid temper, and his mild and gentlemanly manner."<sup>3</sup>

The resignation of the Ministry in the same year again placed the seals in the hands of the Crown, and Lord St. Leonards ceased to be Chancellor on the 28th of December, 1852. Exceeding at that time the age of seventy years, he has since refused office on the several accessions of the Conservatives to power. "But in the House of Lords and in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council," writes Mr. Fosse, "he has continued to afford his valuable assistance." That Lord St. Leonards did continue to attend the meetings of the Judicial Committee of the Privy

<sup>1</sup> Vide Preface to 13th Edition of his "Vendors and Purchasers."

<sup>2</sup> Report of this speech in the "Times," Dec. 18, 1850.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Campbell's "Lord Chancellors of England, vol. viii., p. 175.

Council up to the year 1856 is denied by a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*. When the constitution of that court came under the consideration of the Legislature, Lord St. Leonards was examined on the subject, and delivered his opinion, which is thus canvassed in the article just alluded to.<sup>1</sup> "To transfer those powers of the Sovereign to any other court would be a most extensive inroad on the prerogative of the Crown. Throughout the recent investigation, all the witnesses, with the exception of Lord St. Leonards—who is evidently unacquainted with the subject, and who appears by a return never to have been present at the Privy Council—vied with each other in expressing their unqualified approval of the Judicial Committee."

It was in the House of Lords rather than in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, that Lord St. Leonards continued to afford his valuable assistance as a judge, a legislator, and a law reformer. To him, and to his learning, genius, and ability, is the country indebted for the many benefits bestowed upon it by the Trustee Relief Acts (22 and 23 Vict. ch. 35, and 23 and 24 Vict. ch. 38).

During centuries past the Court of Chancery insisted that all trust funds should be invested in the public funds, which of later years only produced 3 per cent. per annum. By reason of this inflexible rule many families were kept on slender incomes. No landed or other security, however unexceptionable, would or could be accepted, unless the deed creating the trust contained a clause empowering the trustees to invest the trust funds on such other securities. The Act passed, and hardly had it received

the Royal Assent, when misapprehensions arose in the minds of many as to the true meaning of the investment clauses. An article appeared on the subject in the *Times*, which left many erroneous impressions on the subject. Lord St. Leonards then penned the following, which not alone banished doubt, but gave much interesting information as to the history of those clauses, which is well worth preserving.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.<sup>1</sup>

"*Boyle Farm, Aug. 29, 1861.*

"SIR,—In your money article of Monday last, it is stated that the 23d and 24th Vict. chap. 38, empowers the Court of Chancery to invest trust funds in the securities raised under the authority of Parliament, such as those of the West India Islands, Turkish Guaranteed Four per Cents. &c., upon petition being presented by any of the parties interested."

"I believe that you will do good service by informing trustees, and the persons for whom they are trustees, how the law really stands under the two acts of the last two sessions, for which I am responsible. I am not surprised that in this day's paper it is stated that the Act of the session just ended, was brought forward by the Lord Chancellor, for his name was on the back of it, owing to his having, at my request, in my absence, laid it on the table, and moved the first reading, in the House of Lords, as a matter of form. The Act was framed and carried through by me chiefly as a supplement to the act of the previous session."

"Now the law stands thus:—By the 32d section of the 22d and 23d Vict. cap. 35, where a trustee is *not*, by some instrument creating his trust, expressly forbidden to invest any trust fund on real securities in

<sup>1</sup> "Edinburgh Review" for 1856, vol. 104, page 219.

<sup>2</sup> Vide "The Times, 29th or 30th August, 1861, and "Law Magazine," vol. 1., page 29.

any part of the United Kingdom, or in the stock of the Bank of England or Ireland, or in the East India Stock, it is lawful for him to invest such trust money in such securities or stock, provided that such investment shall in other respects be reasonable, and by the 12th section of the 23d and 24th Vict. cap. 38, this clause is made to operate retrospectively.

"By the last-mentioned Act, the Lord Chancellor, with the advice of the other equity judges or any three of them, is empowered to make such general orders as to the investment of cash under the control of the Court, either in the Three per Cent. Consols, or Reduced, or New Bank Annuities, or in such other stocks, funds, or securities as he shall with such advice see fit; and power is given to the Lord Chancellor to convert any three per cent. Bank Annuities, standing, or to stand in the name of the Accountant General of the Court, in trust in any cause or matter, into any such other stocks, funds, or securities, upon which, by any such general order as aforesaid, cash under the control of the Court may be invested. The orders for conversion are to be made upon the petition of any of the parties interested.

"By the same Act, trustees have power to invest their trust funds upon Government Securities, or upon parliamentary stocks, funds, or securities in or upon which, by such general order, cash under the control of the Court may be invested.

"The result is, that trustees (including executors and administrators) may, unless forbidden by their trust, invest the trust fund in real securities in Great Britain, or in Bank Stock of England or Ireland, or in East India Stock, which has been held to mean the old East India Stock. The Court itself can invest cash in such stocks, funds, and securities as it shall see fit, and make a general order for the

purpose; and upon the petition of parties interested, Three per Cents. may be converted by the Court into such securities as cash may be invested upon under any general order; and trustees with the usual powers to invest, may resort to the same securities. The power to the Court is general, and does not enumerate any particular securities, as it was considered that there was no danger of this power being unduly exercised. The principal assuredly will never be placed in danger in order to obtain a large interest.

"The 32nd section of the 22nd and 23rd of Victoria, chap. 35, is not properly framed, but it is not likely to be abused, as trustees will, no doubt, act with great caution under it. By the bill of the late session, as it was sent to the House of Commons, this clause was repealed, but that House not only rejected the repeal clause, but made the original clause retrospective. The new clauses, relating to trust funds, in the bill of the late session, were framed by me, with the approbation of all the Equity Judges, and inserted in the House of Commons. There was another clause in substitution of the 32nd section of the 22nd and 23rd of Victoria, cap. 35, which that House, of course, objected to adopt, as they were determined to retain the 32nd section as it stood.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your faithful servant,  
"ST. LEONARDS."

We next meet with the name of Lord St. Leonards in the public press at the close of the year 1867. In that year society was shaken to its foundations by the restless hatred of the Irish people to the English name, laws, and race. The people had been taught to read in the National Schools, and they did read in the cheap books, and in the cheaper newspapers, of the day, the past history of their own country. Their minds became quickly imbued with revolutionary ideas. Secret



societies were formed, and they took the name of Fenians from their great ancestor, Fenius,<sup>1</sup> who was one of "the giants, the mighty men of old, men of renown." The Fenians of our day spread with great rapidity over the United Kingdom and America, and Fenianism became a by-word and a terror to every man who had anything to lose—outrages followed outrages with unexampled rapidity. The cruel hand of the assassin was raised against the more cruel landlord, who dared capriciously to eject from their holdings the ancient proprietors of the soil. Stands of arms were sent across the Atlantic, gun-shops were entered in the open day and plundered in the great cities of England and Ireland—barracks were attacked—martello towers seized—houses in the heart of England demolished, and a general rising expected, that would have ended, perhaps, in the disruption of the United Kingdom.

The cry of alarm arose all over England, and every Englishman in England became a special constable. In the middle of the wide-spread terror comes forward the aged Nestor of the Bar, then in his 87th year, to offer, with the persuasive eloquence of former days, his counsel, through the columns of the public press:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"Sir,—I request you to allow me to address a few words through your columns to the Fenians in England. I desire to call the attention of all Fenians in England to the consideration of how far their actions con-

duce to the accomplishment of the objects they have in view. There are hundreds of thousands of Irishmen in England, and their children born here rank as English. Some 18,000 Irishmen a-year immigrate to England, and thus the number is kept up. They mostly resort to the large towns, where great numbers are employed in the various manufactories and public buildings; their well-doing depends upon their submission to the equal laws which protect them in common with their fellow-subjects, and upon the confidence which their employers can repose in them. Among these multitudes you, the Fenians in England, are scattered. The object of the association to which you belong I assume to be to separate Ireland and to establish a Republic in Ireland. With this view they seek through you to obtain recruits from the body of your countrymen, and, as far as may be, from Englishmen who hang loosely on society. They are aware that success could only be obtained by insurrection and successful war in Ireland. Let them consider the great power of this country to which they are opposed, and the great body of their countrymen in Ireland who would take up arms against them. But I desire you to consider your past actions here, and how far they are likely to further the views of their association. You are traitors and enemies to the land which receives you; you are compelled by a regard for your safety to assume other names, to live in

<sup>1</sup> Should the reader desire to learn the history of Fenius, and of the early Fenians, he is referred to a poem of high antiquity, entitled "*Duan Eirannach*," published in "*Nennius*," by the Irish Archaeological Society, with notes by the late Rev. J. Henthon Todd, D.D., Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. Fenius, it is there stated, had a son Niul, who married Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh, and by her had a son Gael. Now this Fenius was the ancestor of the early Fenians—the Gaelic language is derived from Gael—and the Scots from Scota. It is stated that after the Egyptian host was swallowed up in the Red Sea the Fenians directed their course to the island of Ceylon; that after centuries of wandering they settled in Spain, and from that country they colonised Ireland. It is not unworthy of remark that this Spanish origin of the Irish people is noticed in an Act of Parliament, 1st Elizabeth, wherein "*Her Majesty is advertised, that at the beginning afore the coming of Irishmen into Ireland they were dwelling in a province of Spain.*" Vide vol. i., *Irish Statutes*, page 328.

<sup>2</sup> Vide "*Irish Times*," 31st December, 1867.

obscure places ; in short, as conspirators, to work in the dark, and when you walk abroad to wear a mask. You entrap the unwary, you persuade the ignorant, some few to be false to their oaths they have taken to their Sovereign, many more to be untrue to the confidence reposed in them by their employers, or to add Fenianism to their other pursuits. This should not be the conduct of men who affect to assist in dissevering a great empire, and to make their association the rulers of a large and all-important portion of it. Let us consider the other means which you employ in your enterprise. You desire to spread alarm through the realm, and to accomplish this you spare not life ; women, or children, men in your own condition of life are ruthlessly sacrificed to enable you to withdraw from the regular tribunals of this free country men who have committed treason in support of your cause. Look, if you can, calmly at your actions—the murder of that brave and true man Brett ; the attack with arms on unarmed men bent only upon doing their duty ; this required no courage, for, of course, the slayers did not stay to fight. Let every Fenian in England look at the scene of destruction in Clerkenwell. Two hundred houses and buildings in ruins, overthrown, dismantled, shattered ; and who were the occupiers ? The sons of labour, with their wives and children, some 600 families with no longer a home or means of subsistence ; their tools and working materials, and little stock-in-trade, destroyed. For the occupiers at the time of the outrage, go to the graves of those for whose deaths you will be responsible to a Power which governs us all. For many of the survivors, go to the hospitals : there you will find forty patients maimed and disfigured, some of them for life, and many of them wholly incapable, if life is spared, to maintain themselves. Ask yourselves what must be the effect of

such fearful and dastardly proceedings. I will point out to you what the effect has really been—I need hardly say, utter abhorrence of the crime. It bears heavily upon your fellow-countrymen here, whom, of course, you desire to conciliate. Thousands of loyal men may, unhappily, be looked upon with suspicion in their various occupation, and many of them may be thrown out of employment, and have cause to deplore your criminal act. The effect upon Englishmen cannot be lost upon you. All England is roused by this outrage. Its sympathy is directed to relieve, as far as may be, those who, still living, are suffering from your cruel misdeeds. Every list of donations for their relief is at once a declaration by all classes against you and your leaders as a body, and an effectual step to soften the sufferings and relieve to some extent the distress of those who have escaped with their lives. By this act you have marked yourselves as a desperate class of men whose presence in this country can no longer be endured. You may, perhaps, rejoice in the alarm which you have created ; but trust me that you have little cause for exultation. England, aroused, has risen as one man against you. Self-defence forbids you to show yourselves in the walks of other men ; you must conceal yourselves among your own class, but you cannot long remain concealed. True to each other you never were nor never will be. Every eye will be directed to detect you ; every lodging-house-keeper will watch your movements ; all desire to surrender you to the justice that awaits you. The Government has been stimulated to action by the voice of the country ; in every portion of England all classes eagerly come forward to act as special constables. Already upwards of 30,000 have been sworn in. Guards are placed around all public buildings. Soldiers are sent to every



point which seems to require more defence. Fancy not that England is in a panic—that would ill describe the proud patriotic feeling of every man who loves his country, and Ireland as part of it. ‘England expects every man to do his duty,’ and all are prepared to do it. Turn where you may, danger is on your path. You have by your last blow endangered the welfare of your fellow countrymen, and made England rise in its strength against you and those whom you serve. Take the advice of a man who has long shown his warm regard for Ireland,—quit England as quickly as you can. I wish I could with any hope implore you, for your own sakes, to withdraw your hopeless and criminal enterprise, but I must confine myself to the object with which I have written—to show to you how impossible it was that your scheme could be assisted by your operations in this country, and whatever chance you had of doing mischief here has been destroyed by your fatal explosion at Clerkenwell.

“I am, sir, your faithful servant,

“ST. LEONARDS.

“*Boyle Farm, Dec. 27.*”

On the 2nd of August, 1869, Lord St. Leonards spoke in the House of Lords against a Bill, the object of which was to transfer certain funds standing to the credit of the Accountant-General and the Accountant in Bankruptcy for the Reduction of the National Debt. And again, on the 27th of May, 1870, his lordship, in a speech of great clearness, eloquence, and bigotry, opposed the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which eighteen years before, though not then in Parliament, he had supported, and under which Act no single ecclesiastic had ever been prosecuted.

We have now nearly brought our memoir of Lord St. Leonards to a close—unrivalled in the depth and minuteness of his knowledge of the

more abstruse branches of the law; unequalled for logical power and critical acumen, in discharging the duties of an advocate; a writer of the rarest excellence; a judge of unwearied intelligence, and of authority second to none,—he has been condemned by the vicissitudes of party and the wretched system of political judgship, to pass the latter years of his valuable life in comparative obscurity and retirement, and this has happened at a time when great lawyers and great men of all kinds were growing scarce amongst us. Mediocrity is, if backed by party influence, everywhere triumphant, while one of the greatest legal geniuses that has ever adorned the bench was carelessly flung aside as if the country were too affluent in talent to require the aid of his extraordinary talents.

In his ninety-second year, he is still in the enjoyment of health, both of mind and body, *mens sana in corpore sana*, and he still enjoys his ride on his favourite pony with the same enjoyment he used to in days of yore, when frequenting, as a little boy, Quatterman's Repository in St. Martin's Lane. “To him old age is a crown of dignity, for he walked in the way of justice.”<sup>1</sup> Amongst the lesser honours which have been bestowed upon him, we may mention that he is an LL.D. and D.C.L., a bencher of Lincoln's Inn, and of the King's Inns, Dublin; he is also high steward of Kingston-on-Thames, and a deputy-lieutenant of the county of Sussex.

His lordship was married, on the 23rd December, 1808, to Winifred, (died 1861), daughter of John Knapp, Esq., and by him had a numerous family of sons and daughters.

*Hon. Henry*, B.A. (Oxon), (d. 1866); called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1837; *b.* 13 March, 1811; *m.* 1844, Marianne, second dau. of the late Lieut.-Col. James Cook-

<sup>1</sup> Proverbs, xvi. 31.

son, of Neasham Hall, Durham, and had issue :

EDWARD BURTENSHAW, *b.* 12 August, 1847.

Henry Frank, *b.* 1850.

Walter James, *b.* 1855.

Wilfrid, *b.* 1861, *d.* 1869.

Marianne Winifred.

Emma Frances Mary.

Henrietta Mabel.

Alice Maude.

Another daughter.

Hon. and Rev. Frank, M.A. (Cantab), Vicar of Hale Magna, Lincolnshire ; *b.* 1817 ; *m.* 1850, Henrietta Maria, eldest dau. of the late Philip Saltmarsh, Esq., of Saltmarsh, Yorkshire, and has issue surviving, three sons and two daughters.

Hon. and Rev. Arthur, B.A. (T.C.D.), (*d.* 1868), Rector of Newdigate, Surrey ; *b.* 1822 ; *m.* 1854, Annie Jane, second daughter of Rev. Geo. Elton, and left issue a son, *b.* 1863.

Hon. Laura, *m.* 1829, William Thomas Jemmett, Esq., Commissioner of Bankrupts at Manchester.

Hon. Juliet, *m.* 1832, *Kenneth Dixon, Esq. (dec.)*

Hon. Charlotte.

Hon. Sophia, *m.* 1852, Major General Frederick Darby Cleaveland, ret. f. p. Roy. Art.

Hon. Harriett, *m.* 1845, Rev. Robert Mann, M.A. (Cantab.), Rector of Long Whatton, Leicestershire.

Hon. Caroline, *m.* 1852, Colonel John Turner, R.A., C.B. (*see* TURNER, COLONEL JOHN).

Hon. Augusta, *m.* 1845, John Reilly, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Chief Officer of Records in Ireland, eldest son of the late James Reilly, Esq., of Cloonavin, co. Down.

RESIDENCES.—Boyle Farm, Thames Ditton, Surrey ; Carlton Club, S.W.

REPORTERS for the Court of Chancery (Ireland) *tempore* Sir Edward Sugden :—

Messrs. LLOYD and GOOLD.

Messrs. CONNOR and LAWSON,<sup>1</sup> 1841.

Messrs. DRURY and WARREN,<sup>2</sup> 1841 to 1843.

Messrs. JONES and LATOUCHE, 1844 to 1846.

Mr. DRURY—3 vols.

Mr. RICKARD DEASEY,<sup>3</sup> in the 4th and 5th vols. of the Irish Equity Reports.

Messrs. JOHN EDWARD WALSH<sup>4</sup> and E. S. TREVOR, in the 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th volumes of the Irish Equity Reports.

OLIVER J. BURKE.

<sup>1</sup> Now one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas.

<sup>2</sup> Now Judge of the Court of Probate.

<sup>3</sup> Now one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer.

<sup>4</sup> Late Master of the Rolls.

NOTE.—All the above-named Reporters were Barristers-at-Law.

## A CARNIVAL NIGHT IN VENICE.

It was a wonderful spectacle, such as John Ruskin could never have described ; such as Tiziano Vecelli could hardly have painted. The Canal Grande was almost paved with boats. The innumerable oil lamps of every conceivable shape and colour that festooned the grand old palaces of Venice, cast a strange glow of light on the groups of maskers that floated on the water highways of the city of Marino Faliero and Pantalone dei Bisognosi. There were public gondolas, there were masks, there were soldiers, there were sailors, there was a sea of gold, a sea of silver, a sea of purple, a living, moving kaleidoscope of every hue and shade. There were galleys decorated with white satin, and galleys covered with crimson velvet ; there were gondolas blazoning with every description of fantastic and gorgeous devices. There was a boat manned by Albanian Greeks in white jacket and scarlet tarbosh ; there was a caik full of Turks with green turbans. Now came maskers attired in red pourpoints and hose, with cocks' feathers in their bonnets ; then followed a bark crowded with cavaliers of the time of King Charles I. Courtiers apparently just stepped out of a canvas painted by Vandyke, floated side by side with some men-at-arms of Hans Holbein, with Spanish inquisitors and alguaciles, with harlequin, with Brighella. Solemn Moors bandied sallies with sprightly colombinas, and shouts of laughter mingled with the sounds of music and of singing. For Venice was a most delightful place in which to reside at the beginning of this century. The stomach, the ear, and eye were each catered for with exquisite attention

and unparalleled success. Eating, drinking, playing, and masquerading had full license at headquarters ; politics were strictly forbidden. The Venetians were no longer the men who had conquered the Saracens by sea, who had beaten the League of Cambrai by land. Merrymaking was the occupation of their lives ; trading its occasional diversion. For years the performance of a comedy of Goldoni ; the advent of a new Arlecchino or Pantalone ; the invention of novel entertainments, engrossed the consideration of the Venetians, together with the price of coral, opium, amber, and tobacco, and with the rate of the exchanges. Thus it happened that when the cannon of General Bonaparte gave the signal across the Mincio of the end of the oldest Republic in Christendom, its enervated citizens were plunged in pleasure, and carelessly enjoying the mummeries of carnival.

"A truce to jests, Signor," exclaimed Jacopo Foscari, as his gondola stopped before the well-known hostelry of the "Aquila Bianca." "An important duty awaits us. It is supper time." And the party, with a joyous cheer, alighted from the galley, and laying aside their dark dominoes and black visors, took their seats around the sumptuously-garnished board. Jacopo Foscari, the host, was a prosperous merchant ; he had early in life wedded a substantial dowry to which a slight maiden was appended ; he had in due course enjoyed to the full the honours of paternity ; he accumulated sequins, frequented his ridotto, visited the theatres, and kept out of all troubles. Foscari would have been a happy man, but—there was a

but. Owing to certain family traditions imparted to him in childhood by an aged grandparent, he had imbibed a remarkable dread of the terrible Inquisitors. During his youth he had been haunted by pictures of the mysterious powers of the Serene Signors, of the Omniscience of the Council of Three, of the fearful punishments falling on the wretched heads of rebels and unbelievers, of black chambers with instruments of torture, of sable heads-men, of secret and silent executions. It was an article of faith with him, that walls had ears, that doors had an extraordinary knack of repeating whispers on subjects that had best be avoided, that the mouth of the lion daily roared the doom of unoffending citizens, that the life of the Venetians was about as safe as if the Queen of the Adriatic floated inside the crater of Mount Vesuvius. In vain had his friends made merry with his notions, laughed at his credulity, and ridiculed his guilelessness of mind. Being of a genial character, he fully forgave them, hoping only they might not themselves become living—or worst still, dead—evidences of the correctness of his knowledge. His intimate associate especially, Dottor Ballanzoni, a witty and ingenious advocate, would pitilessly pelt him with his satire, until Jacopo shuddered at such scepticism.

Some days before the commencement of this story, our merchant of Venice had met with an occurrence that had filled his mind with considerable uneasiness. He was returning home from Padua, where he had transacted lucrative business, on board the mail which was simply a canal boat, struggling to accomplish its three miles per hour with praiseworthy industry. Our traveller becoming tired of gazing at the horizon, consisting of the earthen dykes confining the canal; being unable, owing to the want of a musical organisation, to appreciate the sentimental

ditties of the gentleman at the prow, who accompanied a cracked voice on a cracked guitar, and having exhausted his pleasant anticipations of embracing his Laura and the little ones, and of realising the profits of his latest ventures, began to pay attention to a conversation carried on by two of his fellow passengers standing near him. One of the interlocutors, a man with small sinister eyes, clad as an ordinary trader, was warmly discussing political topics with a young student from Padua, who at first somewhat shy, soon expressed his opinion with spirit.

"How would our great Dante thunder, where he to arise from his grave now! To behold such effete tyranny, such pusillanimous despotism, such a mixture of cruelty and weakness, such complete degeneracy! Probably he would invoke on Venice, instead of on Pisa, his great imprecation, and he would call upon the surrounding islets to dam up the Canal Grande, so that it might overflow our city, and drown therein every man, woman, or child. Happily, General Bonaparte is driving back everywhere the Austrians. France represents liberty, represents enlightenment, represents progress; and I trust that Venice itself may soon. . . ." "Softly, my friend, you are speaking high treason," interrupted the trader, with an unctuous smile; "however, you are in the right, and may we soon behold the French tricolour in the Piazza San Marco. What say you signor," added he, addressing Foscarini, "do you not agree with us that any change would be for the better?"

The latter, who stood aghast at such unexampled audacity, at such rank blasphemy, but in whom happily the bump of caution was strongly developed, quickly replied:

"Signor, it is not for us to criticise our betters. We are subjects of the Serene Republic, and the Serene

Republic must to us be the best government on earth. The State of St. Mark has lived for centuries, and will live for centuries more ; I know nothing of this General Bonaparte and of his Frenchmen. I am a Venetian and a merchant, and as long as commerce prospers and his wife and family are well, Jacopo Foscari is satisfied, and the most loyal of citizens. Farewell, signor," and he hastily withdrew. He fancied the trader gave him a malignant glance with his grey eyes at parting, and he was certain that since his return those evil orbs had haunted him in the Rialto, in the Casino, in the Canal Grande. His fears, however, were as usual laughed at by *il Dottore*, who assured him he was suffering from the consequences of a vivid imagination.

"To the health of our entertainer, illustrious Signori!" exclaimed Dottor Ballanzoni, at the end of an excellent repast, whilst replenishing his glass ; "to the prosperity of the man who possesses the kindest heart, the prettiest wife, the most unbounded faith, the choicest Cyprus. . . ."

"Imported by myself in my own ship," interrupted proudly Foscari. "I have sent Beppo home for another dozen, so spare not the golden juice."

"Were the brazen lips of the lion of St. Mark once to taste it," observed Sig. Ottavio, another ancient friend of Jacopo, "he would refuse to swallow any more paper denunciations. Let us all join in the cry 'Evviva, Jacopo Foscari!'"

The shouts and the clashing of glasses clearly indicated that the company had reached that state of contentedness of mind which is described by writers of proverbs as a continual feast. The Venetians are a sober race ; nevertheless it was carnival time, and the Cyprus was luscious and the Capri old, so the guests were not sparing in their libations.

"Another toast, Signori," said Sig. Lelio. "We must not omit to celebrate our ancient glories. To the Doge, the Council of Three, the Headsman, the Piombi."

"Enough, for Heaven's sake!" ejaculated nervously Foscari, who glanced round the apartment to inquire whether the walls, indignant at what they had heard, had not substituted for the faded frescoes the ancient writing. "The Serene Republic is still mistress in Venice, at all events. Do you wish to be devoured by the rats in the Piombi, or nibbled at by the fishes in the Canal Grande? I value my skin, so I had best withdraw, lest my Laura become a widow before her time."

Roars of laughter greeted this remonstrance of the timorous Jacopo, who was, nevertheless, half-forcibly, half-entreatingly, detained in his chair, and by no means suffered to rise. The generous wine passed round and round, and the guests, with heightened colour and sparkling eyes, mingled their voices together until unutterable confusion ensued. Dottor Sanguette, an eminent physician, related the particulars of a wonderful cure he had performed ; Signor Malatesta, the poet, recited a sonnet in honour of Bacchus ; Sig. Florindo narrated a wonderful voyage of one of his ships ; whilst Dottor Ballanzoni, who had been remarkably abstemious and quiet, was whispering, in a corner, to Sig. Ottavio, and one or two others. At last the company broke up, and Jacopo Foscari soon found himself in his gondola in the dark, silent highways of Venice. He could not be said to be inebriated, though he would hardly have been qualified for a seat in the judicial bench. When he reached home he felt hot, and his brow was flushed, and his blood careered through his veins at an unusual pace, so that instead of proceeding to his bedchamber, he directed his steps towards his warehouse. To cool himself he pulled

out his books, and as he found he could make his additions correctly enough, he fell to his work at that very unusual hour. He reckoned the gains of his last journey, which were greater than he had anticipated. Sooth to say, he had a decided weakness in favour of gold, not for its own sake, but because of its talismanic properties, as much indeed as if he had frequented the Royal Exchange, instead of the Rialto. As the goodly number of clinking bright yellow sequins in his strong box lay before him, he chuckled with delight, and calculated mentally what he should add thereto from the proceeds of the spices and drugs sold at Padua, and from the silks purchased there for the Venetian market. He laughed, he cackled, he crowed; he was in a state of beatitude. Why that sudden change in his countenance? What converted its purple, ruddy hue into an almost cadaverous paleness? His eyes were fixed with affright, and his hands shook so that he could scarcely gather his coin. Two figures, in black hooded-dresses, all covered but their eyes, stood on the threshold. He knew too well who they were. Had they not haunted him for years! had he not beheld them in his nightmares! The fumes of the wine in a moment disappeared, and Jacopo, as soon as he could articulate connected sounds, begged to know of his visitors their errand. Without replying, the familiars bandaged his eyes with a black scarf, and led him swiftly to a gondola.

The unhappy Foscari mentally vowed, as he sank tremblingly on a seat in the galley—an offering to the shrine of his patron saint, San Jacopo, of ten of the largest and whitest wax tapers in his stores, if he escaped with a whole skin. On landing, he walked through a labyrinth of passages, apparently subterranean, to judge from the cold, dank smell, between his guides, until he heard the drawing of heavy bolts and bars,

the opening of locks, and the croaking of rusty hinges, followed by the ramming home of bolts and bars, and turning of keys. He called out; no one answered him. He advanced, but in every direction a hard stone wall met him. With his feet he felt that the only furniture in the cell was a little straw in the corner. On that not over comfortable couch he threw himself, to brood upon his certainly not cheering position.

The fears of Foscari's whole life were at last realised. What he had most dreaded, most earnestly tried to avoid, had actually come to pass. Notwithstanding all his prudence, all his loyalty, he had fallen into the hands of the terrible Inquisitors. He recalled to his memory the stories he had heard in his boyhood, and which had caused such an ineffaceable impression in his mind, of men who had been snatched from their families, and disappeared from the face of the earth, without leaving a trace or mark behind. There was Sig. Florindo dei Bisognosi, a jovial fellow, and a boon companion, but rather too free-spoken, not so good a Catholic as he might have been, perhaps, and bold enough to criticise his betters. Whither had he gone, when one morning he was missed? His friends, and especially his creditors, had sought him hither and thither to no purpose. The sceptics said he sought refuge in Bologna, owing to certain debts, but others, the wise ones, gravely averred that he had been eaten alive by the rats in the Piombi. Had he, Jacopo, not also been told of the fate of Sig. Nicolini, the well-known advocate, a clever man, but by no means prudent in his admissions? His relations, after a prolonged absence, gave him up for lost. He certainly was found a fortnight after—at the bottom of the Canal Grande, with a dagger through his heart.

What had he committed—he, Jacopo Foscari, a true and devout merchant of Venice—that he should be



torn from his darling Laura, from his little Lelio, Carlo, and Beatrice, and from his dear, bright sequins, and his warehouses full of silks and spices? And how about his boon companions, his guests of the previous night? Where were they? Had they also been arrested? and did he not owe his own sufferings to their wicked incredulity? Or was it to the evil-eyed man on board the mail-boat, who wanted to inveigle him into a conversation? Yet he had been cautious on that occasion, and as to his gay comrades, how could he have helped their wild and inconsiderate sallies? With regard to Dottor Ballanzoni and Sig. Lelio Tagliaferro, great as was his friendship for them, he could scarcely feel much grief for them, seeing how often they had mocked him for his superior wisdom, and how by their ribald jests they had probably brought to ruin the whole party.

Then the merchant thought of his unhappy Laura seeking him everywhere, dispatching servants to the houses of all his acquaintances, making every effort to ascertain what had befallen him, sighing and weeping over the children, breaking her poor little heart for him. Would he ever clasp her in his arms again? Fatigued and worn out, he endeavoured to forget his misery in sleep. Feeling sharp, stinging bites in various parts of his person, the idea flashed through his mind that he was surrounded by rats, and the horrible fate of Florindo dei Bisognosi danced before his eyes. Up he started; he walked; he ran hundreds of times through the eight feet square forming his dominion; he shook from him frantically the unclean vermin, shouting until he fell exhausted and powerless on the straw. Eventually he sank into an agitated dose, and dreamt that he was being broiled before an immense furnace by a couple of demons, one of whom had the face of the malignant-eyed individual of the mail, whilst the other

bore the features of Dott. Ballanzoni. He awoke after his perturbed slumbers, having lost all account of time the cell being windowless, and there fore dark, when the bars of his prison house were drawn, the lock was turned, the rusty hinges creaked and mysterious black figures surrounded the unfortunate man and carried him away to judgment.

Courage with Foscarini was at his best a quality conspicuous for its absence, and certainly the events of the past night had not tended to repair the omission of nature. His legs shook as if he had the ague and he could hardly follow his dismal escort, until at last he was commanded to stop short in his career. His eyes being unbandaged, he found himself in a hall hung with black that being the favourite colour of the great trinitarian. On a raised dais and behind a table covered with sable cloth, sat three grave and reverend-looking personages, clad in the same ominous hue. Three officials at a lower table, and half-a-dozen familiars, all in habiliments of that mournful tint, were the remaining occupants of the apartment which was lighted by the red glare of half-a-dozen torches. The walls were decorated with what appeared to be numerous instruments of torture. Racks, pincers, iron bars, and strange steel and copper implements of fantastic shapes, hard, shining cold, and merciless, as the inquisitors themselves, were ranged around in curious order.

The merchant, by no means cheered at the spectacle that met his affrighted gaze, increased his former vow to twenty wax tapers for the shrine of his patron saint, and even added thereto twenty more for that of the Blessed Mary herself, he ever embraced again his Laura and the little ones in this world, he ever lived to look upon the bright sun once more. He felt that he stood before the dread Tribunal which, according to the traditions

his childhood, had equalled the Holy Inquisition of Spain in vindictiveness and power, and the famous *Vehmgericht* of Germany in secrecy and relentlessness.

"Prisoner, the gates of Padua closed behind thee recently?" harshly exclaimed one of the judges.

"It is even so, most illustrious Signors," humbly replied Foscari.

"For a week thou didst traffic there in silks and spices?"

"It is true, most Serene Signors; I am but a poor trader, and never venture to say aught unbecoming an obscure individual like myself."

"Four days since the mail-boat carried thee back to Venice?"

"Your Excellency has stated facts which I believed only known to my family."

"Dost thou recollect a certain conversation held on board between a Padua student and another, in which the former dared to pass disrespectful remarks on the Supreme Rulers of the Serene Republic?"

"I do, most illustrious Signors," faltered Foscari; "but—I took no part—I said nothing—I——"

"Silence, we are acquainted with more than thou canst tell us. Last night, furthermore, within the precincts of Venice, at the supper-table, thy boon companions mocked . . ."

"But I did not, most Serene Signors," rejoined Foscari, in piteous tones. "I am innocent; I remonstrated with them—I—I——"

"Peace!" thundered the Inquisitor.

"No mortal power can save offenders from our vengeance. Behold the doom awaiting evil-doers and traitors to the Serene Republic!"

A black curtain, on one side of the chamber, was raised, exposing to the prisoner's view a scaffold erected in a large and deep recess. With his head resting on a block, knelt a man in whom the terrified Jacopo believed he recognised the free-spoken student, his former travelling companion. On his left stood another, in the black garb of a fami-

liar, whose features Foscari, after as close a scrutiny as his confused perceptions allowed him to make, found to resemble those of the man with the sinister eye. On the right of the culprit was the headsman, with uplifted axe, his countenance hidden by the usual black visor. On a signal from the presiding Inquisitor, the fatal weapon fell. Foscari would have shrieked, had not his tongue cleft to his mouth.

Roars of laughter aroused him suddenly from the lethargy into which he was falling.

A singular transformation-scene then ensued. The heavy black hangings from one side of the chamber fell, and the strong day-light played on the heads of the Inquisitors. Masks, wigs, disguises, disappeared, and Jacopo found himself staring incredulously at the good-humoured, but somewhat cynical countenance of Dottor Ballanzoni, and at the jovial and amused faces of his friends, Ottavio and Florindo.

"What is all this? Where are the Inquisitors?" stammered Foscari.

"They exist only in your brain," replied Ballanzoni. "A carnival joke, and the wager of a supper at the 'Aquila Bianca,' that I would dispel your puerile fears, are the explanations of the mystery."

"Where are we?"

"In a cellar in the 'Aquila Bianca,' placed at our disposal by the accommodating host."

"And the headsman?"

"The chief cook of the establishment," laughed in Ottavio, "and the Padua student one of his scullions." "Behold, around you, the instruments of torture;" and the bewildered and somewhat ashamed Foscari cast his eyes on the numerous pans, kettles, spits, and saucepans, that had made his blood run cold before.

"And now go home to Signora Laura," said Florindo, "and come back betimes for the supper to which I ask you all."

J. P.

THE STRASSBURG LIBRARY.<sup>1</sup>

ON the 24th of August, 1870, the bombardment of Strassburg by the German army, under General Von Werder, destroyed one of the most famous libraries of the world.

The Strassburg library originated with Jacob Sturm von Sturmeck, one of the most illustrious magistrates of his age, whose learning and piety at the age of 25 had excited the admiration of Erasmus.<sup>2</sup>

Sturm was one of the first to embrace the Lutheran doctrine, and aided greatly in the foundation of a gymnasium (high school), the direction of which was confided to Johann Sturm. The educator and statesman are sometimes confounded. In 1531, his influence as chief magistrate of Strassburg was exerted successfully in favour of the establishment of a library to be maintained at the public expense. This was a wise measure, and contributed greatly to the service of the many refugees who found in the free Imperial city, a quiet resting-place in those troublous times. In 1566 the school became the Protestant Academy; and in 1621 the Emperor Ferdinand II. advanced it to the dignity of a University, and the library became the library of the University.

Notwithstanding some rich gifts by its founder, the library was at first very modest, but in 1592 was

enlarged by the purchase of the library of the Cathedral chapter. In 1590 it was placed in the choir of the old Church of the Dominicans, which since 1681 has been known as the Temple Neuf.

The library thrived apace, and was considerably augmented by legacies and donations, which were probably encouraged by the liberality of the management, for, although by origin and locality the property of the Protestant university, it was always open to the student without distinction of faith or nation.

In 1614 it acquired the collection of Pappus the theologian; in 1634 the library of the Jesuits of Bockenheim; in 1640 that of Mathias Bernegger, the historian; in 1668 of Dannhauer, the theologian; in 1689 of Rehban; in 1674 of Marc Otto. There were also money legacies left by Meyer, Steinbock, &c. In 1726 the collection of Hartenstein the mathematician, and in 1731 the medical library of Schied swelled the riches of the University. In 1771 the library received its most important addition, Schœpflin, his torographer and Councillor of the King of France, had with great industry and zeal collected a vast amount of material relative to the history of the province, in preparing his "Alsace Diplomatique" and "Alsace Illustrée," and he determined to

<sup>1</sup> To avoid the trouble of continual references it may be well to say that the authorities relied upon for the present article are chiefly:—

"Notice sur l'origine des Biblio Règnes Publiques dans la ville de Strasbourg." [Par M. le Professeur André Jung.] Strasbourg: F. C. Heitz, 1844. 8vo.

"Revue Critique," Septembre, 1871. (Les Bibliothèques publiques de Strasbourg par Rod. Reuss).

"Notice sur la Ville de Strasbourg, par C. Schmidt. Strasbourg, 1842. 8vo.

In addition, the writer has had the advantage of private information.

<sup>2</sup> Yet there must have been a still earlier library, for the famous Johann Geyler von Kaiserberg (for whom was built in the Minster the stone pulpit, from which he declaimed against the vices of the age, and especially of the monks, with a freedom which entitles him to be looked upon as a forerunner of Luther), when he died, in March, 1510, left his well-stored library for the benefit of his adopted home.

leave them for the benefit of his adopted home. It was in 1760 that this intention took formal shape; in his will deposited with the magistracy in July of that year, he says: "I leave all my library, printed books and MSS, the cabinet of antiquities and medals, as well as the pictures, monuments, inscriptions, and cameos, as a free gift to the town and to the university, of which I have so long been a member; and I beg them to accept this gift as the expression of my gratitude for the proofs of friendship and goodwill which I have received from the town and university." On the 17th January, 1765, Schœpflin, having modified his intention, went before the City Council, and pronounced the following discourse:—

"It is now thirty-three years since I began to make a collection of the best works of belles-lettres. By my travels and my correspondence, and at much expense I have at last gathered together a treasure, which has been of great service both to natives and foreigners, because I have daily kept it open for their use. I have added to the library a collection of Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and also French antiquities, the greater part of which I acquired at Rome. My work on the history of Elsass has enabled me to bring together, from the archives of abbeys and towns a great number of charters of the ancient kings of France, German emperors and dukes, and many chronicles and memorials which before lay dust-covered and unknown. There is also in my house classical Roman antiquities, columns, altars, and tombs, erected in the first three centuries of Roman history, and which, found in this province or its neighbourhood, have been given to me by princes, nobles, and other patrons. There is no place, neither in France nor Germany, which can boast of such a collection. All these things which are my property, I intend to give as

a free-will offering to the town of Strassburg, my second fatherland, from which I have received for many long years such favour, love, and friendship. As long as I live I reserve to myself the use of my library, which I shall not cease to increase. After my death it will be the duty of the magistrates to manage it, so that it may further the studies of both citizens and strangers.

"Strassburg, as the eye of Elsass, should possess that which may contribute to the service and honour of the entire province. In this town art and science have bloomed above two hundred years, and the fame thereof has spread abroad to its great honour, of which in my travels I have met many proofs. This glory will never be darkened, but will increase and rise higher and higher; a wise government like that with which Strassburg is blessed, does not allow us to doubt of this."

The sanction of the *Préteur royal* having been obtained, the transaction was formally concluded on May 25th, 1765, by an instrument, which ensures the library to the town, in consideration of an annuity of 2400 livres for Schœpflin, and (after his death) one of 1000 livres for his sister. "Déclarant le dit *Sieur Schœpflin*, qu'il fait la présente vente au prix de la susdite pension viagère non seulement pour donner à mes dits *Sieurs du Magistrat* une marque de sa reconnaissance des bienfaits qu'il a reçus de cette ville, mais encore et notamment pour s'assurer que cette *Bibliothèque* qu'il a formée avec tant de soins, ne sera pas dévisée, mais sera conservée en entier, suivant ses vues, pour procurer à la jeunesse, et à ceux qui désirent cultiver les sciences en cette ville une ressource pour les instructions qu'ils voudront y puiser."

And as a further surety for the town, Schœpflin nominated Koch, his favourite pupil, as librarian, who took the oaths before the city autho-

rities as a municipal officer. Schœpfli's library contained at this time 2674 vols. folio, 3188 in quarto, and 4830 vols. in octavo and duodecimo, a total of 20,692 volumes, besides the antiques and objects of art.

Schœpfli died August 7, 1771, the day before Goethe took his doctor's degree, and the young student has left so graphic a portrait of the Strassburg worthy that we venture to quote it.

"Bountiful Nature had given Schœpfli an advantageous exterior, a slender form, kindly eyes, a ready mouth, and a thoroughly agreeable presence. Neither had she been sparing in gifts of mind to her favourite; and his good fortune was the result of innate and carefully cultivated merits, without any troublesome exertion. He was one of those happy men who are inclined to unite the past and the present, and understand how to connect historical knowledge with the interest of life. Born in the Baden territory, educated at Basle and Strassburg, he quite properly belonged to the paradisiacal valley of the Rhine, as an extensive and well-situated fatherland. His mind being directed to historical and antiquarian objects, he readily seized upon them with a felicitous power of representation, and retained them by the most convenient memory. Desirous as he was both of learning and teaching, he pursued a course of study and of life which equally advanced. He soon emerges and rises above the rest without any kind of interruption, diffuses himself with ease through the literary and citizen world, for historical knowledge passes everywhere, and affability attaches itself everywhere. He travels through Germany, Holland, France, Italy; he comes in contact with all the learned men of his time; he amuses princes, and it is only when, by his lively loquacity, the hours of the table or of audience are lengthened, that he is tedious to

the people at court. On the other hand, he acquires the confidence of the statesmen, works out for them the most profound legal questions, and thus finds everywhere a field for his talent. In many places they attempt to retain him, but he remains faithful to Strassburg and the French court. His immovable German honesty is recognised even there, he is even protected against the powerful Prætor Klingling, who is secretly his enemy. Sociable and talkative by nature, he extends his intercourse with the world, as well as his knowledge and occupations; and we should hardly be able to understand whence he got all his time, did we not know that a dislike to women accompanied him through his whole life; and that thus he gained many days and hours which are happily thrown away by those who are well disposed towards the ladies.

For the rest, he belongs as an author, to the ordinary sort of character, and, as an orator, to the multitude. His programme, his speeches and addresses, are devoted to the particular day, to the approaching solemnity, nay, his great work "*Alsatia Illustrata*," belongs to life, as he recalls the past, freshens up faded forms, reanimates the hewn and the formed stone, and brings obliterated broken inscriptions for a second time before the eyes and mind of the reader. In such a manner his activity fills all Alsatia and the neighbouring country. In Baden and the Palatinate he preserves to an extreme old age, an uninterrupted influence; at Mannheim he founds the Academy of Sciences, and remains president of it till his death. I never approached this eminent man excepting on one night when we gave him a torch serenade. Our pitch torches more filled with smoke than lighted the courtyard of the old chapter-house, which was over-arched by linden-trees. When the noise of the music had ended, he came forward and

stepped into the midst of us, and here also was in his right place. The slender, well-grown, cheerful old man stood before us, and held us worthy the honour of a well-considered address, which he delivered to us in an amiable, paternal manner, without a trace of restraint or pedantry, so that we really thought ourselves something for the moment, for, indeed, he treated us like the kings and princes whom he had been so often called upon to address in public."

But if Goethe did not see much of Schoepflin, his pupils and colleagues, Koch and Oberlin, had their eyes upon the handsome, clever student, and had intentions of wooing him to academical career. How all this came to nothing he has himself detailed.

Some days after Schoepflin's death the magistracy met to consult with his University colleagues, as to the wisest measures to be taken for the future maintenance of the library, which now contained 11,425 volumes. Sensible of the old truth, that union is strength, the magistrates sought to join their collection with that of the University, and an agreement was made, by which the two libraries were united, although Schoepflin's donation still remained the property of the city, and was separate and distinct from the older library. The two libraries were to be placed under the management of the university authorities, but the librarian was to report yearly to the Council on the state and progress of the collection. The magistrates also undertook to contribute to the expenses of the library, and to pay a salary to the librarian, who was to be nominated by the university, and to be subordinate to the university librarian. In compliance with this treaty the greater part of the choir of the Temple Neuf was built over for the safe deposit of the books, and the magistracy voted 1200 livres a-year for their augmentation.

Its first librarian was L. G. Koch, a favourite student of Schoepflin's, and who afterwards became a deputy to the Assemblée Legislative, and was the first rector of the Strassburg Academy.

The Baron d'Autigny, a well known bibliomaniac, followed Schoepflin's example; and in 1783 Silbermann, engineer and antiquary, left the library all his books and MSS., illustrative of local history.

When the monastic institutions were sequestered, the librarian was Dr. J. J. Oberlin, elder brother of the good pastor of the Ban de la Roche, and to him was entrusted the task of collecting together the libraries of the monasteries and emigrés, pending the decision of the government as to their final disposition. The learned archæologist threw himself into his task with an ardour which can easily be imagined, and a hundred thousand volumes were gathered together by his labours. The Strassburg Knights of St. John of Jerusalem alone furnished 2000 Incunabula and 1200 MSS., and despite sundry pillagings, the number and value of these additions from the ruined libraries must have been very great. These were first stored in the Ritterhaus, but the building was soon after sold. They were next imprisoned in the ancient episcopal seminary, but they had to make way for human prisoners, for the building was changed into a jail. Then they found a resting-place in the College Royal, but changes in the constitution of that establishment again made another local habitation necessary. The government now by a decree 8 pluviôse, an. XI., put them under the control of the municipality, and Préfet and Maire agreed that the Temple Neuf alone possessed the qualities requisite for the permanent home of this flotsam of ancient literature, which the Revolution had cast upon their shores.

Thus the Protestant Academy

became the *locale* of another large collection, but, in order to find room for them, it had to sacrifice its *grand auditoire*, which had been the scene of its public reunions, and distributions of prizes for two centuries. In the contract made between the Academy and the city, it was stipulated that the collections should be managed by the librarian of the University, and that the municipal authorities should contribute to his remuneration. At Oberlin's death, in 1806, Schweighäuser, the great Hellenist became the librarian; but in 1815 he resigned, on account of increased age and infirmity, and Herrensneider, who had been his assistant, became chief librarian, whilst the younger Schweighäuser—learned son of a learned father—was appointed assistant curator of the library of the seminary, and of Schœpflin's collection. The municipal authorities at a later date, wished to deny this right of the Protestant Academy to nominate the librarian, and on one occasion insisted upon a separate election. As the Council elected the same person as the Academy, the latter did not think it worth while contesting the matter, and it was not until 1863 that the city repudiated its bargain.

The plan was useful in another way, for the funds of the town and of the seminary, instead of being wasted on unnecessary duplicates, could be systematically devoted to the augmentation of distinct classes. Thus the city purchased books of modern literature and science; and the seminary those of theology, philosophy, &c.

Medicine and law were provided for by special libraries attached to those faculties in the Imperial Academy.

Still the funds were quite inadequate for the maintenance of such a library, and the lacunæ became increasingly numerous and deplorable.

In 1844, J. G. L. Apfel left his

library and his fortune to the city; and in 1852 M. Breu left it a collection rich in works of travel.

To return to the history of the University Collection.

The Revolution in 1792, destroyed the Protestant University, which had helped to educate Goethe, Ségur, and Metternich. For ten years the library was in the hands of the state; but the law of the 18 germinal, an X. re-established Protestantism, and a decree of 30 floreal, an XI. created a Protestant Academy of the Augsburg confession, and endowed it with the buildings and books of the old University. The foundation of the University of France led to an official Strassburg Academy, and the Protestant Institute became known as the Protestant Seminary, still preserving a number of non-theological professorships. The Bibliothèque du Séminaire Protestant, acquired in 1831 the library of the theologian Haffner; in 1843, that of the savant Herrensneider; and in 1860 that of Kreiss, the Hellenist.

In 1842 the collection contained the following number of articles:—Theology, 15,349; Philosophy, 1609; Philology, 1101; Ancient Literature, 3353; Sciences, Arts, and Trades, 3182; Modern Literature, 5689; History, 15,058; Asiatica, 3720.

At the date of their destruction the library of the town was estimated to contain 300,000, and that of the Seminary 100,000 volumes. The MS. catalogue occupied ninety-six folio volumes.

We now come to the task of describing some of the treasures of the destroyed library.

In 1818, our English bibliomaniac, Dibdin, visited Strassburg, and was wonderfully pleased with both the people and the place. He has left a minute account of the curiosities he saw in the library, where he had ample facilities for investigation, since the younger Schweighäuser

gave him a key which admitted him at all times, although the public hours were only from two till four.

Of the MSS., he describes only the well-known "*Hortus Deliciarum*," of Herrard, abbess of Landsperg. "The subjects are miscellaneous, and most elaborately represented by illuminations. Battles, sieges, men tumbling from ladders which reach to the sky, conflagrations, agriculture, devotion, penitence, revenge, murder—in short, there is hardly a passion animating the human breast, but what is represented here. The figures in armour have nasals, and are in quilted mail; and I think there can be little doubt but that both the text and the decorations are of the latter end of the twelfth century."

The book is, in fact, an encyclopedia of mediæval knowledge, a fantastic compendium of history, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, reflecting the literary culture of the age in which it was written.

Amongst the printed books, he names the first "German Bible, supposed to have been printed by Mentelin, without date, folio. Towards the latter half of this copy, there are some interesting embellishments, in outline, in a bistre tint. The invention and execution of many of them are admirable. Where they are coloured they lose their proper effect. An illumination, at the beginning of the book of Esther, bears the unequivocal date of 1470, but the edition was certainly four or five years earlier. This Bible is considered to be the earliest German version, but it is not so."

Latin Bible, by Mentelin, in his second character. This Bible I saw for the first time; but Panzer is decidedly wrong in saying that the types resemble the larger ones in Mentelin's "*Valerius Maximus*," "*Virgil*," and "*Terence*." They may be nearly as tall, but are not so broad and large. From a MSS.

note, the 402nd leaf appears to be wanting. This copy is a singularly fine one. It is white, and large, and with rough edges throughout. It is also in its first binding of wood.

Latin Bible, printed by Eggesteyn. Here are several editions, and a duplicate of the first, which is printed in the second smallest character of Eggesteyn. The two copies of this first edition are pretty much alike for size and condition; but one of them, with handsome illuminations at the beginning of each volume, has the precious coeval MS., date 1468, as represented by the fac-simile of it in Schœpflin's "*Vind., Typog.*" Tab. V. Probably the date of the printing might have been at least a year earlier.

Latin Bible, printed by Jenson, 1479, folio. A fine copy, upon paper. The first page is illuminated. To this list of impressions of the sacred text, may be added a fine copy of the Slavonian Bible, of 1584, folio, with woodcuts, and another of the Hungarian Bible, of 1626, folio; the latter in double columns, with a crowdedly-printed margin, and an engraved frontispiece.

As to books upon miscellaneous subjects, I shall lay before you, without any particular order, my notes of the following. Of the "*Speculum Morale*" of P. Bellovacensis, said to be printed here by Mentelin, in 1476, in double columns, roman type, folio, there is a copy, in one volume, of tremendously large dimensions, as fine, clean, and crackling as possible. Also a copy of the "*Speculum Judiciale*," of Durandus, printed at Strassburg by Hussner and Bekenhub, in 1473, folio. Hussner was a citizen of Strassburg, and his associate a priest at Mentz. Here is also a perfect copy of the Latin Ptolemy, of the supposed date of 1462, with a fine set of copper plates.

But I must make distinct mention of a Latin '*Chronicle*,' printed by Gotz de Sletztat, in 1474, in folio.



It is executed in a coarse, large, Gothic type, with many capital Roman letters. At the end of the alphabetical index of thirty-five leaves, we read as follows :—

*A tpe ade baq3 ad annos 1474*

*Acta et gesta hic sufficienter nactient*

*Sola spes mea. In birginis gracia*

*Nicolaus Gotz. De Sletstat.*

"The preceding is on the recto; on the reverse of the same leaf is an account of inventors of arts; no mention is made of that of printing. Then the prologue to the 'Chronicle,' below which is the device of Gotz, having his name subjoined. The text of the 'Chronicle' concludes at page cclxxx.—printed numerals—with an account of an event which took place in the year 1470. But the present copy contains another, and the concluding leaf—which may be missing in some copies—wherein there is a particular notice of a splendid event which took place in 1473, between Charles, Duke of Burgundy, and Frederick, the Roman Emperor, with Maximilian, his son, together with divers dukes, earls, and counts, attending. The text of this leaf ends thus :—

"SAVE GAIRT VIVE BVRGVND.

"Below, within a circle, 'Sixtus quartus.' This work is called, in a MS. prefix, the 'Chronicle of Foresius.' I never saw, or heard of, another copy. The present is fine and sound, and bound in wood covered with leather.

"Here are two copies of St. Jerome's Epistles, printed by Schoeffer, in 1470; of which that below-stairs is one of the most magnificent imaginable; in two folio volumes. Hardly any book can exceed, and few equal it, in size and condition, unless it be the theological works of Archbishop Antoninus, printed by Koburger, in 1477, in one enormous folio volume. As a specimen of Koburger's press, I am unable, at the present moment,

to mention anything which approaches it. I must also notice a copy of the 'Speculum Humanæ Salvationis,' printed at Basle, by Richel, in 1476, folio. It is a prodigious volume, full of wood-cuts, and printed in double columns, in a handsome Gothic type. This work seems to be rather a history of the Bible; having ten times the matter of that which belongs to the work with title usually prefixed. The copy is in its original wooden binding.

"'Junianus Maius. De Propriet. Priscor. Verborum,' printed at Treviso, by Bernard de Colonia, 1477, folio. I do not remember to have before seen any specimen of this printer's type, but what he has done here is sufficient to ensure for him typographical immortality. This is indeed a glorious copy—perfectly large paper—of an elegantly printed book, in a neat Gothic type, in double columns. The first letter of the text is charmingly illuminated. I shall conclude these miscellaneous articles by the notice of two volumes, in the list of Romances, of exceedingly rare occurrence. These romances are called 'Tyturell,' and 'Partzifal.' The author of them was Wolfram von Esc[h]enbach. They are each of the date of 1477, in folio. The 'Tyturell' is printed prose-wise, and the 'Partzifal' in metrical form.

"We now come to the Roman Classics (for of the Greek there are few or none), before the year 1500. Let us begin with Virgil. Here is Mentelin's rare edition, but cropt, scribbled upon, and wanting several leaves. However, there is a most noble and perfect copy of Servius's Commentary upon the same poet, printed by Valdarfar, in 1471, folio, and bound in primitive boards. There are two perfect copies of Mentelin's edition (which is the first?) of Valerius Maximus, of which one is wormed and cropt. The other Mentelin copy of Valerius Maximus, with-

out the Commentary, is perhaps the largest I ever saw, with the ancient MS. signatures at the bottom corners of the leaves. Unluckily, the margins are rather plentifully charged with MS. memoranda.

"Of 'Cicero' there are, of course, numerous early editions. I did not see the 'De Officiis,' of 1465, or of 1466, of which Hermann speaks, and to which he affixes the novel date of 1462; but I did see the 'De Oratore,' printed by Vindelin de Spira, without date; and such a copy I shall probably never see again. The colour and substance of the paper are yet more surprising than the size.

"It is hardly possible to see a finer copy of the 'Scriptores Hist. Augustæ,' printed by P. de Lavagna, in 1475, folio. It possesses all the legitimate evidences of pristine condition, and is bound in its first coat of oak. Here is a very fine copy of the Plutarch's *Vitæ Paralellæ*, printed in the letter R., in two large folio volumes, bound in wood, covered by vellum of the sixteenth century. But if of *any* book, it is of the first edition of 'Catullus, Tibullus et Propertius,' of 1472, folio, that this library has just reason to be proud. Here are, in fact, *two* copies, equally sound, pure, and large; but in one the 'Propertius' is wanting; in lieu of which, however, there is the first edition of Juvenal and Persius, by V. de Spira, in equal purity of condition. The perfect has the "*Sylvæ*" of Statius *subjoined*. It should seem, that the Juvenal and Persius had supplied the place of Propertius and Statius in one copy. You are well aware of the extreme rarity of this first edition of Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius."<sup>1</sup>

We have given Dibdin's account of the "*Incunabula*" in full, as it is the best we recollect to have seen, and none the worse for his enthu-

siasm about tall copies and wide margins. Dibdin had more of the bibliomaniac than the student in his composition, and thought more of books as works of ornamental art than as aids to science and knowledge.

Dibdin was naturally a keen book-hunter, and sometimes overstepped the boundary of good taste in his eagerness for the acquisition of early-printed books. Thus, he did not hesitate, whilst chatting with a group of professors, in trying to tempt them to part with some of their ancient treasures, representing (with perfect truth and needless candour) that they might, by the sale of a few volumes which he coveted, buy some modern books of which they stood in need. Professor Dahler bent over Dibdin as he sat propounding his tempting worldly-wisdom, and with an arch look replied, "*Monsieur le Bibliographe, vous raisonnez bien; mais—nous conserverons nos anciens livres.*" They were deaf to the voice of the charmer, and Dibdin took away with him only some duplicates of no great importance, which had escaped a previous weeding.

Dibdin notes that there were a great number of duplicates, especially in medical literature, and also that, notwithstanding their vast treasures of early-printed literature, many important first editions of the Classics were wanting.

The MSS. which Dibdin passes over in silence were the object of a long and careful examination by Professor Jung, who compiled an analytical catalogue of them, which filled five volumes in folio. This remained in MS., and was also destroyed in the bombardment, but the Ministère de l'Instruction Publique, having requested a copy of it, M. Jung sent one to Paris, which earned for him the cross of the Légion d'Honneur. This copy, if still existing in Paris, will be a most

<sup>1</sup> Dibdin's Biographical Tour in France and Germany. 1822, p. 409.

valuable memorial of the destroyed treasures. The town is believed to have possessed about 1600 MSS., and the Seminary about 800. The "*Hortus Deliciarum*" has already been mentioned. Amongst the other curiosities were the "*Codex Argenteus*," a book of prayers of the eighth or ninth century, written in letters of gold and silver upon purple vellum; autograph letters of eminent men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and, above all, the documents connected with the history of Gutenberg.

There were also collections of the canonical laws compiled for Racion, bishop of Strassburg, in 788, and notable from the absence of the false decretals; a copy of the *Lex Alamannorum*, belonging to the ninth century; a collection of Sicilian laws of the thirteenth century; a Greek commentary upon the minor prophets, by Theophylactus, the Bulgarian patriarch; a Greek Synodicon, containing summaries of all the councils before the Western Separation; an edition of the "*Passio Trudperti, Martyris*," of the ninth or tenth century, differing from the printed versions; German mediæval MSS., by Master Eckart, Tauler, Conrad von Würzburg, and Gotfrid von Hagenau; classical MSS., varying in value, of Cicero, Horace, Ovid, Virgil, Seneca, Florus, the Shepherd of Hermas, Venerable Bede, Orosius, S. Augustine, &c. Amongst these should be mentioned a collection of Greek mathematicians, including some treatises otherwise unknown. Then there were a great number of local MSS., the Chronicles of Jacob von Königshoven, Hermann Buehler, Ulrich Spach, and many others relating to the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, for the most part inedited; the original laws and statutes of the republic; the collectanea of Daniel Specklé, Schoepflin, Silbermann, Schweighäuser, and J. J. Oberlin. Belonging to this class of local history, but printed ins ead of MS.,

were the "*Bibliothèque grise*" and "*Collectio Wenckeriana*," which, together numbered 500 quarto volumes, each containing from thirty to forty pamphlets, and broadsides, in prose and verse, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, forming a wonderful picture of the social life and history of the period. This was, in the opinion of M. Reuss, the jewel of the collection.

Such is a brief sketch of some of the treasures of literature and art which were destroyed in the German bombardment of Strassburg. Some French journalists have not scrupled to speak as if the shells of Von Werder had been sent with the sole intention of wrecking the Temple Neuf. M. Reuss, to whose learned article we have been greatly indebted, writes at a white heat in this strain, and is terribly lavish of sarcasm against the "Prussians," who claim to march at the head of civilisation, and still bombard public buildings. One must allow for M. Reuss's patriotic feelings; but, after all, he must acknowledge that wherever the German shells had gone somebody would have grumbled. If it is wrong to make a target of an empty church, what shall we say about houses and streets teeming with life? If no book is to be fired upon, what are we to say to the slaying of Man, made in the image of God?

M. Reuss first establishes the fact that, considering the extreme precision with which the German batteries directed their projectiles, the fire of the Temple Neuf was not produced by an accident, or military incompetence, on the part of the besieging army. And the very extraordinary consequence he draws from this fact is, that the destruction of the libraries must have been a premeditated act of brutality. Indeed, from M. Reuss's version of the siege, one might infer that General von Werder's sole and exclusive object was—not to get possession of

the town, but merely to destroy the library. To people of an ordinary frame of mind, the bombardment of a besieged fortress will, however, appear as a natural consequence of war, rendered legitimate by innumerable precedents, and which should certainly not be complained of by the French patriots who longed for it.

If such a bombardment is, moreover, confined to the reduction of the public buildings, instead of the dwellings of the peaceful inhabitants, as has been the case at Strassburg, every sensible person will admit the generosity and forbearance of the measure. That even the French, from the high *niveau moral* assumed by M. Reuss, have not despised to resort to this means of aggression is proved by the bombardment of Paris during the struggles of the Commune, where their own artillery has caused an amount of destruction to which all the harm done by German cannon was as child's play.

It might have been reasonably presumed that, in the face of an impending siege, all necessary precautions were taken with regard to the public libraries of Strassburg. If, at Carlsruhe, Donaueschingen, nay, even at Munich, the libraries were, on the declaration of war, transported to places of safety—if at Paris, the authorities have removed the treasures of the Louvre to Brest and Cherbourg—why should they not have done the same at Strassburg, with the enemy at their gates?

That the latter was actually the case, Mr. Reuss's article leaves no doubt; and the picture he draws of the negligence of the Strassburg functionaries, during the siege and bombardment, forms the most complete *reductio ad absurdum* of his own expostulations:—"Has every possible exertion been made to save the libraries which are lost to us now?" he asks, and his own answer is, "unfortunately, no; the measures of precaution taken before-

hand were utterly insufficient in case of real danger, and some indispensable precautions have been entirely neglected. To whom must we ascribe the fault? In the first place, to the confusion of the government, which was indescribable after the battle of Woerth; to the want of clear and precise warnings which ought to have been addressed to the population by the military and civil authorities, and, perhaps, also to the want of initiative on the part of those men who had specially the protection of those dépôts in charge."

It would certainly exhibit more manly virtue—even if it were less patriotic—to look straight in the face of truth, to bear in silence the misfortunes which the French nation has brought on themselves, and to help, if possible, in making good the losses which a disastrous war has inflicted on the cause of civilisation.

The latter sentiment is the motto of the propaganda, which, beginning in Germany, has now been set on foot in almost every civilised country, to collect books for a new library which is to be erected at Strassburg. M. Reuss, as a French patriot, naturally laughs at the idea of creating a library by public contributions, and, his wish being evidently father to this thought, prognosticates, at best, a mere "ramassis" of volumes, which has no right to be called a library. The data published by the new librarian, however, tell a different tale. Of course, not even the most valuable contributions will replace the lost treasures of the old libraries, but whilst we are deploring these heavy losses, it is but proper to acknowledge the good prospects which the various committees, in aid of the re-establishment of a Strassburg library, are already in a position to hold out. Without ever pretending to replace one of the lost treasures, it may be safely argued that, for *practical* purposes and requirements, the new library will equal, if not surpass, the old ones. Nobody will

deny, that when all the public libraries of Germany present their duplicates, and all the German publishers a copy of their publications, to the new library; when the appeal of the central committee find such spontaneous echo in the generous feelings of the neighbouring nations, as is proved by the munificent English, Belgian, and North American contributions, a collection springs at once into existence which will, at least, partly represent the actual status of science and literature. The filling up of the gaps, and the completion of the library to such a degree, that it will be worthy of the new university, we may safely leave to the German government, and to the indefatigable and energetic librarian, Dr. Barack. That the German government has the earnest intention to render the new library worthy of the reputation of the old one, is proved by the numerous purchases made on its behalf. During the last six months, no less than four complete libraries have been acquired: Heitz's collection of books and MSS. relating to the Alsace, a more complete collection of Alsatica than the corresponding part of the old library; the splendid collection of law books of the Professor von Vangerow; the library of the late Professor Bocking, celebrated for its Hutteniana, and other works relating to the period of the Reformation; and the collection of old German, old Norman, and old French works, of the late poet, Ludwig Uhland.

Thus the new library will, already, within the next two years, have attained the number of volumes of the old one, and will contain such a well classified and systematically-formed collection of valuable works as any university library might be proud of. And if the cause of the creation of this library is certainly a most melancholy one, and recalls one of the most painful incidents of the late war, it has at least called to

the surface the generous feelings of human nature, and once more established the solidarity of intellectual interests—irrespective of nationalities—in the Samaritan works of culture and civilisation.

Some of the generous donors who have sent book gifts for Strassburg, through Mr. Trübner, the well-known bookseller and publisher, will have been somewhat puzzled of late by the appearance of a "claimant" in the field. M. Ernest Lauth, Mayor of the town, solicits contributions for the "Municipal Library," and charges the Germans with asking donations for the "Ancient Academical Library, which has wholly escaped the destroying effects of the bombardment." Neither in the English nor in the German appeal is there the slightest foundation for M. Lauth's charge, and our brief historical sketch will enable our readers to identify the real Simon Pure.

The German Government are restoring to the modest Protestant seminary its ancient glories as a university, or, rather, are creating a new one on the most extensive scale. It was natural that the *litterati* of Germany should sympathise with the ancient German city in the loss of its vast treasures of literature, and a movement was soon commenced for the foundation of a new library by the free gifts of the lovers of science throughout the world. By this means, and aided by the Government, it was hoped to build up a magnificent library for practical every-day use. The appeal of the German committee met with a hearty response, and there is every prospect that for all practical purposes the new library will equal, if not surpass, the old one. From the Emperor downward, all the nation has interested itself in the matter, and the Imperial Government will make yearly grants for the sustenance of the Imperial Library of the university of Strassburg and Province

of Elsass, and its stores will be even more freely accessible than were those of the one whose loss it hopes in some measure to replace. It might have been expected that political considerations could scarcely have entered into such a question; yet we cannot understand what other motive can have actuated the appeal of the "municipal" library committee. The Strassburg Library, which was destroyed in the bombardment, contained what had once been the ancient Academical Library (which M. Lauth says is still uninjured!), as well as the City Library; and the New University Library is to be open to all the province, and has a chance of being better managed than its predecessor, and in a more liberal spirit than that which animated the old authorities in fixing the librarian's salary at

1400*fr.* (£56). It should be added that the German Government will pay 600,000*fr.* (£24,000) to the town council of Strassburg in compensation for the loss of the City Library; and has proposed, if this sum was expended for educational purposes, to make a grant of equal amount to the University library.

We commend these facts to our book-loving friends, and though they are mostly tenacious of their treasures, and would scarcely part with one of their cherished volumes for the value of a "Jew's eye," yet we think the bare recital of these facts should charm some volumes out of their hands and into the possession of the liberal and cosmopolitan Free Imperial Library of Strassburg and Elsass, to be company for the 200,000 volumes which it now possesses.

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<sup>1</sup> The only "academical" library saved was not at all "ancient," being, in fact, that belonging to the French Academy, created, in 1808, by Napoleon.

NOTE.—It is rather amusing to find M. Rodolphe Reuss—the Percy Hotspur of misguided Alsatianism, the same who spoke of the noble work of the Germans as of a mere "*ramassis* of modern volumes which had no right to be called a library,"—allied with M. Lauth in the task of soliciting contributions for the Municipal Library. "*Puisse un pareil ramassis de volumes modernes être utile à l'érudit qui cherche à pénétrer au fond des choses et ne veut étudier qu'aux sources?*"



## ART, SCIENCE, AND INDUSTRY AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

## PART II.

IN the arcades (or west and east quadrants—why are they so named?) and in the avenues, are a number of models prepared for the new Westminster Palace. They are not—with one or two exceptions—works of high merit, though creditable as portrait figures of leading historical characters, in the costumes of their time. Passing these, we come upon a figure of Ophelia, life-size, and it is one of the most interesting of this extremely favourite subject among artists, English or foreign. The head is wreathed with wheat-ears and other flowers; the attitude is expressive of utter weariness, and abandonment to girlish sorrow. We see her heart is overcharged—the gentle soul can endure no more in this life. With hands full of wild flowers, she sings herself into her last long sleep.

Another figure near this is that of a girl in a day-dream, with a love-letter in her bosom—happy, innocent, thinking only of the beloved, while a noxious reptile is creeping toward her up the rock on which she sits. A symbol, surely, this, of the evil which may be at hand when our vigilance is withdrawn. Absorption even in innocent joy has its perils.

We come now to a Parisian memorial of Frederick the Great, and the eminent characters associated with him. Nothing could be more admirably executed than these small martial figures and the horses. They are as perfect as if designed and reduced from life-size. The names of the warriors and statesmen delineated with so much force and truth, are engraved on the sides of

the memorial, which is in gilded bronze.

The "Love-Test" is a meritorious statue. The subject is the well-known simple magic often purchased by young ladies, who from the petals of a flower try to determine the momentous question comprised in the words "He loves me! he loves me not." We know how often a whole world of bliss or agony hangs on these words, and the young lady here modelled is in the very crisis of the scrutiny. Her face is beautifully wrought, but the figure is too nude, even for artistic effect.

In contrast with these subjects, we advise attention to a female statue, modelled from the antique, for its simple dignity, its self-contained and self-controlled mental power. Still advancing along the arcades, we pause with delight to contemplate an inimitable Parian fountain, round the base of which are a series of delicate groups, representing water-nymphs of modern days. There is exceeding beauty in these small compositions. One compartment pictures a mother bathing her little ones; another shows lovely female forms in the water, all grace and energy; others are preparing for the water, and we see the glorious hair rippling down in free, wavy masses. Another, Ophelia, an Italian work by Calvi, is a small figure, admirably conceived, and very close to the Shakesperian idea. We see the dilated eyes of delirium gazing on vacancy, as with pure, unconscious simplicity, she holds a quantity of flowers in her robe with one hand, and holds out some with the other. Hardly

any art is apparent in this eloquent study, very different from the large veiled statue standing next to it, which, though very skilfully executed, appears artificial—conventional.

The "Reading Boy" near here, approaches in merit, the admirable "Reading Girl," which can hardly be too carefully studied. The perfect simplicity of the design of the Reading Girl is very instructive; a meek, patient, lowly-minded young creature she looks—one who has known toil, care, and sorrow, but is able to set her mind quietly upon the back of a common rush chair, over which she has flung the dress she has just taken off. She is apparently on the point of going to rest, and sits reading clad only in her modest under-garment. Her hair is arranged in the very simplest fashion.

Miller's "Sleeping Lady" in "Comus," next attracts us. It is a work of high talent. The face is of surpassing beauty, chiefly in expression.

"Abundance," is an ideal female head, here diademed with ripe corn and clusters of grapes. The modelling of the features strikingly represents overflowing health and complete satisfaction. The whole is redolent of fresh, vigorous animal life.

Lawlor's "Eve," is a remarkably fine large statue, of consummate dignity and grace, as displayed in the leading lines of the whole figure. The right arm is raised aloft, in the act of plucking the apple.

"The Proud Young Lady," is a comic figure, full of character and fun. While leaning back to contemplate her train, she is evidently amused with her own vanity, while she intensely enjoys it.

"The Death of Apollon's Stag," is an impressive and touching work.

We have already mentioned some of the Russian Bronzes. Baron Clodt's horses in bronze, and horses

and warriors—on two large stands—are exceedingly fine. Near here is "Frederich Wilhelm," a splendid martial bust of the husband of the Princess Royal.

We now turn our attention to the French Department. It is approached by a handsomely decorated sculpture gallery, one side looking into the Horticultural Gardens, with their refreshing green foliage, the other side, screened only by nearly invisible wire, looks into a pretty enclosed garden, newly planted with young trees, plants, and flowers; well-furnished with seats, and adorned with pieces of statuary. Facing us, as we enter the French gardens, are curtained alcoves, over which we read, "*Entrée des Galeries Françaises*," and "*Café Français*." Above the whole waves conspicuously the tricolour flag of France. The centre piece of the French garden is an equestrian statue of Philippe, Duke of Orleans—not worth a great deal in art, but expressing well the historical associations of the nation. He carries his side-lance, and looks every inch a warrior of the brave old feudal times. There are several excellent works of statuary in this garden. The "Tiger and Alligator" is full of power. The infuriated tiger is crushing with his mighty paw the throat of the alligator, who is cast under him after a terrific struggle. The alligator is fairly vanquished, but is piercing with his claws the body of his savage conqueror.

Cain's "Lion and Lioness," here could scarcely be excelled by Landseer. The lioness is suckling her cubs, and raises her head with a far-seeing eye, defiant of all the world. At the same time the motherly instincts are touchingly manifest. The lion has killed a bear, and rears up his chest and head with magnificent triumph and savage power.

"The Boy and Swan," is a masterly, and really remarkable work. The attitude of the swan, with up-



turned beak, and wide-spread wings, bold and spirited almost to exaggeration, and nothing could surpass the figure and face of the boy, leaning back, his arm thrown up, the hand shading the face from the sun, and that so triumphantly that the positive shadow thrown by the mid-day sun as we looked upon it, rested on the face exactly under the boy's hand.

The French Sculpture Gallery at the entrance of the garden, contains valuable works. The "Comic Actor" studying his part, is an amusing piece of action and character. The actor has thrown himself into a lively attitude, and is fully possessed with the spirit of the character that he is personating, while he holds up his "part" before his eyes, to learn and recite it.

"Diogenes," the cynic, with his lantern—"looking for an honest man," well embodies the original character. The "Chasseur," in bronze, by Maillet, displays fine muscular action. The "Dog" is very good, as he awaits eagerly, with uplifted head, the descent of the dead rabbit that has been slain by the hunter.

Few could look without interest on "Abelard and Heloise." The simple, yet noble, head of Abelard rivets attention. The attitude of Heloise is downcast, but her whole expression is womanly, and full of fine fine feeling.

The "Wolf and Lamb" is a striking composition. The helpless lamb trembles and shrinks with terror before its mortal foe. It appears to be giving one last cry for pity to the remorseless heart, who is watching its prey with jealous cruelty. We may admire particularly in this work, the masterly way in which the play of the muscles is preserved, and even assisted by the covering of wool on the lamb, while the physical power of the wolf is fully displayed by its raised attitude, its forelegs on a rock.

We briefly pass by other noble pieces of French statuary—that in which a fierce leopard's head is held suspended in the muscular and extended grasp of a hunter—the bronze form which is dancing in every nerve and muscle—"Une Mère," in which a beautiful young mother is caressing her boy, whose expression of passively surrendering itself to her exceeding love could only have been caught from nature—and others that we have no space to mention. But we cannot leave here the French sculpture without a final expression of our admiration of the high mental powers they exhibit.

We proceed to the Picture Galleries of France. Here also it is immediately evident we have worthy rivals in Art. But let us speak first of weak points. It is well known to eminent critics that French painters often lack brilliancy and variety of colour. They have a tendency to cold, hard, monotonous tints, slaty and dull—though there are many admirable exceptions.

If some intelligent gipsy, who likes to see the great world while preserving his own caste, visits these galleries, and stands before Frère's large picture of "Gipsies Making Baskets," he would surely recognise the truth of the scene. The retired halting-place, with the open country beyond; the cart drawn up behind the roomy caravan, with its high wheels, moveable steps, and contrivances about the roof for displaying light wares, while travelling, to sell them. The basket-makers are sitting on the ground at their work, the horses are loose, and grazing near; the clothes are flung out of the house on wheels; the birdcage is hung-up outside. All this is true—is real. But the faces in the picture the spectator would *not* recognise, for they are not of his tribe. He knows that a "dreadfully mixed lot,"—as one of them said to us lately—do get into their caravans; but the painter has not copied the

low faces common to those vagabond "travellers." It is, indeed, a general fault in pictures of gipsy-life, to give faces that never glowed with a single drop of the Romany blood. The light and shade of this work are admirable; but the French tendency to cold monotony is apparent in the treatment of the grazing-ground, and there is a general want of brightness; so that, with all its merits, this picture runs the risk of being unnoticed, or ill-appreciated.

The title of Isabey's picture, "Fishing-boat tacking in the Canal," conveys no idea of its impressive, stormy effect. The large boat, full of men in every variety of picturesque action, suited to the emergency of the situation, is flung sideways and downwards into a trough of tumbling, seething, frothy, waves. These principal objects are powerfully drawn, and splendidly massed before the eye. Yet there is a tendency to the usual monotony of French tones.

The sky would be intolerably heavy but for the tall mast of the boat that rises up against it, and relieves it by a small red flag at the top. The bright colours of the fishermen's dresses are also exceedingly effective, and very necessary.

We have spoken of one French gipsy picture—here is another, with such gipsy faces (Italian gipsies) as one can hardly ever forget after having seen them—two strollers resting on the ground in the open air, under the deep blue of the Italian sky, the pipes laid down among the loose drapery. The colouring of this work is of the most splendid description. The full force of the palette is exhausted upon it, both in warm and cold colours, and in light and shade. The intense blue of the upper sky melts gently into the haze of the horizon; the ground is a rich, warm grey. The principal of the two figures is a handsome woman, in full Italian costume, the white-drapery clothing of the upper half of her fine form, and the ample

white sleeve, combine with her ink-black hair, to fasten the eye on her superb face; and the black and white is supported by the rich scarlet wrapper that falls below her waist at the back; and this contrasted with the green drapery next to it, and the yellow band on the arm, keeps up the spirit and force of the composition. For splendid and varied colour we may compare with this the small picture, "Bad News," in which a lady, after reading a letter, lies fainting on the carpet, in a richly-furnished room. The Turkey carpet, the handsome chintz covers, and every part of the furniture and drapery is painted with the utmost force of reality. In this work the painting is everything, the subject nothing. But in this other small picture near it, to which we now turn, the subject is everything, the painting nothing—at least, so it appears on the surface; and yet are not these sombre tones spread over the canvass, and hardly broken even by the pent-up fires of the Tuileries, and by the flames at the end of the street—are they not the only tones that could properly express the dismal character of the scene. There are persons standing before this frame, who need not to read the title of its contents—"The Rue de Rivoli the Morning of May 24, 1871." They were there—sheltering in those arcades—or near at hand. They shudder as they look at that deserted street, with the body of a man shot, lying extended on the stones. They experience a lively thrill as they observe the two men at the corner of the arcade peeping cautiously round an angle, to look down the street toward the end, where slaughter and fire and demoniac passions are raging. Surely this can be no mere fiction. It is a living transcript from the dread tragedy of Paris in that awful spring of 1871.

We turn to another scene, telling also of burning cities, of the cruel

sword, of devastated homes, of the miseries that war inflicts on women and children, and on all the helpless of society. But in this picture—painted by Benouville—the invaders are English, and the villages they are afflicting are those of La belle France. Here we see a humble daughter of fair France, Joan of Arc, a young, unlettered girl, sitting spinning with her distaff, on a common among the sheep she tends. In the distance is a burning village. In the air are invisible forms calling to La Pucelle to take the sword into her hand, deliver France from the English, and crown Charles of France at Rheims. The girl is listening to the “voices” with intense wonder and a kindling enthusiasm. The life and death of Joan is the most wonderful and affecting of all historical romances. For our part we are not ashamed to say that we cannot disbelieve there was a supernatural call in those mysterious voices which drew her, from her simple rustic employments, to undertake the gigantic task which she accomplished, and in which her stainless life was sacrificed.

It was not the will of God that France should be subjected to England, which had nearly been accomplished, when Providence raised up the saintly maid to lead the French armies, and strike dismay into the breasts of English soldiers, by the simple wonder of her presence.

And now we contemplate a picture from which all powerful human emotions are absent—in which the phenomena of nature alone enchain attention. This is Fleury’s wonderful snow scene, entitled “The Village in Snow.” Few painters would have ventured to handle such a subject; few who might have ventured could have succeeded. The sky is leaden, and heavy with snow that is to come, and it is dark with that lured tint which is occasionally seen in deep winter, when the sun is dimly visible, shorn of all its glory

and majesty, only casting strange tints over the heavy surfaces of the snow-clouds, drooping over the distant village, towards which a road of trampled, furrowed snow leads through the centre of the picture, with wide levels of smooth, white snow on either side of it.

A classic subject of unusual power by Rochemore—“The Death of Hippolytus,” wins instant admiration. Hippolytus might be Pharaoh or one of his host, about to be overwhelmed in the Red Sea, so exact is the resemblance of the situation. Four horses harnessed to a chariot, overtaken by a fearful sea, which rears up its white waves like a wall opposite to the eye. The rider in the chariot looks back with horror and despair; strange red lights playing about his figure. The horses are mad with terror, and thrown into the wildest attitudes; they anticipate the coming death as they glare with red dilated eyes at the waves, and at the forked lightning, darting from the black clouds. Whenever good drawing and thorough knowledge of anatomy is required, the French are always powerful. We have another instance of this in Tournemine’s “Hunting in Africa,” in which a wounded lioness with broken shoulder, is trying to protect her cubs, wild elephants in the distance. Another of these excellent animal pictures is Gluck’s “Boar Hunting,” another, Didier’s “Buffaloes in a Bog.” The most pretentious work of France in these galleries is “The Death of Cæsar,” by Clement. It seems to be less popular than one might expect. The face of Cæsar, who is stricken down at the foot of the column, is full of tragic pathos. Looking toward his former friend he utters the bitter reproach—“And thou, Brutus!” at the same time drawing the mantle over his face. His assassins are rendered with terrible force. Brutus is the weakest figure in the piece, both in conception and execution.

There are many good portraits in the French gallery. There is one that looks to us from the canvas with an abstracted expression of peculiar sadness, as if he foresaw his tragical end—for this is Monsignor Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, murdered while a prisoner under the Commune. It is worthily painted by Schumann; and we may here just mention two other pictures of that terrible time—"A Rat Cellar in the Siege of Paris," very graphically rendered; and a young girl lying dead, killed by a casual shot—both extremely suggestive and affecting. We have by no means exhausted the choice works of this collection, but time and space urge us not to linger among its fascinations. However, a few glimpses more will not detain us long.

Here is the Retreat of Moscow, very fine in expression. The city is in flames in the background—

With spire  
And palace, fuel to one common fire—  
To this the soldier lent his kindling match;  
To this the peasant gave his cottage thatch;  
To this the merchant flung his hoarded store,  
The prince his hall—and Moscow was no more!

And why? The history of that patriotic conflagration is unknown to numbers who look upon this picture. The lust of conquest drew Napoleon across the great Russian continent to Moscow.

The thirst of war  
Gasp for the gore of serfs and of their Czar.

But the people of Moscow received the invader with the conflagration of their whole city. Rather than be enslaved to him—rather than be yoked to his triumphal car—they preferred destruction. It was a splendid sacrifice—one for all time to admire.

Thou stand'st alone unrivalled, till the fire  
To come, in which all empires shall expire.

And these retreating soldiers, with  
their defeated chief, struggling

along, or dropping with exhaustion,—what a tale they tell! Leaving the prize they had coveted, Moscow, now wrapped in flames, they are met by Russia's terrible cold—

Thou other element! so strong and stern,  
To teach a lesson conquerors will not learn!  
Whose icy wing flapped o'er the fainting foe,  
Till fell a hero with each flake of snow;  
How did thy numbing beak and silent fang  
Pierce, till hosts perished with a single pang!  
In vain shall Seine look up along his banks,  
For the gay thousands of his dashing ranks;  
In vain shall France recal beneath her vines  
Her youth—there flower faster than her wines;  
Or stagnant in their human ice remains,  
In frozen mummies on the Polar plains.

Two paintings of much beauty by Henriette Brown, "Nubian Children with Oranges," and a lady looking out of a window, the colouring full of light—are the last French productions we shall stay to notice.

In the picture-galleries of other foreign countries, the Bavarian productions are numerous, and exhibit peculiar and characteristic excellence. The subjects are chiefly domestic, delightfully true to common life, and often irresistibly harmonious. "The Card Players," by Meyer, presents novel effects of light and shade, and is full of character. The woman in the light, who is playing with an elderly man and woman almost lost in the shade, is exulting in her success, laughing and amused.

"The Secret in the Letter," "The Cowkeeper's Sunday Devotions," "Girl Playing the Flute," "The Chimney-Sweep," "See-Saw," "Calm before the Storm," "The Bride's Prayer," "The Jam Pan," "Be Careful!" "Fellow-Boarders," "Cows in the Lake," "The Little Housekeeper," and many more of similar subjects—all present the same homely, pleasing character, so that one feels ever so much the

more cheerful after inspecting them. As French pictures abound in the grand and the terrible, so those of Bavaria abound in home-loving qualities ; and Bavarian landscapes have the same attractive tendencies.

The finest Baden picture is very fine indeed—"The Dying Hour of a Hungarian Gipsy Musician." The old man is listening with intense in-

terest to his own violin, played by his own son—his successor and the inheritor of his musical genius. It was a beautiful thought of the painter—grand—thus to embody the principal natural gift of the remarkable people, who, like the Jews, are scattered among all nations, and are everywhere distinguished for musical talent.



## THE UNEXPLORED REGIONS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

THE adventurous spirit of our age has distinguished itself in no respect more than in the energy and zeal in which it has pushed forward researches into the physical history and condition of mankind, and in the cognate department of physical geography. Hardly any portion of the earth's surface can now be called *terra incognita*; and the most distant seas have but few secrets in their keeping. The mysteries of the polar ocean have been in great part explored, and the enigmas of Africa are fast giving way before the zeal of the Barths, Livingstones, and Du Chaillu of this generation. As regards the vast American continent, more especially, there remains but little, or comparatively little, to be done in the way of exploration. Fremont and his thousand successors have completed the work of Pike and Lewis and Clark, and made known the recesses of the Rocky Mountains, and the general features of that great terrestrial basin which we call the Salt Lake Valley, but which figured in the maps of twenty years ago as a "Great Unexplored Desert." Shomburgh has unfolded the intricacies of that vast network of waters between the Orinoco and the Amazon, and of the Amazon itself; and in that direction Edwards, Wallace, Herndon, and Bates, have given the information necessary to satisfy the requirements of general geography and popular intelligence. And if there yet remain, among the broad alluvions of the Atlantic slope of South America, some considerable tracts of country comparatively unknown, it is because no sufficient inducements exist for their exploration. It is because they present only a monotonous succession of sullen rivers flowing through vast

tropical forests, where savage Nature holds despotic reign, and where man maintains only a furtive and squalid existence, timidly disputing his life with wild beasts and dangerous reptiles. Regions like these possess but little interest beyond their more obvious geographical features; and, when these have been once ascertained with approximate accuracy, the present requisitions of knowledge are satisfied.

There are, however, two or three considerable districts of country, to the northward of the Isthmus of Darien, which are still involved in deep obscurity; namely, the interior valley or basin of the Rio Frio and its tributaries, comprised partly in the republic of Nicaragua and partly in that of Costa Rica, and known as the *Bolson of the Guatusos*. It is so named from an incommunicative and unconquered people who inhabit it, who have succeeded in maintaining an entire isolation from the rest of the world, and who, consequently, preserve unaffected their primitive ideas, language, religion, and modes of life. The Rio Frio, on the banks and in the valley of which they live, takes its rise in the highlands of Costa Rica, and flows nearly due north, between the Pacific or volcanic coast-range of mountains, and the true Cordillera, into Lake Nicaragua, at its southern extremity, and within a few hundred yards of the point where the river San Juan, the outlet of that lake, makes its débouchure. Numerous attempts were made by missionaries and others, under the Spanish rule, to ascend the river and open communication with the people on its banks, but without success; and it was only within the three last years that its ascent was effected, by Captain O. J. Parker, an American, who, with

three companions, in a light canoe, went up the stream to the head of canoe navigation, a computed distance of one hundred and twenty miles. They, however, failed to open communication with the Indians, who are wary and hostile, nor have they given us much satisfactory information concerning them. Their character, language, and modes of life, are all open questions for future investigators.

But the Bolson of the Guatusos is not the largest nor yet the most interesting portion of Central America which has hitherto remained unexplored and unknown. Whoever glances at the map of that country will observe a vast region, lying between Chiapa, Tabasco, Yucatan, and the Republic of Guatemala, and comprising a considerable part of each of those states, which, if not entirely a blank, is only conjecturally filled up with mountains, lakes, and rivers. It is almost as unknown as the interior of Africa itself. We only know that it is traversed by nameless ranges of mountains, among which the great river Usumasinta gathers its waters from a thousand tributaries, before pouring them, in a mighty flood, into the Lagoon of Terminos and the Gulf of Mexico. We know that it has vast plains alternating with forests and savannas; deep valleys, where tropical Nature takes her most luxuriant forms, and high plateaus dark with pines, or covered with the delicate tracery of arborescent ferns. We know that it conceals broad and beautiful lakes, peopled with fishes of new varieties, and studded with islands which support the crumbling yet still imposing remains of aboriginal architecture and superstition. And we know, also, that the remnants of the ancient Itzaes, Lacandones, Choles, and Manches, those indomitable Indian families who successfully resisted the force of the Spanish arms, still find a shelter in its fastnesses,

where they maintain their independence, and preserve and practise the rites and habits of their ancestors as they existed before the Discovery. Within its depths, far off on some unknown tributary of the Usumasinta, the popular tradition of Guatemala and Chiapa places that great aboriginal city, with its white walls shining like silver in the sun, which the cura of Quiché affirmed to Mr. Stephens he had seen, with his own eyes, from the tops of the mountains of Quesaltenago.

It is a region, therefore, of singular interest, appealing equally to the geographer, the student of natural history, the antiquary, and the ethnologist. And lying, moreover, almost at our own doors, rich in its resources and tempting in its natural wealth, it must soon appeal to that restless spirit of enterprise and commercial activity which, not content with its past triumphs, longs for new conquests and a wider field of exercise.

It is true that Cortez traversed a great part of this vast region in his adventurous march from Mexico into Honduras. For nearly two years he struggled among its deep morasses and almost impassable rivers, through its untracked wildernesses and over its high and desert mountains, with almost superhuman courage and endurance. But his brief letter to the King of Spain, giving an account of his adventures, affords us only a faint notion of the country, and no very clear ideas of its people. He reached the mysterious Lake of the Itzaes, and left there his wounded horse, the image of which, nearly two centuries later, the Spaniards found elevated to the rank of a god, and invested with the powers which control the thunder and the lightning. It was into this region that the early enthusiasts endeavoured, but with imperfect success, to carry the symbol of the cross. Many a missionary found among its implacable inhabitants the

crown of martyrdom. In vain did the Church seek to bring it under the shadow of the faith, and plant the cross on its savage mountains. Equally in vain did the royal cédulas urge on the Audiencia of Guatemala and the Governors of Yucatan the necessity of reducing it under the real as well as the nominal authority of the crown. Expedition after expedition was fitted out in accordance with the imperial mandate, only to be utterly cut off or driven back in disaster and dismay. Nor was it until near the close of the seventeenth century, in 1698, that the combined forces of the surrounding provinces were able to reduce the famous stronghold of the Itzaes in Peten, and break down the temples in which, until then, the religious rites of the people who built the massive structures of Uxmal and Chichen-itza had been kept up in all their primitive pomp and significance. The history of this reduction was written by the chronicler Villagutierre with all the minute detail, and in the spirit of Froissart and the historians of the Middle Ages; but it only exists in parchment ceremonies, and under the seal of a strange tongue, in the libraries of the curious and the learned. But since he wrote, until within a very recent period, neither historian nor traveller, priest or soldier, has ventured into the sinister region which resisted with equal success the power of the Spanish arms and the still more formidable influences of the Catholic faith. The little knowledge once possessed of the country has been lost; the very names of its people, once the terror of the adjacent colonies, have almost passed from the memory of the present generation, and the Spanish establishments themselves, which the genius of Ursua pushed forward into the disputed territory, have been left to almost utter isolation and forgetfulness.

Occasional references to the

country in books of travel, or in the transactions of learned societies, which have served rather to show how small is our knowledge, than to add to our information, are all that has been presented to the world concerning it, since the days of Cortez and Ursua. M. Waldeck skirted it in the directions of Tabasco and Yucatan, and Mr. Stephens on the side of Guatemala but neither ventured into its interior. They heard fearful accounts of the ferocity of its incommunicative inhabitants, and have repeated to us the tragical stories connected with the fate of the few daring adventurers whom tradition reports as having undertaken to solve the mystery of its fastnesses. Even in Guatemala itself, within the nominal jurisdiction of which the greater part of the unknown country in question is included, only the vaguest notions exist of the remote district of Peten and of the great Lake of Itza, on an island of which, and on the site of the metropolis of the Itzaes, Ursua founded a town which is still a political dependency of the republic. Separated by one hundred and fifty-six leagues of distance, involving a journey of twenty-nine days, ten of which are through an unbroken wilderness, which can only be traversed on foot, across rivers frequently unfordable, and wide tracts of country often inundated, and over mountains so steep, that in some places they can only be ascended by rude ladders formed by notching the trunks of forest trees, and placing them against the declivities, to say nothing of the total absence of shelter and provisions, and the danger of attack from hostile Indians—in view of these circumstances, it is not surprising that even that part of the country which is under a qualified Spanish authority, is, in all essential respects, a *terra incognita*, and has so long escaped the explorations of travellers.

How long it would have remained



in this condition had its exploration and illustration depended exclusively on the people and governments of the surrounding states, it is not worth while to inquire. The darkness which enshrouded it would probably have been permitted to thicken and become more and more profound, had not M. Arthur Morelet, an adventurous French explorer and *savant*, crossed the Atlantic, and, plunging boldly into its recesses, brought it with its physical characteristics, its quaint people, and its natural history, within the circle of modern knowledge, and under the light of modern intelligence.

The researches of M. Morelet are far too varied and important, and have too clear an appeal to American as well as general scientific interest, to be suffered to remain in the comparative obscurity to which a mistaken delicacy would condemn them. They cover the vast delta of the Usumasinta, extending to the ruins of Palenque on the west, and thence eastward to the singular terrestrial basin of the mysterious Lake of Itza or Peten. From this centre they were extended southward, through a vast wilderness, and the hitherto untraversed and undescribed province of Vera Paz, to the city of Guatamala—a distance of upwards of three hundred leagues. In conjunction with the explorations of Messrs. Waldeck and Stephens in Chiapa and Yucatan, and of other later investigators to the southward, in Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, they serve to give us a very complete view of Central America, using that designation in a geographical sense, as including that portion of the continent lying between the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and that of Darien. By their light, and that afforded by other investigators, we may now venture to speak with some degree of confidence and certainty of the vast and hitherto unexplored region to which we have alluded, and

which, for want of a better name, we may call, after the people who inhabit it, Lacandon, or the country of the Lacandones.

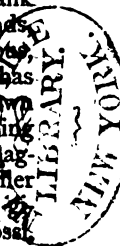
This country is naturally divided into three distinct regions, strongly characterised and contrasted by their topography, productions, and people. First in order, approaching from the north, we find an enormous alluvion or delta, low, densely wooded, and traversed in every direction by creeks and lagoons, through which the waters, poured down by the Usumasinta and Tabasco, find their devious and uncertain way to the Gulf of Mexico. For six months of the year, during the season of rains, the rivers and creeks overflow their low banks, and the whole country resembles a great sea, filled with floating forests. But when the waters subside, the channels of the creeks become narrowed, the swollen lagoons contract, and both become bordered by broad bands of black mud, which blister and crack under the tropical sun, generating miasmatic vapours, and filling the air with imperceptible poison and death. These conditions imply a region of luxuriant vegetation and teeming aquatic life. Its forests are not alone of wide extent, but every tree is loaded down with *lianes* and vines of a thousand varieties, blushing with flowers of overpowering odour, that hang in festoons from every gigantic limb. Beneath their shade the slender bamboo shoots up its green and graceful stem, and the arum struggles to display its broad leaves to the sun and air. The lagoons, too, are full of aquatic plants of sizes and varieties unknown to northern latitudes, among which swarm myriads of waterfowls, filling the air with their discordant cries, and on the slightest alarm startling the traveller with the rush of their multitudinous wings. The alligator, also, slumbers on the slimy shores, as yet undisturbed by the splash of wheels or by the

rifle-crack which has made life unhappy to his persecuted congener of the Lower Mississippi.

In such a region as this, man is an intruder. He will not brave the unequal warfare with savage nature which life here involves, only under the pressure of overpowering circumstances, or the potential influences of gain. Such do not seem to have existed in ancient times, and the whole of the lower Usumasinta here described, and which may be called the Lagoon country, is destitute of traces of aboriginal population. It is possible that the builders of Palenque and Ocosingo, and the other dwellers on the upper waters of the river, may have used it as a means of communication with the sea; but neither they nor their descendants made any permanent establishments on its sinister shores. And as Cortez found it, three hundred and fifty years ago, so it remains to this day—except that there are a few establishments for the cutting of logwood, scattered here and there, at wide intervals apart, which afford, in their rude hospitalities, a welcome refuge to the exhausted traveller, whose canoe has threaded wearily, for days and weeks, the intricacies of the mesh of waters.

Succeeding to this low region of the lagoons, is a vast area of territory, embraced between the true Cordillera, or great dividing-ridge of the continent, on the west, and a subordinate range of mountains, bearing various names at different points, which starts out from the Cordillera in the Guatemala, and runs north-eastward, through the Peninsula of Yucatan. This wide region, comprehending an extent of territory nearly equal to that of New England, is drained by the river Usumasinta, which gathers its waters from a thousand mountain-gorges and valleys. It is a region of extraordinary diversity of surface, and the unpublished records of ancient military expeditions against its un-

conquered inhabitants, speak with simple wonder of its plains and valleys and glistening lakes. M. Morelet traversed only its northern border, starting from the town of Tenosique on the Usumasinta, eastward to the Lake of Itza—a distance of one hundred leagues. He found the country but little broken, with a dual ascent to the elevated plain or plateau within which is embraced the lake referred to—itsself the centre of a terrestrial basin, without an outlet to the sea, something like the valley of the Great Salt Lake of Deseret or Utah. The whole country intervening between the river and the lake on the line which he traversed is now a wilderness, without a trace of human occupancy. But nature holds here exulting dominion, and although vegetation is less rank and thick than on the low grounds, it seems stronger, more vigorous, and of a higher type. Forest has succeeded to forest through unknown ages, fertilising the soil and affording nourishment to newer and more magnificent growths, and the traveller encounters occasional trees of gigantic proportions, veritable colossi which astonish and overawe him with their dimensions. Some of these are from ten to fifteen yards in circumference, and send out branches which themselves exceed in size the monarchs of our northern woods. From these depend vines of numberless varieties, swaying in festoons from their lofty hold, or twining themselves around the massive tree-trunks, with a wealth of luxuriance and bloom, of which no description can convey an accurate notion to our hyperborean fancies. In places, a colony of princely palms has effected a lodgment and crowded out the more rugged varieties of forest-trees. Here, their tall trunks are crowned with broad and feathery leaves; yonder, their branches are still laced up in their undeveloped stipe, while elsewhere they spread out in graceful, fan-like forms against



the blue sky, while a flood of light streams down among them in a bright and cheerful blaze. Flowers, too, of corresponding proportions, line the devious path of the adventurous traveller, and among them the *aristolochia grandiflora*, often measuring fifteen and eighteen inches in diameter, resembling the conventional cap of liberty, turned up with a violet velvet lining. Its great size, sombre colour, and above all, its rank and virulent odour, which generally deters the traveller from touching it, have led the Spaniards, who are never at a loss for a nickname, whether for men or for natural objects, to call it *Montera del Demonio*, or the "Devil's Cap."

Here, also, is found the *pavo del monte*, or peacock of the woods, which surpasses the bird of Juno in the brilliancy of its plumage; the stately *currasow*, the gay macaw, and the vociferous parrot. Serpents, contrary to conventional notions, are rare, and except, perhaps, from the *coral*, with its alternate bands of yellow, black, and red, and with a fang more deadly than the most virulent poison that human ingenuity has yet devised, the wayfarer here has nothing to dread from the lithe and scaly descendant of the tempter of our unfortunate common mother.

But with all this wealth of teeming earth around him, man feels that he is here only as an accident. The part which he plays is so insignificant, that he seems hardly requisite to the general harmony of the creation. He struggles through the dark old forests like a pigmy, the impotent challenger of constantly occurring obstacles. It is in these vast solitudes that the enigma of human existence first presents itself to the mind. Nothing here accords with the ideas implanted by education and developed by pride, and the traveller cannot help reflecting how many centuries have these forests given shade and vegetation without at all profiting those beings who arro-

gate to themselves the dominion of the world!

These ideas and impressions are doubtless wrong in themselves, but they are such as fill the mind of the wayfarer in trackless wilds. The ancient Ascetics, who sought to extinguish the pride and vainglory of their spirits, did well to seclude themselves in forests and among mountains, away from the crowded cities and the haunts of men.

To the vast region of forests just described, there succeeds a high tableland or plateau, elevated upwards of two thousand feet above the sea, shut in by a cincture of hills, dotted over with clumps of forests and wooded elevations, in the midst of which gleams, like a diamond amongst emeralds, the beautiful Lake of Itza. It is the centre of a considerable district, dependent politically, on Guatemala, and called the district of Peten. On an island, near its southern extremity, the seat and stronghold of the ancient warlike Itzacs, stands the town of Flores, the capital of the district. This district, and, above all, this lake, have a special interest, not only from the fact that they have never before been described, but also because they constitute a remarkable physical phenomenon on this continent, only paralleled by the valley and lake of Titicaca in Bolivia, and that of the Great Salt Lake in the United States' territory. Hitherto it has been a question whether this lake discharged its waters into the Gulf of Mexico or the Bay of Honduras; and it was left for M. Morelet to settle the disputed question, which he has done in a manner equally clear and conclusive. According to his account, the lake is an irregular body of water, fifty miles in length, by three to five miles in average width. Although it receives a number of small streams, it has no outlet, whence the Indians call it *Nohuken*, translated by the Spaniards, *Beben Mucho*, or *Drink Much*. It is of great depth, deepen-

ing rapidly from its shores, whence our explorer at first inclined to believe it of volcanic origin. But he failed to discover any traces of igneous action on the rocks that surrounded it, which are of a coarse limestone, gypsum, and silex. It is belted with wooded hills, and although no reeds appear on its surface, yet a narrow line of water-lilies runs along its shore, in a fragrant fringe. In times of scarcity, the seeds of these flowers are gathered and ground for bread. During the dry season the level of the water in the lake is sensibly lowered, while in the rainy season the waters rise so high as to threaten with overflow the houses built on the borders of the Island of Flores. Although usually calm, and almost as motionless as a mirror; yet during the rainy season its surface is sometimes lashed into a fury by the north-east winds, which blow over the high plain of Peten with vehement force.

Consonant with its isolation and individuality, the lake nourishes fishes of peculiar species, distinct from any that have yet been described. The most abundant is called *cili*—a silvery fish, gregarious in its habits, like the herring, and belonging to the genus *chatoissus*. Here, too, our traveller discovered a new variety of alligator, or rather a true crocodile, to which the Academy of Natural Sciences of Paris gave the name of *Crocodilus Moreletii*. Instead of two orifices in the upper jaw to secure the fourth teeth, it has two grooves on each side, and is in other ways distinguished from the other varieties of the reptile yet discovered in America.

To the eastward of Lake Itza, are a number of smaller lakes, in a line, extending towards the sources of the Rio Hondo, which, during the period of rains, overflow and connect with each other, forming a continuous chain, through which canoes may pass. Apart from its lakes, the most salient feature of

the district of Peten, especially near its centre, is the multitude of regular, mamillary-wooded hills, alternating with level plains, or savannas, of every varying aspect. These are carpeted with grass, and although offering abundant pasturage for herds of cattle, are silent and unoccupied. Altogether, the country resembles some broad and beautiful park, and the traveller expects every moment to hear the familiar bark of some farmer's dog, or see the smoke curl up from the chimney of his dwelling. But only one green glade succeeds to another, and the hours pass by with scarcely a sign or sound of life to diversify his journey or disturb the repose that rests on all things like a sabbath-spell.

Owing to its elevation and other causes, the climate of Peten is cool, dry, and salubrious. Its soil is wonderfully fertile, and its natural resources almost unbounded. The maize yields two hundred-fold in ordinary years, and a certain white variety matures so rapidly that it may be gathered in ninety days after planting; cacao grows spontaneously in the woods; a fine aromatic variety of tobacco flourishes luxuriously in the very streets of Flores; coffee bears fruit at the end of the first year; vanilla, sasaparilla, Tabasco pepper, copal, and dye-woods, are all indigenous, besides a multitude of vegetables, the fruits or roots of which have value as food, or may be usefully employed in the arts.

Peten, in its geographical position, its history, and in respect to its population, belongs naturally to Yucatan, of which it constitutes the most elevated part. The two countries are separated only by immense forests. But between it and Guatemala, to which it belongs politically, we find a great rampart of mountains, impassable even for mules. Thus hemmed in on every side, and isolated from the world, the people of Peten have developed a character equally peculiar and

interesting, approaching, perhaps, more nearly to that Arcadian simplicity and contentment, of which we sometimes dream as the perfection of human conditions, than any other people of which we have any knowledge. Genial nature supplies them with but little exertion, and ignorant of other lands and free from artificial wants, they believe their own forest-fenced region to be the most favoured spot on the globe, and their own modes of life the most rational and satisfactory. And if we may credit the description which our traveller has drawn of their condition, they are equally contented and happy. In the streets of Flores there are neither shops nor artisans, not even a market; and every one depends on his own productions, or on such exchanges as he may be able to make with his neighbours, for his food. The accumulation of property is a purpose unknown, and possession constitutes the only title to the soil which is recognised among the people. The day, which in other lands is the period of activity, is here the period of calm and repose. But as soon as the sun goes down, and the evening breeze sets in, the town is full of life and hilarity, and the sound of the *marimba*, issuing from open doorways, invites whoever chooses to enter and share in the dance and the song, which continue far into the night, under no more brilliant illumination than the light of the moon, or that of pine splinters stuck in friendly crevices in the walls. High and low participate with perfect freedom in the festivities, and rank, age, caste, and colour, all the conditions which elsewhere divide society, are lost or confounded. The same tumbler—for few families are the possessors of more than one—circulates among the guests, until it is drained, while a single spoon alternates from hand to hand with the same jar of sweetmeats. It need hardly be added that under such

primitive conditions, the ladies of Flores have not yet mastered the mysteries of crinolines and corsets. Their dress is of that free and open character which best conforms with the geniality of the climate. A chemise of thin linen or cotton cloth, fringed around the arms and neck with coarse lace or domestic embroidery, and a simple muslin skirt of varying colour, constitute the principal articles in their simple wardrobes. Their hair, always luxuriant and beautiful, is platted in long braids, fastened at their ends with gay ribbons, and is allowed to fall over the shoulders in front or down the back. A large comb, glittering like a crescent, on the top of the head, and a necklace of pearls or little golden coins, complete the adornments of the dusky daughters of the Lake of Itza. The sound of arms has been but seldom heard in the peaceable district of Peten since the times of Don Martin de Ursua. The political storms which sometimes rage in Guatemala are but feebly echoed here, where no one troubles himself about the form or the *personnel* of the Government under which he lives, or questions the propriety of its acts. The watchwords, "Humanity and Liberty," do not vibrate here as on this side of the Atlantic or in North America. Spaniards under the viceroys, Mexicans after the enfranchisement of the colonies, then Federalists, and now citizens of an independent republic, the inhabitants always range themselves under the banner of the successful party, content to be left alone under the paternal care of their *alcaldes* and *corregidores*, whose offices are sinecures, for crime is unknown.

Of course, in a little community lost in a wilderness, great advancement cannot be looked for in the arts and sciences. Reading, writing, and the first three rules of arithmetic, comprise the extent of instruction to be acquired in Peten. When the

last census was taken, in 1839, the total population of the district was 6300, about one-fourth of which was concentrated in Flores, and the rest diffused over an area of 18,000 square miles—giving to each individual, old and young, male and female, a landed endowment of three square miles, nearly equal to a German principality. Although in Flores there is a slight infusion of Spanish blood, yet the population is essentially aboriginal, speaking the language of their ancestors, which was the Tzendal or Maya, the same that was spoken by the aborigines of Yucatan, from whom they are doubtless descended.

The mystery heretofore attaching to Lake Itza and the secluded district around it may now be regarded as cleared up. The same may also be said of the scarcely less interesting and hitherto almost equally unknown district of Vera Paz, the ancient *Tierra de Guerra*, where the Bishop Las Casas first carried the symbol of the Christian faith. In reaching this district from Peten, M. Morelet was obliged to travel on foot for fourteen days, through a dense wilderness, intersected by deep rivers and high mountains. On the table-lands which he traversed in this weary journey, he found vast forests of pines, among which the mists condensed at night with all the chill of a northern November.

Elsewhere he worked his way amongst tropical jungles of broad-leaved plants and interlacing vines, in whose dank recesses, hot with the poisonous breath of the malaria, lurk pestilent fevers, and the various forms of death which have hitherto closed the country to adventure and exploration. Midway he came upon a strange and sinister region, bristling with disrupted rocks, and yawning with irregular fissures, half-filled with water—a desert without beast or bird, or other form of life to relieve its dreary solitude. It is strewn with shells, and the rocks

bear evidences that it is frequently overflowed. Our traveller's guides hurried him rapidly over this ominous region, which they called the "Valley of Death." During the dry season it blanches under a blazing sun, but when the rains come round, the waters well up from the cloven rocks, and spread far and wide over the surrounding country, which is converted into a vast lake, without an outlet, which gradually swelters away under the torrid heats. During this season the few Indians who venture between Peten and Vera Paz have to make long detours to avoid the Lake of Death, or else construct rafts and wearily work themselves across its stagnant waters.

The region of Vera Paz, or rather that part of it which is inhabited, is an elevated, irregular table-land, from which the rivers of the country fall off in every direction. As a consequence, it is generally cool and salubrious. Its population, like that of Peten, is almost exclusively aboriginal, and only modified from its primitive condition by the influences of the early Dominicans, to whose spiritual control it was exclusively confided. It will be remembered that at the time of the conquest this region secured the designation of the *Land of War*. The arms of the Spanish governors were impotent against its warlike people, who repelled the attacks on their independence with every circumstance of savage cruelty and barbarism. The Spanish secular chiefs, chagrined and vindictive, applied to the crown for such large aid as should enable them utterly to overwhelm their warlike foes, to whom they attributed every crime and debasing practice known to humanity. Pending the result of their application, Las Casas made his appearance in Guatemala. "Providence," said he to the baffled men of war, "only wishes to operate on misguided souls through the teachings of the gospel ;

it has a horror of unjust wars undertaken in its name; it wishes neither captives nor slaves to bow before its altars. Persuasion and gentle treatment can win the hearts of the most obdurate to the shrine of God." To his exhortations the grim companions of Alvarado only responded with the monosyllable, "Try." And he did try; and soon after, with "no other arms," say the old historian, "than the double-edged sword of the Divine Word," he ventured boldly into the Land of War. He only stipulated as a condition of his mediation, that none of his countrymen should be permitted to enter the country for four years; and that in the event of his success in converting the Indians, the country should never be enfeoffed.

We do not attempt to follow the pious adventurer in his pacific crusade, in company with the Fray Pedro de Angulo, who, in 1560, became the first bishop of the province. It is sufficient to say that the tribes who had so successfully resisted the arms of the invaders, subdued by the meekness, the patience, and the evangelical virtues of the two apostles, little by little exchanged their native barbarism for the more gentle manners and industrious habits which they preserve to this day. At the expiration of a few years the name of *Tierra de Guerra*, "Land of War," was exchanged for *Vera Paz*, "True Peace," which it still retains; the new designation having been confirmed by the Emperor Charles V., to perpetuate the remembrance of a triumph, the better assured because it was not founded on violence. He decreed also the arms of the Province. At the top of its shield, the rainbow glowed in a field of azure. Lower down, the dove, bearing an olive-branch, hovered over a globe, and the motto was, "I do set my bow in the cloud."

The character of the Indians of Vera Paz was greatly modified by

these circumstances of their history—so different from those of most of the aboriginal families which fell under the Spanish dominion. They gathered together in large towns, and adopted a routine of life, in which labour and devotion were singularly blended. Perhaps no part of the world, not even Rome itself, ever witnessed a more general conformation to the rites of religion, than did Vera Paz under the Dominicans. Churches were multiplied in the towns and villages, and little oratories rose at every corner, at the crossing of roads, the fords of streams, and among the passes of the mountains. Every man in his turn devoted himself to the service of the church, the priest, or such matters as affected the general welfare, and contributed a fixed proportion of the products of his industry to the same purpose. These practices, although somewhat modified, still exist; but in other respects the habits introduced by the early fathers are passing away. Religion has degenerated into an empty form; and the people are rapidly relapsing under the control of their savage instincts; and if we may credit M. Morelet, they are in a condition of feverish discontent, which may any day be exchanged for open and savage independence.

The total population of Vera Paz is estimated at not far from 80,000, concentrated, generally, in towns of varying size. Some of them, like Coban, Cahabon, Rabinal, etc., contain from 3000 to 8000 inhabitants. They have little commerce, and their manufactures are limited to their own wants. They differ from the dwellers in the basin of Peten, in that they are less simple in character, and perhaps more sinister in their purposes—for it is not to be disguised that notions of re-establishing their ancient independence float mistily in the minds of most of the Indian families of Guatemala. In Yucatan they have already taken

form, in the bloody and implacable war of castes, which is desolating that fair peninsula, and which seems likely to result, before long, in absolute Indian supremacy.

Let us turn now to the vast unexplored region, lying interiorly to the districts which we have described, between Vera Paz and Peten on the east, and Quesaltenago and Chiapa on the west, the stronghold of the unconquered Lacandones, and of the fragments of tribes from all the surrounding provinces, who fled hither to escape detested contact with the conquerors. Among these were the Manches, formerly established in Vera Paz, a large body of the Itzaes of Peten, and the Choles of Tabasco. The country which they occupy, as already stated, comprises the great mountain-bound basin, in which the Rio Usumasinta collects its tributaries, and has an area of not far from ten thousand square miles. The first mention which is made of the Lacandones is by Cortez, in his account of his expedition, in 1524, from Mexico to Honduras. He passed through the districts of Acala and Itza, lying to the north and east of their territory, where he found towns strongly fortified, as a precaution against the Lacandones, who were represented to be a warlike people of whom the inhabitants of the towns professed themselves in greatest dread. Cortez afterward came upon the ruins of other towns, which he was told had been destroyed by them. This circumstance gives an indication of the character of the Lacandones, which every subsequent event connected with them seems to confirm. In his enumeration of the various nations having their seats between Guatemala and Yucatan, Pinelo speaks of them as "fiercest and most cruel." For a century after the arrival of the Spaniards and the foundation of Guatemala, they kept up a system of incursions on the surrounding provinces, directing their fury gene-

rally against the Christianised Indians. In 1552 they boldly penetrated to within fifteen leagues of the city of Ciudad Real, the capital of Chiapa, destroying many towns and villages, and killing or capturing their inhabitants. Some of these they sacrificed on the altars of the churches and the feet of the crosses, demanding, ironically, of their victims to call on their God to save them. These outrages led to the organisation of a number of expeditions into their territory, for the purpose of chastising and subduing them. Like the Itzaes, they had their capitol or principal stronghold on an island in a lake, from whence, says Pinelo, "they made sudden incursions, coming and going with the greatest celerity." This island was captured by the Licenciado Quinones, at the head of a considerable force, in 1558. In the accounts that have been preserved of his expedition, it is described as a high rock, surrounded by several smaller ones, on which the town was built, and so bare of earth that there was not soil enough for the burial of the dead, who were, in consequence, thrown into the lake. The town, according to the same authority, was quite imposing; the houses large and well-built, and the whole protected by walls of defence. No idols were found in the temples, for, unlike the other tribes whom the Spaniards had met, they confined their adoration to the sun, and made their sacrifices before it, in its actual presence—as Quinones himself had an opportunity of witnessing, in the case of some of his own men whom they had taken captive.

Quinones destroyed the town, and started back to Guatemala, taking with him a large number of prisoners, all of whom, however, contrived to escape; and although his expedition was victorious at every step, it was fruitless in any decisive result. "The spoils of the war," says the old chronicler, with bitterness, "amount-



ed to nothing. Many of the gentlemen who engaged in it were rewarded with crosses and honours, but the greater part of them had spent so much money in finery and ornaments, bright arms and accoutrements, that they contracted considerable debts, and left their houses and estates involved for many years; and it is doubtful if they are yet free."

The chastisement inflicted by Quinones nevertheless had the effect of keeping the Lacandones quiet for a long period, but before the close of the century they became as daring and troublesome as ever. New expeditions were undertaken against them, and the Crown itself made wide concessions of rights and titles to whoever should reduce them to subjection. But nothing of moment was effected until about the time of the overthrow of the Itzaes of Peten, near the close of the seventeen century. In 1695, Barrios Leal, President of Guatemala, penetrated into the heart of their country, after a weary march of a month. He, however, found only deserts without inhabitants, where, a century and a half before the Indians had disputed the passage with Quinones. He reached the lake and their ancient stronghold, but found it deserted. But after much search, he discovered a considerable town, from which the inhabitants had fled. According to the MS. of Captain Valenzuela, who was an officer under Leal, the town was called "Lacondon," and consisted of one hundred and three well-built houses, of which three, in the centre of the town, were of large size, and designated for common use. One served as a temple, another for meetings of the women, and the third for meetings of the men. All were enclosed with stakes of wood, whitened and varnished, so that it was impossible to distinguish the joints by the touch. In the middle of the temple was a place closed by a door, in which none except the priests could enter. In it was a pedestal or altar

of clay, and on it braziers, painted in various colours, in which birds were sacrificed. There were dresses of cotton cloth of gay colours, with cords and tassels depending from their corners, also flutes, and other musical instruments. In the halls for meetings there were more than two hundred seats whereon to sit. The private houses had their gardens, in which were pineapples, potatoes, plantains, and a great variety of fruits and vegetables; also pens containing fowls of the country and of Europe. In the adjacent country were wide fields of maize, beans, and Mexican peppers. Among their working utensils were chisels and hatchets of stone, and instruments for weaving and fashioning their pots and pans. Fire was made from the friction of bark, fixed in a machine for that purpose. And altogether," continues Valenzuela, "it appeared to me that the people, although infidels, were quite as wise, and more industrious than the Indians we have converted."

Detachments of Leal's forces penetrated the entire country in many directions, and discovered other towns, the inhabitants of which were gradually collected and taken nearer the frontiers of Guatemala, where, after various removals, they were finally concentrated in one town, the Ixtlavican of Scherzer and other modern travellers. These proceeding, and the complete overthrow of the sympathising, if not affiliated Itzaes in Peten, seem to have effectually checked the aggressive spirit of the Lacandones. They abandoned their predatory habits, and contented themselves with rigidly preserving their isolation and independence. Their country, however, except where it was skirted by M. Morelet, is now no better known than it was in the time of Quinones and Barrios Leal. From the circumstance that the portions which he traversed were found to be without inhabitants, we must infer that their numbers have greatly

diminished since 1637, when they were estimated by Pinelo at upwards of one hundred thousand. It is possible, however, that they have withdrawn from the frontiers, and concentrated themselves in the heart of the country, which offers a field for exploration and adventure quite as attractive as that to which Livingstone has drawn so much attention in Africa.

We are not, however, without some knowledge of the modern Lacandones. A few stern and silent representatives of the race occasionally make their appearance in the frontiertowns of Chiapa and Tabasco, bringing down tobacco, copal, or sarsaparilla, to exchange for instruments and utensils of metal, and when the exchange is effected, suddenly disappear by obscure and unknown paths. Waldeck saw some of them near Palenque, and he describes them as possessing all the savage energy and independence of their fathers. Their dress, according to the same authority, coincides with the garbs represented on the monuments of Palenque and in Yucatan. M. Morelet ascended the Usumasinta, until he encountered some individuals of this family, from whom, however, he gleaned nothing, except the admonition to turn the head of his canoe down the stream—a suggestion which, as they were well armed, he thought it prudent to follow.

As already said, various fragments of tribes or nations, driven out of the adjacent provinces, have united themselves with the Lacandones. Among these are the Manches of Vera Paz, who seem to have their seats nearest Guatamala, with the frontier towns of which they have some relations. In 1837, the Government of that state sought to extend its jurisdiction over them, and succeeded in getting together a number of their chiefs, with whom a treaty was concluded, by which the Manches agreed to be regarded as under the

protection of the Government of the Republic, but not subject to its laws until the expiration of seven years, and that even then there should be no interference with their religion or with their practice of polygamy. It does not appear, however, that the treaty ever went into effect.

It was in the region of the Lacandones that the cura of Quiché affirmed to Mr. Stephens he had seen, from the heights of Quesaltenango, the white walls of great cities, glistening like silver in the sun. The notion of such living cities, rivalling Palenque and Mayapan, in the district referred to, is not peculiar to one part of the country, but prevails also in Chiapa and Yucatan. On the 3rd of August, 1849, the secretary of state of Chiapa addressed an official letter to the prefect of the department of Chillon, bordering on the district of Lacandon, stating that he had been informed that in the vicinity of San Carlos Narcalan, beyond the Sierra de la Pimienta, a great city had been discovered in the distance, with large edifices, and many cattle in the pastures; and that although there appeared no road to it, yet it was supposed that it could not be more than two days distant. He therefore ordered the prefect to make all possible efforts to reach the city, and to report the result to his office in San Cristobal. But as nothing further was ever heard of the discovery, it is to be presumed that the city could not be found by the prefect.

Nor, in fact, is there any good reason for supposing that such cities do exist. For although the Lacandones and the Itzaes spoke the same language with the Mayas of Yucatan, and probably the same with the builders of Palenque and Copan, yet everything connected with their history and character proves them to have been considerably below the other families of the same stock in the degree of their civilisation. Whether the Tzendals,

the Mayas, Quiches, Zutugils, and Kachiquels were families of the same origin, who had reached a higher stage of development ; or the Itzaes, Lacandones, Manches, and others, were the degenerate offshoots from these, may be a question : but the presumption strongly is, that, with the disruption of the ancient Toltican empire, of which Palenque was probably, at one time, the capital, various fragments were thrown off, and driven by force of circumstances into remote districts, where, in course of time, they developed peculiar characteristics of their own. At any rate, the earliest accounts of the Lacandones represent them as a relatively barbarous if not a nomadic race, strongly contrasting with the more advanced and polished nations above enumerated, although, so far as language is concerned, betraying an intimate relationship with them. In Peten, the Itzaes built temples and other edifices, closely resembling those of Yucatan, but less in size and somewhat ruder in construction, such as we might expect to find in the weaker efforts of a colony. But in Lacandon we have no account of such structures in the towns reduced by the Spaniards ;

nor does it appear that the temples of its people were more remarkable than their private houses, or differed from them except in size.

We are compelled, therefore, to resign the traditions of great cities with white walls of stone, covered over with mysterious symbols, and with steps crowded with the worshippers of a primitive religion, to the poet or romancer, or surrender them as the appropriate property of enterprising exploiters of supposititious Aztec children. The fact of the existence of a frontier people, in the heart of Central America, of the same stock with its most advanced and powerful nations, and with character, habits, religion, and government, little, if at all, changed from what they were at the period of the Discovery, is one sufficiently interesting in itself. It requires none of the "pomp and circumstance" of gorgeous speculation to draw to it the attention of the student and adventurer, who may find here a more interesting and important field of research and investigation than among the desert-snows and icebergs of the poles, or among the sable savages of Ethiopia.



## THE PHILOSOPHER.

## A NOVEL.

## BOOK V.

## THE ULTIMA THULE.

## CHAPTER II.

## TO THE WEARY—PEACE.

AGAIN it was night, and again the windows leading to the terrace outside Elsie's room at Morton Manor were thrown open, and revealed the moonlit world beyond. In the background were the dark masses of foliage that surrounded the lawn, whose fountain, still playing, could now and then be discerned, as the wondrous alchemy of the moonbeams ever and anon transmuted its jets to purest silver. In the foreground were the massive balustrade and the vases and statues of the terrace sharply defined, and investing the scene with old-world associations, that seemed to cast the glamour of dreamland over the terrible Present. And, above all, the sky, so far as it could be seen, spread its serene canopy of blue and green, merging into each other by a thousand varying tints which shed their soft effulgence through all the air, and heightened the mysterious beauty of the night. Here and there in the heavens, so exquisitely decked, could be observed the faint glimmer of the stars, one of which, indeed, in the far-off horizon just over the tree-tops, was rising with extraordinary brilliancy.

Everything was still. Not even a bird or an insect disturbed the ineffable peace of the night. The air though laden with fragrance, and steeped in the liquid colours of the

heavens, had ceased to move, and stayed as though to enjoy the beauty of the scene. The spirit of silence had cast a spell over everything, and all was for the time in the sphere of the Transcendent.

Within, as the beams of the descending moon shot more directly into the chamber, a different spectacle became observable. Elsie lay in the state of unconsciousness into which she had fallen the day before, on hearing the cruel tidings brought by Charles; and round her bed were the anxious watchers for her recovery. Martin Dawes sat holding her hand in his and counting every breath she drew, contemplating the tender lineaments of her face with an absorption and painful anxiety touching to witness. By his side sat Lily Trevor, ready to offer the most tender of assistance, the most sweet of consolations, and meanwhile regarding the distant prospect through the window with a rapt expression, that revealed her soul to be elsewhere than within limits bounded by the mere actual present. Mr. Morton, too, and Ned Harner, and Mrs. Bolster and the physician from Leighbury, were all grouped around, and all were sorrowfully awaiting the results of the conflict that went on with Elsie's fragile powers of life.

Presently, as the moonbeams

began to touch the bed, a slight movement of the maiden's head was visible, and on the physician leaning over and examining her countenance minutely, he signified that the state of unconsciousness was fast drawing to a close. Hardly, indeed, had he withdrawn to his seat than Elsie's hands moved restlessly a few times, and then she softly unclosed her eyes and looked about her. The light of the moon was so vivid that every object and every face could be discerned with great clearness, but still the maiden looked round her and apparently recognised nothing.

"Elsie, my own darling," said her father, rising and looking into her eyes, and continually kissing the hand he held.

A half-startled expression immediately overspread her face, and her demeanour became more restless, as though she were troubled by the presence of something, and yet sought in vain for the principal object of her quest. Presently, without turning to her father, but still looking towards the window, she replied, softly and dreamily, "That is not his voice."

Martin had much to do to curb the rising emotions that pervaded his soul, but fearful of inflicting some irreparable injury upon his daughter, by giving vent to his feelings, he simply repeated, "Elsie, Elsie, my child, my child!"

This time the poor girl turned round suddenly and looked sharply at her father, then a flash of recognition darted from her eyes, and with a supreme effort she raised herself from her pillow, and stretching forth her arms, exclaimed in a voice broken by sobs, but still with a sense of exquisite joy pervading it, "Father—at last—father!"

In another moment, the heart-broken parent had clasped his darling child to his breast, and whilst the bystanders were fain to turn away their heads in order to

conceal the tears that stole to their eyes, the souls of Martin Dawes and Elsie were rapt in a union of ineffable sanctity.

Woe to him who had so fatally spread the fascinating lure! Woe to him who could regard a tender, loving heart as a bauble to be kept or flung aside as the humour or convenience of the moment might dictate!

Fast ebbed the tide of the maiden's life, and, overcome by the sad burst of joy that her father's presence had caused, she fell back senseless upon her pillow.

Then passed an hour more painful and more melancholy than any that had yet tenanted the chamber. The physician and Mrs. Bolster, aided by Lily, moved rapidly to and fro, administering all that might restore life and motion to the fragile frame that lay so motionless on the bed. The wretched father followed them with earnest, beseeching looks, every one of his limbs trembling and his brow thickly bedewed with a cold perspiration, while Ned Harner stood gloomily apart, with a frown as dark and portentous as the thoughts that rapidly coursed through his mind. All felt oppressed by the nameless Presence that hovered on the confines of the two worlds, in the same manner that at the open window there intermingled the anxious, palpitating life of the room within, and the majestic repose and splendour of the night without.

A change at length came. Quickly, and without effort, Elsie's consciousness returned, and as she again unclosed her eyes, it was evident that she fully recognised the countenances of those about her, and fully remembered the sad circumstances of her position. There was that, however, on her face which cast a spell of silence and restraint over all present, not excepting even her father. A light, more ethereal than the subtle moonbeams seemed to irradiate her

features ; a faint smile of peace and joy played over her lips ; a rich treasury of holy and tender emotions were dispensed in her loving glances ; and every breath that agitated her tender body seemed to be the near departure of her gentle soul.

Feebly she held forth her hands, and then in accents so mysteriously soft and musical that all who heard them felt almost awed, she said,—

“Father, dear father, and you also, dear friends, try to remember me as the happy, dreaming Elsie of old. The sad dreams that I have had lately are gone now, and I, too, am going where no such dreams will trouble me. I should have liked to stayed a little while longer with you, dear father, for you would have forgiven me as I forgive him—him !—him !”

Her voice ceased, and she became pale as marble, while at the mention of her lover both Mr. Dawes and Ned Harner seemed to recover from the stupor in which they were plunged, and both sprang up with a wild emotion of fury visible in their faces. Ere, however, either could utter a sound, Elsie summoned up her remaining strength, and said,—

“Carry me to the window. Let

me breath the fresh air, and see the bright moon and stars once more.”

Her father glanced anxiously at the physician, who made a mournful sign of acquiescence ; and then, with the help of Ned Harner, he gently wrapped a blanket around Elsie's frail form, and carried her tenderly to the open window.

An expression of angelic rapture overspread her features as she gazed upon the marvellous beauty of the night. For a few moments she remained silent, and then feebly disengaging one hand from the coverlet, she pointed to the star that had risen with such extraordinary brilliancy from behind the trees closing in the horizon.

“That must be the bright world of love where my mother awaits me,” she said, turning to her father, and kissing his cheek as he leant down to listen to her faint, sad whispered words. “And that is where you will come, too, dear—and—where—where.”

A slight tremor shook her frame as the tender spirit of Elsie gave a farewell caress to the beautiful form it had inspired during its stay upon this planet.

### CHAPTER III.

#### “A DIVINE LIGHT RE-ILLUMINED.”

ALL this while I had been gradually regaining my strength at the hospitable abode of Mr. De Quincey. Not that I had yet even so much as seen my host, for he was busily occupied in endeavouring to discover the whereabouts of the two countrymen that had so interested him and Mr. Merton. He was unconscious of my presence at his house, for not having communicated his whereabouts to Mrs. Barton, that good lady was unable to inform him of my arrival ; and thus it happened that I remained in the most profound ignorance of all the startling events

that were happening, except so far as Clara had enlightened me.

After we had parted in the garden, I reflected deeply upon her account of Lily's disappearance from Merringham, and though at first her allusion to Lily as “faithless,” and her mention of Charlie's departure from London, coinciding with that of my sweet consoler from Merringham, somewhat disturbed me, yet no sooner did I summon up the void picture of beauty that lay treasured in my heart, than I at once perceived how some other theory must be constructed to account for

the event. The conclusion I finally came to was that Lily must have formed the determination to quit my uncle's house lest Charles should take up his abode there in my absence, and that in all probability she was now lovingly and sadly occupied in endeavouring to come upon my traces. These thoughts, as may easily be supposed, did not tend to promote my recovery, and it was only by comparatively slow degrees that I once more became possessed of strength and vigour.

One evening—the fourth after Elsie's death, of which, as of the other matters, I remained profoundly ignorant—I was sitting in the garden reading Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," and ever and anon debating within myself as to whether I should at once enter again into the outside world, or whether it would be better first to await my host's arrival, when hearing a step approaching, I looked up, and saw a gentleman coming towards me, whom, by his appearance, I judged to be not many years my senior, but whose countenance wore an expression of unusual gravity and thought.

As he drew near, I rose, whereupon he cordially extended his hand to me, saying,—

"I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Arcles, and am still more delighted to find it is my house that has of late formed your material imprisonment."

I was so startled by his mention of my name, to say nothing of a little bewilderment at the strangeness of his address, that I involuntarily retired a pace and silently regarded him in surprise. This caused a smile of great amusement to play upon his features: with evident enjoyment of my embarrassment he added—

"Worthy neophyte of the only mysteries that can be termed marvellous, why do you hesitate to accept the greeting of a fellow-seeker after the *summa scientia*? Am I

not an Excellent of the assembly that has long sought you in vain?"

"Sir," I replied, "the assembly to which you allude is as unknown to me as yourself; but if I understand rightly in taking you to have said that this house is yours, I shall not stop to inquire the meaning of your singular greeting, but shall beg you at once to accept my warmest thanks for the kindnesses that have been here bestowed upon me. Mr. De Quincey, I am your infinite debtor."

So saying, I earnestly grasped his still outstretched hand, and as I did so I recognised by the character of its touch, alike firm and gentle, that I was in the presence of a lofty spirit.

"Myname is indeed De Quincey," returned he, and as Mrs. Burton may perhaps have told you—a customary, though I grieve to say somewhat sarcastic, pleasure of her's—I have taken philosophy for my hobby. Don't looked shocked—I use the term *hobby* very advisedly. In my creed philosophy becomes at once a pursuit to follow and a pleasure to enjoy. Epicurus himself would be the first to sing its praises as a source of profound happiness and of serene delight."

I felt the chords of old vibrate in my heart as he spoke. My thoughts spontaneously reverted to the chamber of Iris, and for a moment the loved features of my father, and my sweet consoler, rose before me. But with them rose also dark remembrances that stole forward like thick clouds, and hid them from my view. I remained silent and oppressed.

"Come, come," resumed De Quincey—"I know somewhat of your disasters; and Mrs. Burton has just explained to me the circumstances of your arrival here—which fully explained the disappearance that has caused your worthy followers so much grief and perplexity—to say nothing of a certain lady, who shall be nameless."

"What of her? I exclaimed, the whole current of my life entering again upon its full career. "Do you know anything of her? Has her retreat been discovered?"

"For the moment I shall not tell you all," replied De Quincey. "I shall merely tell you that your lady-love is safe, though plunged in deep affliction by believing you dead. Ned Harner, too, thinks that your cousin Charles has killed you, and is evidently cogitating over some notable project. The Rev. Mr. Viking himself is living at Rumbleton Hall in great seclusion, with his father and mother and sister, nobody going near them since a certain dinner party, at which some strange incident occurred. As for Martin Dawes and his daughter, I hardly dare trust myself to speak of them."

He paused for a moment, and his

eyes became suffused with tears. Then he added:

"Pitiful, thrice pitiful, her fate! Sweet flower of the glade, that should have remained sheltered by rugged bole and umbrageous canopy! Tempted by a passing sunbeam, thou stolest out into what thou thoughtest was the full noonday radiance; but, alas! thou discoveredst, too late, that the brightness was that of the destroying element! O lightning! vivid, and speedy, and all-powerful, though thou be, thy home is thunder-surrounded!"

"Of whom do you speak?" I inquired, feeling strangely oppressed by his wild earnestness.

"Of Elsie Dawes and Thomas Littlemore," was the reply.

"What has happened to dear Elsie?"

"She is dead!"





## CHARLES LEVER.

SINCE the last issue of this Magazine there has passed away a man who for some years controlled its course, and whose interest was evinced in it to the latest period. The lapse of time brings its changes, but this sad intelligence was received by a shock of surprise on both sides of St. George's Channel, and on both sides of the Atlantic—in all countries where the English language is spoken, and in many cities and societies on the European continent. He, however, had known that he was under the sentence of his physicians, and had accepted it quietly, courageously, uncomplainingly, and with an unaffected submission to the Supreme Will, which only the presentiment of parting from the nearest and dearest around him could shake from its serenity. To these, indeed, and to a host of friends far and wide, and to the multitude who only knew and loved him through his books, such a loss, however long anticipated, comes at the last moment with all the sharpness of an unforeseen calamity. It is difficult to imagine that one whose nature was so full as his of all the energy and the sweetness of life, so rich in feelings and in thoughts, in all susceptibilities and sympathies, so capable of inspiring and enjoying the heartiest and the purest affection, so exuberantly gifted with all the graces of the keenest and kindest wit, so prodigally communicative of all his gifts, should disappear into silence, and be, for this world, no more than a tale that is told.

Charles James Lever was born at Dublin on the 31st of August, 1806, and, although he was originally intended for the medical profession, he for many years so readily followed the bent of his own natural genius that he had long since secured to

himself not merely a high but a really exceptional reputation in the national literature; insomuch that he occupies among Irish novelists the same relative position that Bulwer holds among the romancists of England, and that Scott does among all the great masters of fiction everywhere. He is a Saul in the midst of them, taller than the rest by a head and shoulders. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, Lever there took his bachelor's degree in 1831, and, after passing through another course of study, graduated in the following year, 1832, on the Continent, at the University of Göttingen. Besides graduating, he there also took his diploma in medicine. Scarcely had he qualified himself as a medical practitioner when the then startling importation into Europe of the Asiatic plague, spoken of in those days, horribly, as the Cholera Morbus, had begun to ravage Ireland from seaboard to seaboard. Though but just relieved from his gown and cap as a collegian, Charles Lever was at once nominated, under the pressure of that great emergency, medical superintendent of a wide and densely-peopled tract of country, embracing within it the city of Londonderry, as well as the towns of Coleraine and Newtown-limavady. A dozen years afterwards, when his name had already become famous as a writer of imagination, he drew upon his experiences in that time of the terrible pestilence, when enforcing—in the smallest, but not for that reason the least remarkable, of his many fictions, the charming, and in parts powerful little story of "St. Patrick's Eve"—the noble moral that prosperity has as many duties as adversity has sorrows. Having done good service in his medical capacity, when

aid of precisely that kind was sorely needed during that terrible tribulation—memorable even among the numerous and often all but overwhelming sorrows of Ireland—Lever, almost immediately on the abatement of the disorder, and as if in reward for the precocious energy he had been displaying, received, though yet but in his twenty-fourth year, the appointment of physician to the British legation at Brussels. That position he held during three years altogether—eventually, however, to the regret of his patients it may be, but certainly to the delight of his readers, doing what Oliver Goldsmith and Tobias Smollett had done before him, forsaking the pharmacopœia for imaginative literature.

It was in the year 1833, that an event took place in Dublin that changed the destinies of Lever as it did of some others. The DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE was started by a few earnest men of letters and an adventurous publisher, and its first number appeared in January. Lever was soon attracted to a corps, amongst whom were many of his old college companions; and he became a contributor for the first time in March, 1834. We care not (says a writer in the *Athenæum*) to record his first story, as he has never put his name to it or republished it, though it is quite up to the average of magazine tales, and exhibits much of the vivacity and picturesque power for which in after-life he was so distinguished; but we mention the fact, as it is generally believed that his first essay as a novelist was "The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer," the first chapter of which appeared in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE of February, 1837. With each succeeding number, the genius and power of the author expanded, and the popularity of the tale increased. We know well that Lever, at that time was far from conscious of the resources of his intellect, and was by no means disposed to look

upon letters as ever likely to become his profession. And so he held by his calling, and obtained the post of physician to the British Embassy at Brussels, continuing his tale to its completion in February, 1840. It has been stated that Lever at one time gave up all thought of continuing "The Confessions." This is not so. Had he been even so disposed, his friends appreciated his work too highly to have suffered him to do so. Nay, we find a confirmation of his own growing estimate of its success, in the fact that, during its issue as a serial, he adopted the *nom de plume* of "Harry Lorrequer" in several remarkably sprightly and discursive papers, entitled "Continental Gossippings," the first of which appeared in the Magazine in April, 1839. "The Confessions" were no sooner finished in the periodical, than they were published complete, in 8vo., in 1840, and Charles Lever, as "Harry Lorrequer," took his rank amongst British novelists of reputation. In March of the same year, the first chapter of "Charles O'Malley," came out in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, to run its successful course, and be published in two vols. 8vo., in 1841. Mr. Lever was now a celebrity. He had assayed a bold flight, tested the strength of his wing, and it sustained him; and so he took heartily to literature as the business of his life. Having returned to Dublin, he undertook, in 1842, the editorship of the periodical in which he had won his laurels. These were bright days for the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, as Lever gathered round him the men of genius and erudition in his own country. The two O'Sullivan's, William Archer Butler, William Carleton, Messrs. Samuel Ferguson, W. R. Wilde, D. F. M'Carthy, Butt, Waller, and many others. No editor ever was more popular; none knew better "how to drive his team," as he phrased it, than Charles Lever. The re-nunions

at his country residence, not far from Dublin, were delectable. The brightest, the wittiest, the most scholarly men, were sure to be met at his table; and he handled his reins so dexterously, and used his whip (on the rare occasions that he did so) with such skill and judgment, that you heard but the *crack* that cheered and stimulated, and saw not the lash that kept all to the traces. We well remember those pleasant *noctes*,—the beaming face of our host, every muscle trembling with humour, the light of his merry eye, the smile that expanded his mouth, and showed his fine white teeth, the musical, ringing laugh that stirred every heart, the finely-modulated voice uttering some witty *mot*, telling some droll incident, or some strange adventure. Indeed, Lever was one of the best *causeurs* and *raconteurs* to be met with, and managed conversation with singular tact; never seeking to monopolise the talk, but, by the felicity of some remark thrown in at the right moment, insensibly attracting the attention of all, till he was master of the situation, and then went off in one of his characteristic sallies. How many of his witty sayings and racy anecdotes are still in the memory of his friends!

For about three years Lever held the post of editor of the Magazine, and then went to reside on the Continent, still continuing to write, with unwearied industry and increasing reputation, for various periodicals. About 1845 he obtained a diplomatic post at Florence, and from that period resided abroad, making occasional visits both to England and Ireland. In 1858 he was appointed Vice-Consul at Spezzia, and in 1867 to a similar post at Trieste.

Released from the thralldom of editorship, Lever enjoyed a whole twelvemonth in wandering, just as the humour prompted him, hither and thither, through Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy,—taking

his own horses with him—driving a team, and cracking his whip defiantly of every ramshackle *remise*, and lumbering diligence, and big-booted postilion, anywhere to be met with on the road from Ostend to the Lake of Constance. At the eastern extremity of the latter he settled down for a while in 1846, making his home in the Schloss Reidenburg, a picturesque Tyrolese castle at Bregenz. There he wrote the “Knight of Gwynne,” a book admirably descriptive of Ireland as it was before the Union, just at the turn of the century. Directly after its completion in the autumn of 1847, the author removed from Bregenz to Como, where, in a charming villa, he remained for another year, during that period writing, in the assumed character of a Late Secretary of Legation, the diary and notes of “Horace Templeton.” As the title of the work indicated, the structure of the narrative was ostensibly autobiographic. Written in a manner simultaneously with this there came from the flowing pen of the novelist his story of “Roland Cashel,” before the close of the publication of which in its periodical form Lever had quitted the Villa Cima at Como, and taken up his abode in the Palazzo Ximenes, at Florence. There, in that city of flowers, it was his happy fortune to pass the next twenty years of a joyous and blithe existence. Numerous though his writings have been, they have been thrown off all of them literally *currente calamo* in the intervals of a life that in his own enjoyment of it has been all holiday. Before the completion of his next serial story of “The Daltons,” he had, it is true, changed his quarters in the capital of Tuscany, where his address thenceforth was for many years the Palazzo Capponi. Shortly after the termination of the first decade of his sojourn in Florence, moreover, he had been appointed, on November 26, 1858, by the late Earl of Derby, to the responsible

post of H.B.M. Vice-Consul at Spezzia. Between Florence and Spezzia, where he boated, and swam, played whist, and wrote his O'Dowderies *ad libitum*, life glided by him during all the later half of his residence in Tuscany more sunshinely and dimpling than the waters of the Arno and the Mediterranean, until his removal to Trieste in the February of 1867, when he was promoted to the office of Her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General at that great outport of the Austrian Empire on the north-eastern shores of the Adriatic. There on the outskirts of that polyglot meeting-place of so many different nationalities, this light-hearted and keen-witted observer of his fellow-men had settled down seemingly *en permanence* at the Villa Gasteiwer. His life of expatriation thus during all these years past, at Bregenz, at Florence, at Spezzia, at Trieste, has among his intimate friends here at home been regarded askance as something very much like banishment. Located in the luckiest spots in all Christendom for enlarging the range of his acquaintance, he has been brought by circumstances into personal communication with nearly all the interesting and agreeable people of his generation. For although he has inscribed one book simply to the oldest friend he has in the world, and another to his own children, he has more frequently—it might almost be said as a rule—distributed these evidence of his cordiality among men and women of mark, as varied in character as Professor Wilson and Maria Edgeworth, as Eöthen Kinglake and the late Marquess of Normandy, as G. P. R. James and Chief Justice Whiteside, as Charles Dickens and Lord Lytton. Reverting, however, from himself to his writings, we would remark that in the story last particularised as having been finished shortly after his removal from Como to Florence, two strangely eccentric creations

were introduced among the *dramatis personæ*—a dwarf as impossible as Quilp, in the person of Herr Roeckel, and an Abbe D'Esmonde as improbable as the Pere Roden of the "Juif Errant." Written in companionship with "The Daltons" was the imaginary history of the soldier of fortune, "Maurice Tierney." Later on, the indefatigable novelist produced in the sameway, by instalment, together and yet apart, another and far more remarkable brace of fictitious narratives—one avowedly as his own, the other anonymously—the latter under the title of the "Confessions of Con Cregon;" the former being the well-known story of the "Martins of Cro-Martin." During the spring of 1865 both were completed. Doubtless to his own secret amusement, the anonymous tale about the Irish Gil Blas was held up by more than one sagacious critic, in invidious comparison with its author's acknowledged productions, as the effusion of a rival author whose works were destined to sweep Charles Lever's altogether out of public consideration. Yet the "Martins," for all that, looking back at the two, is incomparably the abler production. A three-volumed novel, entitled "Fortunes of Glencore," was the next fiction issued from the press by the author of "O'Malley." Its immediate successor, appearing in the old piecemeal of the day, half Macaire, half Law, a rogue of consummate genius, by name "Davenport Dunn." Another and another fiction still, in two senses, succeeded. One of them, it might be said whimsically, was "One of Them." The next described "Sir Jasper Carew," his life and experiences. But especially noticeable among all Mr. Lever's books, as the best of them—and we don't shrink from claiming for it this pre-eminence—was the work happily brought to a close in the spring of 1854, the wittiest, drollest, delight-fullest of his choicer masterpieces—

"The Dodd Family." Like "Humphrey Clinker," which is also surely *its* author's masterpiece, this *chef d'œuvre* is in letters. It runs over with comicality and worldly wisdom, and pleasantries the most irresistible and the most exhilarating.

"Luttrell of Arran," was finished under date Marola la Spezzia; and at the same place was completed, before the close of 1862, the clever, though sketchy one-volumed tale of the Fisherman's Home, hight "Barrington." This was the work inscribed by Lever to Dickens. And it is interesting to note, as a sequel to that dedication, that the former contributed his two next stories, each of them brief, "A Rent in the Cloud," and "A Day's Ride: a Life's Romance," to the pages of "All the Year Round." At Spezzia, too, he contributed largely to "Once a Week." Another minor work was dashed off a few years afterwards, in a kindred spirit, at the request of Anthony Trollope for his "St. Paul's Magazine," in the shape of "Paul Gosslett's Confessions." Meanwhile Cornelius O'Dowd had gaily come to the fore in "Blackwood."

Lever has also penned as many as four other novels since his completion of the last of the stories already enumerated—two through the double columned pages of *Maga*, "Tony Butler," and Sir Brooke Fossbrooke"—two in the "Cornhill," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," and "That Boy of Norcott's." Another had only just finished in the last-mentioned periodical, a sprightly and thoroughly Irish fiction, under the old name of "Lord Kilgobbin."

The novels of Charles Lever hold their place, and they will continue to hold it. And he was active and busy to the last. The new novel which appeared from his pen within the course of the past few weeks, is rich in the same charm as of old—mellowed by years of experience indeed, but

notimpaired—the same keen humour, the same abounding fun. The dedication of that novel—"Lord Kilgobbin"—is now before us, and as we read its lines—the saddest that Charles Lever ever wrote—it is impossible not to be struck by the idea that their author was haunted, when he penned them, with a melancholy and over-true foreboding of a sad catastrophe which was, as the event has proved, so near at hand. "To the memory," so runs the mournful inscription, composed under the influence of a profound domestic affliction—"of one whose companionship made the happiness of a long life, and whose loss has left me helpless, I dedicate these volumes, written in breaking health and broken spirits. The task that was once my joy and pride I have lived to find associated with my sorrow. It is not, then, without a cause I say I hope this effort may be my last." Even thus it was to be. The closing page was already written, and the ultimate line blotted. The finger of death has inscribed the word *finis* upon the career of a man who throughout his long and unceasingly active life provided a rich storehouse of honest and healthful literary amusement for his age, and for ages to come, who never embodied an idea or wrote a paragraph which father need fear to place in his boy's hands, or which can be construed as conveying one impure inuendo, one immodest afterthought. This is the great literary glory of the man; this constitutes the best and brightest laurel in the wreath which we lay upon his tomb. Animal spirits, rollicking fun, inexhaustible amusement—of these the novels of Lever are brimful. But they are absolutely without anything which is base in itself or lowering in its tendencies. The animalism in which he revels is the animalism of which we need not be ashamed. No youthful mind was ever impregnated with a single seed of unwholesome appetite or desire by the novels of Charles Lever.

They are infected by no moral taint. Their atmosphere is free indeed and controlled. Their hilarity runs high, and sometimes boisterous. Their heroes are often enough impossible and extravagant. We are introduced to *noctes cœnæque deum* not a few, but there is nothing that an English parent need hesitate to commend to the leisure-hour reading of an inquiring English boy.

Whatever in the way of that kind of life and character which are sometimes called "fast" Lever portrayed is refined and purified by the artist himself. The air is cleared of the poison; the sting is taken from the flower. In the devilry of Lever's scenes there may be much that is contagious; there is nothing that is noxious. It is a very exceptional thing for him to touch at all upon topics of a doubtful character; but when he does—witness his novel of "Sir Brook Fossbrook"—how palpable, how intense, how unmitigated is his scorn for baseness, cowardice, vice. In all these matters Lever's strong sense of manly rectitude is apparent. There is no doubt on which side are his sympathies. He does not, as is the fashion with the "fleshly school" of muscular novelists, palter with iniquity, and while denouncing sin in the abstract, revel in the highly-coloured passages that to the youthful mind are the most fatal provocatives to sin in the concrete. As for his heroes, who does not know the infinite series of escapades and scrapes through which he conducts them? They are in difficulty often; sometimes they are in debt. They are always open to fun; but the fun is pure and wholesome. As for the debt, it is disposed of by some comfortable windfall; as for the difficulties, they are honourably surmounted. Never in the course of the adventures of the most rapid of Charles Lever's heroes are we introduced to the *demi-monde*, or the heavy air of the bagnio or casino.

This freedom from anything like vicious influence characterises all Lever's novels, from his earliest to his latest. In the more recent of his works he has somewhat changed his *venue*: he has transported us from the rollicking gaiety of Irish dragoons to the mystic regions in which F.O. reigns supreme. But the verdict is the same. There is the same unfettered and unflagging vivacity. Charles Lever has died at the age of sixty-three, in, to use his own touching words, "broken spirits." But there is no trace of this depression in the author. When in health Mr. Lever's animal spirits were prodigious; they were part of his temperament and his genius; but those who only knew him as the best of company, were not aware how often the brilliant flow of epigram and anecdote was followed by dreary intervals of despondency, and how acutely and tenderly this rattling companion and this consummate entertainer could suffer in the lonelier spaces of an existence that had its ample share of troubles and anxieties.

Mr. Lever's illness, though sudden in its termination, was of some duration, and although strong hopes were entertained of his recovery, he himself was despondent. In a letter to a friend he wrote, a few weeks since, "I cannot yet say that I am round the corner, and, to tell truth, I have so little desire of life that my own lassitude and low spirits go a good way in bearing me down." On the day before his death he appeared much better, and although suffering from breathlessness, conversed with an old friend, who came from Venice to see him, with almost his old vivacity. He passed away painlessly in his sleep. He had arranged the order for his funeral; and by his direction he was buried beside the remains of his wife.

## THE DREAM OF LIFE.

PINDAR, the great lyrist of antiquity, said, "Man is the dream of a shadow." Partially inverting the expression, the old English poet, Sir John Davies, touchingly echoes the thought:—

Man's life is but a dream, nay, less than so,  
A shadow of a dream.

A bard of the Orient, in imagery tintured with that gorgeous theosophy for which the Sufi muse is memorable, exhorts his reader,

Though human life be reason's dream,  
Rouse thine ere morning break it,  
And offer up thy heart to Him,  
Who else unasked will take it.

Montanus held that God alone is fully awake; every other being is more or less asleep and dreaming.

The gifted but unfortunate and wretched Poe depicts himself standing amidst the roar of a surf-tormented beach, holding in his hands a few golden grains of sand, which creep through his fingers into the sea. Weeping that he cannot grasp them with a tighter clasp, he cries,

O God ! can I not save  
One from the pitiless wave ?  
Is all that we see or seem  
But a dream within a dream ?

The instances thus cited, of incidental allusion to human experience under the metaphor of a dream, will suffice to show how naturally and how often such a conception is suggested to thoughtful persons. And surely, if our life *be* a dream, he is wisest who best discerns its dreaminess.

The most sober and elaborate treatment of the theme in this aspect, known to us, is in a forcible sermon by Bretschneider, called, "Is Life a Dream?" He argues that it is, and that it is not. First, it is a dream because it is so deceptive and empty; but not a dream, in that it has truth and earnest mean-

ing. Secondly, it is a dream because its images vanish so easily from memory; but not a dream, as its moral acts can never be obliterated. Thirdly, it is a dream because its weal and its woe so swiftly pass into forgetfulness; but not a dream, its effect bearing fruit which no length of time can destroy. Fourthly, it is a dream because its fortunes change in such painted confusion; but not a dream, connection and order being recognisable under it. Bretschneider, from too hasty a study of the phenomena of dreaming, making it a more shallow and accidental affair than it really is, exaggerated the four points of dissimilarity. The resemblance of a dream to life is deeper and more comprehensive than he shows. A dream, too, has at bottom its truth and earnest, its causative laws, its lessons, its order, and often its permanent consequences. Still the sermon is full of a beauty and strength not unworthy of its gifted author.

The miraculous harmony and perfection of the natural arrangements are exhibited quite as wonderfully as anywhere else, in the alternation of light and darkness, waking and sleeping. Consciousness is only possible by contrasts with unconsciousness. The only conceivable way in which any experience can be kept freshly enjoyable, is by a series of cessations and re-beginnings. A steady day without a night would soon become intolerable. The vividness and beauty of its forms arise from their temporary withdrawal, and their restoration after absence has renewed our appreciation and whetted our appetite. It is the very basis and law of life that there can be no preserved vigour of sensation, edge of thought, or joy of exper-

ence, except through an alternation of respite and return. So profound is the necessity, so benignant the significance, of night and sleep.

There are three states of embodied being; full waking, sound sleep, and the intermediate stage of dreaming. Waiving, as unnecessary, any description of the two extreme states, let us fix our attention upon the mental condition, mixed, of them both. Democritus, and the ancient atomistic philosophers in general, held that all corporeal objects constantly emit *simulacra*, intangible spectres of themselves, which float about at random, and, entering the sleeper's mind, produce dreams. Baxter, Swedenborg, and several other writers of note, teach that disembodied spirits, free, immaterial intelligences, playing on our faculties during the temporary abdication of the conscious will, cause the whole medley of dreaming. Des Cartes and his followers maintain that the mind itself is not subject to sleep, but is incessantly active. Spirit, they affirm, is essential activity, incapable of fatigue or drowse.

Though thy slumber may be deep,  
Yet thy *spirit* shall not sleep;  
There are shapes which will not vanish,  
There are thoughts thou canst not banish.

Deeply buried beneath its opaque and sluggish veil of flesh, the soul carries on its multifarious operations without cessation. Dreaming is when by some cause a part of the veil is lifted or a momentary perforation, made in the mask, so that a glimpse of the interior activities shines through, and fastens a clew on the outer world for waking recollection to seize. Hazlitt eloquently asserts this theory in his "Round Table." It is now the popular theory propounded by most writers on the subject. But it is a hypothesis more recondite than is warranted by the facts. No proof has yet been advanced, reaching to so remote a conclusion. That bodies throw off ghosts which assail the soul and pro-

duce perceptions, is a puerile, though interesting device, of the early groping of speculation. That guardian angels and tempting devils mould our sleeping fantasies, is a figment of superstition. That the mind never rests from its labours, is a metaphysical conceit unsustained by adequate authority. We are therefore to reject these three theories of dreaming, and seek some simpler statement more in consonance with nature and reason.

Though there is ample evidence to demonstrate that we frequently dream without retaining any remembrance of the dream, it by no means follows that we never sleep without dreaming. And, indeed, on all physiological grounds, the probabilities seem irresistible that in a healthy and perfect sleep the mind is without the slightest touch or glimmer of a dream. A series of images or perceptions may be caused in us by outward influences, producing *sensations*, by inward operations, summoning up *ideas*, or by the two conjoined, constituting a more complex mental action. When awake, we spontaneously discriminate between these two with distinctness, and have power in a degree to order them at our will. But when we are asleep we know no difference between external influences and internal operations; then our experience is entirely at the mercy of fortuitous causes and the law of association. In our sleep one faculty or sense may act alone, but in our waking state they act, as it were, simultaneously, correcting or confirming each other. In dreaming, the mind for the most part furnishes its own material; in wakefulness, nature conjointly furnishes it. There the action is recollection and arrangement; here it is perception and assimilation. When the sleep is complete we do not dream at all. When the senses are closed, but the mind partially wakes, we dream, but retain no memory of it. When our sleep



is so superficial or disturbed that it is accompanied by sensations, however fragmentary or vague, traces of these sensations left on the brain, suggest the associated dream to us when we awake, or perhaps long afterwards. Such is the most rational account, as it has been developed of late by several authors.

There is one curious and difficult inquiry to which no satisfactory reply has yet been given. It is in regard to the horrible phenomenon of nightmare. Why is it that our dreams, when we sleep in an easy position and the organism is in healthy action, are beautiful and agreeable; but when we sleep in a cramped, oppressive attitude, or are suffering from indigestion, they are invariably of a frightful character, full of deformity or danger, causing pain and terror? Of this abstruse and interesting problem the following solution is suggested—a solution which, it is believed, will be acceptable and conclusive to those familiar with the ultimate principles of physiological and psychological science. Ugly and terrible outward phenomena, reported in the brain, and there interpreted in relation to what the exigency requires of the organism, produce disturbing and violent reactions in various nerve-centres. These reactions, reporting themselves in the brain, are there, by the inverse action of the law of association, taken to imply the presence, as outward causes, of the ugly and terrible phenomena of which they had before been consequences. If a piece of tough beef in the stomach causes from within just such a ganglionic perturbation as would be caused from without by a murderous deed or a fall from a precipice, is it not quite natural that the mind, deprived of its usual verifying tests, should think its subjective interpretation of the former an objective experience of the latter?

The commonest mistake in regard to dreams is the belief that they enter

the mind from abroad. With fancy, but fictitious thought, a poet says,—

Sleep is a traitor  
Who fills the poor defenceless eyes with  
blackness,  
That he may let in dreams.

They are evoked, not introduced. When the inner play becomes, as sometimes does, so exciting and powerful as to strike the springs of volition, and thus move the muscles, we have *somnambulism*, which is a dream put into action. Are not some men sleep-walkers all their days, putting their dreams into actions? The essence of a dream then, is that objects and events which are only ideally perceived within the mind are credited as having outward existence. And in this innermost essence of the thing, in this outermost colour of the phenomenon, is not our whole life full of dream? Pascal impressively asks in one of those pregnant paragraphs which often fell from his pen, "If we were solitary when awake, but dreamed in company, and our dreams accorded with each other, who doubts that we should believe matters reversed? In fine, as we frequently dream that we dream, piling one dream upon another, it is quite possible that this life is only a dream, on which others are grafted, from which we awake at death, and during which we have the principles of the true and the good as little as during natural sleep." How many things, which for the time sway and shape us, are limited to our own souls, pure idealities destined never to be any part of the veritable world. It is one of the deep utterances of old Heraclitus that "they who are awake have a world in common among them; but they who sleep are retired each to his own private world." Nevertheless, literal and large as the truth in this maxim is—still with reference to our moral experience an inverse statement; for the former cause of it would express

a graver truth, and one with a more comprehensive inference. Consider it thus. Our common waking life is like a dream, because in it each man lives a special experience within a world specially shaped and coloured by his dominant idiosyncrasies.

Well may sleep present us fictions,  
Since our waking moments teem  
With such fanciful convictions  
As make life itself a dream.

Since God is infinite, nothing can occur beyond Him. All things are embraced within His intelligence. The universe, then, is His dream. How wondrously has glided through the Divine thought the solemn and many-coloured Dream of History since the birth of the earliest man unto this hour! Silent, swift, with kaleidoscopic changes, the weird, embroiled procession of nations, peoples, revolutions, trophies, has swept on, from the painted savages, half-clad in skins of beasts, with their war-clubs, their watch-fires, their frantic dances and idolatrous rites, by nomadic hordes with swarming flocks, by slave-crowded cities, by Brahminism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, to the peers of France and the lords of England in the centre of the nineteenth century. The somnolent troops of actors and events file past and fade upon our contemplation, a shadowy vision all—a dream.

Wieland, in a leisure hour, contemplating an image of the sleeping Endymion, recalled the declaration of Cicero, who, in maintaining that man is destined for an active life, says, "Even were we sure to have the most delightful dreams of the world, we should not covet the sleep of Endymion; on the contrary, the condition of a man whom this should befall would in our eyes be no better than death." In opposition to this view, Wieland, in his meditations, was led on from thought to thought, until he had written a poem of some three hundred and fifty lines, which

he called *Das Leben ein Traum*,—(Life, a Dream).

It commences charmingly with the following picture, and an interrogatory confutation of Cicero's statement:—"How beauteous, rocked by Diana, Endymion lies here in the moonshine! The loveliest dream hovers on his cheek. The bliss that ravishes his heart, expressed in every muscle, seems to give divinity to the mortal. Thou, to whom his sleep appears as an image of death, here see Thyself contradicted To be happy—is not that to *live*?"

Human life is dream-like in its mystery. In the still haven of sleep, says Schubert, the soul rides at anchor; the pilot has left his post, the sails are furled, the soft airs of memory play through the cordage of the brain, and the deep tide of desire still heaves with subsiding surge in the heart. The scenery without, far along the enchanted spaces of earth and sky, corresponds with the hushed phenomena within, throughout the weird chambers of the brain. *There*, while all is muffled in the echoless secrecy of night, the moon floats up the solemn welkin,

An argent shell,  
Washed from the caves of darkness on a swell.

*Here*, as the wearied mortal lies stretched in refreshing slumber, across the soul's vision sweep, in mighty and unheard procession, Andean peaks oversailed by the condor, eastern deserts threaded with caravans, forms of lost friends embalmed and transfigured in the long-ago, ravishing pictures of hopes fulfilled and unimagined worlds. It is fortunate for us, in the dry utilitarianism which crowds our days, that one realm still preserves its solemn obscurity, freshly touching us with awe and faith whenever we cross its mysterious environment to contemplate the familiar-strange phenomena and land of dreams.

Moving about under the astro-

nostic arch of eternity, dim and vanishing creatures of a moment, surrounded by enigmas which baffle while they allure us, how truly may it be said,

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

Every object we gaze on, from the diamond to the sun, from the violet to the firmament, is embedded in a wonder and swathed with a beauty whose secrets inspire our curiosity, but mock our science. Rind after rind of fact and law our science may peel off, but within every problem lurks an ultimate core of cause and meaning, which the keenest analysis must ever halt short of in despair. Borne around the zodiac in our sphere of circulating light and dark, like motes in sunbeam and shade, millions of mysteries defy our investigation, and millions more elude even our sight.

Human life is like a dream in its dim perspective before us, its vague fading while present, its brief passage by us, and its feeble spectrality as it lies behind us. The most vividly-painted scenes we pass through, the most exciting adventures we know, the enterprises of greatest pith and moment we ever engage in, how swiftly they flit by! How sadly their parts crumble out of proportion, like castles of cloud-rack! How soon, losing all their interest and importance, they get thin and pale as we look back upon them! Now our dream goads us to a frenzy of terror, or laps us in an elysium of bliss. An instant after, not the slightest vestige is left of that tempestuous fright or that placid fruition. A year ago one blooming face in our view, was the consummate rose of all earth's riches and beauty. To-day it is no more to us than a faded rose-leaf, which the haggard blast has snatched and disdainfully flung away. A dream, a dream is our life below; like shadows on the waves we pass and disappear.

Ein Traum, ein Traum, ist unser Leben auf Erden hier:  
Wie Schatten auf den Wogen, schweben und schwinden nie.

But amidst the sorrowful decays of our fancied wealth, the sudden disappearances of our imaginary strongholds, the profound remark of Herder should ever be retained in mind: "Although the joys of youth are dreams, its deeds are no dreams."

Life is like a dream, furthermore, in its odd and subtle ramification of causes and effects. In either there is nothing so trivial that the most magnificent sequences may not follow from it. The rumble of a cart is heard in the street—and the entire course and accompaniments of a battle rage through the dreamer's brain. Constantly, in the waking experience of society and of the individual, the most eccentric, complicated, almost incredible results are the quiet unfolding and easy issue of the most natural circumstances and the simplest combinations. The greasing of a cartridge with cow's fat producing the great India revolt, horrifies a hundred nations and deluges half a continent with blood. The cackling of a goose saved the capital of the world. The eyes of a youth and a maiden meet—and their whole destinies are changed by a glance. In history, the nailing of a paper to a church-door by a poor monk dilates to a storm which splits Christendom asunder and subsides not for centuries. Both in our dreaming and in our waking lives the laws of association and causation are wonderful beyond all things, inexplicably bringing together the farthest objects and the nearest, the most trifling affairs and the most tremendous.

Life is like a dream in the terrors and sufferings it knows. What nameless fears, what indescribable agonies, shake and tear the soul of the sleeper, who yet all the while lies safely couched and curtained in his home! What height and depth

of torture and despair can equal those experienced by the dreamer, in his futile struggles to shrink from an abyss, or to escape from a serpent, in his overwhelming powerlessness to lift a finger or utter a sound, as he gasps paralysed under the slow horrors of incubus! Oh, what relief then to awake, and find that it was a dream! Often under an unhappy misapprehension, a groundless anticipation of calamity, an imaginary woe, we suffer more than can be told; but in a fortunate hour some dawn of light reveals the truth, some friendly voice or touch arouses us from our painful delusion to the cheerful daylight of assured hopes and sympathetic fellowships.

In ancient times dreams were regarded as revelations. That superstition, in its old, magical sense, has been outgrown. But in a natural, scientific sense dreams are, in a limited degree, revelations. That is to say, they indicate something of the habits and character of their subjects. A man dreamed that he had killed Dionysius; the tyrant, on hearing of it, had him executed. Many a deep glimpse into the true bent and secrets of the soul is afforded by the dreams in which—a more mysterious Haroun El Raschid—it goes masquerading. Dreams may be called the moonlight of light—broken and wavering reflections thrown on the molten mirror of sleep from the sun of waking consciousness. Indeed, it is well known that we are apt to dream about whatever has intensely occupied us previously to sleeping. The wheels spontaneously keep on, and unconscious cerebration proceeds, occasionally lighted into consciousness and memory by gearing into the electric cogs of sensation.

The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,  
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,  
And urged in dreams the forest-race,  
From Teviot-Stone to Eskdale moor.

Something, then, may be inferred from the nature of a man's dreams.

All have their characteristic

dreams, in which their spiritual histories and aims are more or less clearly hinted. This truth is admirably touched in Mercutio's description of Queen Mab's nightly gallops across the minds of different sorts of people. Dreaming is the real Agrippa's mirror, wherein every Surrey gazes on his own Geraldine. God applauds holy and loving deeds with their own echoes. He rewards noble purposes in our waking with beautiful dreams in our sleep.

The consideration of the dream of life in its moral relations yields two conclusions of chief importance. The first is, that we should exercise as much control as possible over the character of our dreams, to make them noble, beautiful, and good, instead of selfish, hideous, and mean. Every man is conscious of the power, in a degree, to direct the law of association, to dismiss or detain, to invite or repel desires, thoughts, and images. He can cherish or trample the brood of envy. He can dwell continually upon hateful feelings and vile designs, or upon generous and beneficent ones. Every man therefore, should strive to discipline his voluntary meditations, and sympathies, and purposes, with truth and love and purity, that all his involuntary musings and emotions and feelings shall be sweet and kind and fair. There is an intimate connection between our conscious, deliberative activity, and our characteristic, automatic activity. The king comes out of his dream of buffoonery a king; the clown after his dream of royalty is still a clown. This impressive lesson is taught most skillfully in that one of the "Thousand and One Nights," called Abu El Hassan, or, the Sleeper Awakened; also by Shakespeare in his picture of Christopher Sly, the drunken tinker, in "Taming of the Shrew." It is an instructive fact of history that the dreams of people in the Middle Ages—when such a fearful faith in

devils and witchcraft and hell prevailed, and when such dire cruelties were perpetrated by irresponsible tyranny and superstition—were generally of the most awful character, abounding in demoniacal visions. Fuseli is said to have eaten raw meat in order to obtain splendid dreams, the remembrance of which might enkindle his imagination while he was painting. Mrs. Radcliffe, it is reported, was accustomed to sup on the most indigestible substances, that the resulting nightmares might suggest terrible plots and scenery for her romances. Her readers certainly have occasion to feel that *they* "have supped full of horrors." The lesson is sound, though the instance be perverse. By every mental act we should endeavour to direct the current, elevate and purify the character of our dreams. If man's life below be a dream, let him at least try to dream it well; try, by filling it with virtuous acts and divine aspirations, to make it a holy and blessed dream.

The other leading moral of the subject is that we should make our life as little as possible a fading dream, and as much as possible an abiding truth. There are two ways to compass this end. First, by carrying our best dreams themselves into effect; not letting the tinted visions dissolve into air, like cloud-structures; but securing their realisation in the granite, marble, ivory, and gold of character and conduct, like an architect's plans. "E'en greatly to have dreamed precludes low ends." Under the guidance of a determined will the fancies and wishes of our young days are powerful in forming the achievements of manhood. The grand desideratum in maturity is not to forget, but to realise the tender and lofty dreams of the earlier time. Before the heat and burden of the day are encountered, we indulge anticipating hopes; after the heat and burden of the day have passed, we indulge fond or painful reminis-

cences; but while the heat and burden of the day oppress us, we are so taken with the trial and task that we have little inclination for anything else. As Bulwer happily says, "Life is a sleep in which we dream most at the commencement and close—the middle part absorbs us too much for dreams." It is because in the degrading scramble of society we so often fail to attain and keep the heights our unhampered pinions first longed for, that many a one, sadly recalling in his later debasement some exquisite vision of long ago, exclaims with resistless melancholy, "Ah, sacred and rapturous dream, had I but died in thee!" Ever fit and beautiful, therefore, to be taken to the heart of every man is the solemn adjuration of Schiller's Don Carlos:

O! bid him reverence in his manhood's  
prime,

His youth's bright morning dream.

The second way of making our life a substance, and not a mere shadow, is by resolutely displacing baseless conceits with decisive designs, vague reveries with solid deeds; discriminating the illusory from the real, so that in all those particulars in which life is a dream we shall see it as a dream, but in all its verities wakefully seize it as a verity. There are experiences which bring to almost all of us a mood of mind wherein the world appears nothing but a huge dream-temple full of fading images and tones. With a few this mood is as chronic as it is dominant. These persons are so unpronounced, so remote from all vibrating contact with the world's tangible facts and humanity's passionate enterprises that they glide through existence like shadows among shadows. They need more nervous muscle in their pulp, keener blood in their watery veins, more electricity in their soporiferous thoughts. In the ears of every such lethargic visionary the wise herald

should scream through a brazen trumpet,

Thou brain-sick dreamer in a world of dream,

Where nothing solid braves the windy shock,

Thy fancy needs to learn, though Jove supreme

Compels the clouds, he sits upon a rock.

The saying that life is a dream should convince us that we are awake, and sharpen our wakefulness. There is a vast deal of idle sentimentalism, drooping and moaning over departed hopes, instead of energetically endeavouring to replace them with grander ones. Time to the faithful man brings so much more than it takes away, that he never feels these vapid regrets. Each lovely illusion vanishes, but to reappear in a lovelier shape.

Dreams, literally speaking, are unhealthy products, symptoms of morbid states. They are not the right working, but the impingement and jar of the fine machinery of the brain, not a part of the soul's perfect music, but a discord. A dream is a passing delirium; delirium is a fixed dream overpowering reason. If every faculty were in a wholly normal condition, and all were harmoniously balanced, and every function were entirely fulfilled, *we should never dream*. The activities of the day would suffice; and no surplusage, defect, or irritation, would remain to create the disturbance of dreams within our dark-covered slumbers. The application of this fact to our waking life is immediate, and is not without pathos. For what are our choicest day-dreams, those dear reveries, imaginary schemings, inward scenic triumphs—what are they but the refuse and resource of the disappointed heart? Its holy anticipations and wild longings thwarted in a world gone wrong and too harsh and narrow, the hungry but creative soul builds its own palace, peoples it from affection, and adorns it with glories no stranger's eye can see. As we are, and as the world is, how many

persons lead two lives, one of public duty in the routine of business, the other of withdrawn romance in the heart's secret home! So we read, in the tale artfully elaborated by Bulwer, of an enthusiast, who, learning to connect and follow through his dreams from sleep to sleep, led one life of prosaic care and labour in the dusty bustle of the days, another life of magical splendour and sweetness in the star-hung silence of the nights.

While we wear this heavy veil of flesh, here where every essence of truth is hid behind the mask of the material creation, all things are full of dreaming, from the giant ocean murmuring in his sleep, to the stars winking slumbrously on their thrones. Occasionally, for a little time, we arouse from our dreams, and are aware of the evanescent delusions, and of the everlasting verities contrasted with them; but earthly temperament and fate have drugged us too deeply, and we soon subside into the papaverous and visionary realm again.

Death is the last and completest breaker of the spells that bind us, the chief arouser of drowsing souls. Mohammed wrote in the Koran, "While men live they sleep; when they die, they wake." But Shakespeare makes the deep thoughted Hamlet say,—and oh, how many a man in hours of lonely struggling with the problem of his destiny, has trembled before a kindred surmise!—

But in that sleep of death what dreams may come!

The melancholy and sceptical, but gifted and noble musician, Neukoom, once said inquiringly to the learned and pious Bunsen: "Into what dreams may we pass at death?" And when Bunsen answered, "We shall then, I think, awake from all dreams," he shook his head and made no response. However it may be after death, as long as we live it is hardly possible for any deep soul to shake off a haunt-

ing sense of dreaminess. Above every charming landscape of earth floats a haze of mystery which seems to say to the heart, "It is but a dream—it will melt away." In all the entrancements of music, mystic overtones are heard breathing sadly through each strain, "It is but a dream—it will melt away." In the gayest moments of sensual abandonment, when the thyrsus is bound with roses, and the goblet sparkles to the edge, and the song rings merrily, and all paradise lies uncovered in a pair of eyes, ever and anon somberly wails the ominous refrain, "It is but a dream—it will melt away. Amid this play of illusory shows two things are solid and abiding; the will of God, and the soul which seizes that will.

A German thinker, who died very young, has recorded this maxim; "When we dream that we dream, we are nigh waking." It is true in every sense. In dreaming we are usually unconscious that we are dreaming; but sometimes we half suspect it, and seek to test the fact. So all of us have some seasons, placid moments in a turbulent career, lurid spots in a discoloured sky, when amidst the studies, vexations, delirium of life, we are haunted by a dim conviction of their vanity and falsehood; and, for the time, we almost free ourselves from the delusions that fascinated; the taskmaster that goaded, the dark regrets that pained us. At all events one thing is sure, namely, that even "If this life is not a dream," as the marvellous Novalis said, "it will become one." What else can it seem when we look back upon it from the mighty hereafter?

Of that concealed, dreaded, prayed-for hereafter, dreaming has something to tell us. For it is of a prophetic nature, not indeed, with any on-eiromantic, but with a psychological significance. "Dreams," it has been strikingly said, "are rudiments of the great state to come,"

when the soul shall be liberated into its native kingdom, to lead a life no longer sensational, but ideal. A dream appears to imply the independence of the mind in its earthly environment; for in it the mind supplies and manages its own material without aid from the senses or the outward world—an unmuffled hint of an immaterial immortality for the spirit. All persons dream of flying. What is it but a prescience of the season to come, when "they shall mount as on eagles' wings, and never faint?" when the soul, no more clogged by the body, shall be its own world and make its own world?

In extremity, men dream of the things they most want and suffer for; the thirsty and hungry of rills and banquets; the prisoner, of freedom; the sick, of health. Surely God intends the inmost desires of the spirit, which is His child, shall be satisfied. Can heaven, then, be only a mirage? Oh, they will never credit this, who recollect the thousands of godly souls, benefactors, saviours, saints, martyrs, heroes, triumphant and transfigured ones, all of whom in their time,

While rowing hard against the stream,  
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,  
And did not dream it was a dream.

It is related, one knows not how truly, that Plato, the starriest intellect that ever stooped to domicile itself in flesh, died in a dream. Who would not gladly draw the curtain around himself and take his departure for the unknown sphere accompanied by sublime ideas and visions, even as Pythagoras was wont to go to sleep with grand music? "A dream," Euripides wrote, "is the lesser mysteries of death." Death itself, then, is the last initiation, when man passes the final curtain, and confronts the naked truths of being in the very adytum of the universe.

Suddenly opening their eyes, after a vivid dream, repeated instances

have been known in which persons have literally seen the fast-scattered imagery of "retiring terrors and dissolving splendours." In such cases the intense action of the faculties produces an objective projection of subjective motions, and results in what Draper calls cerebral vision, in distinction from ocular vision. Schopenhauer impressively says, "In a terrible dream, when our suffering reaches the highest pitch, it brings that awakening in which all the monsters of the night vanish ; so in the dream of life it happens—when the extremity of anguish compels it to break up and disappear."

Premonishing glimpses, assuring hints, of the world to come have many a time been afforded in pre-

cious snatches of deathbed experience. Angels have seemed to hover before the eyes of the dying one, and faint strains from the harps of the seraphim echo down to his ears. When we start, at last, from the long dream of life, how deceptive visions will dissipate, shadows flee, every evanescent folly be over ! Then we shall dream no more, but be pure realities amid pure realities. Then seeing how, from stage to stage of being, the plan of the Creator transcends the hope of the creature, we shall learn that—

Life's gift outruns our fancies far,  
And drowns the dream  
In vaster stream,  
As morning drinks the morning star.





## ONLY A WEE BIT BAIRN.

ONLY a wee bit bairn, but 'tis bitterly hard to miss  
The tread of her toddling feet, the balm of her loving kiss,  
The grasp of her gentle hand, the touch of her soft warm cheek ;  
Blue eyes beaming with love, that the young tongue could not speak.  
They say she has gone before us, where little children go,  
To dwell in a garden of lilies, in garments white as snow.  
But we envy the angels our treasure, and wish her back once more ;  
Her small sweet face at the window, her laugh at the open door.

Only a wee bit bairn, with soft blue bonny eyes ;  
Ready to dance with fun, or bright with the light of surprise.  
Hands ever ready for mischief, mouth ever ready for glee ;  
Voice like a cherub, at least so it seemed to her mother and me.  
Seraphs have given her welcome, coaxed her to enter the fold,  
Where lambs that are missing on earth, are gathered and lovingly told.  
But our ears were so used to her bleating, we hear what no others can hear,  
The cry of a lost little child from some distant unseen sphere.

Only a wee bit bairn, with lamb-like innocent ways,  
But the lilt of her little voice will be heard to the end of our days.  
Blithe as a bee was our babe, and sweet as the flowers in May.  
Now she sleeps under the daisies with which she delighted to play.  
They bid us be patient and faithful, that God brings all things right,  
But we pine for her prattle by day and her dear wee form at night.  
They say she is singing to angels—we want her to sing to us here ;  
Could we tire of such music as hers in little more than a year.

Only a wee bit bairn, with pinky hands and toes,  
Teeth like the purest of pearls, lips and cheeks like a rose.  
Beautiful glossy hair that curled like the shoots of a vine,  
And bound with a magic clasp her mother's heart and mine.  
They say she is happy—we feel it ; but think that it hardly can be—  
Torn from her brothers and sisters, her loving mother and me.  
We gaze at the stars above us, and bow to the weight of our load ;  
Perchance the same Hand that has scattered will gather the thorns from  
our road.

R. C. F. HANNAY.

# DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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## DUBLIN NEWSPAPERS OF LAST CENTURY.

THE Newspaper possesses a merit analogous to that of the Drama. It embodies in a certain degree the character and spirit of its era and locality, and so must always possess a strong interest for the student of the philosophy of history. And the writer who gives to the world an account of the ephemeral literature of a country, general or partial, deserves well of his own, and still better of after generations. Such a benefactor to Irish and English literature is Dr. R. R. Madden, of whose "History of Irish Periodical Literature" we gave an introductory notice in this MAGAZINE, for July, 1871. Of his own labours, researches, and deep interest in his subject, we endeavoured on that occasion to speak as they merited, but, in fact, nothing we could say can give the reader an adequate idea of the sacrifices made to his darling pursuit by this modern "restorer of decayed Intelligence."

In our former paper we availed ourselves of all the information afforded by our writer concerning the introduction of printing into our country, the early works struck off, and the history of Irish typography generally till the early part of last century. In our *resumé* we did not forget to dwell on John Dunton's

Irish Grievances, as set forth by Dr. Madden, the long unsettled question of the first Irish edition of the English Bible, and the claims of the respected family of the Griersons to the gratitude of the literary section of Irish people. The space at our disposal merely afforded room for recording the names and publishers of the earliest Dublin newspapers; we now proceed to carry on the history of the Irish periodical press of the last century.

*The Dublin Intelligence*, published in Smock Alley, now Lower Exchange Street, 1705, was a faithful type of several early Dublin newspapers of a most valueless character, regarded from a literary or patriotic point of view. "It ordinarily contained no Irish intelligence—good, bad, or indifferent. Two or three advertisements in each number reminded readers they were in a country where some trade was carried on by Irishmen."<sup>1</sup>

"*The Dublin Intelligence*, one leaf, printed on both sides, quarto size, ten and a half inches long, by six inches broad, professed to contain the chief heads of the foreign and domestic news. It differed very little in size, matter, paper, or printing, from the earliest number of the paper of the same name for the year

<sup>1</sup> Such portions of this article as are included between inverted commas, are direct quotations from Dr. Madden's volumes.

1690. So many newspaper periodicals bearing this title were published at various times in Dublin, and some at long intervals between their appearance, that it is difficult to determine which of them is the original paper, a continuation, a revival, or a new publication altogether."

*Pue's Occurrences*, which struggled through nearly the entire of the century, viz., from 1703 to 1792, began its course, if Mr. Gilbert and Dr. Madden are not deceived, on Christmas Day (!), on the site now occupied by the houses 6, 7, and 8, in Christ Church Place. In 1703 it was called Carberry House, but was soon better known as Dick's Coffee-house, as Richard Pue, besides using it as his printing and publishing establishment, treated his literary friends, and the respectable portion of the public, to coffee, on his drawing-room floor. Dick's Coffee-house, in Skinners' Row, in the early part of last century, was to the Dublin literati what Wills's was to the writers and admirers of the *Spectator*. The paper remained the property of the family till 1763.

The earliest issue of it was only seven and a half inches by six, each number consisting of four pages. About 1731, it was expanded to a sheet measuring twelve inches by ten. In 1736 it was enlarged to a small folio size, and in 1738 it assumed the proportions of large folio, and thus remained till its decease. It continued to the end as meagre and uninviting in contents as the *Intelligence*. "The foreign and London intelligence usually occupied four columns; Irish news, including reports of accidents, murders, and robberies, from a quarter to half a column, advertisements from a page and a half to one and three-quarters of a page."

Taking the former severity of our penal code into account, we feel somewhat surprised to find in *Pue's Occurrences*, under the date December 23, 1760, that John Gallagher,

convicted of offering a guinea, knowing it to be counterfeit, was merely sentenced to two month's imprisonment, and the need of finding securities for his future good behaviour. Let us hope that the doom of being burned alive, pronounced on a wicked woman or two, about same date, was not carried into effect. In *Pue's* paper, under the date June 20, 1760, was recorded the delivery of Lady Mornington of a son, at her mansion in Grafton Street, afterwards the Royal Irish Academy House, and now in the Alliance Gas Company's possession. The child then born, the future Marquis of Wellesley, was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland some fifty years since. His brother, the late Duke of Wellington, was born in Mornington House, 24, Upper Merrion Street, at present the "Church Temporalities' Office."

The year just quoted witnessed the accession of George III., duly chronicled by *Pue*, as well as the death of Lawrence Esmonde, of Balinastra, County Wexford, in the last week of September. That gentleman was pronounced by *Pue* the best sportsman in Ireland, having followed the stag hounds up to his 90th year. Returning at night from a club, none of whose members were left in a condition to accompany him, he fell from his horse, and death resulted from the injuries received.

Dublin has not been without its official Gazette since A.D. 1705, but of the Gazette published in that city in 1789 (*Jacobo II. regnante*) Dr. Madden has not succeeded in coming on a single copy. We find the ruling powers frequently dropping down on the publishers of their unenterprising sheet, and taking away their privileges. In those remote times the Custom-house printing office was located in Crane Lane.

Of *The Postman* (Sandy's, Crane Lane, 1707), there is only one number extant. The same fate has attended *The Diverting Post*, published by A(aron R(hames)), at the back of

Dick's Coffee-house, Skinners' Row, 1709. The contents of this latter journal consisted of burlesque, amatory, and satirical verses of little merit. Rhames is supposed by our authority to have been a converted London Jew. He was certainly a careful printer. The earliest Irish edition of the English Bible was printed by him in 1714, and published by George Grierson, as mentioned in our former article.

*The Protestant Post Boy*, 1712, has had the same ill-fortune, one number only existing, viz., in the library of Trinity College.

John Whalley—quack, prophet, cobbler, astrologer, and almanack-maker—infused some briskness into the slough of despond in which the periodical literature of Dublin weltered in the beginning of last century. Born in England, in 1653, we find him practising necromancy in Dublin, 1682, and taking the air in the pillory in 1688. Disgusted with his adopted country, he returned to England, but after some time he took heart of grace, and recrossing the water, resumed his cures and astrological predictions in Stephen's Green, West. In 1709, he commenced business as a printer and publisher in Arundel Court, Nicholas Street, and there was given to the world, in 1709, the first number of *Whalley's Newsletter*.

Whalley's *News from the Stars* would have been received with trust and welcome by the public, only for the selfish and pestilent conduct of John MacCombe and Andrew Cumsty, of Wood Quay, who maintained that the stellar announcements in their almanack were the only ones to be trusted, and that Whalley and his almanack were equally contemptible and unworthy of general credit. Hence arose the letter war between the prophets.

"Whalley's intimate acquaintance with the stars enabled him so frequently to predict the downfall of the Pope and his court of cardinals,

and the desolation and destruction of the city on the seven hills, that his rhapsodies acquired popularity. He died before the accomplishment of his prophesies, viz., in 1729."

*Whalley's Newsletter* consisted of one leaf, foolscap size, printed on both sides, with occasionally a supplement. One of these supplements was occupied by a humble petition from himself to the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in Parliament assembled, that in their wisdom they would altogether withdraw their countenance and toleration from all papists at present inhabiting the British dominions. "It was not only a great sin to show them any forbearance, but a piece of conduct attended with much danger. Some popish priests, pretending to obey the law, and leave the kingdom, merely crossed to the Continent to receive fresh orders, and ordain other priests for the Irish mission. The old and infirm, not caring for the disagreeables of a voyage or foreign life, allowed themselves to be put in prison, seduced their gaolers, had their daily masses, acted as schoolmasters, and privately did more harm to the Protestant religion than if at perfect liberty.

"Then your papist *physitian*, acting on the nerves of his patients, had opportunities of introducing the priests to bed-sides, and professors and schoolmasters still gave instructions, notwithstanding the existing laws, escaping fine and imprisonment through the mistaken leniency of Protestant acquaintances, who would not give evidence against them.

"Moreover, popish books continued to be printed in the country, or imported into it, to the great aid of popish idolatry, which was further comforted by James Malone, popish bookseller, in High Street, who continued to work off editions of 'Valentine and Orson,' 'The Seven Wise Masters,' 'The Seven Champions of Christendom,' &c., for the use of

schools, and thus kept out of the children's hands manuals of sound Protestant principles."

We do not care to quote to any extent from the suggestions and advices given by Mr. Whalley to Parliament. However well individuals might be affected towards the harshly treated Roman Catholics, the spirit of the existing laws was most intolerant. Two of the honest astrologer's recommendations will be sufficient. He would not put a recusant priest to death. No, no; he would, previous to banishment, treat him as the Grand Signor does the guardians of his seraglio, and have all the discoverable copies of "Valentine and Orson," "The Seven Wise Masters," "The Seven Champions of Christendom," &c., burned by the hands of the common hangman.

Jemmy Carson, the facetious printer, of Coghill's Court, Dame Street, himself a staunch Protestant, issued in rhyme the last confession of John Whalley and his after-reception in certain uncomfortable quarters. Dr. Madden finds the piece rather unfitted for introduction to his readers by its looseness and profanity. The following lines, the least indecent of the production, will give an idea of its spirit and execution.

#### EPITAPH.

Under this stone doth lie secure,  
A man in heart, that of no wife was wooer,  
The D——'s and the world's wonder,  
For perjury and vice, doth here lie under.  
A cobbler, doctor, and star-gazer too,  
Methinks he gave the D—— enough to do.  
I beg the favour of you, ponderous stone,  
To keep secure this wretched dolt and drone.

"Whalley's last almanack was published in 1724. His mantle descended on a Munster astrologer and almanack-maker, Mr. John Coats."

The "*New Vox Stellarum*, done at Cork, by John Coats, Student in Astrology," was printed by John Waters, Essex Street, Dublin. Probably Edward Waters, the much per-

secuted printer of Dean Swift, was a near relative of the almanack printer. He started some papers, and among them figured a *Dublin Intelligence*, concerning which popular title Dr. Madden thus writes:—

"The newspaper title, *The Dublin Intelligence*, must have had an extraordinary attraction for the citizens of Dublin. In the first quarter of the 18th century there were no less than three *Dublin Intelligences* published by different printers."

Even the humorous Jemmy Carson, of Coghill's Court (now serving for entrance to the printing-office of *Saunders*), must have his *Dublin Intelligence*, date 1724. He also maintained the *Dublin Weekly Journal*, 1725-1734, about which our authority observes:—

"This *Weekly Journal* was published by a humourist of some celebrity, a typographer of some repute moreover, and one of the few newspaper printers and conductors who ventured on treating an Irish public with original matter, and what was more remarkable, matter occasionally having reference to Irish rights and wrongs. It was printed on two quarto leaves, and sold for three half-pence. One peculiar feature of this paper was the illustration of advertisements with well-executed wood-prints of quaint figures, indicative of the trades or pursuits of the several advertisers."

In the number for April, 1728, Jemmy announced to his public that he looked on himself as a useful member of the commonwealth, and thus continued:—"He employs a great number of hands, and it is a pleasure to him to consider that, while he is doing his own business, and endeavouring to divert his countrymen, he is putting bread into the mouths of a great many helpless, indigent people."

"Honest Jemmy Carson reminds his dear public that his establishment is very expensive, and that it is maintained for their diversion and

instruction. 'To get news for them, and rumours of news, he has to keep secretaries, spies, agents, and even informers. So that no man in all Hibernia knows more of all the sayings and doings in every place of public resort, especially at the fashionable spa of Temple-Oge, where all the ladies of fashion and the gentlemen of the *beau monde* do congregate. He has always more reputations in his power than pounds in his purse, and the reason of that is, that he does not traffic in *faux-pas* and reputations. He prefers having no money to having hush money.'

Patrick Daniel, of the Domville Arms and the Three Tons, in Temple-Oge, presided over the *Spau*, in 1731, and promised good accommodation to his patrons and patronesses, declaring his dancing-room to be much more commodious than it was last year, and that a band of city musick would attend as many days in the week as the masters of the ceremonies direct.

"The Temple-Oge Spa water perhaps still exists, but the very site of the spring is now ignored. In one hundred and thirty-five years many things that were in great vogue, and had great attraction for our Irish aristocracy, have died out of the people's mind, as well as the aristocracy itself. Nothing good, it is supposed, can come out of this Nazareth of ours, not even health-restoring waters."

Among the uncomfortable intelligence afforded by the Coghill's Court paper, in 1725, the public learned that several *gallowses* were erected in the streets of Cork, for the execution of a batch of criminals,—that Cornet Poe was apprehended for robbing purse-mongers, near Tallow-hill, put in irons, and in due time executed, notwithstanding great intercession in his behalf; that two hundred pounds were offered for the apprehension of William Walsh, who had taken away Susannah Johnson, and was married to her by one

Murphy, a popish priest; that half the sum would be given to him who secured said Murphy; and that one Newland, who had forwarded one hundred men for the behoof of the Pretender, and had another hundred ready for embarkation the night he was taken, would be hanged, drawn, and quartered on July 2nd, 1726.

A contributor to this *Weekly Journal*, who had endeavoured to infuse some patriotism into the upper and middle ranks of his countrymen, thus uttered his grievances to the editor on the last day of 1726:—

"Numerous are the complaints and outcries that have been raised of my last two letters. If I had either preached up some damnable heresy, or preached down the fashionable custom of wearing hooped petticoats, my principles could not be reckoned more dangerous and pernicious."

Jemmy Carson having started other short-lived papers, published at last—"Jemmy Carson's Collections," being a revival of his own labours and lucubrations of fifty years past."

"Carson's particular vein of humour manifested itself in ludicrous puritanical compositions, entitled 'Presbyterian Sermons,' in which the rant of Presbyterian conventicles was imitated and ridiculed rather too profanely."

Dr. Madden chronicles the names and localities of sundry papers which came into existence at this time, and issued from Silver Court, Pembroke Court, off Castle Street, Darley Square, Werborough Street, and other retired spots, some of which have no local habitation or name in Dublin directories of many years past. We have, through curiosity, ventured into some of these deserts, including Molesworth Court, off Blind (Wood) Quay, and contrasted their once active life with their present squalid, supine condition, and were glad to hasten out and cheer our spirits with a glance at the brisk

and stirring activity of a few of our existing news-offices. If any reader of ours immediately after a happy marriage, or on coming into an unexpected fortune, fancies a never changing worldly future replete with enjoyment awaiting him, we recommend a visit to Derby Square, or Hoey's Court, or Pembroke Court, or Kennedy's Lane, and a fifteen-minutes' course of musing on the transitory nature of human enjoyment or worldly prosperity.

Of one of these ephemeral sheets, *The County Journal*, Dr. Madden observes, and indeed his remarks are applicable to the greater number of its Dublin contemporaries:—

"In all probability it met the fate it deserved—died prematurely of inanition and neglect. Apparently Ireland had no politics, no polemics, no interests connected with art, science, trade, or manufactures, that were worth the notice of the editor of this paper, or, indeed, with few exceptions, of any of his contemporaries, to write about, or to obtain advertisements in reference to, for publication."

Our longest existing paper, *Saunders'*, was started by Richard Reilly, who in 1786 issued *The Dublin News Letter*, at the Stationers' Hall, on Cork Hill. This paper came into Mr. Esdall's hands in 1746, for we find, under the date of that year, "*Esdall's News Letter*, printed and published by James Esdall, at the Corner of Copper Alley." At Esdall's death, in 1755, the journal became the property of one of his *employees*, Henry Saunders, and notwithstanding its cut and dry character till within a few years back, it still flourishes, and is likely to flourish and endure, in Coghill's Court, Dame Street, that classic spot so often mentioned in our newspaper fasti.

We have had in our possession a narrative of the struggles of the Huguenots in the Cevennes against the troops of Louis XIV., written by

Jean Cavallier, their leader, and published in Coghill's Court early in the eighteenth century.

The following pieces of news were furnished by the *News Letter* under the dates specified:—

"Jan. 30, 1739: Yesterday there was a dinner dressed on Lough Neagh, the middle dish being a sheep roasted whole on the ice. Two gentlemen drove their chaises to St. Bride's Island, which is two miles, followed by several hundreds, and notwithstanding the prodigious crowd there was not any accident."

On February 16, 1739, the Dublin Society announced their intention of giving premiums to such artists, manufacturers, inventors, &c., as seemed to merit encouragement by their proficiency. Further, the Rev. Samuel Madden promised fifty pounds to the most effective improver of any art or manufacture, twenty-five pounds to the artist who should execute the best piece of statuary, and twenty-five pounds to him who exhibited the best painting.

"June 14, 1740: Last week, at the assizes of Kilkenny, a fellow who was to be tried for robbery not pleading, a jury was appointed to try whether he was wilfully mute, or by the hand of God, and they giving a verdict that he was wilfully mute, he was condemned to be pressed to death."

"August 5, 1740: The man whom we mentioned, &c., &c., &c., suffered on Wednesday last pursuant to his sentence, which was as follows:—

"That the criminal shall be confined in some low dark room, where he shall be laid on his back with no covering, his loins excepted, and shall have as much weight laid upon him as he can bear, and no more; that he shall have nothing to live on but the worst bread and water, and the day that he eats he shall not drink, nor the day that he drinks he shall not eat, and so shall continue till he dies."

Archæologists tell us that in the

old pagan times in Ireland, none but a crime of the most heinous character was punished by death, all others were condoned by *erics* (fines). Let it be supposed that a heathen Gael fell asleep in the days of Ollar Fohla, and woke up in a court house in any of our cities, A.D. 1740, at the moment a woman was sentenced to be hanged for carrying off a loaf or two to save her children from starving. He would naturally ask of some neighbours what form of devil-worship was in fashion among our law-makers.

The years 1739-40 were distinguished by the outrages and punishments of what were called the Kelly-mount gang. It is surprising that some of the admirers of Richard Turpin, Esq., and Mr. John Sheppard, gentlemen, have not composed a romance or romances on the exploits of Brennan, Darcy, and Co., not forgetting the formal duel fought by Captain Brennan and brave Corporal Otway in the neutral space between the robbers and their would-be captors. We ask no sympathy for the rascally brigand who, while the duello was being conducted in all honour, treacherously levelled his pistol at the stout corporal, and shot him through the head.

A portion of the sequel was sufficiently undignified, assailants and outlaws depending more on discretion than valour.

Still consulting our *News Letter*, we are informed in the number for Nov. 29, 1740, that one Mr. Sewel, a degraded clergyman, was executed at *Steven's Green*, on last Saturday, for performing a clandestine marriage. Having been accused of bigamy in his own person, he solemnly declared, at the place of execution, that he had been married but to one woman. The poor creature would have fainted when the fatal moment was at hand, only for the expedition used by the Calcraft of the day in the discharge of his miserable duty. Draco stood much higher than Solon

in the estimation of the higher powers of Britain in the 17th and 18th centuries.

Some literary life and activity is indicated in paragraphs of the *Dublin Courant* for April 5, 1746. (This paper existed from 1740 at least to 1749):—

"The Physico-Historical Society will hold their monthly meeting at the Lords' Committee Room, in the Parliament House, on Monday, April 7, when the gentlemen who have undertaken the natural history of the county of Dublin intend to give a further account of their operations." Another paragraph announced the first part of vol. iii. of the "*Literary Journal*," to be had at the Rev. Mr. Droz's, on College Green. This was followed by proposals for publishing by subscription the "*Life of Julian the Apostate*," translated from the French by the Rev. Mr. Desvœux.

These reverend gentlemen were French refugees, who exercised publishing as well as clerical functions. Our earliest magazine thus appears to have been inaugurated by a foreign clergyman. Mr. Desvœux continued the journal (the title being slightly altered) after the death of the Rev. Mr. Droz.

Under the same date was announced the printing by subscription of "*The Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Waterford*," with the approbation of the Physico-Historical Society. By Charles Smith."

The growing literary taste of the country was not unattended with relics of the ancient barbarity. In the *Courant* of July 29, 1746, were announced the hanging of James Lawlor, of Ballyvass, in the county of Kildare, and the burning of his mother, to take place on 5th prox. Did the burning really take place? The executioner, when on his journey to discharge his miserable office by mother and son, was seized by some party, flung into a river, and drowned.



The same year was distinguished by the marriage of the Earl of Kildare to Lady Caroline Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, and his being created Baron and Viscount of Great Britain; also by the yearly grant of £500 to the Royal Dublin Society, for the purchase of premiums; and the conferring the title "Lord Baron Mornington, of Mornington," on Richard Wesley, of Dangan, in the county of Meath, the Duke of Wellington's grandfather.

*The Examiner*, a weekly journal, supported by the pens of Dean Swift, Dr. Delany, and other eminent writers, and originally published in London, was reprinted by C. Carter, at "the Old Post Office, Fishamble Street," and held its ground from 1710 to 1713. Dr. Madden points to Nos. 8, 9, 11, 13, 15, vol. i., as most abounding in wit, humour, and common sense. The writers generally considered the objects for which they contended to be of world-wide importance, and that the world itself might as well yield to Dr. Cumming's aspirations, and come to nought, if they were not attained; yet, as our author avows:—

"The perusal of its numbers at the present time is a most irksome task, one that the writer of these observations found wearisome and *ennuyant* to the utmost possible extent. The polemical and political squabbles of a century and a-half ago. . . . are now read of with downright apathy and indifference. We are astonished at the importance attached to the views and interests of these contending factions, and marvel at the trouble they took to discomfit, discredit, and pull each other down. . . . Most especially are we reminded by the contributions of Swift, ably written though they are, how much it was to be lamented that such a man should have given to the politics of faction those wonderful powers of mind, which were meant for the noblest of

all purposes, and for the good of mankind."

Molesworth Court, forming two adjacent sides of a quadrangle, connected a point in the Blind Quay to another on the west side of Fishamble Street, nearly opposite the old theatre. There did poor Harding print "*The Draper's Letters*," and dearly did he pay for his patriotism, having been condemned to imprisonment by Judge Whitshed, and allowed to die in that condition. His widow maintained *The Intelligencer*, a weekly pamphlet of from eight to sixteen pages, in the year 1724, the printing and publishing establishment being located in Copper Alley. Any foreign reader who happens to be interested in the subject-matter of this paper, can profitably, if not pleasantly, devote part of a day to a tour in search of *Darley Square*, *Hoey's Court*, *Arun-del Court*, *Pembroke Court*, *Silver Court*, a fragment of *Molesworth Court*, and *Copper Alley*. Any written directions we could here give for the discovery of this last-named *Via angusta et ignota* would be of small avail. Let the adventurous traveller in search of local knowledge repair to *Cork Hill*, and secure a little Arab, by a promise of sixpence, to be his guide and friend, and he will be safely conducted into and throughout that long and ill-kept defile, and safely landed in *Fishamble Street*, not far from the once site of the *Devil Tavern*. That inn of evil name once empowered the witty poet of *Ayrshire* to assert that

"The Deil's in hell,  
And Dublin city."

*The Intelligencer*, kept up by the brave widow, was supported by some able articles of Swift, Dr. Sheridan, Hielsham, &c. Swift, as was his wont, did all that wit and genius could to induce his countrymen to stand up for their just rights as free subjects and citizens.

In 1728, *The Temple-Oge Intelli-*

gender enjoyed a merry, though short reign. *The Plain Dealer's Intelligencer* endeavoured to keep the Spa before the eyes of the upper five or ten thousand of the city, the imbibing of the healthy fluid being fixed at eight o'clock A.M. Thus the writer encouraged them :—

"The distance from town requiring an hour in the passage, the ladies must rise between six and seven in the morning, in order to arrive there in time, and it is scarce to be imagined what a good effect these early hours often have, not only on the health and constitution, but on the very life, spirit, and conservation of the fair sex.

"The very rising betimes is a most valuable thing, and the air and exercise in going, the waters, the innocent recreations of the place, and the returning again with a good stomach, are better for the health, and more conducing to long life than all the learning of Galen, and all the aphorisms of Hippocrates."

*The Plain Dealer's Intelligencer* endured from August 7, 1728, to January 2, 1729. It deserved a longer life. "Salmanazar Histrum," its best contributor, not only urged the ladies to rise early, and lay in a stock of health, but strongly exhorted them to encourage their own country's manufactures, and thus give support to the industrious poor. Dr. Madden considers the paper in which the exhortation was made (December 8, 1728) equal in ability to any of Swift's on the same subject.

The name of James Arbuckle, who then contributed to the Dublin press, numerous articles of an entertaining, and instructive, and patriotic character, deserves to be quoted with respect. He conducted *The Weekly Journal*, already mentioned, and a periodical named *The Tribune*, of which, though it was considered worthy of republication in London, there does not appear to exist a single copy in any of our libraries.

Under the signature of "Hibernicus," he contributed many papers to George Faulkner's *Dublin Journal*. His decease is mentioned in *Exshaw's Magazine*, December, 1742.

Of *The Medler* (Peter Wilson, Gay's Head, near Dame Street), small 4to, 1743, Dr. Madden speaks as a generally worthless production. Irish interests were ignored, of Irish news *The Medler* "had none to tell, sir," and his attempts at jocularly were of the dreariest character.

The two numbers, 11 (March 15) and 17 (April 26), redeemed the general dullness of the periodical. The papers purported to be letters from the Persian "Aram," to his friend "Helim," in Shiraz. We present a few passages :—

"Another thing very remarkable among them (the people of Ireland) is, that whereas all other nations have an inert partiality for everything that is the produce of their native country, these people think nothing worthy of praise but what comes from abroad. They prefer things, because foreign, to what is vastly superior in real merit at home. Everything that comes from a distant clime has many admirers, even before they know its merit.

"As to their laws, &c., they seem to have been contrived rather for the benefit of the professors of the science than the advantage of the clients who have recourse to them, the former being the only persons who receive any addition to their fortunes from them.

"By the irregularity I have observed in the execution of justice on malefactors, I believe there are no settled rules for it, but that the infliction of punishment lies mainly in the power of the magistrature. All I can say is, that a great many crimes are punished with death, murder sometimes, but robbery always."

Adverting to our only University, "Aram" says :—

"There is a sort of cloister here, where they retire to study—at least

this seemeth to have been the original design of the structure. What use it is now applied to I cannot tell thee."

Copies of the Dublin periodicals of the date at which we have arrived, even those of magazine fashion, are now rarely to be met with. Of *Brett's Miscellany* stated to be a collection of divine, moral, historical, and entertaining sayings and observations, by Peter Brett, parish clerk of Castleknock, we have seen an odd volume. It was printed by S. Powell, and sold at the author's lodgings, at the White Cross Inn, Thomas Street, 1748. It appears somewhat odd that the pious Mr. Brett should have selected a tavern for his house of issue. In the volume once in our possession was inserted an advertisement from Mrs. Brett, in which she professed "to instruct young misses" in the elements of literature and mantua-making, including some art now unheard of. We have unhappily let the name escape our memory.

Peter, being a parish clerk, thinks it necessary to put a solemn face on his lucubrations. Several chapters are filled with Divine and Comfortable texts for Repenting Sinners. One chapter is denominated "Texts of Thunder and Lightning," and another "Texts of Loyalty." The latter terminates with an appropriate poetical effusion, more remarkable for the fervour of the loyalty than the loving spirit or the piety of the composer:—

"If God you truly fear, you'll serve your king,  
Destroy his foes, and faithful be to him.  
God bless King George and grant him  
longer reign,  
And then our trade would flourish once again."

Dr. C. Lucas, who entertained a high opinion of his own ability, and worried the House of Parliament, and was worried by it in return, started *The Censor, or the Citizen's Journal*, in 1749 (James Esdall, printer, Copper Alley). It led to his own flight to England, and the almost

ruin, and probably the death, of the poor printer, whose *News Letter* then became the property of one of his employés, Henry Saunders, and has ever since borne his name.

Lucas was not only prosecuted for his patriotism and self-conceit, but mercilessly flayed by the notorious Dr. Paul Hiffernau, in *The Tickler* (Halket Garland, Essex Street, 1748). We have examined the scurrilous controversy kept up by him and the scribblers on Dr. Lucas's side, but do not consider any portion calculated to amuse or interest our readers.

Accounts of the career of poor Hiffernau are to be found in the "European Magazine," February and March, 1794, in the "Irish Quarterly Review," in Dr. Madden's "History of Irish Periodical Literature," vol. 1, p. 320 *et seq.*, and in the "Biographia Dramatica," 1812, vol. 1, p. 333 *et seq.*

Paul Hiffernau, a native of the county of Dublin, was sent to France, in his youth, to be educated for the priesthood; but fancying he had got no vocation, he studied medicine, and returned to Dublin after an absence of seventeen years. This was in 1747 or 1748.

"He was a good scholar, a young man of good manners, with a good deal of French ease and vivacity about him, of convivial habits, an agreeable companion, and at the period of his return to Ireland, when society in Dublin was more remarkable for its gaiety and joyousness than its sober pleasures, the company of young Dr. Hiffernau could not fail to be sought in various circles, social, literary, and political. At that period, Dr. Lucas was becoming very formidable to the Castle and Court party in the House of Commons. So Hiffernau, being considered a young man of good education and lively parts, was induced to write against Lucas in the periodical called *The Tickler*."

High living, social parties, and indulgence in the "cup which so oft

cebrates," had their usual unhappy effects, and to add to the young scribner's ill fortune, Lucas's party became powerful, and Paul began to experience a constant dread of bodily chastisement. Under these circumstances he formed the resolution of going to London, and living by literature. He did, indeed, endure a wretched life there till the month of June, 1777, his revenue arising from scanty pay, got from the booksellers for literary work of every description. This he supplemented by loans obtained from friends, willing or unwilling.

His chief published work consisted of "Miscellanies, in Prose and Verse, by Paul Heffernan, M.D.," dedicated to Lord Tyrawly. Among the contents were "Essays on Taste and Ethics," "The Character of Polonius," "The Theory of Acting," "Immoderate Drinking," "The Virtues of Cock-fighting," "Life and Writings of Confucius," "The Last Day," &c. Dr. Madden thus speaks of his knowledge and ability:—

"The writings I have seen of Heffernan leave no doubt on my mind but that he possessed, not a small, but a large share of classical and general knowledge, a great deal of humour, and a keen sense of the ridiculous. The signal defects of his character, and hindrances to the use and benefits of his talents, were want of power, of volition, of energy, of resolution, and of perseverance; want of tact and prudence, or, in fewer words, want of religious principles and of common sense.

"Heffernan was in person a short, thickset man, of a ruddy complexion, black, observing eyes, nose somewhat aquiline, &c.; altogether he might be considered an intelligent and good-looking man.

"He lived how and where no man knew, except for some hours during the night, when he was regularly to be found in "his place," in the Cyder Cellars, in Maiden Lane, the once celebrated rendezvous of literary,

theatrical, legal, and medical young men, and gentlemen of the Fourth Estate."

Our poor doctor would no more reveal the place of his abode to friends or acquaintances than the Great O'Mulligan himself.

Death came at last to the relief of his temporal miseries in a wretched lodging in a court off St. Martin's Lane. His landlord then revealed the secret to a generous friend of the poor writer, or his habitat during so many years of his life would never have been ascertained. He had been befriended more or less by the chief literary men of London. Garrick continued his steadfast friend and benefactor during the whole of his London life.

The earliest published literary production of Edmund Burke was an attack on Lucas, in the year 1749, when the writer was either twenty or twenty-two years of age. It exhibited but little of the patriotism which breathed through his later writings. He was at that time a student in Trinity College, and a member of the Historical Society.

Dr. Madden inaugurates his second volume by the introduction of George Faulkner, and his *Dublin Journal*, the longest-lived of our defunct Dublin newspapers. It began March 27, 1725, and held on its chequered course for the space of a century: the last number was dated April 8, 1825. It first saw the light in Pembroke Court, a now malodorous alley off Castle Street, and was published in Skinners' Row (Christ Church Place), and finally got into still better quarters, at 15, Parliament Street, corner of Essex Street, and in a niche, on the northern wall of that house, the bust of Dean Swift was still to be seen some score years since.

The paper was at first small folio size, and published twice weekly, at one penny. Before its decease it had risen to fivepence, and was published three times in the week.

## LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS OF IRELAND.

FROM A.D. 1189 TO 1870.

LORD ST. LEONARDS (*continued*). Before passing from the subject of our present memoir to the next Chancellor, we have to call the attention of our readers to a slight inaccuracy that occurs at the close of last (July) number. It is there in substance stated that Lord St. Leonards, one of the greatest lawyers of the day, was thrown aside, owing to political reasons, by the Whig Government; and that his country had lost his valuable services by reason of the wretched system of political judge-making. Now this statement is not exactly correct. Lord St. Leonards, as a matter of course, was compelled to resign the political office of Chancellor, with its salary of £8000 a-year, and to retire on his pension of £4000 a-year. For two or three years he lived in retirement, but was, we omitted to state, then offered the Chief Commissionership of the Encumbered Estates Court, with the princely salary of £10,000 a-year, being £6000 more than that provided by the Act.

While the bill was passing, writes Lord St. Leonards, the Government gave some mysterious hints as to the manner that the Chief Judgeship of the Court was to be filled up; and as soon as the Act passed, Lord John Russell made him the offer, which he declined. Some time after, he and Lord Campbell, then Chief Justice, dined as Benchers at Lincoln's Inn. Leaving the Inn together, they walked arm-in-arm down the Strand. Lord Campbell appeared to take a lively interest in Lord St. Leonards' administration of the law

in Ireland, and expressed his regret that he had not accepted the office of Chief Judge of the new Court. Lord St. Leonards said that he had declined to take a lesser position in Ireland than the one he had occupied—besides the place had then no greater salary attached to it than £4000 a-year—the exact amount of his retiring pension as ex-Chancellor. Lord Campbell expressed his greatest surprise, and said it was a mistake, and that £10,000 a-year would not be too much for him, and that the Government would immediately obtain an Act of Parliament to authorise the grant. Lord St. Leonards told him that money alone was not the object, but that if they intended to grant a large salary, they should have provided for it at once, and that nothing would induce him to allow an appeal to Parliament for a large salary to be granted to him.

Lord John Russell, when speaking of the Encumbered Estates Act, said he supposed that Lord St. Leonards understood the nature of the Bill, to which he replied, it would be singular if he did not, as he was the author of the measure—that Sir Robert Peel, when in power, had a scheme for relieving the Encumbered Estates in Ireland, and sent it to him for his opinion.<sup>1</sup> Lord St. Leonards wrote to him to say that he thought his plan would not work, and he gave him a sketch of a bill which would work. That letter Sir Robert Peel sent to Lord Clarendon, and he sent it to the Government in England, and upon that scheme the Bill was founded.

<sup>1</sup> Vide "Misrepresentations in Campbell's lives of Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham corrected." By Lord St. Leonards, p. 49.

From that time until the present Lord St. Leonards has remained in comparative obscurity. His years of leisure have, however, been honourably and usefully employed, not only in valuable contributions to legal literature, but in explaining, in his "Handy Book," to his countrymen unlearned in the law, much that it befits them to know.

In 1870, he came forward to correct some blunders in Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England," in reference to the lives of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham—lives which, he sneeringly says, yet "remain to be written."

Lord St. Leonards there vindicates the character of Lord Brougham, and there states in effect that much told about him by Lord Campbell are downright and absolute falsehoods. It certainly does redound to the credit of Lord St. Leonards that he gives merit where merit is due, and that he acknowledges Lord Brougham to be one of the greatest of Englishmen. How few are there in the world, had they been placed in Lord St. Leonards' position, would have done so? Can it be believed, that when Lord Brougham was Chancellor, in 1832, the only epithet he could find in his vocabulary for Sir Edward Sugden was a Bug? And yet that same Sir Edward, in 1870, forgetful of an insult which lesser minds would never forgive and never forget, comes forward and loads Lord Brougham with the same praise that he would have done had he never suffered insult, which no provocation, however stinging, could excuse.

Now the insult of which we speak happened in this wise. In the year 1832 the abuses of the Court of Chancery were so complex and so enormous that it required all the spirit of a Tribonian<sup>1</sup> to bring about a reformation of that national nuisance. Here, day-by-day, were suitors drag-

ged into irrevocable ruin. How many a Miss Flight, and how many a John Jaundyce, had spent their lives in that Court. Once caught in a Chancery suit, and no effort, no compromise, no, not even an admission that the charges made were correct, could ever extricate either plaintiff or defendant from the gulf of ruin that was yawning beneath them. Old solicitors, even now, speak of the good old suits—when an unfortunate client was kept his whole life in Chancery—and when lawyers and attorneys, like the witches in Macbeth, drained him "dry as hay," and fattened on his estates, which were being swallowed up in the maelstrom of that abominable Court, which had no parallel in Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, Belgium, Austria, or the South American States. Of a solemn decision in a Chancery suit in those days, Sir Edward Sugden thus speaks:—"No one can distinctly discover what that decision is, one barrister having one view, and another barrister another; the registrar is not able to draw it up. Then come hearings and rehearings in the registrar's office, before a person *incompetent to decide the matter*—to settle what the decree of the Court was; and after enormous expense for attendance, not to mention the loss of two or three months' time, perhaps the parties again come to the Court—when judges and barristers have forgotten everything about the cause—to have decided what the Court had decided many months before."

Lord Brougham was then Chancellor, and at the head of this system, but his knowledge of the general principles of Equity was openly questioned by Sir Edward Sugden, who, in his place in the House of Commons, thought proper to inform the House<sup>2</sup> that the "noble and learned lord was entirely uninformed on the

<sup>1</sup> For the labours of this great Roman lawyer in codifying the laws of Justinian, *vide* Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," chapter xlv.

<sup>2</sup> Blackwood's Magazine for 1832, vol. xxix., p. 336.

law of Equity, which he was called on to administer, and nothing was more likely than that his decisions should be wrong." This from the greatest practitioner in the Court, and of the judge before whom he must daily plead the cause of his clients, shocked the feelings of the entire country.

It may be that it was this attack of the ex-Solicitor-General that stung Lord Brougham to the quick ; and it may be that on mature reflection Lord St. Leonards repented of that attack in after years, and thus learned to forgive and forget the grossness of the epithet applied to himself.

Lord Brougham, applying himself with vigour to the cleansing of the great Augæan stable, made certain regulations, which he considered were absolutely necessary for the reform of that Court. These regulations did not meet with the approval of Sir Edward Sugden, and he, in his place in Parliament, suggested, as he had a perfect right to do, an inquiry into those innovations, either made or about to be made, by the Chancellor.

Forgetful of his dignity, and forgetful of the "energy of silence," when the matter was debated in the House of Lords, Lord Brougham thus spoke from the Woolsack :— "Yes, my lords, we have all read that it is the heaven-born thirst for information, and its invariable concomitants, a self-disregarding and candid mind, that most distinguishes man from the lower animals—from the crawling reptile, from the wasp that stings, and from the wasp that fain would and cannot sting :—distinguishes us, my lords, not only from the insect that crawls and stings, but from that more powerful, because more offensive creature—the BUG, which, powerful and offensive

as it is, after all is but vermin. Yes I say, it is this laudable propensity upon which humanity justly prides itself, which, I have no doubt, solely influenced the learned gentleman to whom I allude to seek for information which it would be cruel to stingily gratify."

That Lord St. Leonards, after the lapse of many years, has forgiven the insult, is admitted by himself in his corrections of Lord Campbell's "Life of Lord Brougham." That he forgets it, too, is manifest by the earnestness with which he claims the friendship of that great man, who had also known how to forgive and forget the attack made upon him by Sir Edward Sugden.

We shall now close our remarks by observing that during the five years Lord St. Leonards was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, he decided many cases which have ever since been regarded by the Bar as the landmarks of the law and as leading cases in Equity, and amongst these we shall instance one, and one only—the case of *Allen v. Allen*,<sup>1</sup> when all the learning on the law of barron entails of estates, *pur autre vie*, collected. During his term of office extending over five years, there were thirteen appeals taken from his decisions, and of these eight were affirmed, four were reversed, and one otherwise disposed of. In the month of June, 1846, he delivered up the seals, and was succeeded by Sir Magiere Brady. Our next biographical notice, however, is that of Lord Campbell. The dates are a little confusing, but easily explained as follows. On the retirement of Sir Anthony Hart, in 1830, Lord Plunket became Lord Chancellor. In January, 1835, Sir Edward Sugden was appointed, and was succeeded by Lord Plunket in the following month of April. Lord Plunket was

<sup>1</sup> Irish Equity Reports, vol. iv., p. 472.

<sup>2</sup> Parliamentary Debates, 26th July, 1832. Blackwood's Magazine for 1832.

succeeded by Lord Campbell in 1841, and Lord Campbell by Sir Edward Sugden in the same year; and Sir Edward Sugden by Sir Magiere Brady, in 1846.

(113) 1841.—**LORD CAMPBELL** (John Campbell).—Lord Campbell was born at Cupar, the county town of Fifeshire, a town which contains a population of 5029, and which in ancient times was the stronghold of the Macduffs, Thanes of Fife. His family were for several generations settled in the "Kingdom of Fife," as it was called, being a branch of the Campbells of Argyle, through a certain George Campbell, who, in the troubles of the Covenanting times, considerably impaired his fortune by an adherence to his chief, the first Marquis of Argyle, and who finally (1662), after the restoration of the Stuarts, pitched his tent in St. Andrews, becoming proprietor of the estate of Baltulla, in its vicinity. The great grandson of this patriarch, and the father of the late Chief Justice, was the Rev. Dr. George Campbell, for 54 years Minister of Cupar. Lord Campbell was greatly attached to him, and it says much both for the influence of the father and for the affection of the son, that when the latter was Attorney-General, and his chambers in Paper Buildings, Temple, were one night burnt to the ground, all his law books and MSS., together with valuable official documents, were consumed, the loss which he most of all lamented was that of a collection of letters written to him by his father in a continued series from the time when he left the manse for college until, in 1824, when the aged pastor departed this life. Dr. George Campbell married, in 1776, a Miss Halyburton, through whom he became distantly connected with several noble families, among which deserves to be especially mentioned the family of Wedderburn (the Lord Chancellor). By this lady he became

the father of five daughters and two sons. One of these daughters married a man of true genius, although his reputation is confined to Scotland, where, however, he is held in high esteem as a poet and as a scholar, the late Dr. Thomas Gillespie, Professor of Humanity in the University of St. Andrews. Of the sons, the elder was Sir George Campbell, of Edenwood, who died in 1854. The younger is the subject of the present memoir, and was born at Springfield, near Cupar, September 15, 1781.

John Campbell received his first instruction at the grammar school of Cupar, but he was removed at a very early age to the United College of St. Salvador and St. Leonard's, in the University of St. Andrew's, with the view of studying for the Church. No man in Scotland can enter into holy orders unless he has passed through a curriculum of eight years' study, four being devoted to the classics and philosophy, and four more to theology.

Campbell worked on at his theological studies, when he was called upon to deliver an extempore prayer after the fashion of the Church of Scotland. It had been long the custom in St. Andrew's for students in the Divinity Hall to perform the duty by turns, and he so egregiously failed that in a fit of disgust he sacrificed his hopes of preferment and determined to study for the bar. Other reasons have also been assigned for the change of his intentions; but the true one is, probably, a deep-rooted sense of unfitness for clerical duty, working together with an ambition for distinction at the English bar, which about this time powerfully affected the young Scottish Whigs. The feeling with which a Scotchman now studies for the English bar is very different from the views of an aspirant at the beginning of the century. Now, as then, it is true, every young lawyer hopes

<sup>1</sup> Vide *London Times*, 24th June, 1861.



to find himself one day seated on the Woolsack ; but in those days, over and above the ordinary chances of the profession, a certain prestige seemed to be attached at the bar of Westminster to a Scottish nationality. Scotchmen seemed to be carrying off more than their due share of the highest legal honours. It stirred their blood to see one of their own people (for although Lord Mansfield was educated in England from a child, he was still by birth a fellow-countryman) Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. The elevation of Wedderburn to the Chancellorship "reminded the Scottish youth"—to use the words of Campbell, himself a cousin of Wedderburn—"that if they could no longer hope to rival the fame of Belhaven or Fletcher of Saltoun in their own land, and if the decrees of their supreme court were to be subjected to revision in the British House of Lords, loftier objects of ambition were presented to them than to their forefathers, and that they might enjoy the power and eclipse the fame of a Somers or a Hardwicke." Erskine, who had studied at Campbell's own college, and who, indeed, was a school and class fellow of Campbell's father, was in all his glory, a predestined Chancellor ; and Macintosh had won great renown for the vigour with which, in defence of the French Revolution, he had broken a lance with no less a man than Edmund Burke. Such examples roused the ambition of the Scottish youth, and among a crowd of eager competitors there were two in particular who preferred the bar of Westminster to that of Edinburgh. Both were connected, either by the tie of friendship or by the tie of relationship, with Principal Robertson, who up to that time had done more than any man to identify the intellectual aspirations of Scotchmen with those of Englishmen. One of these was Henry Brougham, who had actually entered at the Scottish bar ; the other was John Campbell, who

went straight to London from St. Andrew's.

When Wedderburn left Edinburgh for London, in 1757, the journey occupied six days. "When I first reached London," says Campbell, "I performed the same journey in three nights and two days, Mr. Palmer's mail coaches being then established ; but this swift travelling was considered dangerous as well as wonderful, and I was gravely advised to stay a day at York, as several passengers who had gone through without stopping had died of apoplexy from the rapidity of the motion !"

His earliest associates in London were those Scotch Whigs to whom the name of Campbell had a fine Presbyterian flavour. He very soon joined a Club of the Sons of the Clergy of the Church of Scotland, of whom Serjeant Spankie and Wilkie, the painter, were members, the sentiment which bound them together being expressed by Wilkie in words Campbell delighted to quote long afterwards when he was raised to the British peerage—"Born in the manse, we have all a patent of nobility." To Wilkie he was related by a double bond, for not only was the painter's birthplace, Cults, quite close to Campbell's birthplace, Cupar, but also the painter's wife, the beautiful Mary Campbell, was an aunt of John Campbell. To Serjeant Spankie, then editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, he was indebted for an appointment on that newspaper, by which he became a reporter and theatrical critic. He also held the office of theatrical critic on that journal so late as 1810. Probably he was thinking very much of his own experience when, in writing the life of Wedderburn, he pointed out how great must have been the influence of the green-room in assisting the future Chancellor to get rid of his Doric accent, and when he summed up the results of his attempts to attain a Southern pronunciation in an exhortation to his young country-

men to beware of clipping the Queen's English. To the same experience also may be attributed the very frequent allusions to the stage, and to the incidents not of dramatic literature in general, but always of acting plays which occur throughout his writings. The young son of a Scotch clergyman seems to have taken very kindly to the drama; and the young Scotch Whig still further showed his freedom from prejudice by so far violating the principles of his party as to indulge in warlike aspirations. He joined that gallant corps, the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court Association—a body of volunteers which consisted of barristers, attorneys, law students, and clerks.

It was not for these pursuits, however, that Campbell had come to the great metropolis. Immediately, therefore (November, 1800), he entered himself as a student of Lincoln's Inn, and began to study the mysteries of special pleading, under the guidance of Mr. Tidd. To the unspeakable advantage of having been three years his pupil he chiefly ascribed his success at the bar. He had great pride in recording that when, at the end of his first year, Mr. Tidd discovered that it would not be quite convenient for him to give him a second fee of 100 guineas, he not only refused to take a second, but insisted on returning the first. Campbell, always egotistical, was in later years fond of dwelling on the difficulties which he had to surmount in early life, and filled the foot-notes of his biographical writings with anecdotes illustrative of his career. In this way we vividly see him eating his first dinner in Lincoln's Inn Hall, where, after a long silence at his mess, a brother student, wishing to be sociable, offers to break the portentous pause by addressing the young Scotchman. "Pray, Sir what is your opinion of the *scintilla juris*?" The silence having been thus broken, the associates strike up an acquaintance, and amicably proceed to en-

liven their dinner by a discussion with regard to the feeding of uses. Campbell has scarcely entered Lincoln's Inn, when a rumour spreads that Lord Thurlow, after a long absence from Parliament, would on a certain night appear in the House of Lords to deliver a speech on a Divorce Bill, by which, for the first time, it was proposed to dissolve the marriage tie at the instance of the wife, the husband in this case having been proved guilty of incest. All the great lawyers present were intent on rejecting the measure; but Thurlow, in a powerful speech, converted them to his views, the Bill was passed, and established a precedent in cases of similar aggravation. The scene made a profound impression on young Campbell, who at a later period of life, recalling to his recollection the appearance of the great Chancellor, "bent with age, dressed in an old-fashioned grey coat, with breeches and gaiters of the same stuff, a brown scratch wig, tremendous white bushy eyebrows, eyes still sparkling with intelligence, dreadful crowsfeet round them, very deep lines in his countenance, and shrivelled complexion of a fallow hue," exclaimed in an excess of legal enthusiasm, "*Virgilium vidi tantum.*"

Thus making law both a business and a pleasure, and at the same time educating his powers and adding to his means by visiting the theatres and writing for the press, Campbell was called to the bar in Michaelmas Term, 1806. He travelled the Oxford Circuit, where he soon obtained considerable practice, and where he formed an intimate acquaintance with the late Justice Talfour, who had a certain sympathy with him in his admiration of the dramatic art. But it was to his London business that he chiefly looked for advancement in his profession, and it must be confessed that he pushed his way in a manner the most original. In one of his biographies, he remarks of Pratt, that he

“persevered for eight or nine years, but not inviting attorneys to dine with him, and never dancing with their daughters, his practice did not improve.” Whether Campbell cultivated for this purpose the arts of dining and dancing we do not know; but he certainly cultivated the acquaintance of the attorneys, and in a way peculiarly his own. Between 1809 and 1816, he published a series of reports at *Nisi Prius*, extending to four volumes, which are most valuable in themselves, but which were of especial interest to the attorneys who had been engaged in any of the cases recorded, inasmuch as for the first time in the history of such reporting he had at the end of each decision stated the names of those attorneys who had to do with the trials. He soon established a connection with the leading solicitors, obtained a large practice, and was retained, as a matter of course, in slippery cases, and in nearly every important cause tried before a special jury at the Guildhall sittings. Apart, however, from the popularity of these volumes among the attorneys, they were held in still wider estimation as the admirably-reported decisions of Lord Ellenborough; and Campbell took credit to himself for having in some degree created the reputation of that lawyer. “When I was a *Nisi Prius* reporter,” he said, “I had a drawer marked ‘Bad Law,’ into which I threw all the cases which seemed to me improperly ruled. I was flattered to hear Sir J. Mansfield, C. J., say, ‘Whoever reads Campbell’s reports must be astonished to find how uniformly Lord Ellenborough’s decisions were right.’ My rejected cases, which I had kept as a curiosity—not maliciously—were all burnt in the great fire in the Temple, when I was Attorney-General.”

In this way John Campbell plodded on laboriously from year to year, extending his practice, but, under the stern rule of Lord Eldon,

attaining to none of the honours of his profession, although long before the retirement of that Chancellor he was the leader of the Oxford Circuit. There is but one incident to break the monotony of his labour. In 1821 he married Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir James Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger, a lady who, in addition to other attractions, had this most important one in the eyes of a Campbell, that she wore the Campbell tartan—her mother having been a maiden of the clan, the third daughter of Mr. Peter Campbell, of Kilmorey, in Argyllshire. It was probably due very much to the influence of Sir James Scarlett that in 1827 John Campbell at length obtained the honour of a silk gown and a seat within the bar. That was the year in which the Coalition Ministry, headed by Canning, came into power; Sir James Scarlett was Attorney-General, and Lord Lyndhurst appointed as King’s Counsel a considerable batch, which, irrespective of politics, was intended to include every barrister who had a fair claim to this distinction, Mr. Denman being the only name of importance that was excepted. From this time forward the Whigs gradually increased in power, and Campbell determined to improve his chances by trying for a seat in Parliament. He accordingly presented himself in 1830 to the electors of Stafford, to whom he was introduced by his relative Major Scarlett. The result of the contest was that Campbell stood second on the poll, and accordingly represented Stafford during 1830 and 1831. In November, 1832, he was appointed Solicitor-General, and in the following month was returned by Dudley as its member in that reformed Parliament the election of which was, in Lord Eldon’s view, to seal the doom of the nation. One has a vivid idea of the bigoted but kindly old Chancellor, and the vast good humour of the Solicitor-General in

his new honours—which, if Lord Eldon had had his way, he would never have reached—through an anecdote related by Lord Campbell himself. Eldon and his son are walking in Piccadilly, when some one drives past them in a cabriolet, takes off his hat, and makes a low bow. “Who is that who treats me with respect now I am nobody?” inquires Lord Eldon. His son replies, “It is Sir John Campbell, the Whig Solicitor-General.” “I wonder what they would have said of me,” exclaimed the ex-Chancellor, “if I had driven about in a cabriolet when I was Solicitor-General?” “I will tell you what they would have said,—‘There goes the greatest lawyer and the worst whip in all England.’”

Sir John Campbell was appointed Attorney-General in February, 1834, on the retirement of Sir William Home; but, unfortunately, on presenting himself in the same month to his constituents at Dudley for re-election he was unseated. By the appointment of Francis Jeffrey, however, as a Lord of Session, a vacancy was shortly afterwards created in the representation of Edinburgh; in the June following Sir John Campbell was elected in the place of that distinguished reviewer and continued member for the Modern Athens until his elevation to the peerage in 1841.

The most enduring service which Sir John Campbell rendered to the country during the period of his Attorney-Generalship was the inauguration of a series of legal reforms, which year by year have become more and more important, and which in the progress of revision and consolidation, Campbell fostered to the utmost of his power. He, for example, introduced an Act, called Lord Campbell's Act, for the amendment of the law of libel as it affects newspapers, by which the

proprietor is permitted to pay a small sum into court, and to escape further damages by proving both that the libel had appeared without malice and that it was followed by the insertion of an apology. To another measure of not less importance he was urged by the case of—we forget the name—who was arrested on a false affidavit for a debt which he did not owe; and accordingly he introduced a Bill to limit the powers of arrest, requiring the judge to be satisfied on oath before the order is issued, and permitting the defendant, when arrested, to dispute the plaintiff's affidavit, and so obtain liberation. While rendering these solid services to the public, a lustre was imparted to his career as a barrister by certain very important cases which were tried during his Attorney-Generalship. In the prosecution of Lord Cardigan before the House of Peers for shooting Captain Tuckett—in which case the House of Lords sat as a criminal court for the first time since the trial, 64 years previously (1776), of the Duchess of Kingston for bigamy<sup>1</sup>—he failed, but failed so completely that those who knew Sir John Campbell's diligence and careful accuracy, and had observed the wonderful tenderness to the accused Earl displayed in his opening address, charged him with intentional failure. Immediately on the closing of the case for the prosecution, Sir William Follett, whom no technical lapse could escape, coolly rose and pointed out that the prosecution had neglected to establish an important fact—a fact which nobody really doubted, which could most easily have been proved, but which was essential to a conviction—namely, that the person engaged with Lord Cardigan in the duel was named Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett, as alleged in the indictment, or that a Captain Harvey Garnett Phipps

<sup>1</sup> Vide *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1776.

Tuckett was on Wimbledon-common at all on the day of the duel. The result was that the case broke down, and Lord Cardigan was pronounced "Not guilty," without being called upon for his defence. Sir John Campbell was not more successful in vindicating the privileges of the House of Commons in the celebrated case of "*Hansard v. Stockdale*," an action brought against the printer of the House of Commons for a libel contained in some papers printed by order of the House; but the speech delivered by him on this occasion may be regarded as a very complete treatise on Parliamentary privilege. The most celebrated of all his forensic displays, however, was the defence of Lord Melbourne in the action for damages raised by Mr. Norton—an action of the more importance from the fact that the character of the Prime Minister, and to some extent the stability of his Cabinet, depended on the issue of the trial.

Lord Melbourne had been intimate, too intimate it was said, at the house of the Honourable George Norton. Mr. Norton was married in 1827 to a Miss Sheridan, a young lady of remarkable beauty, of great attractions, and of a high poetic talent, but whose only dowry was her beauty. Their union had been an auspicious one, for they were both rich in mutual affection, and that affection continued unabated until the 29th of March, 1836, when an unfortunate quarrel took place between them that led to a separation. He was presumptive heir to a peerage (Baron Grantley), but depending upon his exertions in the honourable profession of the law. During that time they were blessed with several children, to whom both parents were fondly attached. Never lived a more exemplary wife and mother than Mrs. Norton. Mr. and Mrs. Norton occupied a small house suited to their limited income, but here they received an extensive

circle of acquaintances and friends of the highest distinction—and amongst these was Lord Melbourne, holding a high office under the Government of Lord Grey, and at that time—1836—First Minister of the Crown. Mr. and Mrs. Norton went on in this manner till the fatal day above-mentioned—living together, visiting, and receiving visits together—no change in their affections each for the other. But the tongue of slander never rests. Lord Melbourne was accused of taking advantage of his position in that house—her children were torn from her, and in one hour she was cast a wanderer from her husband's home.

With the exception of the trial of Queen Caroline, the case of Norton against Lord Melbourne excited more interest than any other which had occurred in England for half a century. If the verdict had been against Lord Melbourne, he could not have retained his position in the councils of his sovereign: the eyes of all Europe were turned towards the scene, and in those ante-telegraph days, couriers were ready to start to the principal courts on the Continent with an account of the verdict.

The action, which was for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's, Mr. Norton's wife, against Lord Melbourne, commenced on the morning of the 23d of June, 1836, before Lord Chief-Justice Tindal. Sir William Follett opened the plaintiff's case with his usual tact and ability. The examination of the witnesses for the plaintiff did not conclude till half-past six in the evening.

The Attorney-General, Sir John Campbell, appeared for the defendant: being somewhat exhausted at that late hour, he proposed an adjournment until the following day. This was opposed by Sir William Follett, who urged that the defendant's counsel should not have further time to deliberate whether

he would call witnesses, or what witnesses he would call. The Chief Justice and the jury were unanimous that the case should close on that night. At seven o'clock in the evening the Attorney-General commenced his speech.<sup>1</sup> He informed the jury that he meant to call no witnesses, that the case for the plaintiff was supported by discarded and drunken servants, whose testimony was of the most stupid, gross, and incredible nature, which if placed before our readers, should be veiled in the obscurity of a learned language. Having commented on the evidence, he thus proceeds:—

“Gentlemen, my observations on the evidence are now brought to a close. When I consider what interests are at stake, it is impossible for me not to feel the deepest apprehension lest the merits of the cause should suffer from the deficiency of the advocate.

“The effect of your verdict on the councils of the Sovereign, of which so much has been said out of doors, can have no effect on your minds. To Lord Melbourne, it is probably a matter of great indifference, whether he is to retain or lose the power and patronage of office, but it is of the last importance to him, that he should not be regarded as a deliberate seducer, as a systematic libertine, and a contemner of all the rules of religion and of honour. I believe I may say of him, in the words applied to a predecessor of his, that in the midst of a stormy administration, with many political opponents, he is almost without a personal enemy. You may judge how he is beloved by his private friends, who have the opportunity of witnessing the frankness of his demeanour, the simplicity as well as elegance of his manners, the unaffected hilarity of his disposition, and his unceasing respect for the

feelings of others arising from the goodness of his heart.

“Gentlemen, I would become counsel for the plaintiff, and pleading for his true interests, implore you to rescue him from the danger to which he has wantonly exposed himself, and the delusion into which he has been led. He is trifling with his happiness. He is throwing a pearl away. Restore him to content and to a tranquil mind. Tell him by your verdict that his wife is worthy of the unbounded confidence he reposed in her, and instead of being false to wedlock is heavenly true.

“I cannot contemplate without deep emotion, the effect of your verdict upon the fate of this lady. In the pride of beauty, in the exuberance of youthful spirits, flattered by the admirers of her genius, she may have excited envy, and may not have borne her triumph with moderation and meekness, but her principles have been unshaken, her heart is pure—as a wife, her conduct is irreproachable—as a mother she has set a bright example to her sex. How brilliant did her lot appear on the morning of the fatal day she was deprived of her children! Young, beautiful, accomplished, highly connected, enjoying great literary reputation from her works, enjoying what was far more valuable—the esteem and confidence of her husband, her acquaintance courted by poets and statesmen, listening to the prattle of her lisping boys as they strove for her caresses,—what must have been her subsequent sufferings? Figure to yourself her surprise and her horror when the charge of infidelity was first brought against her!

“But worse remains behind, unless you stand forward as her protector. Hitherto she has been received, consoled, and cherished by her relations and friends. If you

<sup>1</sup> Vide Campbell's Speeches.

pronounce the word she must be looked on as a guilty creature—death or loss of reason being her only prospect of relief. Conscious innocence, an appeal to the Searcher of all hearts, may support a Christian in the last mortal agony, but what woman, however firm-minded and submissive, could live to be spurned as polluted from the arms of a husband she still loves—to be debarred for ever from the sight of her children, who, instead of being brought up to honour her, are to blush for her supposed crime, when they are old enough to understand the stain she has brought upon them—to be regarded as a disgrace by all who count her in their line—and if she flies to foreign climes, still to be under the apprehension that she may be pointed to by the slow unmoving finger of scorn. I read in your countenances, gentlemen, your undoubting opinion of her spotless innocence, and your desire now to publish this opinion to the world.

“The accusation against Lord Melbourne is built simply on the frequent visits of his lordship, and he, by adverse circumstances, being now without domestic ties, you are called upon to believe and to act upon the belief that he could not, without immoral designs, retire from the noise of faction, and from the cares of state, to enjoy the repose of private life, to taste the pleasures of refined conversation, and to witness the sports of children who would neither flatter nor deceive him.

“Gentlemen, this action must have originated in a scheme to overturn the present Government, by traducing the private character of its chief, though the honour of an innocent female, and the happiness of a respectable family should be the sacrifice. There is not more moral guilt in the assassinations and poisonings to which the struggles of political parties have given rise to

in other countries and other ages. This attempt would be more cruel to its victims, by allowing them to live when life has become a burden, and more dangerous to society, as it would be perpetrating a great crime through the forms of law, and committing sacrilege in the very temple of justice. But such an attempt can never succeed until Englishmen have lost the love of truth, and until trial by jury, hitherto the palladium of our rights and liberties, shall be converted into an instrument of our degradation and oppression.

“Gentlemen, I sit down in the calm conviction that you will, without a moment’s hesitation, free my client, Lord Melbourne, from the groundless charge brought against him, and in the fond hope, which I may be pardoned for expressing, that the plaintiff at the first look of tenderness, being forgiven by his wife the unfounded suspicions he has entertained—his children may in a few hours be clinging round their reconciled parents, and that his home may again become and may long continue the abode of undoubting love and domestic felicity.”

After the evidence had been summed up by Chief-Justice Tindal, the jury immediately found a verdict for the defendant, which called forth loud rejoicings in the court and the adjoining hall.

As a further proof of the public sympathy, it may be mentioned that when Sir John Campbell concluded his address to the jury there was a shout of applause, which could with difficulty be restrained; and that when he entered the House of Commons, between eleven and twelve o’clock at night, after the verdict had been pronounced, he was received with loud cheers as he walked up to his place. In a moment of leisure, which soon came to him, he published his speeches as Attorney-General, and placed this one in defence of Mrs. Norton at the commencement of the

series. Campbell soon had reason to feel hurt at his ungrateful treatment by Lord Melbourne. Mr. Pepys was appointed over his head to the Mastership of the Rolls, and then Mr. Bickersteth was, as Lord Langdale, elevated to the same office, when Lord Cottenham was raised to the Woolsack. The nomination of Bickersteth to the Rolls seemed at first scarcely credible, and Lord Melbourne certainly had great difficulty to encounter in passing over the claims of the Attorney-General, the chief obstacle to whose preferment was that he was not an equity lawyer. Campbell, however, gave way; the Cabinet expressed their sense of his generosity by raising Lady Campbell to the peerage in her own right, under the title of Baroness Stratheden. This was in January, 1836, and for five years more Sir John Campbell waited apparently without the prospect of a rise.

Sir John Campbell, however, was not to be trifled with, and the Whigs saw the necessity of providing for him in some way, especially as they felt they might soon have no opportunity of serving him. A Bill was therefore projected "for Facilitating the Administration of Justice in Equity," by which he would be raised to the peerage. The Opposition had no objection to the principle of the Bill, but they deemed it unwise to give a falling Government the appointments which it would necessarily create, and they refused to let the measure come into operation until the following October, when a new Parliament would assemble. The Bill was therefore withdrawn, and there seemed every likelihood that the Attorney-General would be left in the lurch along with the Cabinet, especially since—beyond doing the Scottish metropolis the honour of calling his youngest daughter after it, Edina, as he had in like manner, in 1833, done Dudley the honour of naming his youngest son

after that town—he had taken no precautions to secure his re-election for Edinburgh. In this difficulty the Irish Chancellor was consulted, in the hope that he would resign; but Lord Plunket declared with some spirit that he would be no party to an arrangement by which an English barrister was to be placed at the head of the legal profession in Ireland, and a common law barrister rendered supreme in Equity. He was persuaded, however, to retire. Immediately it was noised abroad that Sir John Campbell was to have for his fee in the case of *Norton v. Melbourne* nothing less than the Lord Chancellorship of Ireland. The meeting of the Bar, of which we have already spoken in our memoir of Lord Plunket, was then convened, and the following address adopted, which, through the kindness of Mr. Hercules Ellis, we are enabled to lay before our readers:—

*"To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.  
The humble Address of the Bar of  
Ireland."*

"Your Majesty's loyal and faithful subjects, the members of the Bar of Ireland, approach your Majesty with sentiments of the deepest attachment to your Majesty's person and throne.

"The members of the Bar of Ireland assure your Majesty that they regard with the deepest respect every branch of your royal prerogative, and acknowledge with gratitude your Majesty's gracious anxiety to regard, in the exercise of that prerogative, the interests and wishes of every class of your Majesty's subjects, when founded in justice, and known to your Majesty.

"The highest judicial office in Ireland having lately become vacant (an office heretofore, occasionally filled by members of the English Bar), the members of the Bar of Ireland beg leave most respectfully to submit to your Majesty that, inasmuch as all judicial offices in England are uniformly filled by members



of the English Bar, so, in justice to your Majesty's faithful Irish subjects, all judicial offices in Ireland ought to be filled uniformly from the Irish Bar; and they trust that amongst that body will be always found persons worthy to fill such offices, and deserving of your Majesty's utmost confidence.

"THOMAS DICKSON, Q.C.

*"Father of the Bar of Ireland."*

This address was transmitted by the Chairman of the Committee to the Marquis of Normanby on the 24th of June; it was accompanied by the following letter, to which the subjoined answer was returned.

"8, *Hardwicke Place, June, 24, 1841.*

"MY LORD,—As Chairman of the Committee, appointed by the Bar of Ireland, to prepare an address to her Majesty, embodying their unanimous resolution, 'that, inasmuch as all judicial appointments in England are made from the English Bar, so all judicial appointments in Ireland ought to be made from the Irish Bar,' I have the honour to forward to your Lordship the enclosed address.

"I have also to request, upon the part of the Bar of Ireland, that your Lordship will be pleased to present the address to her Majesty, at the earliest opportunity, and to lend to it such support as your knowledge of the talents of the Irish Bar, and of the disposition of the Irish people, may induce your Lordship to believe it merits.—I have the honour, &c.,

"HERCULES ELLIS."

"To the Most Noble the Marquis of Normanby."

"*Whitehall, June 30, 1841.*

"SIR,—I am directed by the Marquis of Normanby to acknowledge the receipt of the address to the Queen from the Irish Bar, which you transmitted to his Lordship for presentation to her Majesty.—I have the honour, &c.,

"S. M. PHILIPS.

"Hercules Ellis, Esq.,

"8, *Hardwicke Place, Dublin.*"

On the 28th of June, 1841, Sir John, then Lord Campbell, arrived in Dublin as Lord Chancellor of Ireland, amidst the indignant declamations of the Irish people. His lordship's chance of holding this office for more than a few days seemed even then so slender that, with Scotch prudence, he refused to risk the expense of house rent in Dublin, or even to venture on the pecuniary outlay consequent upon hiring weekly lodgings. An apartment at Bilton's Hotel, taken by the day, was the only dwelling in Ireland ever occupied by this "Chancellor of two days," as his Lordship was termed by the wits of Dublin.

On the 2nd of July, 1841, Lord Campbell made his first appearance in a Court of Equity as Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. He had prudently resolved to make his début in the trial of 'short causes,' that is, in causes which did not contain any points requiring his decision, but which were to be heard merely for the purpose of having formal decrees pronounced, in conformity with the Master's reports; and, as there was not at that time, the slightest chance that his lordship would sit a second day to hear causes, it was confidently expected by his friends in Ireland, that is to say, by himself and his clerk, that his judicial career would be faultless, if not brilliant.

But disaster will sometimes overtake the best concerted designs. It was announced in one of the causes that the Master, in his report, had referred two points for the decision of the court. Lord Campbell had, from the opening of the court, appeared full of anxiety and apprehension; but upon this unexpected announcement his embarrassment became extreme. No cautious covering of glasses could conceal the alarmed expression of his eye—dismay seemed to take possession of his entire frame. After several inaudible efforts to express his desire to avoid giving an immediate deci-

sion, he at last gasped out, "If I am called upon to decide upon the title, it would be very *desairous* to bring the papers home." After having heard, sorely against his will, some arguments upon the points reserved, his lordship made the following decision in the alternative, which is an interesting one, and worth recording, as being the only decision made by Lord Campbell after hearing arguments. It was in these remarkable words :—"If you agree upon decree, good ; if not, I shall take home the pleadings and the Master's report (!)"

The parties, however, eventually preferred agreeing on a decree, to encountering the risk of his Lordship's decision ; and Lord Campbell was thus enabled to claim the honour of having sat as Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, without having been called upon to give judgment in a single cause.

The Irish public were farther gratified on that day by the appearance in court of Mr. Cooper, the English clerk of Lord Campbell, who had been appointed head crier of the Court of Chancery, and sent over like his master, "to fatten upon Ireland." To make way for this English adventurer, the Irish head crier, like the Irish Chancellor, had been, according to the usual practice, unceremoniously ejected from his office.

This gentleman laboured much during the day to preserve a strict decorum of countenance, and to avoid an offensive display of the merriment, which the manners and accent of the Irish Bar appeared incessantly to afford him. But when Mr. Copinger rose to open the answer of "*Norah O'Gearon*"—this name, so amusingly Hibernian, pronounced by the manly voice of Mr. Copinger, in accent so unquestionably Irish, quite overthrew the studied gravity of the Cockney crier and of the Scotch Chancellor. Both indulged in repeated bursts of laugh-

ter, and by this ill-placed exhibition of mirth, brought home to the mind, even of the least sensitive amongst the spectators, the coarseness of the insult inflicted on their profession and their country.

The writs for the general election of 1841, were issued contemporaneously with the arrival of Lord Campbell in Ireland, and the feelings of the extreme Irish party, upon that occasion, may be gathered from the following incident.

When the sun set upon the Saturday immediately preceding the day appointed for the city of Dublin election, the walls of Dublin, and its environs, were covered with the printed addresses of the government candidates. When the sun rose next morning all these addresses had disappeared, and in their place was displayed the following printed notice, which, during the night, had been posted immediately over the addresses.

"TO ALL TRUE-HEARTED IRISHMEN.

"At a meeting of the Bar of Ireland, held upon the 22nd instant, at which Thomas Dickson, Esq., Q.C., the Father of the Bar, presided, it was moved by Hercules Ellis, Esq., seconded by John Lloyd Fitzgerald, Esq., and carried unanimously, 'That inasmuch as all judicial appointments in England are made from the English Bar, so all judicial appointments in Ireland ought to be made from the Irish Bar.'

"Irishmen, of all creeds and parties, stand by the Bar of Ireland !

"For six hundred years, England and Ireland have been under the same crown ; during that long period, no Irishman has ever sat upon the judicial bench of England.

"During the last forty years alone, there have been seven Chancellors in Ireland, and of these five have been Englishmen or Scotchmen !

"And this is called by slaves and sycophants, RECIPROCITY !!!

"A Whig Government, brought

in and sustained in office by the Irish people, has just appointed to this high office, a Common Law Lawyer! a Scotchman! a man who had never before set his foot in Ireland! who never practised in a Court of Equity! and who is, consequently, utterly ignorant of the country, whose magistracy he is bound to direct, and of the law which he is expected to administer!

"The assembled Bar of Ireland have raised their voice against this last deep insult to their native land.

"Irishmen of all creeds and parties, if you be men, stand by the Bar of Ireland!

"Support the profession which produced a Flood, a Curran, and a Grattan, in this their last noble effort to assert the rights of Ireland.

"If a Whig Government persists in treating this great and intelligent nation as if it were a barbarous colony, abandon them in the approaching struggle. Let us have the 'Tories and dear bread,' rather than submit tamely to the degradation of our common country!"

The Irish officials, alarmed at the popular excitement caused by the Campbell job, and apprehensive that it might deprive the government of the support of the Irish popular constituencies, which afforded them their only chance of success in the coming contest, hurried about Dublin, and endeavoured to calm the rising storm of indignation. They declared that the government were determined to insist upon reciprocity, and to appoint Irish Barristers to the English Judicial Bench; and they protested that Lord Campbell never would attempt to receive his retiring pension of £4000 a year, unless he should continue in office as Chancellor of Ireland for several years.

During the Sunday preceding the day of the Dublin election, bill-stickers were busily engaged concealing from public view the "Notice to all True-hearted Irishmen," by pasting over it the addresses of the

government candidates. But in the course of Sunday night, the obnoxious notice again obtained the upper hand, and again the Whig addresses were hidden from view, by the call for redress of national insult. And in the ensuing week, the county and city of Dublin both declared their intolerance of that insult, by returning, for the first time since the passing of the Reform Bill, Tory candidates, and rejecting with scorn the supporters of the government.

On the 13th of July, 1841, Lord Campbell, for the second and last time, took his seat upon the bench of the Court of Chancery, and thereby earned his sobriquet of "the Chancellor of two days." After having *got through* a few motions of no difficulty or importance, his lordship pronounced the following speech, which formed the conclusion of his Irish labours:—

"As there are no other causes, petitions, or motions, to be disposed of, the sittings will now close. And I think it proper to mention to the Bar, that I propose forthwith to devote myself to the consideration, how far the procedure of the court may be facilitated, simplified, and improved.

"I have the satisfaction to find, that where the Chancery practice is different in England and in Ireland, that established here is, in various instances, to be preferred—as discarding useless forms and speeding the suit to a hearing. The mode of enforcing decrees in mortgage suits is, likewise, much more effectual.

"In the abolition of the six clerks' office, an example has been set, which England will do well to imitate. This change, I have every reason to believe, has proved a great relief to the suitors, and has materially facilitated the conduct of business among the solicitors.

"But there can be no doubt that, both in England and in Ireland, the administration of justice in courts of equity may be still greatly im-

proved, by increased expedition and diminished expense.

"While for grievances, redressed by courts of common law, a speedy and comparatively cheap remedy is afforded; it must be admitted that, where demands are of a fiduciary nature, so that they can only be enforced in a court of equity, the delays are often most harassing, and the costs are often so great, in proportion to the sum to be recovered, that the more prudent course is to submit to wrong, and to give a triumph to fraud.

"One great cause of this evil is, the prolixity of the written pleadings in a suit, which is generally begun by the plaintiff in his bill, very tediously, telling his tale three times over. I know it is the opinion of that consummate equity judge, Lord Cottenham, that a single statement of the facts on which the plaintiff asks for equitable relief would be sufficient, and that the other parts of the bill are superfluous.

"But I believe that in various cases, where property is to be administered by the aid of the court, bills and answers may be entirely dispensed with; and that upon a short petition such cases may at once be disposed of by a reference to the Master. The time and expense thus saved in creditor's suits and other's of the same description it would be difficult to calculate without seeming exaggeration.

"In these reforms I know that I shall have the warm and generous support of the Bar. In the alterations, I have been instrumental in introducing into the law of real property, and the law of debtor and creditor, in England, I was zealously seconded by all the branches of the profession there; and here I may confidently look for equal intelligence, and equal disinterestedness.

"My great reliance, however, must be on the advice and co-operation of that accomplished lawyer, Sir Michael O'Loughlin, the Master

of the Rolls, equally distinguished for the soundness of his decisions on the bench, and the aptitude he has displayed for the improvement of our judicial institutions.

"I do not forget, that before I have completed this important undertaking, I may be reduced to a private station; but this can be no sufficient reason why I should not zealously enter upon it. I shall be prepared, at any time, to leave the high office which I have now the honour to hold, with the consciousness that while I held it, I intended well.

"*Laudo Manentem; si celeres quatit  
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit;*

*Probamque  
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.*"

Before Lord Campbell could proceed in the work of reform, he was reduced to a private station, and returned to England on the breaking up of the Melbourne administration, in the month of August, 1841. It is but justice to his memory to say that he never was paid, nor never applied for, his retiring pension of £4000. a-year.

Sir Robert Peel, the great Tory chief, then became Prime Minister. That he and his Government were aware of the anxiety of the Irish party on the subject of this particular appointment, which was regarded by that party as the index of the intentions of the government towards Ireland, appears from the following correspondence between Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham, and the Chairman of the Committee of the Irish Bar.

"*Lisnaroe, Clones,*

"*5th Sept., 1841.*

"SIR,—At a meeting of the Bar of Ireland, convened by the Father of that body, in the usual form, and held upon the 22nd of June last, the following resolution was unanimously carried:—

"That, inasmuch as all judicial appointments in England are made from the English Bar, so all judicial

appointments in Ireland ought to be made from the Irish Bar.'

"A Committee was also appointed by that meeting to draw up an address to the Queen, embodying the above resolution, and respectfully submitting to her Majesty that the Chancellorship of Ireland, being at that time vacant, it would be an act of justice towards her Majesty's faithful Irish subjects to adopt the principle of that resolution in filling up the vacancy.

"I had the honour, as Chairman of that Committee, to forward the address of the Bar of Ireland to the Marquis of Normanby, for presentation to her Majesty; but his Lordship did not deem it expedient to present that address, though couched in the most respectful language, and I have reason to believe that the document itself still lies in the Home Office.

"The short period of two months has now, a second time, presented a similar aspect of affairs. The office of Chancellor of Ireland is again vacant. The opportunity of gratifying the feelings, and satisfying the demands of the Irish Bar and of the Irish people, has again occurred; and I now, as Chairman of the Committee of the Irish Bar, take the liberty of requesting that you, sir, will do us the favour of presenting to the Queen the humble address of the Bar of Ireland.

"During the entire period of the connexion between Great Britain and Ireland, it has not been once permitted that an Irishman, or a member of the Irish Bar, should sit on the judicial Bench of England; during this period, but one Irishman, namely, Lord Plunket, was ever nominated to a judicial office in that country, and from that office he was ignominiously driven by the Bar of England.

"During this same period of 670 years, notwithstanding the constant and most just demands of the Irish people for native judges, England

has allowed but three Irishmen to fill the office of Chancellor of Ireland, the highest judicial seat in that country.

"When you, sir, contrast these facts, and remember the increased intelligence of Ireland; and call to mind how the ardent desire, the universal demand of the Irish people, for an Irish Chancellor, was lately spurned, you cannot, surely, sir, feel surprised, that upon the appointment of Lord Campbell every honest sentiment of Irish pride should have been wounded, and every manly Irish feeling deeply and permanently exasperated.

"If the government of which you, sir, are the head, should see fit to recommend to her Majesty a member of the Irish Bar to fill the vacant office, and in so doing should acknowledge the justice of the principle involved in the above resolution, you will confer a boon, not lightly to be forgotten, on every portion of the Irish people, but more especially upon that portion of it who are anxious, by the removal of every real and acknowledged grievance, to strengthen the ties and consolidate the existing Union between Great Britain and Ireland.

"But if the present government should be unable or unwilling to adopt this course, I feel satisfied that, prior to filling up the vacant office, you, sir, will consider the respectfully-expressed sentiments of above a thousand of the most highly educated of the Queen's subjects deserving, at least, of being made known to her Majesty.—I remain, with great respect, sir, your most obedient servant,

"HERCULES ELLIS."

"To the Right Hon.

"Sir R. Peel, Bart."

"Whitehall, Sept. 11, 1841.

"SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th instant, and its enclosure.

"I beg leave to refer you, on the

subject upon which you have addressed me, to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, with whom it rests to determine on the propriety of presenting addresses to her Majesty.—I have the honour to be, sir, your faithful servant,

“ROBERT PEEL.

“Hercules Ellis, Esq.,

“Lisnaroe, Clones.”

Mr. Ellis then, under date of the 19th September, 1841, communicated with Sir James Graham, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and received the following unsatisfactory reply:—

“*Whitehall, Sept. 27, 1841.*

“SIR,—I am directed by Secretary, Sir James Graham, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th instant, and to inform you that no address from the Irish Bar has been placed in his hands for presentation to her Majesty.—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

“H. MANNERS SUTTON.

“Hercules Ellis, Esq.,

“Lisnaroe, Clones.”

Extract of a letter from Lisnaroe, Clones, Oct. 4, 1841:

“SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your answer, dated the 27th of September, to my letter, bearing date the 19th of the same month.

“In that answer you are pleased to state, that no address of the Bar of Ireland has been placed in your hands for presentation to her Majesty.

“It certainly is true, sir, that I did not place the address bodily in your hands, but I transmitted it to the Home Office (which office it reached), with a request that it should be presented by the then Secretary for the Home Department; no notification that it was presented has been made, and I presume therefore that the document still remains in the Home Office, unless, indeed, it be the practice of

that office to destroy those addresses of the people which may not exactly coincide with the opinions of the minister.

“But as I enclosed to you, sir, a copy of that address, I did expect that you would have condescended to inform me whether you would do the Bar the honour of presenting their address, and that you would have also so far favoured that body, as to have let them know the opinion, or at least the intention, of the government on the subject matter of their address.

“But the *Gazette* (which contains the appointment of Sir Edward Sugden) has, in the interval, given a more ample answer: it has declared that whilst Irishmen are excluded from every imperial office of the first class, in the cabinet, the army, the navy, and the colonies, they are also to be denied access to similar offices in their own country; that no matter how high may be the claims of Irishmen upon their country or upon their party, from their talents, their virtues, or their services, they are still to be thrust aside, and that the office of Irish Chancellor, and all other situations of the highest rank in Ireland, are to be filled, as heretofore, by Englishmen and Scotchmen.

“In conclusion, sir, I respectfully request that you will transmit to me, with as little delay as possible, the address of the Bar of Ireland, for, whatever may be the result, I am anxious to insure that a document expressing the opinions of my profession, and signed by the Father of it, shall not be trampled under the feet of the menials of the Home Office.—Your most obedient servant,

“HERCULES ELLIS.

“To the Right Hon.

“Sir James Graham, Bart.”

“*Whitehall, Oct. 12, 1841.*

“SIR,—I am directed by Sir James Graham to acknowledge the

receipt of your letter of the 4th instant; and with reference to my communication to you of the 27th ultimo, to repeat to you that no address from the Irish Bar has been placed in the hands of Sir James Graham for presentation.

"But, on examining the records of the office, it appears that an address from the Irish Bar to the Queen was transmitted to the Marquis of Normanby, by whom Sir James Graham presumes that it was disposed of, by Mr. Philipp's letter of the 30th of June last, addressed to you.—I have the honour to be, &c.,

"H. MANNERS SUTTON.

"Hercules Ellis, Esq."

The address of the Irish Bar, although expressing, in most respectful language, "the sentiments of above one thousand of the most highly educated of the Queen's subjects," and although its prayer may be said to have been the prayer of Universal Ireland, was not presented to the Queen, either by the Whig or Tory Secretary, nor was it returned from the Home Office, so as to allow of its being presented by any other hand. It was designedly and deliberately suppressed, according to the usual practice, and thus the demand for justice and the exposure of oppression were prevented from reaching the royal ear.

Sir Edward Sugden, immediately on his appointment, proceeded to Dublin, and Lord Campbell returned to England. The repeal agitation went on increasing during the years 1841-42-43. Monster meetings were held in rapid succession, until the suppression on the 8th of Oct. 1843, of the meeting at Clontarf. For the next eight months the state prosecutions were the grand concerns around which all public interest in Ireland concentrated itself. The jury list, containing the names of Catholic jurors, had been abstracted from the sheriff's office, a jury had been

packed, and brought in a verdict of GUILTY.

On the 30th May, 1844, the "conspirators," the chief of whom was O'Connell, were called up for sentence, and were imprisoned in Richmond Penitentiary—a suburban prison on the south side of Dublin, with splendid gardens and handsome accommodation; here they rusticated for three months, holding levees in an elegant marquee in the garden, receiving daily deputations from bishops and other notabilities.

The judgment of the Irish Court of Queen's Bench was brought up to the British House of Peers, on a writ of error, and on 2nd and 4th of September, and on the 4th judgment was delivered. The judges who were summoned to assist were divided, three being of opinion that the jury was a good jury, the verdict good, and the judgment good. Mr. Justice Coleridge, however, dissented from that view. During the argument there were present nine judges, and of these five were law lords whose votes were to decide the question. There was the Lord Chancellor (Lord Lyndhurst) Lord Brougham, and Lords Denman, Cottenham, and Campbell; the first two being for affirming, and the last three for reversing. The Lord Chancellor put the question:<sup>1</sup>—Is it your lordship's pleasure that the judgment of the court below be reversed? as many of your lordships as are of that opinion will say *content*. Lords Denman, Cottenham, and CAMPBELL answered *content*? The Lord Chancellor: As many as are of an opposite opinion will say *not content*. Amongst the lords who appeared in favour of the judgment remaining undisturbed were many lay lords.

Lord Wharncliffe, the president of the council, then addressed their lordships, asking them not to interfere in the matter, and to leave the case in the hands of the Law Lords,

<sup>1</sup> Vide Clarke and Finnelly's House of Lords Cases, vol. ii., p. 421.

the majority of whom were in favour of a reversal. "In point of fact, my lords," he said, "the Law Lords constitute the Court of Appeal; and if noble lords unlearned in the law, should interfere to decide such questions by their votes, instead of leaving them to the decision of the Law Lords, I very much fear that the authority of this House as a Court of Justice shall be greatly impaired."

*Lord Brougham*:—"Deeply lamenting the decision about to be pronounced," concurred with what had fallen from the president of the council.

*Lord Campbell*:—"With reference to what has been said of the distinction between *Law Lords* and *Lay Lords*, and leaving the decisions of this case with the *Law Lords*, it is unnecessary for me to say more than that the distinction is unknown to the Constitution, and that there is no distinct order of Law Lords in the formation of your lordship's House. But there is a distinction in reason and the fitness of things, between members of a court who have heard a case argued, and members of that court who have not heard it argued, and those only who have heard the arguments should take part in the decision. I believe that none but those who are called Law Lords, have constantly attended while this case has been debated at your lordships' Bar."

*The Lord Chancellor*:—"I think those noble lords who have not heard the arguments, will decline voting if I put the question again."

*The Marquis of Clanricarde*:—"My lords, I think it right to say, that if any noble lord, not learned in the law, who has not heard the whole argument, votes in addition to the Law Lords on this question, I shall, as a matter of privilege, think it my duty also to give my vote. In stating that intention, I must also state that I should be very sorry to

be reduced to that necessity, for I should look on the course of proceeding which would oblige me so to act, to be one of the most calamitous nature to the House and the country. I think it infinitely better that all those noble lords, who are not in the common acceptance of the term and in the usage of Parliament, qualified to decide, should leave the House."

All the lay lords then withdrew, and the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland was reversed.<sup>1</sup>

On the following evening, the mail boat arrived in Kingston Harbour: vast multitudes had collected along the beach and were thronging about the lighthouse. Every eye was strained to get a glimpse of the approaching vessel, but it was then dark, and they had to wait until she was within a few yards of the lighthouse. The great cheering on board told the glad tidings. An uproarious shout then arose from the assembled thousands; fires blazed from every hill around the town. At Howth, on the opposite side of the bay, vast multitudes were collected. In a moment they understood by the signal fires at Kingston, that O'Connell was liberated; fires were lighted on the summit of the Hill of Howth—from hill to hill the signal fires blazed, and before one hour from the arrival of the mail in Kingstown, the intelligence was conveyed to the remotest part of the island.

On the following morning, O'Connell left his prison-house, escorted through the city by a vast procession. His carriage, on arriving at the Old Parliament House in College Green, stopped, and there was a deep silence as he rose to his full height, and pointing with his finger to the portico, turned slowly round, and gazed into the faces of the people without a word. Again and again, he stretched forth his arm and

<sup>1</sup> Clarke and Finelly, vol. ii., p. 424.



pointed, and a succession of pealing cheers seemed to shake the city.

The names of Lord Campbell, Lord Cottenham, and Lord Denman, then became household words in every city, town, and hamlet, throughout the country. One undeniable result has flowed from that decision—that the people, no matter what their political creed might be, acquired a respect for the decision of the House of Lords, which has never since been disturbed.

Lord Campbell, from 1841 to 1846, was without any remunerative employment. But his active mind could not rest satisfied without occupation. He frequently took a leading part in the debates of the House of Lords. But these exertations were not sufficient, and he recurred to those literary pursuits which in early life had helped so materially to form his mind and to advance his views. Revelling in the resumption of classical studies and in the perusal of modern authors, “by degrees I began to perceive the want of a definite object,” he says, “I recollect what Lord Coke and Lord Bacon say of the debt due from every successful lawyer to his profession; and I felt within me a revival of the aspiration after literary fame which in my most busy days I was never able entirely to extinguish. Having amused myself with revising for the press a selection of my speeches at the Bar and in the House of Commons, I resolved to write the *Lives of the Chancellors*.” The first series of these biographies was published early in 1846, and the work became immediately popular.

When Lord Russell’s Cabinet was formed in 1846, it was expected that Lord Campbell would obtain the Great Seal. Lord John Russell, however, offered him only the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster—a post which he hesitated to accept until the Premier overcame his scruples by saying, “Remember,

the office has been held by Sir Thomas More and by Dunning.” His seat in the Cabinet, however, scarcely interrupted his literary pursuits; and, in fact, during his lease of office he published several volumes of his biographical series. His leisure was not seriously invaded until Lord Denman, early in 1850, retired from the Chief Justiceship of the Queen’s Bench, when Lord Campbell was appointed to reign in his stead. Even this appointment was cavilled at. Lord Denman had a noble presence and a dignified eloquence; Lord Campbell was not of a commanding address; his language was homely, and his judicial faculty was almost untried. He did not, however, fail to maintain the dignity of his office. His conduct in those great criminal trials in which the direction of the presiding judge is of the highest importance, has been worthy of the bench on which he sat. It once suited the argument of Horne Tooke to speak of the judge in a jury trial as an officer whose function is like that of the common crier, merely to preserve order. At a trial like that of the notorious William Palmer such a view of the duties of a judge, if ever for a moment seriously entertained, would have been rudely shaken. It was one of those cases of circumstantial evidence which could leave not the shadow of a doubt of the prisoner’s guilt on the mind of any jurymen; but a very strong attempt was made to prove that, however clear might be the assurance with regard to the murder and the murderer, still the legal evidence was incomplete, and that Palmer ought to have the benefit of the lapse in the argument. The case was removed from Stafford to be tried before Lord Campbell at the Old Bailey, where it was expected that the prisoner would obtain better law and a fairer field. The Crown prosecution was conducted by the Attorney-General in person. Great as

was the praise which Sir A. Cockburn justly reaped on this occasion, to none engaged upon the trial was its satisfactory result more due than to Lord Campbell, who, unawed by the opposition which the friends of Palmer attempted to raise, and the confidence which they expressed, overruled their frivolous objections, and charged the jury in terms which implied the condemnation of the prisoner. In such cases the influence of the presiding judge cannot be well overrated, and Lord Campbell performed his part with a temper which disarmed offence, with a discretion that was seldom at fault, and with a zeal which never flagged.

The years immediately following the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in England, were remarkable for the intensity of the religious animosity against the Roman Catholic faith in that country. That Lord Campbell, though a man of advanced Liberalism, shared in the universal indignation may be illustrated by the following incident.<sup>1</sup> His lordship and Mr. Justice Compton travelled the Norfolk circuit at the Lent Assizes, 1852. Now, it so happened that the Sheriff of the county of Bucks was a Mr. Scott Murray, a gentleman who had seceded from the Established Church and become a Catholic, and had appointed the Rev. Mr. Morris, a clergyman who was also a Catholic convert, to be his chaplain. On Sunday, the 29th February, Mr. Justice Compton proceeded in the Sheriff's carriage to the church of the hamlet of Walton—whence having deposited the learned judge, the High Sheriff and his chaplain drove direct to the Catholic chapel, heard mass, and returned to the church and there picked up his lordship. On the following morning, Lord Campbell presided in the Crown Court, and in his address to the Grand Jury he spoke in un-

mistakeable terms of the impropriety of the sheriff introducing his Catholic chaplain into the presence of the judges on circuit. "The chaplain, he said, "becomes the chaplain of the judges, and the Protestant religion is the religion of the judges of this country, and he hoped that this act of intruding the presence of a Roman Catholic priest upon them would not be repeated." The Grand Jury then presented their full approval of what had fallen from the noble and learned Chief-Justice.

Lord Campbell continued to fill his high office with increasing reputation, until Lord Palmerston had succeeded to power in 1859, when the biographer of the Chancellors was himself appointed to the wool-sack. Many may have expected that a judge so long practised in the administration of the Queen's Bench would have felt at a loss in the House of Lords or the Court of Chancery; but we believe we speak the opinion not only of the Bar, but of all his colleagues of the Bench, when we state our belief that his judgments will maintain their authority, and that Lord Campbell lost none of the fame as Lord Chancellor which he had most justly acquired as Lord Chief-Justice.

On Saturday the 22d of June, 1861, he sat for the last time in court. The arguments in a case of some importance—Cardinal v. Molyneaux—had concluded, and judgment was reserved; that judgment he never delivered. After leaving court he attended a Cabinet Council, and entertained a party on the same evening with that keen and hospitable enjoyment of society which always distinguished him. He retired to rest in his accustomed health and spirits, and passed away without giving an alarm. Shortly before eight o'clock on Sunday morning, his servant, upon entering his bedroom, found him seated in a

<sup>1</sup> "Times" Newspaper, 2nd. and 27th March, 1852.

chair motionless, with his head thrown back and blood oozing from his mouth. Medical aid was immediately in attendance, but he had evidently been dead at least two hours. It is believed that the cause of death was the rupture of one of the great arteries in the region of the heart."<sup>1</sup>

Lord Campbell had purchased some years previous to his death an extensive property at Moycullen, on the western shores of Lough Corrib, in the county of Galway. And his name is even now spoken of amongst the peasantry of that romantic district, as the best and the kindest of the landlords of Ireland.

One of the most notable judges that ever sat in the Court of Queen's Bench,—Lord Campbell's industry atoned for his want of genius; his intellect reached by good sense to results which other men attain by subtle ratiocination; his kindness of heart and liberality of sentiment reconciled men to the absence of refinement; facility of quotation and abundance of amusing anecdote supplied the place of wit; and his language, if neither passionate nor polished, was, at all events, clear and trustworthy. With little that was attractive in his manner, with nothing that was graceful, with everything to remind one of the title which at one time he affected of "plain John Campbell," he obtained by energy and determination the highest rank in his profession, and he so fulfilled the duties of Lord Chief-Justice and of Lord Chancellor as to win a name not unworthy to be placed beside those of any of his predecessors whose careers he has described. There is a well-known Scotch proverb—"He that will to Cupar, maun to Cupar"—which connects the place of Lord Campbell's birth with a display of indomitable resolution, and there can be no more fitting illustration of

that saying (which is precisely the same in spirit as the motto of the family—*audacter et aperte*) than the history of the rough Scotch lad who entered college at the age of ten, and who by sheer force of character fought his way up to the House of Peers, where, at the age of four-score, he was as much beyond his years in vigour as in youth he had before his time in intelligence. Not many men begin life so early as he did; still fewer end it so late, and very few indeed spend so long a term in equal labour, usefulness, and honour.

It is an odd circumstance that Lord Campbell, to whom both as judge and legislator the law of England owes so much, was born at a place which gives its name, "Cupar justice," to the peculiar system of law which hangs a man first and tries him afterwards, and that he had his country residence (Hart-rigge-house, Roxburghshire) in the neighbourhood of another town which gave the name of "Jedburgh justice" to an equally summary code, the great principle of which is, "Hang all or save all."

His lordship was succeeded at his death in his title and estates by his eldest son, William Frederick Campbell, who had become Baron Stratheden on his mother's death, on the 20th March, 1860.

Lord Campbell also left several younger children, two sons and three daughters—namely

HON. HALLIBURTON GEORGE CAMPBELL; *b.* 1829; *m.* 24 Aug., 1865. Louisa Mary, eldest dau. of Mr. and Lady Mildred Beresford-Hope, and has issue: John Beresford, *b.* 1866; a son, *b.* 1869; and a daughter.

Hon. Dudley Campbell, M.A. (Cantab.); *b.* 1832.

Hon. Louise Madeline; *m.* 1850  
Rev. William Spranger White

<sup>1</sup> "Times," June 24, 1861.

Rector of Potter Hanworth, Lincolnshire.

Hon. Mary Scarlett; *m.* 1869,  
Joseph Alfred Hardcastle, esq.,  
M.P.

Hon. Cecilia; *m.* 1862, Henry R.  
Vaughan Johnson, esq., third son  
of the Rev. John Johnson, LL.D.,

late Rector of Ganham and Welborne, Norfolk.

Hon. Edina; *m.* 1859, Rev. William  
Arthur Duckworth, Rector of  
Puttenham, Surrey, eldest surviving  
son of William Duckworth, esq.

OLIVER. J. BURKE.

## DRUMHARIFF HILL.

SHORT is the way from friend to friend—

The quiet village lies below,  
And, leading to my journey's end,  
The little river windeth slow.

Like yesterday it seems, and yet  
I meet few faces that I know.

Is it so long, then, since I crossed  
Drumhariff Hill to Pettigo?

There is the rath by which we played,  
There Castle Termon's battered walls;  
And, sure, those eyes, my pretty maid,  
My memory at once recalls.

That voice I've heard a thousand times,—  
It cannot be so long ago  
Since you and I together crossed  
Drumhariff Hill to Pettigo.

The primrose clusters kiss my feet,  
The daisies nod a "welcome back,"  
The hawthorn sheds its fragrance sweet,  
The sunbeams play along my track.  
I feel the blood of other years  
Rush through my veins with joyous flow,  
As I pass o'er, with youth-like steps,  
Drumhariff Hill to Pettigo.

The way is short from friend to friend—  
One quaint, old gable hid from view,  
Where yonder trees with blossoms bend,  
I see another peeping through.

I see the forms of those I love  
Move in the garden to and fro—  
With hopeful heart I hasten down  
Drumhariff Hill to Pettigo.

O heart! thou mockest time in vain,  
Go back again across the hill!  
Go slowly down the shady lane  
That leadeth to the ancient mill!  
Be still, wild-beating heart, be still!  
For all is changed since long ago,  
When full of life and hope I crossed  
Drumhariff Hill to Pettigo.

JOHN READE.

## RICHARD MALVIN'S ORDEAL.

## CHAPTER V.

MRS. MALVIN, correctly imagining that she might be in the way, changed her intention and went back to the library for a book with which to solace her mind, while Richard went off alone to meet Maud.

A smile and a blush greeted his approach. Richard thought he had never seen her look so bewitchingly beautiful as she tied on a coquettish little hat with a black plume, trying to look demure in the meantime.

"Dear Maud!" said he, drawing her arm through his own and evincing by his speech and manner that the cloud which the subject of his recent conversation with Mrs. Malvin, and the prospect of his coming ordeal had cast around him, was already partially dispelled in her presence—"Dear Maud! I am so glad to have an opportunity of renewing those quiet walks and confidential chats together which we used to enjoy when children."

"Are you?" she asked archly.

"Can you doubt it, love? The remembrance of those days was the only pleasurable feeling alive in my heart when away from you."

She raised her brown eyes and looked him searchingly in the face, but with a winning smile.

"Did you never, never, during the long years of your absence, think of another? Richard, I know you will tell the truth without prevarication."

"What a tease you are, Maud!" began her lover.

"Come, sir!" she interrupted him, playfully, assuming an authoritative tone.—"no flattery, but answer my question."

"Why, my love," laughed the young man, "you might make—"

"Yes or no?" she repeated more seriously, but with a mischievous smile still lurking in the corners of her pretty mouth.

"I suppose I must be explicit, then, as you desire it. No! Will that do? Now, Maud, I ask you the same question, and, in justice, you should answer it for my satisfaction."

Maud laughed and shook her head, until the shining ringlets glistered again, and his efforts to procure a desirable answer were unavailing. Women—it is characteristic of the sex—are ever prone to torment the men they love by such little whims.

They wandered arm-in-arm into a sunny meadow to the east of the Hall, where, in former days, they had often romped and gambolled together. As they neared this playground of their childhood their voices gradually hushed to silence. Richard pressed the pretty hand which nestled in his so closely.

"The same shady sycamore, dearest! under its boughs we exchanged our earliest promises of love. Let us remain here for a time."

They seated themselves.

A little bird, hidden among the green leaves above, warbled its song of joy, the drowsy humming of insect life was far and wide, the grass rustled, the sun shone, the seconds multiplied into minutes and the minutes into hours. Still they lingered round the spot. Sweet words were whispered to willing ears, and conscious blushes told as sweet a tale to Richard's questioning eyes.

Long ago, long ago, it was the same with you and I, kind reader ; but now we are fain to content ourselves with after-dinner talk over our port and madeira, or—when we encounter the sex—with a few common-place remarks about the weather, or, possibly, a tit-bit of scandal.

Ah, me !—the golden days of youth.

It was the custom to dine early at Malvin Hall. When the lovers, therefore, returned from their long stroll, they discovered the table served, and Black Paul at his post behind Mrs. Malvin's chair, prepared for the order to uncover the dishes.

"I have been waiting for you some time, my children. Did anything delay you ?"

Maud blushed, and glanced slyly at the young man, who answered :

"No, mother ; but the minutes slipped by unheeded while we talked over the incidents of by-gone years, and, before we knew it, the sun had long passed its zenith."

"I trust you did not neglect to canvass the future ?"

The young girl's downcast eyes and crimson cheeks were a sufficient response to the old lady's sly remark.

"It is well, my children ! Paul, uncover !"

The conversation at table soon languished. The approaching anniversary of her husband's death produced too many painful reminiscences in Mrs. Malvin's mind to leave room for cheerfulness, and the lovers found ample food for thought among the incidents of their late *tête-à-tête*. True affection is never loquacious. The feelings of the heart are more potently expressed by a smile, a glance, or a pressure of the hand than in spoken language.

When they arose from dinner, Maud hurried off to a quiet nook, where she might read Spenser's "Faerie Queene," free from any noise or disturbance, and, perhaps, indulge in a little day-dream, the in-

evitable result of a maiden's attention to the horrid sentences of the sterner sex, since the time of Adam and Eve. Richard and Mrs. Malvin remained in converse in the dining-room long after the table had been cleared.

The hour for retiring to rest arrived, and Richard betook himself to the mysterious state bedchamber, which, in conformity with his expressed desire, had been prepared for his use. It was a long, low-ceiled room, wainscotted with oak ; on one side a yawning fireplace, filled high by Black Paul, under the orders of his mistress, with blazing fuel ; on the other, an old-fashioned tester bedstead, whose sombre curtains and heavy plumes gave it the appearance of a hearse. The remaining articles of furniture were of a like description, ponderous in size and massively carved, but worm-eaten and rotted by damp. The hangings, too, were mildewed, and the thick velvet carpet which covered the floor evinced the occasional presence of rats by its knawed and ragged edges. Nevertheless, the combined influence of light and heat successfully combatted these drawbacks, and it was with a cheerful heart that Richard placed the silver candelabra upon the table, and threw himself into an easy-chair, which had been brought up from the drawing-room. He lit a fresh cigar, and began to ruminate over the ordeal which it was his fate to encounter.

His residence abroad for six years, and his struggle with the hard, unfeeling world, which, on several occasions, when absent from Bordeaux, his temporary home, he was obliged to make, had strengthened his naturally fearless heart, and given him a firmness of resolution which now stood his friend. No wavering or vacillation of mind disturbed the equanimity with which his reflections were now tinged. It seemed a sacred duty in his eyes to receive and follow, to the best of his ability, the com-

mands of his father's spirit. His eyes fixed on the burning coals, his mind turning to the Future—that great illimitable expanse, whose secrets are hidden from mortality—he quietly dropped asleep.

The “still watches” of the night passed on, the blaze in the old fireplace rose and fell, the candles flickered fitfully, casting hideous shadows on the walls, and he awoke to find the first pale gleam of light stealing in through the muslin window-curtain, as the King of Day “climbed the eastern slope” in his pride and majesty.

“How stupid,” thought he with a yawn, “to fall asleep in this old chair, comfortable though it be, when such a nice snug bed was waiting for an occupant! What hour is it, I wonder?”

But it was useless to consult his watch, for he had forgotten to wind it up, as he yawned again, heaped some more fuel on the fire, and disposed himself for another nap. The sun was far up in the cloudless sky when he again awoke. A small table, spread with white linen, and bearing a substantial repast, was close to the arm-chair in which he had passed the night, and his mother seated opposite. With a sad smile—a smile in which sorrow and joy struggled for the mastery—she pressed her lips to his.

“Dear Richard, why didn't you occupy the bed last night? You cannot have slept comfortably in that old chair, and after the fatigues of your journey, too.”

“Your solicitude for my comfort, mother, blinds you to the fact that my long absence has made me proof against such little troubles. But, where is Maud?”

“She is waiting in the breakfast-room to take a ramble in the grove with you.”

“I will prepare to accompany her, or perhaps you would prefer me to stay in and renew our yesterday's conversation.”

“No, Richard; it is my invariable custom, whenever practicable, to spend the greater portion of each anniversary of your father's death in seclusion.”

“Very well, mother! I would not interfere with such a holy duty for worlds. And now to breakfast!”

Though he tried to speak right cheerfully, it was evident that he felt ill at ease about the immediate future. He succeeded, though by an effort, in deceiving Mrs. Malvin as to this particular.

The day waned slowly to a close. Mrs. Malvin spent hours in the solitude of her chamber. Maud and her lover wandered out again into the grove. I will refrain from lingering over the long and, to them, peculiarly interesting conversation in which they indulged. He told her of the incidents which had befallen him during his long residence abroad, and she gave him an account of the monotonous life which they had led in the same period, of the loneliness consequent upon that absence, and her joy that he was once more restored to them.

She endeavoured to shake the young man's resolution of meeting the ordeal proposed for him, but in vain. He gently, but with unshaken firmness, adhered to his decision, and finally she desisted from her attempt, though unwillingly.

About dusk they returned. As they crossed the lawn, Black Paul could be seen lighting the lamps in the dining-room, where Mrs. Malvin was awaiting them.

Supper passed rather silently, and in gloom. All three experienced a depression of spirits as the dreaded moment approached, Richard as much as either of his companions, though he struggled hard to overcome it, and assume a cheerful demeanour. Thus it is that the bravest soldier on the battle-field may feel a nameless terror possess him when anything supernatural is concerned.

## CHAPTER VI.

As the grim old clock in the lower hall struck eleven, Maud wishing her aunt and cousin "good night," retired to rest, but not without tearfully soliciting her lover's abandonment of what she considered his impious design. Richard shook his head good-humouredly and besought her to be of good cheer, for all would be right with him; his mother sighed but refrained from speaking until after the young girl's departure. She then pulled the bell-rope and immediately Black Paul made his appearance at the door, with a smiling countenance.

"Paul, have you made a good fire in Master Richard's chamber, as you did last night?"

"Yes, ma'am. This autumn weather causes it to be damp and chill, and so I thought it right."

"Very good. You can carry up three of the double candelabras filled with wax-lights, and also leave a glass of wine and some sandwiches on the table. Your master may remain up a few hours longer."

Paul departed to fulfil these commands and Mrs. Malvin returned to her seat. Her conduct was brimful of irresolution, and showed too well the workings of an agitated heart. The young man, on the contrary, evinced a calmness and quietude of demeanour above the ordinary.

"Richard," she said at last, after fidgeting for a length of time in her chair, "are you still determined to carry out this project?"

"Firmly and decidedly, dear mother, so far as in me lies. It is useless to waste further time—the hour approaches, so with your leave I will go to my chamber. Good night, mother! pleasant dreams attend you!"

He kissed her brow once more and went out into the gloomy corridor, and up the grand old staircase, in search of—fortune.

Mrs. Malvin soon after retired to her bed-room, but not to sleep. Her mind was full of a mother's anxious fears, and refused that placidity necessary to repose. Maud, too, unable to rest, tossed uneasily on her pillow. The greyish light of early morning was already in the East when they managed to snatch a little slumber, so great was their mutual agitation about the well-being of the youthful squire, who held to them the two-fold character of son and lover.

Meantime what had become of the object of such deep solicitude?

When Richard entered the old state bedchamber which he was for the second time to occupy, he discovered Black Paul busily engaged heaping fuel upon the fast waning fire. A salver was placed on the table close beside the hearse-like bedstead, containing a decanter of wine and a plate of sandwiches; and the three tall candelabras, each filled with wax-lights in different parts of the room, shed a mellow glow on the surrounding objects. The apartment, in short, seemed far more cheerful than on the preceding night.

Dismissing his faithful serviter with a kind word for his trouble, and murmuring a prayer to Heaven for protection and success, Richard made preparations to pass the night as comfortably as the means at his disposal would allow. While thus employed, a low, foreboding sound without, like a sigh escaping from a broken heart, drew his attention to the window. He opened it and looked forth. It was the wind moaning dismally among the tree-tops that had disturbed him.

The sky was dark and threatening—overcast with wildly-drifting clouds. Broad flashes of lurid lightning gleamed athwart the horizon, and distant rumblings of thunder echoed through the starless firmament.



He stood there a long time musing over the varied fortunes of his past life and the curious suspense of the moment—how long, he was unable to say; but gradually his watchfulness toned down to a dreamy state of thought, in which pretty Maud, with her dark brown eyes and raven hair, and timid, bashful ways, was a prominent figure. Ah, love! young and ardent love—what sleepless nights, what idle days, what happiness, what misery hast thou not caused to millions! Were each one of thy victims to tell the story of his or her experiences, how many volumes might be thus filled!

With a start which shook every fibre in his frame, and, at once, dissipated all its languor, thrilling each nerve and making it tingle with acute sensibility, he suddenly became aware of a presence in the room. Not a sound was heard, not a motion seen; yet he *felt* its proximity, and knew that the important moment had arrived. Conquering, by an effort, the strange, undefinable sensation of awe that oppressed him, he calmly turned from the open casement.

The wax lights burned low and dim. Instead of the mellow, golden flame with which they had burned a few minutes before, it was now of a pale sickly blue. The fire, too, presented the same aspect. The effect thus produced was ghastly in the extreme; and as Richard cast his eyes round the chamber a doubt—a misgiving rose to his mind, but once more, after a moment's interval, was flung off impatiently. He folded his arms doggedly on his breast, and with compressed lips and knitted brow he sternly awaited the ordeal.

A thin veil of silvery vapour gradually became visible at the foot of the bed. It rolled and surged like a column of smoke agitated from within, but increased in density meanwhile.

Richard felt a suffocating sensation about his throat, and the same icy breath upon his forehead as when

he had encountered the presence before. His heart throbbed painfully.

By almost imperceptible gradations a figure dawned upon his vision through the thick, hazy cloud. It was indistinct, but revealed sufficient of its proportions to establish the recognition of his father. Two brilliant eyes were fastened upon his, and a deep hollow voice called him "Richard!"

"I am here. What would you have of me?"

No answer; but the luminous eyes still searched his features. The young man trembled at the fascination they exercised upon him, as he asked faintly—

"Do I think aright? Are you the spirit of my deceased father?"

"Yes—of Robert Malvin, your father."

"How is it that you cannot rest in peace?"

"I know not, except it be that as I died without leaving instructions by which you might become possessed of all your inheritance, my soul is troubled therefore, and I seek to unveil the hiding-place of what remains."

"Speak, spirit of my father!" said Richard Malvin. "I am ready to hear and obey you."

"Go, then, to the left wing of this mansion. It is, as you know, entirely uninhabited. You will find no door to bar your progress. Await me in the Red Room."

"It is well. Yes, father, I shall obey your behest without fail."

As Richard gazed intently, the luminous eyes grew dim by imperceptible degrees, the white figure gradually merged into the dense vapour surrounding it, and all disappeared without a sound.

The young man uttered a deep sigh of relief, and hid his face in his hands; but suddenly recovering from this little agitation, he snatched up one of the candelabras and left the room.

As he stepped out into the long corridor the door of the chamber closed with a loud bang, the echoes of which reverberated like peals of thunder along the vaulted ceiling. A cold draught fanned his cheek, and had almost put out the lights he carried, when with some difficulty he protected them with his hand. Walking along with quick, unfaltering steps, he soon left the inhabited portion of the building and turned into the specified wing. Several times he imagined that his ear caught the rustling of some garment in advance, and once he felt positive that a spectral figure hovered before him. Never minding these facts or fancies (whichever title the reader may bestow on them), he pressed forward, and soon stood with his hand on the latch of the Red Room.

The apartment known by this appellation was large and gloomy; partaking of the decay and neglect of all else in the precincts of the Hall, it presented anything but an inviting appearance. The window-hangings, the tapestry on the crumbling walls, the upholstery, were all of a blood-red hue, and it was this peculiarity which obtained the strange name attached to it. During the late squire's residence at Malvin, and when the mansion did not present such a ruinous aspect, it was his favourite resort. He sometimes spent hours there in utter solitude.

Upon Richard throwing open the door, a gust of damp air blowing in his face again, almost extinguished the lights that he carried. He peered into the dense gloom of that lonely chamber with a momentary shudder; but recollecting his mission, he stepped across the threshold without any further hesitation. A huge bat flapped its wings in his face; a horde of gaunt-looking rats glared suspiciously at him, and then scampered off to their holes again, making a hideous racket among the broken and decayed furniture.

He placed the candelabra on the centre table, and at the moment felt the presence once more beside him. The same silvery cloud, the luminous eyes, the dim figure met his view; the same sepulchral voice sounded in his ears, saying—

“Lift the tapestry, and count to the eighth panel on your right from the south corner of the room. At the bottom of that panel you will find a small brass knob; press it; it will open, and you will discover a coffer containing gold. When you take it out, remove a plank from beneath, and the casket of family jewels, long disused, will be in your possession. These are your honest inheritance, Richard, and my mission is complete.”

The spirit ceased; the luminous eyes again grew dim; the silvery haze melted into nothing, and vanished as before. A dreary stillness seemed to rest upon everything. It began to rain without. Each drop as it fell on the stone windowsill, sounded like the clods of earth on a coffin-lid.

Richard felt that silence oppressive—he could not breathe freely. At length the secret was his—the secret which would raise him from poverty to affluence, and as the thought forced itself upon his excited mind he grew dizzy. It was with difficulty that he staggered from the room and made his way back to the state bed chamber, where he soon grew calmer. A glass of wine revived him somewhat, but his mental weakness was such that he could not immediately return to the Red Room to pursue his investigation.

He piled fuel on the fire until it again blazed out cheerfully, and then he lay upon the bed and thought long over this new era which was just dawning on his life. The fatigue and excitement at length overcame him, and he slept soundly.

## CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Richard Malvin descended to the breakfast-parlour about nine o'clock next morning, he found it untenanted. His mother's spectacles were lying on a side table, and beside them a Prayer-Book—evidence that she had been soliciting the protection of the Almighty for him. When his mind reverted to the occurrences of the preceding night, he could not help imagining that to her aid in this particular was he indebted for the success with which he had passed the fearful ordeal. He was about leaving the room in search of her when Black Paul entered with a salver, upon which buttered toast, new laid eggs, veal cutlets, and other materials for the coming meal, were temptingly displayed.

"Where is your mistress?" asked the young man of his servitor.

"She is out in the grove, sir, but will return immediately."

"And Maud?"

"Miss Maud, sir, is with her. I saw them walking together under the trees a moment ago."

"I will join them, then."

As he descended the steps of the little terrace and crossed the lawn, he caught a glimpse of snowy muslin among the shrubberies to the left, and he bent his steps in that direction.

They were resting upon a rustic bench down beside the little streamlet, and did not observe his approach. They both bore the traces of an unquiet night, but the morning air rustling through the trees and infusing health and vigour around, had already cooled their aching brows and refreshed their weary eyes. Two loving glances greeted him, and two loving hearts throbbed in unison with his, and, overflowing with gladness, beat high with hope as they scanned his beaming countenance and augured well of its expression.

"All is well with me, dear ones. The hour of trial is over, and my ordeal has been passed successfully."

Smiles and tears are alike the language of happiness. Either alone does not evince it in perfection, but when both commingle the heart overflows with its pent-up emotions of joy. On this occasion the appalling suspense in which they had passed the night contrasted with their ease of mind now, and the prospect of a bright fortune, had the effect that might be expected under the circumstances.

As Richard sat down between his mother and Maud they observed some one coming through the shrubberies. It was Black Paul, with Danger, following, as usual, close at his heels. He announced that breakfast was ready. So they returned to the Hall, Mrs. Malvin first, and Richard in her footsteps, with Maud leaning confidently on his arm.

When the cares and troubles of life fill the mind, all nature, animate and inanimate, seems to partake of its malady: the most brilliant sunshine is clouded, the flowers lose their sweetest fragrance, our accustomed haunts and companions are distasteful to us, the earth and sea and sky, with their numberless beauties, are alike shrouded from our better vision by gloom and unhappiness; but when the reaction arrives, and our mental faculties reassume their usual healthy tone, a radical change is visible in everything.

It was thus with Richard Malvin. The somewhat painful state of suspense which he had latterly shared with his mother and his betrothed bride, had insensibly clouded the atmosphere in which he would otherwise have revelled with delight. The ancient Hall, whose legends had so often charmed him

and chained his fancy in past times, the familiar scenes of his childhood, the old oak trees, the purling brook,—all these were never thought of except in gloom and discontent. But now, when the golden dawn of a better day was appearing, a rapid transition of thought brought them once more to his view, each one bearing a charm in his eyes which it had never possessed before. This improvement extending itself to his mother and Maud, imparted a cheerfulness to all three—for happiness is contagious—somewhat foreign to the character of recent events.

Breakfast over, they returned to the park, Richard with his meersch-chaum, and the ladies their needle-work. The young man related his adventure in a succinct manner, suppressing, however, for a particular reason, that portion of it relating to the existence of the family jewels. The question then arose what was to be the next move, and how the treasure, when discovered, could be removed to a more commodious part of the Hall. Maud at once suggested that its existence should be made known to Black Paul, and his aid secured. Richard acquiesced, and then requested his mother's opinion. Knowing the character of the poor servitor for many years, she endorsed Maud's proposal without an instant's hesitation. This definitely settled the matter, and her son forthwith went up to the Hall, and before many minutes returned with the grim serving-man.

"Paul," said Mrs. Malvin, kindly, "you were for a long time a faithful and devoted servant to my poor husband?"

"Yes, ma'am," answer Paul, as he took off his hat, and stroked down his scanty hair; "yes, ma'am, for many, many years."

"He often placed implicit confidence in your prudence and integrity?"

"I suppose so, ma'am," said Black Paul, somewhat nervously, not know-

ing the exact meaning of the words, but trying hard to look as if he had the contents of Johnson's Dictionary on the tip of his tongue.

"Well, Master Richard is about to renew the confidence of his father, and give you an instant proof, as he is confident that you will show yourself deserving."

"Thank you, ma'am, and I hope I will," said poor Paul, making his most courtly and graceful inclination.

Thereupon the secret of the treasure was confided to him, and Richard expressed his wishes about removing it. Within a very few minutes following the disclosure Paul went off to make the arrangements necessary in the premises. An axe, a good stout rope, and other implements, were placed ready in the corridor leading to the left wing, and he returned shortly to Richard. Neither of the ladies was desirous of assisting at the search; in fact they could not repress a thrilling sensation of fear at the simple idea; so Malvin and his servant left them in the grove, and proceeded on their expedition together.

In case it would be needed, they brought a lantern with the utensils already provided. By its feeble light they proceeded along the lofty corridors. When they reached the Red Room, Richard entered first. The peculiar circumstances under which he had visited it on the previous night had prevented him from accurately noting its appearance, or, in fact, thinking of it at all.

He now observed that the worm-eaten furniture, the carpet, the window-sills, were covered by a thick coat of dust, the even surface of which was here and there disturbed by the tread of the gaunt legion of rats which frequented the locality. The air he breathed was damp and noisome, and the dim flickering of the lantern added to the many repulsive features of the apartment.

"You had better open the inside

window-shutters, Paul," said Richard, as he surveyed the mysterious-looking room, gravely.

Paul, in his anxiety to relieve his own sense of oppression, which the musty atmosphere had created, made a violent plunge forward, overturning two chairs and a card-table in his progress, and pulled aside the faded drapery which covered the nearest window. As both furniture and curtain were covered with dust, the cloud thus raised was thick and blinding. The shutters were rotted by damp, and yielded easily to his lusty efforts. A dim, grey light streamed in upon them through the cob-webbed panes. The window was forced in like manner.

"Thank God for that!" said Black Paul, as he stood at the open casement with extended mouth, and inhaled a volume of fresh air. "It does me good."

"Why?" exclaimed his master with a smile. "You seem as if you had been shut up here for a fortnight."

"Ugh! such a smothering as I got. And the air, too, like as if you was in a cellar fifty miles underground. I think, sir—leastways, I'm certain—that there's rats and mice, and such vermin, and plenty of 'em, about this cussed old hole—beggin' your pardon for sayin' of the same."

"I suppose there are; but let us begin our work without delay, or my mother and Maud will think we are lost, or that some harm has befallen us."

They lifted the hangings that covered that part of the wall in which the treasure was concealed. Notwithstanding the light cast through the open casement, this corner was quite dark, and the lantern had to be brought into requisition. Richard counted the eight panels from the south corner, and, as he did so, felt his hand upon the brass knob which was to guide him to fortune. He pressed with a force—a spring click-

ed, and the panel slowly opened, disclosing a gloomy orifice beyond.

He seized the lantern from Black Paul's hand, but paused and turned away. An indescribable agitation seized him. What if all this were but a dream—a vivid but unsubstantial picture, in which his imagination had indulged? Were the incidents of last night but the effects of a disordered fancy—of a diseased mind? Would they be stamped with such fearful distinctness on his excited brain if it were so? Impossible!

He bent low, and directed the full light of the lantern into the orifice. True enough, there lay a heavy oaken chest, clamped with bands of iron, and further secured by a strong padlock. It completely filled the orifice, and had evidently been made to fit it exactly. The secret of his inheritance was his at last. He was a wealthy man. The thought was overpowering, and he sat down to collect his thoughts.

Black Paul examined the coffer attentively, and after deep reflection offered an opinion to the effect that there must be at least five hundred pounds "in that 'ere trunk." Richard, who had now recovered his equanimity, said, with a smile, that he thought it probable; and, having agreed on this important point, they set to work again. By the application of their utmost united strength they managed to remove it from its strange resting-place, and deposited it close to the door of the Red Room. As Paul shook himself after the exertion, and sucked his fingers, which had been jammed against the wall, he hazarded another guess, to the effect that, so far as his limited knowledge of the weight of the precious metals went, he thought there might be fully a thousand pounds "in that 'ere jolly old wooden carpet-bag, accompanying the words by a hoarse "Haw, haw!" in compliment to the wit and humour they expressed.

Richard was rather amused to hear

his grim serving-man indulging in these manifestations of pleasure, foreign, as they were, to his usual manner; but he said nothing that might offer a clue to his thoughts.

"Come, Paul," said he, "there is some more work to do here."

"What, Master Richard?" said Paul, bestirring himself; more money—eh, sir?"

"No more money—but money's worth."

The axe, and other implements brought to aid them, now came into use. Owing to the confined space in which they had to operate, and their limited knowledge of the tools, it was some time before they succeeded in removing the thick plank beneath which Richard surmised the family jewels were concealed. It was done at last, however, and he discovered the casket that contained them.

For reasons of his own he cau-

tioned Paul not to mention its existence to the ladies for the present. He carried it to the old library and concealed it, still unopened, in a cabinet which had been once a receptacle for ancient coins and medals collected by his eccentric father. There it remained until the occurrence of an interesting ceremony, which will be described in my next and last chapter. When he had thus secured the jewels, he proceeded to the grove, where Mrs. Malvin and Maud still worked and chatted, and announced the glad intelligence of the discovery of the treasure.

During the course of the day, the oaken coffer was conveyed from the Red Room to the inhabited portion of the Hall, when, upon being opened, it was found to contain an immense fortune, principally in spade-guineas, and other gold coins.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE next two months passed quietly and happily to the inmates of Malvin Hall. Richard got the right wing repaired and fitted up for occupation under able superintendence. This was only the beginning of the end he had in view—to restore the ancient residence of his forefathers to its pristine state of opulence and splendour. The apartments thus prepared were those absolutely required for use after the occurrence of the ceremony mentioned on the preceding page—his marriage with Maud.

It took place in September by Mrs. Malvern's express wish—the same month which had witnessed her bridal day many long years before. As they were totally unacquainted with their neighbours, no invitations, of course, were issued, but the intelligence spread, and the honest villagers and rustics for many miles around crowded to the country

church—and prominent among them Giles Wigton, the burly host of the "Green Lion," and his worthy helpmate, Martha—anxious, one and all, to have a closer inspection of the strange occupants of the Hall, who were said to have communication with beings of another sphere.

The little party arrived at the proper hour in two carriages drawn by white horses—the bride, the bridegroom, and his mother, in the first. The other was occupied alone by Black Paul, arranged in wedding garments which ill-became his uncouth figure. To him was assigned the part of groomsman, and by a previous arrangement, though much against his will, Danger was excluded from any share in the ceremonial. The clergyman's sister, an old lady of very diminutive proportions, officiated as bridesmaid. The nuptial knot securely tied, the little party returned to the Hall, after dismissing

Miss Dorothy Clinker (that was her name) with a liberal present.

"Home again, dear wife!" said the young husband, kissing Maud's blushing cheek as he lifted her from the carriage. "Home again, to begin a long routine of daily happiness, I trust! We shall soon make the old place as gay and handsome as it was of yore. And you, my loving mother—you, too, can look forward to a happier future than I thought your son could ever promise you. But where is Paul—good, faithful Paul, who served and protected you so long and faithfully? Do not think me churlish that I have hitherto refrained from thanking you.

"Here, master," and the swarthy face glowed with a new light, as in a clumsy disjointed way, he sought to give utterance to his congratulations.

No pomp, no music, no groups of liveried servants, nor emblazoned carriages on the lawn, no bevy of richly-attired dames, no crowd of titled gentlemen—but, ah! what happiness!

How short that bridal day! Lights were brought into the drawing-room, and Paul, by his master's desire, left a lamp burning in the library. After supper, Richard, whose handsome face glowed with a new pleasure, invited Mrs. Malvin to accompany him there.

As he turned up the lamp so as to throw a brighter radiance around the vast apartment, he asked:

"Did you ever hear my poor father make any allusion to certain old family jewels in his possession?"

"Yes, Richard, I did. Shortly after our marriage he mentioned the existence of a casket filled with such ornaments, and promised to bestow them on me whenever we might visit the Hall; but death, unfortunately, cut the scheme short. I have no doubt of their existence; indeed, I expected to find them secured with the treasure which is now yours; but, since they were not, I begin

to that think their whereabouts may never be revealed."

"You are mistaken, dear mother. I have them here."

"Here?"

"Look, is this what we want, do you think?"

He opened the cabinet and took out the casket. It was of an oblong shape, very heavy, and displayed superb workmanship and artistic taste. The cover exhibited an Italian vintage scene of inlaid and painted ivory, the colours yet vivid to the eye, the sides were carved with allegorical figures, and the whole was bound by straps of burnished steel.

In answer to her mute inquiry, Richard told how it was discovered with the treasure, and confessed that he had omitted to mention it in order that he might give them a pleasant surprise.

"Call Maud, my son," said his mother, gladly. "They are hers by right, as the young mistress of Malvin Hall."

Richard went and returned with his beautiful bride.

"Maud, my darling wife," said he, twining his arm around her slender waist, "our mother desires to make you a little present suitable for your marriage day."

The casket opened with a spring, and displayed its precious contents to their wondering eyes. They shone and sparkled like meteors beneath the lamplight. Mrs. Malvin presented the gift, and then, selecting a jewelled chain, she twined it around her neck, clasped a pair of massive diamond bracelets upon her rounded arms, and fastened a spray of gorgeous rubies in her silken tresses, saying with a fond kiss:

"You are well worthy to wear the family jewels, my daughter. May their splendour and brilliancy prove emblematical of your future!"

Years passed on, and though they brought their own share of worldly

trouble, the happiness attendant upon the fortunes of Richard, his mother, and his young wife, amply compensated for it. Malvin Hall flourished as of yore, and the old rafters echoed again and again with the shouts of the merry urchins and blooming girls, who were born beneath that ancient roof-tree, and called it Home.

Squire Malvin (the old title was again revived in his person) in course of time became a prominent magistrate, and eventually went into Parliament. Before the lapse of many years it was difficult to find a more popular name in the county than that borne by the once penniless heir of the ruined Hall.

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### OVER THE GRAVE.

POPLARS dim against the grey ;  
Silver lines that streak the west ;  
Stars that kiss the waning day ;  
Winds that hush it to its rest ;  
Stars that light me to thy tomb ;  
Winds that wail thy hapless doom :—

Stars and winds and poplars dim,  
Silver gleams that bar the west,—  
Fade before me as I dream  
On the grass that braids thy breast :  
Only thy sweet light I see  
In my spirit lighting me.



## GERMAN WINES.

WINE, after women, has been the most praised and the most abused of earthly things. From Noah to Alexander, and from Alexander to George the Fourth, innumerable ills have been attributed to wine, and whilst moralists and others have inveighed against the juice of the grape, and called it one of the curses of mankind, poets have celebrated its virtues and chanted its eulogies. Leaving aside the question as to whether the human race would have been happier or better had alcoholic drinks never been introduced, it is certain that good wine is a nectar fit for the gods, and deserves all the rapturous encomiums passed upon it by Francesco Redi, in his celebrated sonnets in honour of Bacchus—strange productions, by the way, from a man whose practice did not follow his precepts, for he never drank aught else than water.

Much has been written on the properties of alcohol in the system by physicians, and even to the present day these are imperfectly recognised. Coffee excites the brain, and tea the nervous system. Hasheesh and opium are cheats that deceive the senses with empty dreams, and dazzle with hollow visions. But wine acts honestly on the real; it exalts the action of every part within us, it vivifies every function in our body, it restores our nervous energy when unduly depressed, it raises our hopes, it keeps up our strength when battling against disease, and it fortifies our courage when struggling against adversity. In one word, it relieves our physical, and makes us forget our mental sufferings.

The use of stimulants medicinally is undoubtedly increasing at the

present day, and whilst a number of practitioners recommend brandy, champagne, and claret, others set their faces against the employment of spirituous liquors or wines of any class, asserting that all diseases can be cured or relieved without recourse to them. When doctors differ it is difficult for laymen to decide. Researches on the physiological effects of alcohol have been carried out with considerable care by Rudolf Masing, Bocker, and Mulder, by Lallemand, Perrin Duroy, by Percy Ogstan, Bence Jones, Carpenter, Spencer Thomson, Hammond, Chambers, Edward Smith, Anstie, and Parkes. These have thrown a great deal of light on the subject, and some valuable information has been obtained, but the results derived therefrom have by no means proved to be as conclusive as might have been anticipated.

The general evidence tends to show that pure alcohol has its pernicious effects greatly lessened and its good more powerfully developed when highly diluted, and still more so by admixtures with other substances, such as the salts contained in wine.

Professor Aitken, M.D., expresses himself thus on the subject:—"The use of strong wines (15 to 23 per cent. and even up to 40 per cent.) undiluted should be discouraged as much as possible, for anything beyond or in excess of this, 18 per cent. of spirit, is added either to forward the getting of wines ready for sale, to check the fermentation, and so to make young wines keep. It is the wines which contain *added* spirit which are naturally less wholesome than a wine which has been permitted the necessary time to ma-

ture without such artificial help, and which is consequently not only less spirituous but greatly more perfect as a wine. "If a large amount of alcohol is found necessary for the due preservation of the wine, and naturally results from the fermentation of the grape, the wine ought to be diluted with water when used as a beverage. On the other hand light wines cannot long be exposed to the atmosphere without acetous fermentation commencing in them. Light wines, with a small amount of alcohol for the use of invalids, must be preserved in bottles of such a size that the whole may be consumed in one day." . . . Hambro wine has been shipped from London to Cadiz and back, an operation which raises the price of the stuff one hundred per cent. The Custom House officers, in 1865, stopped a large quantity of stuff imported as sherry, which had not a drop of grape juice in its composition, and it cannot be doubted that the increased competition for low prices has greatly added to the temptations to adulterate. Such liquors for any medicinal purposes are worse than useless, and whenever wine, brandy, or beer, is prescribed medicinally, it should be obtained from dealers of the highest respectability."<sup>1</sup> It appears, therefore, that to delicate people, light wines are more suitable than strong wines at all times, and they certainly are so to everybody in the tropical weather we have been lately enjoying. Of the beverages that come to this country, and that are not surcharged with alcohol, the best and the best known, are the French and German wines. England, which formerly was a great wine consumer, and gave birth to the hardest drinkers in the world, had of late years comparatively imported very little until the passing of Mr. Gladstone's celebrated act for the reduction of duty.

Then a strong impulse was given to the introduction of the less powerful wines, to the great advantage of public health and sobriety.

According to a table of statistics, published in Jena, in 1869, it seems that the production of the principal wine-growing states is as follows:—France, 50,000,000 hectolitres annually; Spain, 25,000,000; Austria, 42,000,000; Italy, 16,000,000; Portugal, 9,000,000; Turkey, 6,000,000; Greece, 4,000,000; South Germany, 2,500,000; North Germany, 550,000; Switzerland, 1,000,000. It will be observed that the quantity sent forth by Germany is very small in proportion to its extent. But German or Rhine wine ranks among the best that is made, and, without disparaging French wine, the superior qualities of which form an excellent drink, it is unequalled in flavour, in aroma, in delicacy, and in health-giving qualities. Owing to its not being so easily obtainable at prices within reach of the middle classes, the yield of the Rheingau is very far from possessing the popularity and the sale attainable by that of the Bordeaux. Even connoisseurs among the wealthier classes who thoroughly appreciate the merits of high class Hocks and Moselles, which justly rank above all other German wines, are but slightly acquainted with the less choice, but equally wholesome, and perhaps more refreshing, lighter sorts. Our middle classes will, in time, become accustomed to these less expensive wines, and perhaps will consider them a daily necessity instead of a luxury. Literary men, merchants, and others, whose occupations are of a mental and sedentary character, will soon perceive the superiority of an exhilarating and tonic, yet clear and bright liquid over the bilious ale and heavy stout, that render them drowsy and unfit for work after a meal; and no doubt

<sup>1</sup> "The Science and Practice of Medicine." By W. Aitken, M.D. Two vols. 6th Edition.

these wines will strongly compete for public patronage with the yield of the vineyards of Medoc and of the Bordelais.

When the action of the Rhine and Moselle wines, as promoters of the digestive functions, and of an improved circulation of the blood, which they tend to purify, and of the Moselle wines more especially, as inducive of a hearty action of the skin, shall better be understood and valued, the demand for them will greatly increase.

The beneficial influence upon mind and body of the juice of the vineyards of the Rheingau, of the Moselle and Saar district of the Bavarian Palatinate, of the Nahr, of the Neckar, of the Ahr, and the neighbouring countries, is so thoroughly appreciated by the inhabitants of those districts, that they would consider life scarcely worth holding if they were suddenly to be deprived of the precious beverage. It is probable that the lively and joyous spirit which so strikingly characterises the Rhinelanders may be due to the daily use of their refreshing and exhilarating wines; in the same way, as the solemn and grave mien of so many of our countrymen may be owing to the stupifying influence of malt liquors, doctored with *coccus indicus*. We love people principally because we get something from them, just as gratitude has been defined to be a sense of favours to come. So the adoration which the Teutonic race feel for the Rhine is greatly stimulated by the enjoyment they derive from the refreshing and invigorating (nay, inspiring) products of its romantic banks, and much of the valour displayed by the worthy Bavarians and South Germans in the late war may possibly have been owing to the fact, that they were fighting not only for their homesteads, but also for their vineyards.

The extreme care and attention bestowed upon the cultivation of the

grape by the great proprietors of Germany, the lavish expenditure in labour and manure, the system and science brought to bear by these agricultural princes in perfecting the produce of which they are so proud, impart to German wines, when secured in their virgin purity, a remarkable distinctiveness, and renders them in some respects unapproached by the vinous products of other countries. The smallness of the quantity in Germany is made up by the improvement in the quality. There we have those delicate distinctions of character in the different wines that result from a correct selection of the kind of stock to be planted and cultivated in each particular position, and most suited to the nature of its soil, which is the consequence of long and attentive observation and experiment.

Were the German wine districts situated under as favourable circumstances of climate as those of Spain, France, and Hungary, the high standard of quality attained would be accompanied by a more regular and profitable yield. The actual superiority of German wines in fineness is dependent on the greater laboriousness and culture of the Teutonic race, and on their well-known indefatigable perseverance, rather than on any special quality of the soil.

The fact of German wines not being so well prized as they deserve, may also be attributed to the circumstance that it has been hitherto difficult for Englishman to obtain them in their native purity. They probably entrust their orders to travellers and canvassers who are utterly unknown to them, and who visit this country with circulars and price-currents, who possess no establishments of their own, but who frequently succeed, by dint of unceasing importunity and considerable assurance, in effecting the sale of some highly-extolled compound, which, when it comes to hand, is

found to be acid and anything but delectable. The liquor is naturally not liked, and the only doubt that remains unsolved is as to whether it is the uncultivated palate of the Englishman that prevents him from being able to properly estimate so excellent a beverage, or whether in reality the character of the wine is such as to render it unsuitable for consumption in this country. Probably the article has been manufactured to order, and charged 25 to 30 per cent. more than what a pure wine could have been obtained for from a dealer of repute. To invalids, and those who drink wine from hygienic motives, and not merely for the sake of pouring something hot down their throats, we cannot inculcate too much the necessity of purchasing the liquor from a merchant of the highest respectability. According to Professor Aitken, whom we have already quoted, plain water is preferable to bad and indifferent wine, and unless a wholesome, unadulterated beverage can be obtained, the dyspeptic and the sick had better adhere to the former drink.

The old-established English wine merchant, as a rule, takes but little interest in the sale of German wines; he keeps them simply in case they are applied for; he purchases them through second or third hands. Knowing probably little of Germany or German produce, he cannot easily get at what he requires, and can seldom supply the highest article at the lowest price. The best course to be followed, then, by an intending purchaser, is to visit a good native German wine-importing house, upon whose honesty and judgment he can depend. It is not within the province of this Magazine to recommend any one in particular, but we may name Mr. M. A. Verkrüzen, of 3, Fell Street, London. This gentleman possesses an extensive and well-assorted cellar. He has also published a pamphlet on foreign wines, containing interesting facts and valu-

able hints, and from which we have extracted some of the information herein contained.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring  
Some hock and soda water, then you'll know  
A pleasure worthy Xerxes, the great king;  
For not blest sherbet, when sublimed with snow,  
Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,  
After long travel, *cunui*, love, or slaughter,  
Vie with a draught of hock and soda water.

So said Byron, and so we all say who are acquainted with the genuine productions of the Rheingau and the Bavarian Palatinate, better known with us as hocks. The refreshing and restoring powers of these wines will not easily be forgotten by those who have tried them once, and they are excellent assistants to digestion as accompaniments to dinner. Mr. Verkrüzen gives a review of the vintages from 1861 to 1871 inclusive, from which it appears that those of 1865 and 1868, are the richest and best. The vintage of the first of the above-named dates was remarkable for the production of rich, sweet, and powerful wines, whilst that of the last was more noted for an elegant bouquet. Good wines for all ordinary purposes are supplied at from 18s. to 36s. per dozen, whilst the higher qualities range at from 40s. to 84s.—though there are some as high as 150s. The grand selections of hocks frequently take eight to fifteen years to mature sufficiently in the cask for bottling, and will keep for any length of time. The lighter kind of hocks are liable when bottled young to throw off a kind of leaf or wing, which, however, is not considered detrimental to the wine.

In Mr. Verkrüzen's list, we have no fewer than 38 different qualities, presenting a series of gradations from the light dinner wine, such as Gim-meldinger or Niesteiner, to the full-bodied, delicious Deidesheimer Auslese, or the sweet and luscious Rur

persberger Traminer, and farther up to the delicate Maroobrunnen, the dry, choice Rudersheimer, *feinste auslese*, the exquisite Schloss Johannisberger, and the scarce, grand Steinberger Cabinet. The lower descriptions are very palatable and pleasant to the taste, whilst those higher display greater and greater degrees of excellence, until the acme of perfection attainable by wine is reached. And such varied flavours, and bouquets, and aromas! We pity the man who cannot forget all his worldly troubles over a bottle of Deidesheimer Auslese, or Forster Auslese, or Steinberger Cabinet. Try it, oh, reader, and see if it does not drive from your mind the image of that heartless flirt, who jilted you after keeping you in hand until she secured somebody more eligible,—if it does not obliterate from your recollection—at least temporarily—all thought of the little bill coming due next week, which you are totally unprepared to meet—of your scolding wife, who never allows you ten minutes' peace day or night—of the appointment abroad you made sure you were going to obtain, and which was given to another only yesterday—of the sick child whose eyes daily grow dimmer before you, whose cheeks become pale and more attenuated, and whose spirit will soon quit earth for heaven—or of the favourite son who has disgraced you, whose debts you have liquidated over and over again, and who bids fair to break his mother's heart.

Despondence is shaken off after the moderate use of these wines; hope revives, and life is found not to be such a dreadful infliction, and to be well worth preserving, notwithstanding the annoyances, and miseries, and troubles, by which it is accompanied.

The Moselle wines are somewhat different in character from the hocks. They form a still lighter and more delicate wine, and are prepared almost exclusively from the Riesling

grape. These wines are celebrated for their preventive and curative effects in cases of stone and gravel in the bladder and kidneys, being great eliminators and solvents of renal and cystic accumulations or deposits. They are advantageous in cases of dropsy, by promoting a healthy action of the skin, and materially assisting the secretive and excretive functions. To persons of full habit they are very beneficial, preventing and removing obstructions in the splenic, gastric, and portal systems, and oxygenating the blood, thus naturally and effectually restoring the balance of circulation. They are also neutralisers of gouty deposits, and are serviceable in scorbutic affections. Dr. Franz Meurer, has written a work in German, entitled "The Moselle and Saar Wines," founded on the experience of a practice of thirty years' standing, in which he greatly expatiates on the sanative properties of these wines. Mr. Verkrüzen gives us an account of the Moselle vintages from 1865 to 1871, from which it appears that of the first-named year was the finest in the century, and that of 1868 the next in point of quality, the others being all more or less inferior. We have a selection of eight sorts, commencing from the Wiltiger, a light appetising dinner wine, and ending with the Scharzhofberger Auslese, the finest make of the district, at prices ranging from 26s. for the former, to 84s. for the latter. The Piesporter may be noticed among the higher sorts as being a fine digestive wine.

The red hocks are deserving also of attention, being free from acidity, and very stomachic, resembling in character the French Burgundies, though, of course, possessing a flavour of their own.

The *Aberingelheimer* and *Assmaunshäuser* improve by being kept for a considerable time in bottle, whilst the *Ahr* wines are in best condition the second year after bottling.

For family use and for invalids the *Aberingelheimer* and *Afenthaler* are especially recommended, and they are said to be beneficial in cases of *anæmia* and exhaustion. On a cold winter's evening, half a bottle of red hock will greatly contribute to our creature comforts, and materially assist in neutralising the effects of the cold and the damp. The flavour of red wines is always enhanced by bringing them to the temperature of a warm room before drawing the cork, the bottle to be placed in a recumbent position. There are nine qualities in Mr. Verkrüzen's list, ranging from 30s. to 48s., the *Afenthaler* and *Assmanshäuser* being 42s.

Sparkling hocks and Moselles may be designated German champagne, though they differ greatly from the produce of the vineyards of *Epernay*. Champagne is a light evanescent wine, acquiring its qualities from the calcareous nature of the soil of the champagne district, and it acts as a mild stimulant and restorative to invalids and women. Indeed, it is now frequently prescribed by our physicians in cases of fever and neuralgia, though it is doubtful whether it is of much service. Hocks, on the other hand, partake of something of the solidity of the national character, and are not merely the fizzing, bubbly, frothy beverages that their French rival is. The better sorts will even prove quite drinkable after the sparkle has gone off, leaving behind a full and capital wine, of more real character than champagne. This last wine is prepared with sugar and cognac, whilst on the contrary the hocks produced by the first houses are only dosed with the finest white sugar without the addition of any spirit. These hocks are not suitable for invalids, but will be duly appreciated by those who like a wine of great "*natural*" strength and considerable fragrance. Indeed, after tasting the best sparkling hocks, champagne appears like sugar and water. The Moselles are more deli-

cate than the hocks, and are said to assist digestion, and Mr. Verkrüzen relates an instance of an individual, who was cured of severe flatulence by the use of a bottle of fine sparkling Moselle, with half a pound of biscuits consumed slowly some hours after luncheon. That gentleman has in his cellars five qualities of sparkling hocks, ranging at from 30s. to 78s. and as many of Moselles at from 30s. to 60s. He gives some very good advice for storing and keeping wines, from which we perceive that the proper temperature for cellars fit to maintain in the best condition German white wines is 48 degrees to 50 degrees, and French and German red wines 50 degrees to 52 degrees. A good cellar should be well ventilated, but free from actual draughts, and the temperature should be equalised in winter and summer. No fine wines should be brought direct from the cellar to the table, they ought to be removed first to a place having the temperature of a moderately warm parlour at least six hours before they are called into use. Red wines should be drunk warmer than white wines. Some of our readers who may be accustomed to iced champagne, will perhaps be surprised to be told that to ice superior wines is to spoil them, though it will not astonish them to hear that the cheaper sorts are quite good enough to mix with seltzer or soda, the better kinds in such cases being utterly thrown away.

Our tourists now ascending the Rhine will not fail to notice the vineyards terraced on the stony sides of the surrounding steep hills. The inhabitants of these rocky districts have performed a greater miracle than Moses, for whilst he obtained water from the rock, they have succeeded, by dint of hard culture, in extracting wine.

The best vineyards are found in the gau called the Rhinegau, which extends from Wallauf, a little below

Mayence, to Rudesheim, a distance of twelve to fifteen miles, with a breadth of three or four. Here, on these cliffs of basalt, are produced the finest wines of Germany, the Rudesheimer, the Steinberger, and the finest of them all, the Johannisberger.

The Castle or Palace of Johannisberg, is situated on the top of the most conspicuous of the hills overlooking the river, and on the southern side of this hill there are fifty or sixty acres of vines. There are grown the grapes that produce the most celebrated wine in the world. The schloss or castle itself is but four or five miles from the station of Rudesheim, and strangers are there politely received, even if unknown and unrecommended. Its mistress, the Princess Metternich, who graced the court of the late Emperor of the French, and who for some years was one of its most accomplished and intimate guests, frequently resides on the property, and may be seen and conversed with without any difficulty by travellers.

An account of a tasting party at the castle is given by Mr. William J. Hagg, an American, who made a tour in Europe of late years for the express purpose of studying European vineyards, and who published his experiences in a work entitled, "Three Seasons in European Vineyards;" New York. Harper, 1869. He says:—"Four o'clock had come, and the gods were assembling—that is to say, a party of ladies and gentlemen were descending the steps of a door at the side of the castle, and were about entering that of the cellars, which opened close to it. One of them, a lady of the Hungarian type of face, cloaked and hooded for the descent into the lower regions, met me as I drew near, and addressed me in perfect English. I told her why I had come to Johannisberg, adding that, had I known, however, of her being there I should not have taken the liberty.

'But why not?' she said; 'I am sure I feel very much obliged to you for taking the trouble' . . . . The wine was then served in green hock glasses of good capacity. The first, and least good of the eight or ten different sorts, was much the best white wine I had ever tasted. It was followed by a better, and then a better, and then a better still, mounting in scale of graduated excellence, the enthusiasm rising too in like measure—until the best was reached in form of a cask twenty-one years' old—just come to its majority, in the sipping of which one could only exclaim, 'Wonderful, wonderful!' 'The bride of the cellar' was yet to come; and she came, radiant and delightful, as star-crowned Ariadne, bride of Bacchus. Is it expected I should describe those upper Johannisbergers? Epithets, comparatives and superlatives, gave out in exhaustion a long way down the ladder. 'Richness,' 'fineness,' 'body,' 'vinosity,' 'flavour,' 'bouquet'—terms of commerce and of table small-talk, all apply to wine, and are limited in meaning by the finite qualities of their subject."

Mr. Hagg was shown the price list by the manager of the estate, and found that the wine could be purchased at from two florins and a half to twenty florins per bottle; that is, from about 4s. to £1 15s. On referring to Mr. Verkrüzen's pamphlet, we perceive that he undertakes to supply Schloss Johannisberger, bottled at the Castle, with the manager's signature to the seal, at from 96s. to 448s. per dozen, fair prices apparently, and in accordance with the market value of the article. (The cheaper sorts of this wine Mr. Verkrüzen does not keep).

The entire hill of Johannisberg is composed of red sandstone, so are also nearly all the Rheingau vineyards. The deep colour is no doubt caused by the presence of iron, which abounds also in the Medoc and Cote d'Or soil. Hoeing is done four

times a year with a two-forked hoe. Stakes are the only supports, trellis net being employed, for conservatism is the governing principle of Johannisberg. The vines are a good size, and placed about three feet apart. After fifty years of grape-bearing the vines are uprooted, the earth keeps a jubilee of three years, and at the end of that time it is planted again, after receiving an overturning to the depth of three feet.

Vintage, which is delayed as long as possible, is conducted somewhat as in the Sauterne district, the fruit being gathered as it ripens, and selected berry by berry, so that the ground is gone over three or four times before all is done, which carries them often into November. These late vintages and successive gatherings are, of late years, the general usage throughout Germany. Dry weather is thought essential for the gathering, and before pressing the grapes are often spread out to dry during from twelve to twenty-four hours.

The Johannisberger is very rich in sugar and its final maturity and classification is the work of about seven years, during which, from time to time, it repeats as it were, its second fermentation. All great wine ripens slowly, and probably from the same cause. The casks hold about 200 gallons. One of them, called the "Bride of the Cellar" contains the best wine in store, and is kept in reserve till its mate in excellence is found, by which it is then replaced. Such is one of the poetical fancies of the Teuton mind.

The soil is manured by cows, for which purpose a number of animals are kept in an admirably arranged stable. Nothing else appears to be used to fertilize the ground and it is affirmed that the unsavoury article rather improves the bouquet than otherwise. The property was once owned by the monks of St. John's—hence the name. Indeed, wherever

the monks established themselves there good wine was sure to be found. It has been surmised that the saints possessing neither wives nor sweethearts, the poor fellows had no other consolation than that of the bright, cheering juice of the grape. Unfortunately scandal everywhere reported that their devotion to Bacchus did not prevent their worship of Venus.

Durkheim, in Rhenish Bavaria, is a central point in the important vine region, which includes the towns of Forst and Deidesheim. The vintage does not commence until late, about the end of October, for they allow the fruit to hang on the stem until ready to drop. Many visitors proceed to Durkheim to eat grapes medicinally, notwithstanding the discomforts of the one miserable hotel of the place; and, it seems, the remedy is by no means unpalatable, for the grapes are described as being the best in Europe.

The natural soil of the hills in the neighbourhood of Deidenheim consists of a gravelly deposit, so permeable, and so poor, that an artificial soil has to be made, and to be kept continually renewed, by hauling upon it basaltic earth and clay, together with large quantities of cow manure, which last the first two retain, and prevents its being washed through the sieve-like foundations beneath.

The Rhenish Bavarians are said to be the first vine-dressers in the world. Their vines are wide-spaced enough for ploughing, yet all is done by hand, and the soil is stirred nine and ten times in a season. On each acre they yearly bestow a hundred and forty days of hard labour, and they drag the basaltic earth from a long distance. The wines thus produced are uncommonly good, and we have already fully described their properties. Mr. Verkrüzen shows his particular appreciation of these Bavarian wines by the extraordinary number enumerated on his list,



which seems to include every brand. The vines are high, and trained on wire trellis. The oidium is not an uncommon visitor, but, as in Italy, it is successfully resisted with the sulphur treatment. Bow pruning seems to be a favourite in Rhenish Germany. Probably the strong manuring the vines receive in that country enables them to bear what it is insisted would be ruinous in France. It may be that manure can be more freely used without injury to the vine or the extremely porous gravelly plains, or well-drained terraced mountain sides of the Lower Rhine, than on French soils.

The tendency in our day is undoubtedly to seek quality rather

than quantity, but there is enough honesty and pride among good German growers to induce them not to sacrifice the purity of their wines and their highest standard to any merely trading reasons. The price of these agreeable beverages is suited to people of moderate means, and it does not exceed that of clarets and Burgundies, with the exception of the very low stuff of the former denomination, sold very cheap. To those of our readers who are disposed to try them, we shall reverse the celebrated advice given by *Punch* to people about to marry, with the recommendation of losing no time about it this hot weather.



## MYLES O'LOUGHLIN.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## MYLES "COUNTS HIS CHICKENS."

THE telegram announcing the dangerous illness of Edith's grandfather, which had called her so suddenly and so unexpectedly away, had reached the Vellums' about an hour after she and Myles had set out for the meet. Mrs. Vellum, to whom the telegram was addressed, immediately despatched the car which had brought it, in quest of her young friend, while she busied herself to pack up Edith's things as speedily as possible—for the message had concluded with "*Pray let her come at once.*"

This grandfather was the senior in the manufacturing firm of Robinson, Lindsay, and Co., in which Edith's father was, as we have already said, the managing partner.

Mr. William Robinson had a very delicate wife and two daughters. One of the latter had married Joseph Lindsay some eighteen years before, and their sole offspring was the beautiful girl who had touched our hero's heartstrings, with a peculiar thrill which little Rosey—fond as he was of her—had never succeeded in imparting. Joseph Lindsay was, at the time when he married Miss Robinson, in a very humble position in the firm—only a foreman, in fact—a foreman acting as manager of the works. But then Mr. Robinson at that time was not in a very lofty position himself. He had commenced to manufacture upon a very small scale indeed; but the place had grown and grown; and by dint of industry and speculative energy, and with the further help of the rattling good times which had visited Belfast during the period of the

American war, he had now become an exceedingly wealthy man.. And his son-in-law was anything but a poor one. But they did not, on this account, neglect their business, either of them. Mr. Robinson knew every folio in his ledger, and conducted the greater part of the correspondence himself: and as for Mr. Lindsay, it was very seldom that he was out of the factory. Mr. Robinson was a very hale man of sixty-five or thereabouts. He had married at six-and-twenty, and so had a grown-up granddaughter before he was what one would call an old man. His son-in-law was only about ten years younger than himself, and they were more like two brothers than father and son.

Alas! Mr. Robinson looked old enough now, as he lay upon the bed of death, scarce conscious, after an apoplectic seizure. It was a very sudden blow to that united family circle. Save for Mrs. Robinson's constant delicacy of health, which was a source of anxiety to them all, they had never till now known what sorrow was. But their time to experience it had arrived. And great would be the loss to them in a material, as well as in a filial and domestic point of view. Mr. Robinson had always been a most thorough and acute man of business; and in this he was everything to the firm. His son-in-law was thoroughly well up in all the detail of the machinery and manufacture, and an admirable manager of work people; but he had kept himself very much to his own *metier*, and had busied

himself very little in the office. And all who have had anything to do with the business of manufacture of any kind, must know that although the routine of fabrication may be in the most perfect order, and conducted with the utmost efficiency and the strictest economy, all is of little avail if there is not, behind the scenes, a head possessed of that judgment and foresight needful for buying in the very cheapest market, and selling in the very dearest; and of the tact which keeps a ready supply of customers always in hand—especially in slack times when stocks are wont to become high, and customers scarce and picky. Such a head was Mr. Robinson—a head not easily to be replaced.

Edith Lindsay came in time to see her grandfather alive, but that was almost all which could be said.

"Here is Edie, papa dear," said his unmarried daughter, "Edie has come to see you; open your eyes, dear, and look at her!"

"Your own Edith, darling grand-papa," said the poor girl, swallowing down her tears with an effort, as she pressed the hand which lay outside the coverlid. She just felt a slight and feeble return of the pressure, and there was a little beckoning movement of the head, as though bidding her kiss him. A long and yearning kiss she imprinted on his forehead, then sank on her knees beside the bed in tearful prayer.

Such scenes are too sad to dwell upon in the pages of fiction. Almost too sacred. Let us draw a curtain over this one. He died in peace.

Poor, delicate Mrs. Robinson was very much shattered by this sudden blow; and Miss Robinson's spirits broke down sadly, till she became quite moody and absent, and appeared as if nothing could rouse her. It was settled, about a month or so after the funeral had taken place, that they should both go to the south of France for change of air

and scene, accompanied by Edith Lindsay who would cheer and comfort them.

Meanwhile Mr. Lindsay, having summoned Mr. Vellum, who was the legal man of business to the firm, albeit that he lived in a country town, set about arranging the affairs of his late father-in-law. Everything was in a most satisfactory state. Mr. Robinson had left a yearly jointure to his widow, and a handsome legacy to Edith, and then divided the remainder of his property between his two daughters—Mrs. Lindsay and Miss Robinson. His property consisted, in the first place, in his share in the concern—*i.e.*, in the factory buildings, machinery, and stock, and workers' houses; and, secondly, in a considerable amount of well-invested ready money. Mrs. Robinson's jointure was secured by the latter.

"And shall you continue to work the place yourself, Lindsay?" asked Mr. Vellum one day.

"Well, that is a question I have often asked myself, without being quite able to reply. You see, old Connolly, the book-keeper, is a capital man—as reliable as possible—a man whom I would trust with thousands—but he is getting so old that he might drop off at any moment: and, besides, he has not the head to manage the mercantile part of the business. We want some younger man for that. But then, the young men of the present day are so uncertain. It is so hard to get one who will stick to business. They are all for amusing themselves—cricketing, pigeon-shooting, hunting, and what not. And then, even when there is nothing particular to take them away from the office for the day, they are always going "up street" as they call it, and having "nips" of sherry with Tom, Dick, and Harry; and even if they don't take enough to do them any positive harm, still this longing for excitement and variety—this disinclina-

tion to their work—is a positive harm in itself. When their heart and soul is not in what they have to do, I defy them to do it well. People are always saying that too much of the “shop” is a bad thing. So it may be—that is to say, to be talking nothing but “shop” when you are out of the “shop ;” but if a place is to get on at all successfully and well, commend me far rather to a youngster who talks shop even when out of the shop, than to one who is always “thinking long,” as the country folks say, to get out of the shop when he’s in it, and when his whole attention and all his energies should be devoted to his business. Look at the numbers of important little items such a fellow must forget or overlook!—and little items, too, of the sort which go to make up the success of a firm. Do you know, I have sometimes thought seriously of proposing to Mrs. Robinson, on her return, to turn the place into a “Limited Liability” concern. We should then be sure to pick up some new blood, to get some young fellow with limited means but unlimited energy, whom, under my guidance and that of old Connolly, we could soon make into a very invaluable managing director.”

“You, of course, being another.”

“Oh, of course! Catch me leaving my treadmill while I have health. It is a second nature to me. I should pine and die if I were to be torn away from my old habits here. No! You’ll find me in the factory, so long as I can find some fitting man to relieve me in the office.”

“Well, I’m not sure that the idea is not a good one,” said Mr. Vellum, “especially in these times when everybody is rushing wildly into business, as though it was a regular gold field in which any fool could make his fortune right off. If a few large concerns were thrown open as Limited Liability Companies, they would absorb a great deal of this stream, and thus be a check to that

headlong rage for building new factories, which, sooner or later, must seriously damage the trade. And then, it is a pleasant thing when one has, after long years of toil, laid by a little money, to feel that one can keep, at any rate, a goodly portion of it safe from the chances and changes, and ups and downs, of trade, by letting some of the risk fall upon the shoulders of others who are dying to undergo it, and who, if they did not do so in company with you, would be doing so to a still greater extent on their own hook.”

And so, after a little further chat, it was settled that at the end of the current year—which had not long set in—they two would again meet and discuss the question of “Limited Liability.”

Let us now return to our hero. Poor fellow! he felt blank enough when his pleasant and beautiful companion was so suddenly snatched away from him. But still more did he feel grieved for her—for this girl with whom he had so lately become acquainted, and who, nevertheless had awakened with strange rapidity, so intense an interest in his heart, which he had hitherto fancied to be devoted to Rosey with a fealty which was not to be shaken.

Rosey and Willy kept their own secret to themselves. By mutual consent not a word was to be breathed about it to mortal, not even to Myles, until Rosey had spoken to her mamma, and asked if Willy might formally propose to Mr. Vellum for her. And they had further agreed, with a mutual display of unselfishness rather uncommon in young couples in their “interesting” position, that she was not to say a word about it for a while, in consequence of the shock and the gloom which the tidings of Mr. Robinson’s seizure, and then of his death, had shed upon Rosey’s happy home. And even if they had not agreed to keep the thing a secret, Willy would have been shy enough about break-

ing the ice with Myles ; for all the time he felt that he was stealing Myles's sweetheart away, and behaving about as infamously as the viper in the fable, after Myles had been—though indirectly, it is true—the means whereby he (Willy), had gained a footing in the “*maison Vellum*.”

“A nice, friendly act, on my part, to be sure !” thought Willy to himself, with a slight pang of remorse ; and then he would console himself with the Shakesperian reflection that,—

Friendship is constant in all other things  
Save in the office and affairs of love ;

. . . . . but beauty is a witch,  
Against whose charms faith melted into  
blood.

This is an accident of hourly proof !

In short, Willy consoled himself for his imagined piracy of the heart he fancied his friend to have laid a rightful, because prior claim to, by the not uncommon consolation—a very dangerous form of excuse, by the way—that, after all, he was only doing what many a one had done before him, and many another would do it again. And furthermore, he said to himself that “any man had a right to cut out any other man with any girl if he could, so long as they were not engaged ; and even if they were engaged, if he could make the girl like him the best, would it not be best that she should marry him, than be united to one whom she only liked second best ?”

But, for all this line of argument, Willy felt that it would be a very delicate matter to break it to Myles ; and he thought on the whole that he would rather Rosey undertook that task than himself. Do not the ladies say that this is ever the way with men—“always leaving the disagreeable things for *them* to do ?”

Now, the state of Myles's feelings was a study in itself. It is said in the old song, that—

'Tis good to be off with the old love  
Before you are on with the new.

But Myles was on a sort of neutral ground. He was neither off nor on. Rosey was his old chum, his earliest and, till then, his only admiration. Indeed, all the time that he was in Edith Lindsay's presence, or thinking about her—which he often did in her absence—he did it, so to speak, under protest to himself. Rosey was his “dear friend,” he would say—his “little darling pet.” As for Miss Lindsay, he liked her very much, indeed, and admired her very much ; and hoped that through life they would always be friends, and that he might see her constantly, whoever she might marry ; but he would not suffer himself for an instant to commit such an act of treason to Rosey as to acknowledge to himself that he was in love with her friend. He did, it is true, in some moments of ecstatic and slightly irrational day-dreaming—for the practical Myles actually would dream day-dreams when his tenderer feelings were aroused—he did, at such times, occasionally think it rather unreasonable that in this country men should only be allowed to marry *one* wife. There was nothing in Scripture against laymen having two. It was only the bishops and clergy whom Paul said were to be the husbands of *one*. He liked these two girls so much—Rosey, because he had known her so long, and Edith, because her whole nature seemed to harmonise so precisely with his own, that he thought—not “how happy could I be with either !” but “how happy could I be with *both* !”

THE BLUEBEARD ! Fancy our steady old Myles arrived at this pitch of insanity ! But such is the power of love ! Droll sort of love, though ; a love for two people at once !

Then as the days wore on, and the impression left by Edith—for, as he had seen so very little of her, it had not been so *very* deep—began to lose a little of its distinctness, he began to say to himself—“Why,

after all should I think of her, save as a beautiful dream?—as an ideal to be pictured, but beyond the fate of mortal man to realise? Rosey is a dear little thing, and a man might go a very long way indeed before he could find a wife so well calculated to make him happy.”

And then Myles did, now and then, think of the possibility of being taken into partnership with Mr. Vellum if he married his daughter. But he would as often thrust the thought out of his head with a feeling which did him honour—namely, that it was a profanation of his regard for Rosey to think of any advantage which might accrue to him from his union with her, further than the possession of her own sweet little self for a wife.

In the midst of all these dreams he was one Sunday suddenly woke up by Rosey saying to him very affectionately, as they walked home together from church—Willy having taken a “little Vellum” under his particular wing—“Myles, I have something to tell you, dear old fellow; and I hope you will be glad to hear it.”

Double-hearted Myles! The first thought that rushed into his head was—“Edith Lindsay coming back again!” But he chased the thought away, as in duty bound; for why should he be thinking of Edith Lindsay when Rosey was by his side?

“What is it?” said he. “If it is anything that pleases you, I shall be sure to be very much pleased indeed, Rosey.”

Rosey was blushing very hard by this time; and while Myles was still wondering, she said almost in a whisper, looking down—“I’m going to marry Willy Lawson!” Then she gave a hasty look at his face to see how he took it. For though she knew, with feminine instinct, how he was beginning to like Edith Lindsay, she also knew that in those three or four days, during which they had met but in the evenings, with the

exception of that walk to the meet (of the effects of which *she* knew nothing), the liking had not time to grow very ripe. And she knew, too, how devoted Myles had been to herself throughout those childish years. She was a wise little woman was Rosey, for all that she was but a child in Myles’s eyes.

Myles literally gasped, he was so taken by surprise. Somehow, he had never dreamt of this at all. And in those last few evenings—those of Edith’s visit—while all was culminating towards the crisis brought on by the adventure in the hunting field—why, Myles, the traitor, was devoting himself to Edith! While *he* was poaching on the preserves of the Belfast admirers already alluded to in a former chapter, his own were being netted right “out of the face.” It was a truly comical predicament, and he did not know himself how or what he felt. He began to stammer something, when she relieved him of his confusion by saying right out—“Myles, dear old fellow, you have long *thought* yourself in love with me. But I know better. And while I have always liked you very much indeed, like a dear brother, and, perhaps, just a little more, still I have never been really in love with you. I *am* in love now with Willy. I own it to you, my best friend. And Willy has asked me to be his, for he too loves me with all his heart—so, at least, he tells me; and I, with all my heart, believe him. Won’t you wish me joy?”

By this time Myles had recovered his self-composure, and realised the situation. And right heartily grasping her two hands, he said—“Dear, darling little Rosey! my little pet friend! With all my heart and soul I congratulate you, and Willy too. Nothing could make me happier than to see you made happy. And happy with the man of your choice,” he added, with just a little bit of a pang.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"WHY NOT OFFER HIM MYLES."

"WELL, I must own that I am rather tempted to accede to your wish, although, as a rule, I am very much averse to speculation; and I firmly believe that in the long run the best plan is to buy for immediate needs, only avoiding the necessity of being driven to purchase at times when prices are outrageous."

"But that is all that I am now urging you to do. I am not urging you to speculate. I only beg of you to lay in a stock to a sufficient amount to make you independent of the rise that is sure to follow the spurt which the trade must take, now that the war is over. Yarns have, as you yourself tell me, never in your recollection been lower than they are at present; no, nor as low. The raw material could not possibly be cheaper; for the bulk of the year's produce has been already sold by the farmers; and we know that commission agents and dealers do not hold very large stocks. We know pretty well, too, that many mills are now spinning at a loss, and that there would be a recurrence to "short time" before the spinners would submit to any further abatement. So by laying in stock now to a considerable amount, we could not lose further than the interest of so much dormant capital, while there is, as I say, every prospect of our gaining considerably when a revival of trade comes, as it undoubtedly must do ere very long."

"You are right, Myles, I do believe," said Mr. Lindsay, "and you shall have your way. Come—this is your first venture, and I will give you a benefit. You have only asked me to lay in the modest amount of twelve thousand bundles. What do you say to my going in for sixty thousand?"

"Why, you rather take my breath away, sir; that is indeed speculating;

and it is more than I dared to suggest, although it is my belief that we should be perfectly safe in the venture. But we should go cautiously to work, and negotiate in different quarters simultaneously, or we shall be raising the market against ourselves before we have time to complete our arrangements."

"Never fear! it will be easy enough to manage all that. So let us drink another glass of claret to the success of our venture—and then we will join the ladies. Remember—a third of the profits, if any, shall be yours."

"Oh no, Mr. Lindsay; I have no right to expect anything, I only give my best advice, as in duty bound."

"But I say, 'Oh yes!' and do not think of thanking me: it would only be what you'd deserve."

While Mr. Lindsay and Myles O'Loughlin are discussing their final glass of claret, let us briefly inform our readers how our hero came to be seated in the snug dining-room of the first-named gentleman, and discoursing with him upon the purchase of yarn stock.

We have already endeavoured to delineate—though, we fear, somewhat lamely—the undecided condition in which Myles's heart exhibited itself when for the first time he heard the announcement of Rosey's and Willy's mutual attachment, and of their engagement to each other.

Fascinated by the many charms of an affectionate and very loveable little girl, with whom he had lived on terms of the closest intimacy since he and she had budded into man and womanhood together, he had fancied himself thoroughly in love with her, until Edith Lindsay appeared upon the scene to rival her in his affections. And even then, Edith's two visits had been so brief,

that although each time that he saw her a chord was touched in his heart that had never vibrated before, still that chord had not had time to swell, and ring out as the key-note of his existence. It had died away again, leaving only upon his mind the vague sense of an exquisite pleasure experienced for a moment. It was true that he had seen her twice within a twelvemonth; yet he might never chance to see her again—certainly it was more than possible that he might never see her as Edith Lindsay again. So charming and lovely a girl, with such prospects, too, as the only child of a rich manufacturer, was not likely to remain long unmarried; and he—he, the humble cobbler's son, although he had dreamt of aspiring to the hand of Rosey Vellum, at whose home he had been so long on intimate terms—could not for a moment dream of any contingency which would place him in a similar position in the Lindsay family.

And yet here he was now—a twelvemonth later—domesticated in the "*maison Lindsay*" much in the same way as he had been domesticated in the "*maison Vellum*." And Rosey—good little creature that she was—had helped not a little to bring about this result. And the way of it was as follows:—

Myles had actually "*worn the willow*" after Rosey's marriage. His little chum—his *reality*—had been taken away from him. He had to console him the *dream* of Edith Lindsay; but then it was but a dream. And Edith was not even at the wedding; for, as we have already heard, she had gone abroad with her grandmother and aunt shortly after her grandfather's death.

"The chances are I shall never see her again," thought he, dolefully; "but I shall be constantly seeing little Rosey supremely happy with the man who has cut me out, and shall thus be reminded the more vividly of my own loneliness!"

"Never mind!" he would add to himself, "is not Rosey happy? and what should I desire more than her happiness? And if Edith Lindsay should marry some Belfast magnate, she, too, would be happy; for I know she is not the girl to marry a man she did not love. So what more can I desire? Is it not sufficient for me to be made happy by the reflected happiness of those whom I love? And who am I, that I should think of marrying at all—I who have not a penny to bless myself with, and no prospects, save those I may make by aid of my brains? There are Rosey and Willy as happy in the old horsedealer's house as folk in a fairy tale. And what a very snug little place she has made of it even in this short time! But where could I have taken Rosey to? Or whither could I take Edith Lindsay? I must be content to be a solitary bachelor this many's the year to come. Heigho! It's a hard lot to live without a loving chum when one had begun to realise what such a life might be!" Whether this reflection had reference to Rosey or to Edith, or to both, we cannot say. Perhaps Myles could hardly have told us himself.

So Myles tried to make himself happy as well as he could, sticking to business more closely than ever. But he often looked absent and sad, and out of his element when he came to the Sunday evening gathering at the Vellums'. And good little Rosey, as we have said, felt for her old chum, and felt, moreover, that, as she had been the innocent producer of *one* void in his existence, she would endeavour to fill up *another* if she could. Well did she know that in his heart there had been two cells, so to speak—not one. And she saw a prospect of so filling one of the two that it would expand and grow till all the space existent there should be occupied, and the place which had been vacated for ever through her own defection should



be a void no longer. She had heard her father and mother talking over Mr. Lindsay's plan for turning his business into Limited Liability, she had heard how Mr. Lindsay considered it of the most vital importance to find some trustworthy person who would have the ability as well as the conscientiousness and steadiness requisite for the superintendence of his counting-house. And so, one day, she said quietly to her father—"Why not suggest Myles to him, papa? I am sure he would be just the one to suit him. His powers of application are such that he would not be long in mastering the details of the business, when he had always at his elbow so trusty and tried a man as the old book-keeper you have spoken of. And papa," she added, with some hesitation, and a blushing face, "I don't think Myles is as happy now here as he was; and I feel that I am, in a measure, to blame for it. Though I did not jilt him, you know, papa; for I know somebody that he likes better than he ever liked me; aye, and he liked her before he knew that I cared for Willy!"

"Nay, my pet, I know you did not jilt Myles. It was only *my* little dream that you should like the lad some day well enough to marry him. But you and your mother both begging me in favour of Willy were too many for me. Especially when Myles himself came to your aid, and, as soon as you had informed him of your proposal, came to me and spoke up so loyally for his friend, and assured me how nice, and sterling, and good he was behind my back as well as before my face, and begged me to make you happy by withdrawing my opposition to your union with Willy."

"Dear old Myles!" said Rosey half to herself, with tears in her eyes.

"But what do *you* know, my sapient little madam, about Myles

liking somebody else?" asked her mother. "Has he been making any confidences to you, or to Willy? or has the 'somebody else' been making any? And who may she be, if you please?"

"Nobody has told me, and yet I know; but I must not tell till I know more certainly. So don't ask me, mammy dear!"

"Well, little mystery, I won't."

Meanwhile Mr. Vellum was pondering over his daughter's suggestion respecting Myles, and the firm of Robinson, Lindsay, & Co. The idea had never struck him before, but he thought it an excellent one, although it did emanate from that "childish" feminine brain. Myles would be just the young man for the place. It was true that he could ill spare him himself. But he did feel, that by Rosey's marriage to Willy, and the consequent overthrow of his pet project—whereby she was to have married Myles, and Myles was to become his partner—that youth had been rather hardly treated. For he had made quite a son of our hero by anticipation; and, his own mind being continually bent on having him as a son-in-law, he had, he felt sure, often said things to him which must have raised his expectations unduly. It was true that it was still open to him to take Myles into partnership whenever his probationary term came to an end. But then that must be as junior to Willy, who, although he was his son-in-law, was, he must own, assuredly Myles's inferior in business capacity. So great was his regard for Myles that he did not wish to place him in this position. And then again, there was scarcely business enough in that small country town for a partnership of three. To have as partner a son-in-law who would succeed to the business in its entirety was one thing; to have a third who was no relation was another, and would, he felt, be inconvenient, great though his regard was for Myles.

But, then, would he be fitted for the post in question, in the firm of Robinson, Lindsay, and Co. ? It would be years perhaps before he would be sufficiently as well up in all the details of the counting-house to be able to take a leading position therein : but then all that was wanted was to have some one at the side of old Connolly to sustain his authority, and to be gradually learning from him, until such time as it would be needful for him to take his place.

Fancy Myles, the cobbler's son, being the one to sustain the old man's authority over young men whose fathers would scarce have condescended to nod to Myles's father ! But if he offered Myles's services to Mr. Lindsay, Mr. Vellum did not intend that our hero should go there merely as "his father's son," a youth dependant on the favour of patrons : he intended that he should go on his own foundation, as a young man of unusual energy and ability, who was worthy of being placed in the prospective position of junior partner—*i. e.*, that he should go upon the understanding that he was to be raised to this distinction as soon as he had sufficiently qualified himself for it. This was on the supposition that the firm would not be "floated" on the "Limited Liability" principle. For since the conversation recorded in our last chapter, Mr. Vellum and Mr. Lindsay had written several letters to each other on that subject, the upshot of which had been that the "Limited Liability" idea had fallen into the background. "Everybody was rushing into it and it would be overdone,"—Mr. Lindsay had written towards the end of the twelve months he had allotted to himself for thinking it over—"and then it necessitated the publication of one's half-yearly accounts and balance-sheets for the perusal and information of every inquisitive chatterbox on 'Change. And after all, the Board of directors necessitated by law was

such a farce—a pack of men who did not, or could not know a-bit about the matters they had to decide on, save and except what they could pick up at their monthly meetings by dint of any stray piece of shrewdness they might chance to possess. And then every *employé* had to go by some swell appellation hitherto unheard of ; and instead of being paid with a modest *pay*, they must all have *salaries*, and salaries which were no joke, too, in respect to their amounts." The only thing which made Mr. Lindsay loth to relinquish the idea was, that it might be the means of bringing some new blood into the firm ; and this he felt was of far more importance than a mere influx of cash, for all that he would have been glad to enable the ladies to withdraw a part of their stake, and invest in something less precarious, even if less profitable.

It was just after Mr. Vellum had received a letter to that effect that Rosey said—"Why not offer him Myles ?" And Mr. Vellum thought this rather a bright idea on Rosey's part, and did offer him Myles. The reader may guess that Myles made no demur, when, upon Mr. Lindsay's writing to say that he would like to see something of the young man before making any reply, Mr. Vellum told Myles that he was about to send him to Belfast, to audit the books of the firm of Robinson and Lindsay, in behalf of his clients, Mrs. and Miss Robinson, whose shares had to be apportioned in pursuance of the late Mr. Robinson's will.

Myles had not at this time an idea of the change which his friend and employer had in store for him, he had not a notion that he was merely going to be "trotted out." One thing he did know, however, and that was that he would see Edith. Rosey hastened to impart to him the fact that his friend had some time since returned from the Continent, and that he was to "be sure to give her lots of love from her when

he saw her, as he was certain to do."

Cautious Mr. Lindsay had allowed Myles to take up his quarters at an hotel, at the outset; and had waited till after their first interview to ask him to come in that evening and dine with them. With a beating heart Myles accepted the invitation. With a heart beating harder still, he awaited the opening of the drawing-room door after his somewhat early arrival, and then, oh the joy, when Edith was the first to enter, and when she greeted him with a heartiness which showed that, at any rate, her feelings of cordiality towards him had not abated in the twelve months' interval which had elapsed since last they had met! Myles felt his whole being pervaded by an indescribable thrill of happiness, which more than compensated for all the dolours which he had been experiencing in the interval. Throughout the evening Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay, unknown to him, were sitting in judgment upon him, and the verdict was decidedly in his favour; for some time ere he rose to go, Mr. Lindsay, after a little whisper with his wife, had said—"Mr. O'Loughlin, it is a pity that you should stay all alone at an hotel during the few days of your stay in Belfast. Come and take a bed with us. We'll make you as comfortable as we can."

Happy Myles! to be sleeping under the same roof with his fancy's queen!

Had that queen said much about him to her parents beforehand? She had not. She was, strange to say, very shy and reserved about him. When they had asked her, previous to his coming, to tell them something about him, as they had heard her speak of having met him at the Vellums', she had merely said—striving to assume an air of unconsciousness, and yet feeling an unaccountable palpitation at her heart as she did so—that "he was very gentlemanlike, amiable, and agreeable, and

that the Vellums all liked him very much."

The upshot of the "trotting out" was a letter to Mr. Vellum, a few days after Myles's return to Y—, in which Mr. Lindsay said—"I like your *protégé* excessively: so, I may add, do the ladies. He seems very clear-headed and business-like; and I really believe that he would prove an acquisition in our office. To tell the truth, I had felt rather disposed at first to discount your enthusiasm in his behalf, and set a great deal of it down to the friendly regard you had conceived for him. But now I feel quite disposed to take him at your estimate, and shall be very glad if you will diplomatically propose to him that he should come here for a while, say as my confidential clerk, with the option on either side to put an end to the arrangement at the end of three or six months, in case it was not found to suit. You have already kindly said that you would take him back, if does not get on here in accordance with our expectations."

The six months had passed and gone. There was no desire on Mr. Lindsay's part to put an end to the arrangement; and we may be very sure that Myles had no such desire. His whole heart and soul was in his business. He was a good book-keeper before he went there. That he had a natural turn for "bargaining" is a fact which the reader—if he remembers the little episode of "the lot for thruppence" in Myles's early days—will have been already aware of. And this propensity served him in good stead whenever it fell to his lot to have to discuss with Mr. Lindsay and old Corrigan—who was nominal manager of the counting-house department—questions respecting the policy of buying or selling. It was during the evening which followed one of these discussions that the conversation took place between Mr. Lindsay and Myles over their claret, which has

been related at the commencement of this chapter.

We shall not accompany the gentlemen into the drawing room. For we have not a mind to narrate love scenes. We have already given it as our opinion that tender passages between two accordant hearts can be better imagined than described. While, on the one hand, the mere fact of being in the room with some people for whom you may have unluckily conceived an aversion, and the annoyance of their inharmonious ways of talking and acting, tends to set your back up, and make you positively miserable, as though you were constantly hearing discordant

notes of music; so, on the other hand, it is a positive delight to be merely in the company of others with whom your nature harmonises, to hear from them an occasional remark, even if it be on some trivial matter, and to meet from time to time the reciprocating glance of the loving eye through which heart flashes forth to heart its electric message of sweet accord! If this sympathetic feeling causes a positive sensation of happiness to be felt by us when in the company of ordinary friends, what must Myles's sensations have been each blissful evening that he passed in the society of Edith Lindsay?

## CHAPTER XV.

### "REVENONS À NOS MOUTONS."

IN three months' time from the purchase of the 60,000 bundles of yarn, prices had risen fully a shilling a bundle, and not a hank had yet been touched; for the old stock was not out. This far exceeded all Myles's expectations. A rise of 6d. was all that he had suffered himself in his most sanguine moments to dream of. Threepence would have satisfied him—not so much on account of the modest amount of profit which it would have realised, but chiefly because it was his first attempt at forming an independent judgment upon trade prospects; and he was playing for a higher stake than the mere pecuniary gain. He had fixed his eye upon the partnership as the only way in which he could hope to aspire to the hand of Edith Lindsay. Mr. Vellum had never told him that he too had fixed his eye on this partnership as Myles's future destiny. Nor had Rosey breathed to any one save Willy that the partnership and subsequent union with Edith had been her day-dream for her friend. Both father and daughter had confidence in the young man's abilities, and in the

"natural fitness of things," and both felt that events would take their course if only the stone were once set a-rolling.

What a pity it is that more people in the world, amongst those who have it in their power to exert a little beneficial influence in behalf of their friends, do not act upon the principle by which Rosey and her father were actuated! Plant a healthy tree in a congenial soil, and it will give you no further trouble; it will grow while you are sleeping, until at last it takes up a grand position, and spreads its graceful and sheltering branches far and wide. For our part we can conceive no greater luxury than that of searching and finding out youths endowed with natural ability, placing them, when practicable, in positions where they can get their foot upon the first rung of the ladder of advancement, and there leaving them to push away upon their upward course, keeping on them merely a quietly-observant eye from a distance. Do not pet such youths, or "make interest for them." By so doing you would be sure to enervate their

energies, and paralyse that grand spirit of self-dependence which alone can ensure them real and lasting success. Just be satisfied with taking them up from the smothering shades under which their natural robustness is dwindling, and planting them out in favourable soil; and then leave them to themselves, and go and search out others such as them for similar treatment. Be assured that if they have the right stuff in them, they will grow while you are sleeping, or while, at any rate, you are not heeding them save from afar, and are leaving them thus to shift manfully for themselves.

A thousand pounds! That was Myles's share in the profits of the 60,000 bundles.

"I wish I might be allowed to put it into the concern," said Myles to Mr. Lindsay, "and to become one of the Co."

"That you shall in welcome, my boy; and I hope the sum will soon augment," said Mr. Lindsay, heartily.

It must not be supposed that all this time Myles was neglecting his parents. He had been helping them largely out of his earnings; and his good friend Squire Heartman had been helping them too, in a different way. The Squire was a politic man, and always had an eye for future contingencies. "Some of these days" (he had mused to himself) "that boy will be marrying a wife in a very different position to that in which he was born. But fancy his bringing a refined and educated wife to such a hole as that in which I first found him; even though she were but to come for an hour's visit. She would be disgusted to death! The "Lady of Lyons" would be a joke to her. I must rub up this old couple somehow. That nephew who lives with them is not a bad little chap. He has quite ceased to be a little savage during his two years' training at my school. Now, old O'Loughlin suffers so much from articular rheumatism that his hands

are almost disabled from working at his last. There is a snug little eight-acre farm just fallen in, with a good stone cottage on it which might be made into a very presentable dwelling-place at a very slight outlay. One could make nothing of their present mud cabin and two acres of ground. The old woman and the nephew between them will be quite able to till the additional land; and I'll make the lad turn to account the lessons he has learnt in the agricultural class, and make a very trim place of it. This, indeed, shall be the condition on which I'll give it to them. Everything will have to be so advanced and civilised about the little place, that it will not put Myles to the blush whenever he comes to visit them there. And as he, good lad, sends his father £20 every year, the old fellow may be well content to confine himself to such light work as his crippled hand will comfortably admit of, and such as will keep him pleasantly occupied."

The good squire carried out all his projects for the comfort and civilisation of the O'Loughlin family. The cottage was slated, its kitchen floor was tiled, and the bed-rooms were boarded. Double lattice-windows took the place of the small apertures which had originally served to make darkness visible within. Roses were trained up the outer walls, and a garden of herbs and flowers and a gravelled "street" were made to take the place of a filthy pool and the rugged and muddy causeway which used to disfigure the front. The fields were drained, the hedges were squared and neatly quicked, the thistles and ragweeds were banished. The sow was ruthlessly condemned to confinement in her own sty; and not a duck or a hen was permitted to enter the kitchen on any pretext whatever. All this was not brought about in a day, but in course of time it *was* brought about, the more easily, perhaps, because the old people themselves felt

that now that their son was a "gentleman," they must really strive to hold a position more worthy of his, lest he should come home some day and feel ashamed of them.

And it was surprising how little it cost to effect all these reforms, after the expense of slating and flooring, and glazing had been defrayed by the squire. Irish country people are always saying—"The poor can't do this, and the poor can't do that;" But the condition of an Irish cottage has nothing to do with the poverty of the inmates. It is all a matter of taste and self-respect. When will the eyes of our peasantry be open to the fact that they condemn themselves solely by their careless, slovenly ways, to an existence but little removed from barbarism? If they had fixity of tenure, and their land at a shilling an acre, it would be just as bad. Would

that our landlords would take a *mania* for estate improvement—that it would become a "rage" with them, as horse-racing, yachting, cattle-breeding, and such like have at times been a "rage" with some of them, communicating itself from one to another, and so engrossing them that they would grudge no expense to carry out their object. If this were to happen, their efforts would surely succeed at last in breaking in upon the inveterately slovenly, and half-barbarous habits of too many of their tenants. For the reform needs outlay on the part of the landlord, without which all his preaching—even if he gave himself the trouble to preach—would be in vain. People who are utterly in the dark need the light of example as well as the awakening voice of precept.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"AND THEY LIVED HAPPY EVER AFTER."

"OH, what a delightful house! How pretty everything is, and in what good taste! It must have been such a luxury to be able to furnish, and all that, exactly as you liked, and so have everything to your mind! And your chimney pieces! I do so admire these chimney pieces! Where did you manage to get those beautiful marbles?"

"They are all Irish marbles, Rosey dear. Myles has a perfect *furore* for everything that is Irish. Everything in the house has been done by native workmen and with native material so far as could be. You see we have even a carved black oak sideboard in our little dining-room. And those busts, and that little statuette in the bay window, and those oil paintings of Killarney and Connemara, they are all the work of Irish artists. And I hope you will allow, too, that the pictures are not daubs.

"Anything but daubs, dear Edie. Indeed I know that neither you nor your spouse could bear to see anything about you that was not perfect of its kind, no matter how Irish it might be. But how nice it must be to be so rich, and to be able to buy everything that you fancy! And how doubly delightful when you can feel all the time that you are not doing it selfishly, but that you are helping to encourage and to develop native art."

"Indeed," said Edith, "I often think to myself what a country this might be with its natural productions, and the quick genius of its people, if we only had a race of wealthy men of taste like the Florentine merchants in the days of the Medicis to foster and feed the fine arts amongst us by that which after all is the most practical form of encouragement,—paying well for that which is worth paying for.

Here we have dormant genius undeveloped, and natural beauties, and natural productions wasting their sweetness upon desert air! The talents of our people, and the capabilities of our land are like a loving couple, longing to be united to each other, yet unable to marry for lack of the means. What a beautiful offspring they might produce, if our country could only produce a sufficiency of magnates blessed with the means, and the taste, and the patriotism needful to ensure for this devoted pair that endowment without which their union cannot be effected!"

Romantic readers, we have played you a shabby trick. We have skipped the final courtship of Myles and Edith; we have left you to imagine all the ups and downs which occurred before the happy day of their union. They have now been married some three years, although this is Rosey Lawson's first visit to her old friends since that auspicious event took place.

Fortune has smiled favourably on the firm, which is now doing business under the name of Lindsay, O'Loughlin, and Son, the "Son" being a *miniature* Myles, who was taken into partnership on the first anniversary of his natal day; Mrs. and Miss Robinson having withdrawn their share, and quietly invested it in the funds, their dividends wherefrom reach a figure by no means small or contemptible.

The foregoing conversation took place on the afternoon of Rosey's and Willy's arrival. Willy had gone down to the office to look for Myles, whom, as it was a Saturday, he found just locking up his drawers and safe for the day, although it was as yet early.

"On Monday I'll show you over the works, old fellow! And tomorrow afternoon you won't, I'm sure, mind accompanying Edith and me in a round which we invariably make. Our workpeople almost all

live about us here, in houses which we have built for them ourselves; and every Sunday afternoon we visit some half dozen or so of families. They generally know our beat, and we are sure to find everyone in wherever we go, old and young, although, as a rule, it is a great day for walks out into the country with sweethearts. These visits enable us and our people to know each other intimately, and they often consult us on their private affairs. And then Edith always knows who is sick and ailing; and now and then we have little confidential complaints of lads who have a tendency to be scampish or wild; and one is enabled, by a little timely advice, to pull them up before they go too far for reclamation."

"How delightful it all sounds!" exclaimed Willy. "It is like a little model republic, with you for its king, and your beautiful Edith for its queen! But tell me! I have heard that some of the workers' houses in the suburbs of Belfast are filthy holes. Of course you have reformed all that—you could not fail to do so when you take such an interest in them; but you must have found it an Augean business!"

"True enough, but we have effected that reform pretty thoroughly, we flatter ourselves. Whenever I found all other means fail for touching their sensibilities about the dirt and untidiness, I used to hold up to them my own case, and tell them what a dirty, ragged little cad I used once to be myself; and what a pigstye I used to live in. And that always interests them vastly. And then I would say to them—'Well, if you can't all have my good luck, and get to be partners in large firms, and marry beautiful princesses, still you can easily get to be just as snug as if you were ladies and gentlemen, in a small and modest way. A clean family, in a clean house, well equipped with books and pictures, with perhaps a musical in -

ment or so, need not envy the wealthiest in the land. Their enjoyment of refined though simple pleasures, when the day's work is done, will be as keen as that of any one could be."

"Myles, there's just one question—nay, two, which I want very much to ask you before we join the ladies, if you won't think it a liberty. May we take a turn round this charming little garden of yours which we have just entered?"

"By all means!"

"I want very much to know how you got over the religious difficulty when you married. Are you still a Roman Catholic, and what do you intend your children to be?"

"My dear Willy, I will answer your questions gladly, though I cannot do so very briefly, because I should like to tell you all about the matter. When we were about to marry, my 'clergy' as we used to call them in the country, actually began to insist that Edith should turn Roman Catholic before they would permit me to marry her. I said, that could not be, because I knew her to be a most conscientious Protestant. They said it must be, and that unless she would consent to join the Church the marriage could not take place. They would not ask her, they said, to affect to believe anything which she was not convinced of in her conscience, but join the Church she *must*. Well my blood got up a little at this insisting; and I said warmly, that 'that sort of ordering might be all very well with Myles O'Loughlin, the cobbler's son; but that it would not do with Myles O'Loughlin, of Robinson, Lindsay, & Co.,' (it was still the old company then, you know),—'I would force my wife to nothing against her will,' I said, 'for I would consider it a cowardly and unmanly thing to take advantage of the love that I had won from her for myself, to ask her to do, for the sake of marrying me, a thing which

in her heart I knew she could not approve of! 'I should be sorry,' I added, 'not to be married in my own Church as well as in the Protestant one; but I should consider our union fully blessed by Heaven, if *only the one* ceremony were performed.' Well, their reverences—for two of them came to visit me on this important and momentous question, and one was our bishop's right-hand man—made a strategical movement hereupon; in other words, they executed a skilful retreat; attempting to bargain that the children should be brought up as Roman Catholics. 'I am sorry,' said I, 'that I cannot satisfy your reverences there either. I have such confidence in the truly religious sentiments of her who is to be my wife and the mother of our children, if we are to be blessed with any, that I would not for the world remove those children from her entire influence. She shall be their instructress until they come to years of discretion to judge for themselves. I shall merely ask her to confine herself in her teachings to those common truths of Christianity in which we are all agreed, truths which, in my humble opinion, suffice for the salvation of any one. I shall ask her to say nothing to them against the distinctive tenets which I profess, and I, in my turn, do not mean to say anything to them in behalf of those tenets.'

"Well—and how did they take that?"

"Why, they said that they hoped that my friends would pray to the Virgin night and day for my benighted soul, and with the hope that light might at length shine in upon my darkness, they would leave me for the present. The marriage ceremony, I need not add, was performed at chapel as well as at church."

"Well, Myles, you are, as I always thought you, a very liberal Roman Catholic. But I had hoped that you would have gone further still.



I had hoped that Edith's earnest influence"—

"My dear Willy"—said Myles, interrupting him—"Edith and I suffer but little difference to exist between us on the score of religion. She reads to our little household a chapter of the New Testament, and some of the prayers used at your church, before breakfast every morning, and I am never absent. Only on Sundays are we separated in our religion during the hours of divine service. And even then, though we worship at different altars, our hearts are together: aye, and our souls too. I may be what my people would call a very bad Roman Catholic, Willy, and yet I have no intention of leaving the Church I have been bred and born in. I have to thank that Church for training me up in a religious earnestness which your Church—excuse me for saying so—seems to fail in training her children in. If many Protestants are really pious, and show the sincerity of their faith by a hearty willingness to give up "self" for their religion and its duties, I consider it to be merely accidental that they are so. They owe it to some chance (perhaps I ought to say, some *providential*) awakening, or to their happening to have pious parents who, you must own, are scarce commodities. But the Church to which I belong, even admitting that there are errors in its belief, a matter which is open to argument, has a system of *discipline* which yours, as a whole, does not possess. If we err in the direction of a too great reliance on our own good works (and I don't think you will find so many of us doing so as some of you fancy), you Protestants err in a still more dangerous direction, in thinking that what you call your "Faith" will save you—a lazy, idle faith which gives itself no trouble, whatsoever, and bears no fruit in nine cases out of ten. Priding yourselves on your Bible learning, you seem to forget that the Bible has told you that "a

tree is known by its fruits;" you, as a body, cannot compare with the Roman Catholics, as a body, for acts of charity, self-sacrifice, devotion, or true self-denying love for Mother Church. Nay, priding yourselves as you do, on your superior love for your Saviour, not one of you keep His natal day as a day of religious joy and pious thankfulness; and last, not least, the great bulk of you almost entirely neglect the great Sacrament which He so solemnly ordained! While accusing our priesthood of withholding from the laity *one* of the sacred elements, how many of your laity entirely, or almost entirely, withhold *both* elements from *themselves*!"

"Indeed Myles, I must confess that you speak too truly. But I believe that this recent Act which has disestablished our Church will, much as it has been reviled by Protestants, tend ultimately, while passing us through the fire of adversity, to infuse more heart and soul, and more reality, into our religion."

"God grant that it may!" said Myles. "For I confess to you that I believe you have the truth really on your side, if your careless, Rome-hating Protestants, would not stifle the truth by their unpardonable neglect of its Mission. When once I see Protestants, as a body, *living the real Christian life*, and led to do so by the direct and vitalised ministrations of their Church, I really cannot see what there could be to hinder me from joining you, and sharing in profession, as I now do in heart, the pure Christian belief of my beloved Edith!"

\* \* \* \*

#### POSTSCRIPT.

Let no one say that the transformation of Myles from a ragged spall-  
peen into a refined and educated gentleman is forced and unnatural. We ourselves have the privilege of knowing a Myles, every inch a gentleman, and as refined in his artistic tastes. One day we chanced to remark to a friend respecting him—

"Who would not fancy that there was '*blue blood*' there?" "And yet," replied our friend, "he has, in his boyhood, carried home my new boots from his father's shop."

We have been accused by a Roman Catholic of writing of his creed with bigotry. The Protestant reader may possibly complain that

we have written of Rome too tenderly. We have striven, at any rate, to write fairly. We do not desire to write or to think a bit more harshly of the Papal system than "JANUS" writes, and he is a Roman Catholic. Perhaps, indeed, we should find it difficult to be more severe in dealing with this topic than he is!

## O FLOWERS! O BIRDS! O BROOKS!

O FLOWERS! that strew the wood's dim ways,  
 O Birds! that warble loving lays,  
 O Brooks! that prattle o'er the sand;  
 If grief and care would flee away,  
 Ye still might lead me by the hand  
 To haunts and scenes of former days—  
 Wood, grove, and glen, where fairies stray  
 When moonlight silvers sea and shore,  
 And soft winds ripple brook and stream.  
 O Flowers! O Birds! O Brooks! I dream  
 With a heart happy as of yore;  
 I'll roam dim woodlands nevermore,  
 When summer sits 'neath spreading tree,  
 Flower-crown'd and singing merrily.

J. F.

## THE POLICE OF PARIS.

IN a former paper<sup>1</sup> we have seen how criminals in France are prosecuted and convicted. To-day we shall describe how and by what means they are discovered, tracked, and arrested; and we shall give a brief account of those agents of justice whose duty it is to protect society from the depredations and violence of malefactors.

The first division of the Prefecture of Police, to which is entrusted the preservation of the life and property of the inhabitants of Paris, is composed of two distinct portions, respectively styled the administrative and the acting department. This last is generally known as the Municipal Police, and is represented before the public by a small army of *sergents de ville*. These functionaries, whose cocked hats are to be seen in the corners of the principal streets of Paris, apprehend evil-doers caught red-handed, secure rogues and vagrants, maintain public order, and render assistance whenever called upon to do so, very much like our own constables. The real police is much less visible. Its agents are dressed in plain clothes, and they are termed inspectors. It is their province to watch closely suspected criminals, and they are equivalent to our detectives, only they are better trained, more acute, and far more efficient. All orders for inquiries come from the administrative, and all information is gathered by the acting department. The one impels; the other follows. The former is the head, the latter the arm, of the police of Paris.

By a decree of the 17th September, 1854, the number of the *sergents de ville* was greatly increased, and

each one of the twenty *arrondissements* of the capital is guarded by three brigades of them, comprising a division. Every four hours, a report is furnished from each *arrondissement* to the head-quarters in the Rue de Jerusalem, giving a brief account of any new crime that may have been perpetrated. These reports contain but very few words, and are forwarded by a messenger, the police offices of Paris, not yet at all events until within the last year or two, having been connected together by telegraphic wires.

The long coats and skewer-like swords of the *sergents de ville* are familiar to all Englishmen who stroll along the Boulevards. These representatives of justice, have all or nearly all been non-commissioned officers in the army, and they are submitted to a very strict discipline. Two infractions of the rules within a twelvemonth by one individual entail immediate expulsion. The sword is very seldom called into use, but it is thought to have a certain influence on the crowd, and proposals to abolish it have been rejected on the score that it would be unsafe to leave the *sergents* unarmed, and at the mercy of the mob.

A candidate for admission into the corps of *sergents de ville* must serve an apprenticeship of a twelvemonth, during which time he receives a pay of three francs a day. After twenty-five years' service he becomes entitled to a pension of 750 francs (£30) per annum; but, few, scarcely one in ten live to receive it. The exposure to all weathers, the changes in the temperature, the rain, the sun, the snow,

<sup>1</sup> "French Criminal Justice." *Dublin University Magazine*, June, 1872.

and the wind, the irregularity of the meals, all combine to undermine the strongest constitutions. Eight hours of duty daily appear to wear out in a comparatively short period men in robust health, and vacancies are frequent. This is to be regretted, for it takes a considerable period to train the men properly. A soldier when he leaves his regiment is accustomed to habits of implicit obedience, which he wishes to enforce upon others. Generally it takes three years to convert an excellent soldier into an indifferent or tolerably good *sergent de ville*. He is taught to conceal an iron hand under a velvet glove, and he is required to spare, as much as is practicable, the susceptibilities of the excitable Paris populace. He generally complies with his instructions; he becomes well acquainted with the population among which he moves. He is as patient with drunkards as our own policemen; he looks upon them as naughty children, and treats them with a paternal indulgence. Nor is he wanting in heroism, for he occasionally throws himself before runaway horses, pursues mad dogs, or drags injured individuals from under the wheels of a heavy waggon. His honesty is proverbial, and all objects found by him are deposited in the hands of the Commissary. His position is often very difficult; if he allows a culprit to escape, he is careless or indulgent; if he arrests him he is despotic and tyrannical. The French, whose traditions are of a revolutionary character, and who are, as a rule, the enemies of all constituted authority, side not unfrequently, even to the present day, against its agents. The first movement of the mob, when they see a prisoner conducted by *sergents de ville* to the lock-up, is sympathy with the captive, without inquiring whether he be justly led to prison, or whether he be a victim to the oppression of the rulers. The French

are like Don Quixote de la Mancha, ready to break lance for Ginesillo de Parapilla, or any other robber who rebels against the Government, and they have yet to learn that one of the essential elements to the greatness of a nation is respect for the law.

The eighty station-houses occupied by the *sergents de ville* are very similar in appearance and in furniture. They mostly consist of a spacious and ill-paved chamber with grey walls, garnished with some camp bedsteads, a table almost black with time, an iron stove, and one or two bare gas-lights. Whilst the men off duty are smoking their pipes or playing draughts, if we take a glance round the apartment, we shall perceive several objects employed for the benefit of society by those who are paid to watch over its safety. In a corner rests a stretcher, on which many a sick and wounded man has been carried to the hospital. On shelves are ranged rows of canvas buckets, side by side with lanterns and torches. Against the walls are pasted various proclamations, with printed regulations and manuscript orders of the day; and framed addresses of physicians, apothecaries, nurses, veterinary surgeons, water carriers, posts of firemen, and turn-cocks. For, as with us, the police are unprovided with keys to open water pipes, and when every minute is of the utmost importance, they must run to seek the official who keeps the required element securely locked up.

Adjoining to nearly every station house in Paris, there is a *violon*, which consists of two cells, the one for males, the other for females, wherein prisoners are temporarily confined. The *violons* are destitute of all except bare benches, they are dark, foetid, and dismal dens, never brightened by a glimpse of sunshine. They are so cold in the winter that the *sergents de ville* frequently permit the thieves, vagrants, and trulls

who are their usual inmates, to warm themselves by their fire in the guard-room. Children are especially well cared for by the old troopers, who wrap them up and nurse them, probably with far more care and kindness, than the infants' own mothers ever displayed. The *sergents de ville* go in couples on their rounds ; they walk on the footpath, and plunge suddenly into dark corners and nooks, whenever they see a shadow flit by. When patrolling quarters infested by thieves, and inhabited by the scum of Paris, they are preceded by two detectives, and thus sometimes important captures are effected.

In addition to the 3864 *sergents de ville*, who watch over the safety of Paris, there is a reserve at the Prefecture composed of five brigades of 50 men each. These are denominated *vaisseaux*, from the fact of their having the arms of the City of Paris embroidered on the collars of their coats, instead of the ordinary numbers and letters. They are intended for special services, such as guarding public promenades, theatres, exhibitions, and also they are brought out on particular occasions when it is intended to overawe the mob. It is not here the place to discuss whether the police under the Empire, has ever been called upon to fulfil other than its proper functions. Certain it is, that during the last few years of the rule of Napoleon III., property was as safe as it could reasonably be expected in a centre of nearly 2,000,000 of inhabitants. During the Exhibition of 1867, between the 4th of April and the 3rd of November—that is, during seven months, not more than one hundred and sixty-nine robberies were reported, and of these only one was of any importance ; that from the window of Monsieur Froment Meurice, the well-known jeweller.

To enable the authorities at the prefecture to be acquainted with the movements of that vast population, the landlords of all lodging-houses

in Paris are bound, under severe penalties in cases of non-fulfilment, to keep a register with the names and occupation of all in-comers. Every day, 156 police agents personally inspect those books to which they affix their visa. There is no escape from this law ; the proprietors of the handsomest mansions of the Rue de Rivoli, conform to it as well as the keepers of the lowest dens in the Rue de Venise. Thus at the head office in the Rue de Jerusalem the address of any stranger in Paris, not residing in a private house, may be ascertained.

During 1867 a table was compiled of the foreign visitors to the Exhibition, and some curious statistics result therefrom. We ascertain among other facts that 59,367 English were present in that year and 4 Cochin Chinese : that 4750 persons of title, 4289 Catholic priests, 501 literary men, and 23 rabbis, were temporarily residing in furnished apartments, and that the total number of foreigners who came to enjoy the amusements of Paris on that occasion amounted to 200,346. As there were in Paris in 1869, 12,628 houses who received lodgers and which were tenanted by 166,370 French and 33,127 aliens, the police who watch them have enough to do, especially as to their lot falls the surveillance of private gambling-houses. This last duty is said to be little liked, and occasionally not unaccompanied by danger.

Among the multifarious attributions of the French Police, there is one which is not known among us, we mean the protection of public morals. A strict guard is kept over the persons and conduct of unfortunates by a number of agents told off for that purpose ; and from the lowest thief's trull to the great half lady who is intimate with princes, and who is driven to the races in a four-horse drag, no one escapes their penetrating eyes. It is owing to their care that the streets of Paris

are kept free from the disgraceful sights that are met with in London, in the Haymarket, at twelve o'clock at night. In the French capital those wretched beings are swept off the public highways; they are confined to their own dwellings, whence they may not go out except at stated times; they are numbered and ticketed and liable to be imprisoned at the least infraction of the law. That the great power of the police is apt to be abused cannot be denied, and doubtless cases of individual hardships may, and do occasionally arise, such as are depicted in the history of *Fantine* in "*Les Misérables*." But society at large benefits thereby and all legislation must be directed to the advantage of the many. Were the shrieking supporters of the agitation for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts to study impartially the working of this question on the other side of the channel, they would—if open to conviction—very considerably modify their views.

In Paris, from the pressure exercised on these poor creatures, and oftener still by dint of the kindness displayed to them when in prison, information of importance is frequently obtained regarding the burglars and murderers, their associates, and through their instrumentality criminals greatly "wanted" are not rarely traced and apprehended.

The above branches of the acting department of the police deal only incidentally with malefactors, the pursuit and capture of whom devolves more particularly upon a small body of men denominated in familiar parlance *La Sureté*. This corps was established by Vidocq, in 1817, and notwithstanding the unfavourable antecedents of the man—who had been a notorious convict, and who, on the supposed principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, had been taken from the galleys into the service of the Crown—some notable captures were effected. Vidocq was succeeded in 1827 by Coco-Lacour,

another individual who had followed the same professional pursuits as his predecessor. The evils of this system were soon apparent. Prisoners fraternised with their guardians, recalling to memory some former daring feat in which all had joined, and when it came to the trial, the jury were puzzled as to whether the oath of the retired rogue, or that of the rogue in the height of a successful career, was the more or the less trustworthy of the two. In 1832, the Corps was dissolved and reconstructed under entirely opposite principles. It was perceived that men that were to be continually exposed to the temptations of intoxication, debauchery, and bribery, should be possessed of a high moral tone, and should be proof against every description of allurements. It was not easy to constitute a new force, all the members of which should be both able and incorruptible, but after a time complete success was achieved. At present the individuals composing *La Sureté* are nearly all married men and fathers of families, and the spotlessness of their private lives contrasts singularly with the characters they are constrained frequently to assume. In fact, they lead a dual existence, which must be studied closely to be observed that under various masks there is only one real character. The corps consist now of an officer of the peace, who is the chief of the service, of 4 clerks, of 4 principal inspectors, of 6 brigadiers, of 6 sub-brigadiers, of 117 inspectors, and of 7 assistants, in all 145 persons, who keep in check the whole criminal population of Paris, a fact which would be hardly credited.

In France the *agent de la Sureté* has been made the hero of novels and dramas, quite as frequently as the inevitable detective of our sensational writers. There is this difference, however, that whilst Inspector Bucket and his successors in Mr. Wilkie Collins' and in Miss Braddon's tales

are pure inventions of their creator's imagination, the romantic *agents de la Sureté*, barring a certain degree of allowable exaggeration, represent real living types. In Paris these officers of police devote themselves to the study of the criminal classes, and they attain a startling proficiency. It is by no means unusual when a robbery has been announced, for an inspector to say—"It must be so-and-so's handiwork, we shall *nab* him to-night, in such and such a place." And the deed follows the word.

A man is born a detective, as he is born a poet. He must possess a natural instinct or genius, and training or cultivation perfect the faculty.

The *agents de la Sureté* follow the chase with the zest of hunters, and when they run down their quarry their countenance flushes with real delight. They must possess nerves of steel, and the highest courage, the true courage that finds itself alone and in the dark in the presence of a constant danger, but a danger of an unknown kind, which may suddenly assume the least, expected shape. The devotion of these men is not always properly understood or appreciated even in Paris, though many instances are recorded of this quality. The sagacity with which the red Indian follows the trail of his enemies, in Fenimore Cooper's novels, is not greater than the eager keenness with which a Parisian inspector scents from afar his prey. Sometimes the latter watches under the shadow of a wall for a whole winter night, under heavy snow, cutting sleet, drenching rain or piercing wind, or stands for a day before a gateway in the garb of a commissionaire, without speaking a word or making a sign. Those who understand the French national character with all its vivacity, will fully appreciate the difficulty of this last feat, and the self-denial it entails. A few years ago robberies of intoxicated people were frequent at one of the

*barrières* of Paris. One evening several inspectors proceeded to the spot. Two or three laid down on benches feigning to sleep, whilst others hid themselves in a dark nook. A small steady rain was falling sufficient to drench any one in a quarter of an hour. From seven until twelve o'clock they remained there patiently, without anything occurring; still they deserted not their post. At two o'clock a gang of thieves approached, and as they neared the pretended sleepers, the police agents rushed upon them and secured no fewer than seventeen of them. The perseverance of these officers is extraordinary, and only equals their sagacity and penetration. It happens with some mental talents as it happens with the muscles of the body; through continual exercise they become developed beyond measure. Habitual close observation and great experience enables them, from the most insignificant signs, to construct a complete theory, which is very often correct, just as the practised physician sees at a glance the nature of a case. It is related of Cauler that from four words written on a piece of paper in which some butter was wrapped up, he discovered the clue to a murder. The members of *la Sureté* in time acquire a wonderful memory, and they never fail to recognise a face they have once seen, however altered or disguised it may be. On one occasion an inspector, on proceeding along the Quai des Fleurs, noticed a man whose countenance appeared not unfamiliar to him, and he determined not to let him go out of sight. The individual, seeing himself followed, entered an omnibus, whither the inspector also betook himself, sitting down opposite to him and fixing his eyes attentively upon him. The poor wretch flinched, became uneasy, and whispered to the inspector, "Do not arrest me before all." When the conveyance reached the Rue de Harlay, the police agent quietly

allighted with his prisoner, whom he escorted to the station-house. He was a thief who had escaped from the Prefecture where the inspector had casually beheld him on the same morning. No doubt chance had much to do with this capture, nevertheless it could not have been brought about had not the officer been in a state of constant watchfulness, and had not the business of his life been that of perpetual investigation.

When an inspector reaches the scene of a murder he loses no time in vain lamentations or in superfluous sentimentality. His business is to discover whence the murderer entered and whence he went away; how the crime had been committed, and what has been stolen.

It might be thought that these *agents de la Sûreté* would be armed when going on expeditions wherein they risk their lives. It is not so. They trust only to their broad shoulders and powerful arms. Their only weapons are a short cord, about ten inches long with three knots, and ending with two wooden handles, not unlike those of a skipping-rope, which is dexterously slipped round the right wrist of the criminal, and by a pull of the handles he is held in check and disabled, and a long rope which serves to tie his arms and legs. Formerly there was an extensive wardrobe of dresses, of various descriptions, at their disposal; but they have been gradually moth-eaten and destroyed, for disguises at present are employed only exceptionally. Ere now the same person who had been witness to distribute the handbills in an old blouse of a morning, was met in the evening at a public ball elegantly attired. The inspectors have full latitude, and provided they fulfil their duty well, it matters not under what guise. On one occasion two of them being called upon to execute a delicate mission, took up their quarters at a fashionable hotel in the

characters of a foreign diplomatist and his confidential valet. So well did they identify themselves with their parts, that not only their real position remained unsuspected to the end, but when after achieving complete success in their mission they returned to their former life, the late ambassador, when he first was thould and thee'd by his companion, indignantly asked him how he dared be so familiar, and was highly incensed at the unwonted liberty.

When police agents are entrusted with orders, the *modus operandi* is entirely left to their discretion. Their ingenuity appears inexhaustible. Much at the same time they owe to the folly and stupidity of the delinquents, who as a rule are far from being endowed with the cunning and shrewdness popularly attributed to them. Some time since a convict escaped from Cayenne, was found to be engaged as a carpenter in a workshop in the Faubourg Saint Antoine. Having been summoned under the pretence of doing some urgent repairs, he unsuspectingly went out, was apprehended and placed in a cab, and driven to the Prefecture, notwithstanding his protestations. In reply to his solemn assurances, the chief of the police said to him: "Your name is so and so; you have been condemned to ten years of penal servitude; you fled through the Dutch possessions; you resided in London in such a place; you came to France through Calais; you are tattooed on the left arm; you have a small-pox mark under the right nostril. There it is. Denial is useless, and you had better admit all." The man stupefied and frightened avowed hesitatingly his identity.

How was this information obtained? the reader will naturally inquire. However active and able they may be, the officers of police could not possibly learn all these facts without the assistance of confederates. These are chosen among released convicts, who are granted some slight immu-



nities in exchange for the important knowledge they are able to impart, and who are called indicators. Many of them are only allowed to reside in Paris to gather intelligence, or in other words to act as spies. They receive, moreover, a certain remuneration, but no regular pay. It is their business to place the inspectors on the track of the criminal, and they are given five francs for every plain robbery, twenty-five for every burglary or robbery with violence, and fifty for every murder, in the detection of which they may have co-operated.

The existence of honour among thieves appears to be to a great extent mythical, for it is found practically that condemned criminals are ready to betray their comrades for the sake of a trifling improvement in their prison diet, or to avoid being removed from the Paris penitentiaries to those in the country. So that intimate confidences made by one ruffian to another are repeated to the police, and thus the clue to some undiscovered crime is not unfrequently obtained.

Sometimes the police is called upon to act without possibility of help from any one. On the 6th of October, 1865, an old man was found killed in the wood of Argemont, near Argenteuil. On the previous day he had been met in company with an ill-looking fellow, wearing a cap over his eyes, boots with wide tops, and with a blue ink stain on one of his thumbs. On the 8th traces of the assassin are hit upon. Day by day the trail is followed until, on the 14th, he is arrested at an inn in the Rue St. Honore. On being taken to the prefecture he is recognised as a convict escaped from Cayenne. As a rule, the inspectors do not seize any one in cafés, theatres, or places of amusement, for they have instructions to avoid disturbances in public, and not to injure the establishments in question.

Sometimes a chain of natural circumstances cause a particular feat to appear miraculous. Some years since, three Englishmen, one of whom was a police officer and the other two were jewellers in the city, entered the *bureau* of the chief of *la Sureté*. It was stated to the latter, that a shopman had stolen from his principals jewels to the value of £16,000, that it was thought he was in Paris, and that he ought to be looked for at once. "I have your man," said the chief, and on his giving an order, the delinquent was brought forward and three cases of jewels were produced. The shock was so great that one of the jewellers fainted. The explanation was simple enough. The *Sureté* had been informed that a young foreigner who arrived at the best hotel in Paris, had negotiated five distinct pledges with the Mont de Piete on the first day of his stay. The luggage of the traveller was searched, and masses of jewellery thrown pell-mell, being observed in his portmanteaux, suspicion was aroused, and the man and the cases were secured. It may be added that the English police claimed one-third of the value of the property, whilst M. Claude, the chief of the French police, returned a gift of f. 30,000 (£1200) forwarded to him by the jewellers.

*La Sureté*, besides the duty of arresting criminals, is charged with that of preventing crime when practicable, by the surveillance and seizure of runaway convicts, or even released offenders, whenever public safety might require it. The spreading of railways has increased its labours, for there is an astonishing tendency amidst ruffianism and rascality to gravitate towards Paris, where there are wine, women, and booty in abundance.

Those who follow this pursuit, become intensely attached to it, for a man-hunt is the most exciting of pastimes. To unravel plots, unmask falsehoods, and extort the truth, is

singularly interesting to those practised in the arts of mental warfare. The members of *la Sureté* are so accustomed to the study of the human physiognomy, that an involuntary contraction of the eye, a twitching of the mouth, reveal a weak spot, whence confession may be obtained. Stern, harsh language, or threats, only harden the criminal, and render him more impenetrable, whilst words of kindness are the only means of unlocking his tongue. Even the greatest ruffians are amenable to the influence of a friendly address, and no man is then so utterly depraved or lost as not to possess a soft chord in his heart. The question is how to strike upon it. Sometimes the mention of his mother, or the days of his infancy, has caused such a character to burst into tears. The last chief of *la Sureté* before the Prussian war, was a short, fat, grey-headed individual, with a face clean-shaved all round, with little blue eyes, which seemed to pierce you and read you through and through. Whilst his imperturbable temper, and his wonderful keenness of intellect, enabled him to subdue the most obstinate and tenacious prisoners, he always acted in the most honourable and straightforward manner towards them, strictly fulfilling any engagement undertaken towards them. Many acts of kindness are related of him, and it is very possible that grateful convicts may have furnished him with valuable hints, and assisted him in unravelling many an entangled skein.

It is time now that we should describe how the administrative department forwards and helps the common work. The Prefecture of Police is very careful; it keeps a record of all; it registers everything. We have seen how it notes the traffic of lodging-houses; further, it takes an account of hackney coachmen, and commissionaires, who are also numbered and known. Formerly it looked after passports, now that

these have been abolished it still has the control of the *livrets*, or permits granted to workmen. The dépôt for property found in railroads, cabs, theatres, cafés, and other places of public entertainment is under its care, and innumerable articles, from the diamond earrings dropped in an opera box, to the gingham umbrella picked up in a *fiacre*, are all ranged systematically there. Whenever the loss of anything is reported, it is sought for there, for frequently objects thought to be stolen are lost, and others believed lost are stolen. Moreover, in order to facilitate the researches of justice into the antecedents of every individual accused, the Prefecture of Police possesses a complete and admirable organisation which no other country has been able successfully to establish. Three or four vast rooms, dark and dusty, with the gas lighted, even in the day time in some parts, with a number of clerks writing over long tables, are lined all round, from ceiling to floor, with huge shelves, which are covered with innumerable open boxes, with files of papers. These documents are denominated *sommiers judiciaires*, and they contain the title-deeds of the nobility of crime. Every misdeed committed on French territory, be it in *Marseille*, in *Paris*, in *Algiers*, in *Senegal*, is there recounted and proved. Whenever any individual is brought before a tribunal in France, his personal history is entered in a paper, with every condemnation to which he has been subjected, the crime and the penalty, are chronicled. When a person assumes aliases, a separate schedule is prepared for each alias. This complicates matters, but it has been found necessary to do so to unravel property cases. Some criminals there have been who have passed under twenty or thirty aliases. This office is always busy in searching out old documents, or introducing new ones to the literature of crime. 4610 cases are found there, each contain-

ing 750 files, making in all 3,457,500 schedules. Every year are added to them 160 cases and 12,000 schedules. Some names are very common in France, such as Martin, Lefevre, Bernard, Leroy, Durand, &c. These are like our Smiths, our Jones', our Browns, our Robinsons, and the task of discovering which is the real Martin or Bernard who is wanted is no light one. A record of all sentences was first adopted in 1756, but the system was simplified and improved in 1792, when the plan now pursued was instituted. It is singular to perceive the apparent hopelessness of the rescue of some men; one convict has been condemned 71 times; another has been successively sentenced to 287 years of transportation.

To enable the administration of the police to frame and fill up the *sommiers judiciaires*, 4933 reports are annually furnished by the tribunals, and by the directors of prisons and other places of detention. Of course the inquiries to this office come from all parts of France, from abroad, from the tribunals themselves, and from other departments of the police. Among the personal signs of the malefactors which are closely described, tattoo marks occupy an important position. It is astonishing what partiality galley slaves entertain for imprinting indelible tokens on their persons, marks that materially help the police in recognising them. One would fancy it was from their bravado. Sometimes it may be from sheer idleness, to while away a leisure hour, just as sailors resort to the same pastime on board ship. The process of tattooing is well known; four needles and Indian ink, ochre, or cinnabar are employed. The two latter disappear gradually, but the former is said to be indelible. From the nature of the tattoo marks, it is ascertained whether their arm has been operated upon in the north or in the south, on the shores of the

Atlantic or those of the Mediterranean. In these latter regions the Mussulman traditions prohibiting the representation of the human figure seem to reign still, and the inhabitants trace only flower-pots, suns, arms, flags, and mottoes, whilst natives of the north indulge in portrait painting and drawings of animals. Some remarkable patterns and inscriptions have been discovered on the bodies of convicts, which it would occupy too much space to describe here.

From all these scattered parts and minute particulars the police construct a complete case, and rarely are they mistaken. From the mass of information, bits of truth are brought to light, and they are joined together with great ingenuity until they dovetail into a complete whole. Some of the regulations of the French police appear to us inquisitorial and tyrannical, but their practical utility for the detection of crime is continually demonstrated. Here is a case in point:—M. Desfontaine, an elderly dealer in bronzes in the Rue St. Honoré, lived quietly there with one male servant. Early in January in 1851, the neighbours were told that he was gone to the country. On the morrow the servant departed, saying he was going to follow his master, and they would both return in a week. Three weeks elapsed: the Commissaire was summoned; the apartment was searched, and stains of blood were discovered. Suspicion fell on the domestic: he had been in his situation a short time only, and he was utterly unknown. It was ascertained that a commissionaire had been called to remove a heavy trunk. On the commissionaire being found, all that could be gathered from him was that he thought he had read the word Chateauroux on the box, and that two others similar had been left on the staircase of the house. Research was made at Chateauroux. Nobody

was acquainted with the name of Desfontaine, but there was a case at the station addressed to M. Moreau, jeweller, which had not been delivered, because no such person existed. The trunk was opened, and the body of M. Desfontaine, chopped up into pieces, was extracted therefrom. Inquiries made at the Orleans Railway Station met with no success. With reference to the two other packages, every licensed commissionaire was examined, and eventually two of them remembered that they had carried two cases from the Rue St. Honoré to the Messageries (Diligence Office) in the Rue Croix des Petits Champs, and that they believed the young man who accompanied his luggage spoke of going to Marseilles. On examining the book of the Messageries, it was seen that a person called Vion had engaged a place for that city, but had forfeited his deposit and withdrawn his effects. Was Vion a real name or an alias? On inspecting the *sommiers judiciaires*, it became apparent that an individual bearing that appellation was imprisoned at Melun. He was interrogated and he turned out to be the father of the murderer. A search made into the register of the occupants of lodgings showed that one Vion was staying at an inn in the Faubourg St. Honoré. He was surprised and arrested there, and he proved to be the assassin. The complex machinery brought into motion to unravel this crime not existing with us, had such an one occurred in England, either it must have been detected by mere chance, or more probably it might have remained altogether undiscovered, like various instances we might mention.

In addition to the methods of obtaining information mentioned above, there remains that of the amateurs, who daily forward a shoal of letters, with real or supposed details bearing on the tragedies of

the day. These productions are mostly unsigned; they are composition of idlers who wish to give themselves importance. Not one in twenty of these is of any service, but they are all attentively read, and the suggestions made in them carefully considered.

Not only does the police file the particulars of every felony, but also of the slightest misdemeanour. Every individual who is brought before it, whether condemned or acquitted, has his antecedents thoroughly overhauled and fully recorded for future reference, in the *sommiers judiciaires*. Every case is sent complete before the Procureur Imperial, at the Cour d'Assize, and the preparing of so many documents containing so voluminous a mass of evidence requires an immense amount of work. The criminal biography of malefactors is so exhaustive, that if a man of fifty is brought up for burglary, if he committed petty larceny at the age of eight, he will be accompanied before the judge, by all the history and proofs of guilt of his first offence. The Prefecture is the centre of all complaints for every misdeed suspected or committed in Paris, and immediate steps are taken on receipt of each complaint, according to its nature. When a robbery is announced without any clue being given as to its perpetrators, the *sureté* is called upon to act, so as to enable it with its organisation to throw some light in the matter. If, on the other hand, there are parties suspected of it, they are closely watched. When any addition to their expenditure or change in their mode of life is noticed which seems to corroborate suspicion, they are apprehended. When, on the other hand, the authors are known, and they confess, they are handed over to the tribunals. If they deny, they are submitted to strict cross-examination; inquiries are made, and evidence against them is accumulated.

A number of *employés* are engaged in extracting the required information and preparing the fifteen or twenty thousand indictments, *procès verbaux*, and other required documents which materially influence the decision of justice.

Criminals on their being arrested are taken to the *violon*, or lock-up. They are then brought before the Commissaire of Police, who releases them, if the offence is venial. If it be serious a *procès-verbal* is drawn up, and they are conveyed to the Prefecture in a cellular van. Six vehicles of this nature are engaged in calling three times daily at each police-station for the collection of prisoners. The vans enter successively in the Rue de Harlay, to discharge their cargoes, a double line of *sergents de ville* preventing any attempt at escape. Each prisoner is conducted to an office, where his name and occupation are entered, with the charge against him and some other technical particulars. Then every individual is conducted to the *dépôt*, a huge prison, recently constructed, and adjoining the Palais de Justice. A loaf is given to him on entering, on the merciful plea that the crime may have originated from misery. The men, the women, the unfortunates, and the children are all kept strictly apart. The females are attended by the Sisters of Mary Joseph. Some of the worst offenders are kept in solitary confinement, but the majority occupy together large halls. Every morning the prisoners are conducted singly into a small room, where they have to submit to the cross-examination of the *inspecteur de la sûreté*, which is continued, if necessary, day by day until a complete avowal is extorted. A great deal of laughter and mirth at times reigns in the public halls. At night mattresses are spread around the walls and thereon lay a seething mass of corruption and wickedness frightful to contemplate. Notwithstanding

the presence of various wardens, this assemblage of criminals is highly injurious to society, not only on account of the outrages on morality perpetrated, but for its tendency to defeat the ends of justice by allowing malefactors to hatch plots together, to prepare *alibis* to destroy evidence, and in other ways to escape conviction. In addition to felons, there are herded temporarily houseless vagrants, strayed children, would-be suicides, and poor foreigners, picked up by the police. Unfortunately, the want of cell space obliges the government to continue this system of agglomerating the desperate and the fallen.

The police is stated to be very compassionate to the poor, and to show a softness of heart towards the real suffering for which it is not generally credited. But it is merciless towards the incorrigible. There is a professional vagrant only twenty years old who has been punished 53 times since the age of eleven when he adopted a vagabond life. He goes through his sentences and begins anew. Admonition and advice have been useless to him; nothing will cure him of his propensity for wandering. When it rains or it blows, he proceeds to the nearest police station, sits down near the stove, and says, "I am Julien, I am penniless and homeless, take me." He will probably end in the galleys.

A superior officer devotes his time exclusively to examining tramps, houseless vagrants, and runaways. Many children who in a fit of passion left the parental fireside appear there, and they are generally glad to return to their friends, though sometimes these are by no means eager to receive them back, and the police have to act the part of peacemakers. Frequently strayed children are found to be purposely deserted by very poor or worthless parents, the little creatures are taken up by the police, and on a visit to their address, it is seen that the father has removed

in a hurry. The little ones are then consigned to an asylum, where they are better cared for than ever they had been before. Occasionally, helpless old people are discovered, and if no relative will help them, they are handed over to some charitable institution. When any prisoner in the *depôt* is taken ill he is sent to an hospital, though the authorities in those institutions are not very fond of that class of patients. The merely intoxicated are generally dismissed with a remonstrance. Some prisoners are found now and then who will not give their real names, and who thus cause a vast deal of trouble. It is a maxim of the French police, that those who conceal their identity are dangerous characters, and therefore every means must be employed to unmask them. In various instances more than a twelvemonth elapsed before the identity of prisoners could be established. Foreign governments had to be corresponded with and eventually the persons inculpated were proved to be deserters from the armies of neighbouring powers, and not amenable to the scope of extradition treaties. In rare cases, the police have been completely baffled, and the question was never solved whether they had to deal with madmen or with audacious impostors.

Some situations have been met with, which seem to require special legislation. A few years ago an old man was arrested whilst begging in one of the principal streets of Paris. On being examined, he replied submissively and in the accents of truth. Inquiries made about him did not yield an unfavourable result at first, but afterwards, on their being pursued further back, it was demonstrated that he was a runaway convict, who, in 1825, had been condemned to hard labour for life for highway robbery with violence. He was undressed and the brand of infamy became apparent. His history was this. In 1845 he

fled from the galleys, and hiding himself in Paris, he set up in petty trade. He was successful; he married and had a child. In 1848 he became a lieutenant in the National Guard, and performed satisfactorily his duty under very trying circumstances. Then business became bad, he failed and was ruined. Now, he said, he was tired of life, and he would rather die than go back to the *bagne*. How to deal with him was the question. To punish him for a crime committed forty years previously, and expiated by twenty years of irreproachable good conduct!—to send an old man to finish his last few years amidst some of the greatest ruffianism in Christendom, was hard indeed! And yet that was what the law required. To release him was not to be thought of. So a middle course was adopted. He was confined in the *depôt*, where his wife and son were permitted to visit him, whilst a petition was drawn up in his favour and addressed to the Minister of Justice, who granted him a free pardon. A few charitable individuals then joined together to assist him, and the old man is now above want.

According to the law of the 3d December, 1849, any foreigner whose presence is deemed undesirable may be summarily expelled from France. This law, which had been voted for political purposes, has been found extremely useful in ridding the country of sharpers, swindlers, and pickpockets. When a stranger has been condemned by the *Police Correctionnelle*, or when his conduct is notoriously bad, he is placed in a railway carriage and carried to the frontier like a package of defective goods. There is another law, which empowers the police not to allow those natives of the provinces who have undergone certain sentences, or who live by begging, to remain in Paris. The Prefecture determines the place of residence of those which are under its surveil-

lance, and permits certain convicts who have served out their time to settle in Paris. This authorisation, however, must be renewed frequently, and may be withdrawn at any time.

As we have seen the *employés* of the Prefecture never have any rest. There is no Sunday or holiday for them. Day and night they must be at their post, ready to give help wherever it may be required. Beside its public sphere of action, the Prefecture often renders important private services to families. By its intervention serious scandals have been avoided and grave misfortunes have been prevented. Every day its assistance is invoked, in matters that do not fall under the jurisdiction of the law, or which the law cannot prevent. There are dangers that must at any cost be surmounted. The procedure of justice is slow, and before it has bandaged its eyes, taken out its scales, and heaped up its pile of parchments, an irreparable wrong may be inflicted. And the intercession of the police, which is readily granted, is nearly always successful. An example to wit:—A certain highly placed lady had committed an indiscretion. One day she receives a threatening communication to the effect that should 50,000*fr.* not be forwarded within 24 hours to a certain address, her correspondence with her former lover would be placed in the hands of her husband. The lady ran to the lover. It was found that the letters had been stolen by a new female connexion of the gentleman, and that she would not abate a jot of her pretensions. The money could not be procured; three hours only remained, and the aid of the police was hastily sought. Within an hour the letters were destroyed, the lady was re-assured, and the peace of mind of the husband was spared some uncomfortable revelations.

No doubt the success of these benevolent missions depends principally on the personal qualities dis-

played by the heads of the police. The sagacity, tact, firmness, and gentleness shown by these officials is great, and in the very considerable majority of cases the desired end is completely attained. At the same time it must be owned that much is due to the singular terror inspired by the mere name of police. When an individual is summoned to those bureaux, however innocent he may be, he proceeds thither with a weight in his heart, and with a vague dread, caused by reminiscences of the Bastille, of *lettres de cachet*, and of improbable stories read in novels. He believes he is penetrating into a den of mystery. He is nervous and uneasy, and he is ready to grant any concession to be allowed to go away again. These officious interventions of the police are numerous enough, for Paris is full of strange adventures, sometimes tragic, sometimes comic, which come to an unexpected issue in a private office, furnished with treble doors, guarded by vigilant keepers, and the walls of which have heard more startling revelations than all the confessionals in Paris. Four-fifths of these matters are social questions relating to the honour of families. The officials of the Prefecture are acquainted with the secrets of Paris. What is surprising is the inviolability with which they are maintained. This can be readily understood of the heads, who are men of education and feeling, but is not so easy to believe of the inferior agents, who are ill-paid, and who never trade on the terrible secrets which circumstances place within their grasp, and which might be worth a fortune to them. Of the 6561 agents under the orders of the Prefecture, only one instance is related of an individual who sought to profit by an adventure in which he was concerned. It is unnecessary to state that he was expelled, and that his own comrades expedited his departure, by impelling him down the

staircase at a much greater speed than he probably liked. Little gratitude is shewn to these men: as soon as they are no longer required, they are neglected and avoided; for few people like to see before them unpleasant witnesses, who remind them of occurrences they wish to forget.

Such is a brief outline of the institution of the police in Paris, which though it has been occasionally used as an engine of oppression in political affairs, is nevertheless as a complex machine for the protection of life and property as near

perfection as it is given to anything human to be. It is far more complete and efficient than ours: indeed, we believe that the authorities at Scotland Yard not unfrequently in critical cases ask for the advice of the authorities at the Rue de Jerusalem. Moreover, it must be added that the services of *la Sureté* are purely gratuitous to the public, for its officers accept no recompense; whilst our detectives require very handsome payment, and often for having performed very little useful work.

J. P.

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### SOUTH WINDS.

WINDS that blow from the sunny south,  
Linger awhile 'mid my garden bowers;  
And kiss, with your perfume-breathing mouth,  
To full-blown bloom the opening flowers.  
Tenderly blow, till the woodlands old,  
Are green again with the whisp'ring leaves;  
And the aisles, flower-clad, seemed paved with gold,  
When the sun dips west, the dewy eaves  
Play with the sickly maid's raven hair,  
As she sits and dreams, by the cottage-door,  
Of the happy past, so sunny fair,  
And of loves that come back nevermore:  
And bring the rose to her cheek again,  
And joy to the heart bowed down with pain.

J. F.



## ART, SCIENCE, AND INDUSTRY AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

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PART III.

No part of the Exhibition is more interesting than the inner half of Room XVI., where the Russian pictures are displayed. They are for the most part unfamiliar to us, and the charm of novelty is no slight one; but they also present features of considerable originality and power. The collection is more choice than numerous, and there is scarcely a picture in it that has not some special interest.

Domestic subjects take the first prominence. "The Old Soldier's Narration," by Sokoloff, is thoroughly national, in every detail of the picturesque hostelry. Veritable physiognomies are those of the men seated on side benches at the table, before a soup bowl with wooden spoons resting on its edge, waiting for the savoury mess that the hostess is bringing in at the door, while the host joins the listening group. The old soldier is telling his tale with quiet earnestness that is not without dignity; the natives are intensely eager for every word.

From this genuine interior of humble life in Russia, we glance to a large interior of the wealthier classes; a family party, consisting of an elderly lady, presiding at a small table, a younger lady seated opposite to her two little girls, one seated on a stool, the other on a rug on the floor, encircling with her arms a comfortable, careful, mousing cat, which is quite a picture in itself for luxuriance of repose and sleek satisfaction. It has partaken of the best fare, we may be sure, and is purring its thanks with all its affectionate heart. Two dolls, well-dressed, close by, are seated on small chairs before

their own tea-table. The painting is full of rich colour, in which contrasts and harmonies are carefully studied. Yet we are not sure that the elaboration of tint and texture is not carried to excess, for after all, dresses and furniture should be subordinate. The elder lady's is perfect in taste. A shawl of warm mixed tints, over a dark shaded silk dress, and a white lace cap and grey hair, softening the pleasant face that is glancing aside, much amused at the assembly on the carpet. Every difficult object and texture is imitated to perfection—the scarlet chair, and lustrous white silk dress of the younger lady, the children's and dolls' costumes to the ribbon in the hair, black boots, and striped stockings, of the piquant, dark-eyed little girl with the tabby cat. She is the gem of the canvas—so deliciously happy! Her merry glance calls forth many a responsive smile from mothers who pause to look at her, and at the whole bright scene of refined domesticity.

In "The Bird Catcher," by Peroff, we hardly know which predominates, humour or pathos. We see the entrance to a forest, where wild birds are piping fearlessly, while a professional bird catcher, a respectable-looking old fellow, lies on the grass, with a string in one hand ready to pull down upon the unwary songsters the cruel fate to which he lures them by his pipings on a reed. His face is comically intense in its steady and sly watchfulness for the prey, while his attendant behind, a big boy of more unsophisticated rustic feeling than is common in our woodlands, looks into the thicket, where

he sees the birds approaching, listening and replying to the cunning bird-calls imitated in the reed of the cruel deceiver who is lying in wait for them. One laughs at the amiable rustic's plain face, all quivering with tragic expectation, while the tears are in his eyes. As old John Lord says in his "Contentions of a Bird and a Musician." "It was the quaintest sadness,"

I could chide  
Mine own unmanly weakness, that made  
me  
A fellow mourner with him.

The scene sets one thinking painfully—perhaps profitably. When will the cruelties of society be at an end? we ask ourselves. When will it determine to

Never more betray a harmless peace,  
To an untimely end.

And we say to the painter of the  
"Bird Catcher,"

Thou has discoursed,  
A truth of mirth and pity.

At the same time we must tell him that his drawing is faulty in parts.

The next important picture we notice is by Huber—a "Scene on the Night of St. Bartholomew." A young Huguenot has been struck down in a richly-furnished apartment of a mansion. A lovely and elegant lady has flung herself upon the bleeding body, and is fondly and distractedly exchanging a last look with the dying man, her lover, while the slayer and rival—his gory sword in his hand—indulges in cruel exultation. But the father appears pierced to the soul by his child's mortal anguish, which he had evidently not foreseen when he sanctioned the horrid deed. Too well we know there is no exaggeration in this tragedy. The religious reformers of France have suffered more bitterly, more horribly, from bigoted persecutors than any other people; and up to this day, no adequate justice has been done to the pure, self-denying, exalted men and women whose martyrdom was pro-

tracted from age to age, and took endless forms of barbarity.

A large and very remarkable picture of a "Fair at St. Petersburg," Makobchin, is in the manner of our own Frith—that is, a realistic exhibition of modern life and character. Not even Frith could surpass the overflowing energy, vitality, fun and frolic of this fair. The composition is irresistibly effective, while no two figures or objects repeat each other. Almost every type of modern character at St. Petersburg is represented here, with a living, breathing, individuality, as they stare at the shows and the acrobats, the booths and the peep-shows; or drag on through the bustle, fairly tired out. Bartlemy Fair of former days was just such a scene, with a few picturesque additions that were not in Smithfield. Near this picture is "Returning from the Fair," by Rorsouhin—not from the city fair—but a village feast. The natives are returning along the country road in diverse conditions. The leading group of three men is very funny, suggesting "Tam O'Shanter" and his friends—

We are no fou—we are na fou,  
But just a drappie i ourie.

And though we plume ourselves upon enthusiastic temperance advocacy, and feel how proper are the grave, reproving looks and gestures of the good people behind, who have *not* stayed too long at the "barly bree,"—yet we enjoy the mirth of the scene, and feel amused that the gay toppers are excusing themselves on the plea that the fair comes but once a year—and they will rise tomorrow sadder and wiser men, and go to their labours, after all, little the worse for their breach of staid decorum at the village fair.

There are some striking battle pieces for those who relish these subjects. "Before Victory," and "After Victory," may be compared. "The Battle of Gonnib," by Grouzinsky, representing the capture

of one of the mountain strongholds of Schamyl.

The landscapes of the Russian collections are admirable. "A Caravan," by Philipoff, shows a string of camels and mules, winding their slow way in the fiery lights of an eastern sunset, fast fading into the darkness of the desert. Next to this, and contrasting with it, is "The Bed of a River," by Ducker, a lonely, gloomy scene of utter desolation, without a sign of human or animal life, or a tinge of lively colour. "A Caucasian View," is grand, weird, solemn. Two lone travellers are driving on a perilous road by a mountain stream, surrounded by precipices. This work aims to present to us some of those wondrous transmutations of colour that are seen in mountainous scenery—and well it succeeds. One far-receding slope is in sombre green, but its topmost ridges are turning into battlements of gold, as the sun lights them. The same magical beams have changed an opposite precipice into a wall of brass. One lofty cone, dominating the whole scene in the central distance, is faintly tinged with pale gold, as if it were the entrance to celestial regions, and the gilded white light strikes beautifully down on the mountain stream in the foreground.

Turn from this to a most charming contrast on the opposite wall—Bruloff's "Rest in the Harvest Field," a lovely, thoughtful picture of Central Russia. It needs no special knowledge of art to determine its merits—its fine distance—its bright sunny aspect—its varied forms and brilliant colouring. The composition of the whole is admirable; the massed-up yellow sheaves affording shelter to the wearied ones—the groups suggesting touching domestic dramas.

For a fine specimen of marine painting we turn to a Russian frigate chasing a pirate craft in the Black Sea, painted by Aivasovski.

Lastly, we notice a full-length portrait of Prince Gortschakoff; and, near it, the "Head of a Gentleman," a portrait of more power.

Two hideous paintings, "Bakharian Troopers beheading one of the Soldiers of the Czar," and "A Group of Opium-Eaters" by Nereshtshagin, were best honoured by silence—excepting for their powerful manipulation, and truthful rendering of the unpleasant details. They belong to a class of pictures which are a mistake in art; whose aims should be to delight and elevate, whereas these are simply repulsive and shocking.

There is a large painting on coarse canvas executed in wax, in imitation of tapestry, by Wereshtshagen. The subject, a dramatic scene from a popular Russian tale, "Elias of Monron, and Nightingale the Robber." It is a most ingenious and remarkable production, and excites no little interest. The tale is unknown in this land, but one feels as if it must have strong dramatic force to produce such a scene of suggestive and vigorous action.

Before leaving Russian art, we must on no account omit to notice the very beautiful specimens of silver "*haut-relief*" by Russian artists; and the bronzes placed in the centre of the room.

The Belgian pictures are of more unequal merit than either the French or Russian. There are here good, bad, and indifferent. They may be studied in Room XVI. and in the Belgian Court. The rescue of the Virgins of Venice, by Von Lerins, is highly effective in its variety and energy of colour, action and passion.

The scene is occurring on the water, the rescued females are passing from a boat on to the vessel brought for their deliverance. The principal deliverer stands conspicuous in resolute commanding dignity, giving orders to those who are assisting the fainting, terror-stricken ladies. Some of the faces and

figures are extremely beautiful, and the draperies are very rich in colour.

From this splendid dramatic work, we turn to another of equal if not higher power on the opposite wall, "The Sack of the Convent at Carmen, Antwerp," by A. Robert. In this the figures are fewer, the action more concentrated, the passion more exalted and intense. Whilst the sack is going on, and the hallowed treasures of the convent are being brought out for the plunderers by the indignant, wrathful, yet unresisting superiors; one of the younger monks, a manly man in frame and countenance, and power of will, seizes a battle-axe, in one hand, a crucifix in the other, and kneels before high heaven, the axe lowered, his countenance subdued yet determined, his head bent in profound prayerful reverence. It is so seldom in these realistic days that one sees lofty emotion in art of any kind, that it is quite a new sensation to study this fine ideal. We must also highly commend the concentration of all the power of the picture on this single figure, instead of the usual dispersion and frittering. He occupies the central position, and rivets the eye at once by the simple grandeur of his action and expression. And we strongly sympathise with that monk, tempted to repay violence with violence, not hearing the Lord's rebuke, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." For we feel that every time manly instinct calls him to fight, and the mental conflict caused by the humble position in which he is placed, on the one hand, and by the power of "the still small voice," on the other, must be severe.

Two pictures by the late Van Sohendel are remarkable for depicting objects by artificial light in an interior and exterior scene. The small picture of "The Poacher" is valued at a thousand guineas, and it is a wonderful specimen of its kind. A single "dip" candle is the

only light on the canvas, and very finely it is made to reveal the countenances, the dead birds, &c., leaving powerful dark tones and semi-tones over all the subordinate matters.

"The Task accomplished" by Debeche, has been much appreciated, and it is certainly clever and humorous. It is one of the very realistic, every-day subjects now so prevalent,—cooks resting after preparing a dinner.

"The Last Moments of Balthazar," by Vanderhagen, shows the Assyrians bursting in upon the doomed king and his court while at the banquet. The imagination makes large demands for such a theme. The gorgeous, sublime, and terrible must mingle there; and over all the mystery of the foreshadowing "hand" must brood. The picture does not strike us as fully satisfying the imagination; some of the details are more shocking than need be. The whole wants elevation of sentiment. Physical horrors are not sublimity.

"The Bibliophiles" is not a fascinating title, nor is the picture sure to attract casual passers-by. Yet L. Somers ought to be proud of his work, for it is as admirable as it is original—three elderly book-lovers in a library—that is all. But the heads, the pure, wrinkled, studious faces, are inimitably painted. Contemplating these, we are strongly reminded of a few remarks that we once read in Constable's Preface to his work on English Landscape, and they are applicable to other forms of art than landscape. "Adagio con Sentimento" is a very superior picture, by Markelbach. The monks are engaged in a musical performance; the principal figure has a purely emotional countenance, and his hands, as they handle the violin, are drawn to the life in every bone and muscle; they are not merely hands of material matter, but are full of nervous expression. "The Fisherman's Family"—valued at a thou-

sand guineas—is finely painted. A mother and two children by the sea in a storm, watching for the husband and father. Care and anxiety are strongly wrought on the face of the mother, who sits with her infant on her lap, while her young boy, standing on a piece of rock, looks out sadly over the sea. If one chose to be very critical, exception might be taken to the plain, heavy-jawed faces, no doubt they are from the life. Yet fishermen's wives and children have often attractive features.

There are several capital animal pictures in this Belgian collection—cows, horses, dogs, and a cat—this last is dramatically entitled, "Do not touch it." A fine creature is looking out from a nook, with one paw firmly advanced, and, "danger" written plainly on its eyes and mouth, whiskers and all, while a kitten peeps behind, and no doubt some foe invisible to us has aroused the tigerish ferocity of the alarmed mother.

We do not aim in these Exhibition notes to be critical so much as appreciative, for we think it is less fault-finding that is wanted at present than warm-hearted sympathy with the good intentions and efforts of artists. There is a cold shade of cynical depreciation that is withering. Some critics, suffering from satiety of the fine arts of this splendid London season, are crying out, like Solomon when he wearied of his pleasures, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity! All is humbug and rubbish, in the great bazaar." But ordinary people, who may have been less pampered, find good entertainment at South Kensington, and are thankful for it.

One passing word on the Belgian landscapes as a whole. Why are the skies so dull and colourless? Surely it might be always November in that land—November of the dreary skies, which the French persist in thinking make the English suicidal.

We are now descending the staircase from the room we have been inspecting. Here is a large picture of grand design. A human spirit is being conducted through the realms of space, above the rolling worlds, and lifts his hands in reverential awe and wonder at the view that lies beyond—out of the picture. The guiding and supporting angel flies close behind him—the action so simple, majestic, beautiful, but the figures are not spiritualised—on the contrary, they are decidedly corporeal. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven," but this man is one of flesh and blood, and the angel partakes of the same. "The vision and the faculty divine" is wanting here. Yet Macaulay said of Dante, that "his angels are good men with wings," and "his dead men are merely living men in strange situations." That is just the case on this canvas.

And now we pass to the British pictures. On the south-west staircase a large picture by Gourlay Steele carries us at once into the centre of English society. A young lady in a green habit on a life-size brown horse, attended by two dogs, one carrying in its mouth her handkerchief, the other a small terrier taking a brief rest on the grass in the foreground. The scene is the open country, but the figure is one seen every day in our parks, well representing, therefore, that large class of Englishwomen, the lady equestrians, whose grace, courage, and fine healthy life are the admiration of all nations.

Many of the pictures in this numerous collection are already familiar to visitors to the Royal Academy, and other exhibitions; but numerous as they may be, the people to whom they are unknown are far more numerous.

The chief picture of all is Frith's "Charles II.'s last Sunday," a most interesting and valuable historic work. The British public seem never

weary of contemplating "The Merry Monarch," in the midst of his famous court, on the Sunday morning, when the bells are ringing in the church tower, little regarded by the dissolute courtiers, who sit gambling, with fraudulent tricks going on in the second audience-chamber; while in the first, Charles sits on a couch between two of his beautiful and abandoned mistresses, while other ladies fan and wait near, and a group of astonished, indignant, serious-looking gentlemen are entering into the midst of the disgraceful scene, intending to pay their respects to their sovereign, but repelled by, and ashamed of, his profligacy. The gallery is crowded with characters of the time. On one side a young gallant, half stupid with intoxication, is clinking his glass of wine against that of a reckless beauty. On the other side, a page is playing on his lute, and singing a love-song. The well-known Charles' spaniels litter the floor. The deep interest of the composition is not easily exhausted. Its instructive character cannot fail to impress even the most thoughtless. Mr. Frith presents to the careless, unthinking, God-forgetting men and women of the world, an impressive sermon, in a glowing drama and in splendid colour: "For all these things God shall bring thee into judgment." The shadow of the coming darkness is already upon the King's face. This is the last time that he will be looked upon in the midst of his courtesans—the last public exhibition of his "merry" character. He has corrupted the public morals, neglected or defied the solemn responsibilities of his high place—and now—but as Hamlet says, "the rest is silence." The same great painter's "Railway Station" is also here. Opposite to the Charles' picture is a fine historical work by Elmore—an incident of the first French Revolution. Marie Antoinette stands finely at bay with her children, and her heroic, devoted

sister, in the recess of a window, protected by a heavy table which has been hastily pushed up to protect them from an excited, ferocious, threatening crowd, the leading figure of which is a handsome young girl, who began by reviling the unhappy queen, but was changed by her dignified and pathetic behaviour. The scene is thus described, and as it may not be generally known we transcribe it in full. "They brought the Queen's children to her, in order that their presence, by softening the mob, might serve as a buckler to their mother. They placed them in the depth of the window. They wheeled in front of this the council table. Preserving a noble and becoming demeanour in this dreadful situation, she held the Dauphin before her, seated upon the table; Madame was at her side. A young girl of pleasing appearance and respectably attired, came forward and bitterly reviled in the coarsest terms *l'Autrichienne*. The Queen, struck by the contrast between the rage of this young girl and the gentleness of her face, said to her in a kind tone, 'Why do you hate me? Have I ever done you any injury?' 'No, not to me,' replied the pretty patriot, 'but it is you who cause the misery of the nation.' 'Poor child!' said the Queen; 'some one has told you so, and deceived you. What interest can I have in making people miserable? The wife, of the King, mother of the Dauphin, I am a Frenchwoman in all the feelings of my heart, as a wife and as a mother. I shall never again see my own country. I can only be happy or unhappy in France. I was happy when you loved me.' This gentle reproach affected the heart of the young girl, and anger was effaced. She asked the Queen's pardon, saying, 'I did not know you, but I see that you are good.'" The picture is fully worthy of the subject, and that is saying much.

"An Incident in Martin Luther's

Life." The great reformer raised out of a death-like swoon in his cell, by the singing of young choristers, hardly satisfies us, as the work of so well-known an academician as Mr. O'Neil.

"The Death of the Venerable Bede" is as fine a subject for a historical painter as could well be chosen. The learned, pious, studious monk of Wearmouth, died in 735. At that period the monasteries were the only sanctuaries of learning. He wrote forty-five works, scriptural, ecclesiastical, and historical, some of them of great value and undying interest, describing the events of the Early English Church, as, for instance, the arrival of St. Augustine and his fellow missionaries at Canterbury. Lastly, near the close of his life, and when labouring under disease, he engaged in the translation of the Gospel of St. John into Anglo-Saxon, dictating to his pupils as he was able. He was finishing his translation and his mortal life at the same time. The noble and touching scene of Mr. Burchett's picture is thus described by a biographer :

"The boy (who was writing for him) said : ' Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written.' He answered, ' Write quickly.' Soon after the boy said, ' The sentence is now written.' He replied, ' It is well. You have said the truth. It is ended. Receive my head into your hands, for it is a great satisfaction to me to sit facing my holy place, where I was wont to pray, that I may also, sitting, call upon my Father.' And then, on the pavement of his little cell, singing, ' Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,' he breathed his last, and so departed to the kingdom of Heaven."

One loves to linger before such a lovely example of English character. Looking on the painting, it may be profitable to remember what and who

Bede was, as well as what the picture is. " His calm and gentle spirit, the humanising character of his pursuits, and the holiness of his life, present a striking contrast to the violence and slaughter which prevailed in the whole island. To none is the beautiful example of Scripture more applicable—" A light shining in a dark place."

There are other worthy historical works in this British Gallery. Mr. Yufield's " Death of Buckingham," Mrs. Ward's " Childhood of the old Pretender," Havillon's " Queen Elizabeth's Toothache," Heaphy's " Palissy the Potter," and others.

The English landscapes have special excellencies. They *do* paint the skies of nature, or endeavour to do so, in their glory, their variety, their power ; they do paint the sea, boldly and successfully ; they do paint the lovely country life of England. We could name picture after picture full of the truest delight in God's trees, waters, grasses, flowers, commons, pastures, woods, uplands and lowlands, sweet and fresh, where the very dew seems to sparkle, and the soft breeze to tremble, where the most delicate play of light and shade lends magic and poetry.

The Prince of Wales said recently, at Bethnal Green, " It appears, on competent evidence, that while strength and activity, neatness and finish, distinguish every production of the English workman, in the works of taste and art *place must be given to the foreign competitor.*" This does not apply, it appears to us, to painting, in which we are advancing, not receding. But it has so long been the mode, in certain quarters, to disparage native English art, in almost all its developments, and to stigmatise us as a nation of shopkeepers, that people are slow to believe the evidence of their own eyes and ears, and understand to the contrary.

## LORENZO DAPONTE.

INQUIRIES were recently made in New York ; at the instance of the municipality of Ceneda, "a small but not obscure city of Venetia," to ascertain the date of the demise of a native of that place, long a resident there, to whose memory the authorities intended to erect a monument. This reminiscent honour to their eminent citizens, so characteristic of Italians, has been revived under the impulse of recovered nationality : while the Austrians trod their soil and the hated emblem of their supremacy insulted their vision, the honoured dead were suffered to repose without any fresh memorial ; but when Italy became united and free, the sentiment of patriotism kindled in the hearts of the people new love and pride for those who, having deserved well of their country, had died before the consummation of her nationality. Florence had her grand Dante festival, which was but the expression of a feeling that ran through the peninsula and manifested itself in various tributes to departed patriots, poets, scholars, and statesmen, all over the land ; and thus it happened that Ceneda began to inquire about the exile and decease of Lorenzo Daponte, of whom perhaps many readers never heard ; yet not a few in England and America associate his name with their first acquaintance with and love for Italian literature and music. Of handsome presence and attractive manners, he made warm friends. His portrait may be seen in the library of Columbia College, where he was, for several years, professor of Italian literature. His life was one of remarkable vicissitude and no little distinction ; he was the author of the *libretto* to Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, an *improvisatore*

in Venice, an operatic poet in Vienna, a bookseller in London, a country-trader in New Jersey, and a professor in New York—in each epoch and career, fertile in resources, urbane, combative, less practical than poetical, eminently social, ardent, fighting fortune and winning friends, intrepid for his country's claims, full of anecdote, *brio*, and magnetism,—of large experience, strong prejudices, vital enthusiasm. In his old age he wrote his memoirs in his native language—now a very scarce book—with the extreme frankness and animated complacency which distinguished that kind of literature at the beginning of the century. Of Hebrew origin, and the native of a small and stagnant ecclesiastical town in Northern Italy, with a father of humble occupation, there must have been some fine hereditary instincts and some rare aspirations in Lorenzo, or he would not so readily have grown out of and beyond the inauspicious circumstances of his lot : as a young convert to Christianity, and with a freshly-adopted name—that of his childhood's benefactor, Monseigneur Lorenzo Daponte, the good Bishop of Ceneda—he succeeded in obtaining educational and social advantages ; and, but for his poetical aspirations and adventurous disposition, might have finished, as he is believed to have begun, his career in the church.

One of the most amusing and characteristic episodes of his youth is the story of his mother-in-law's attempt to force him into a repulsive marriage : she was a virago, and it was only by the clandestine manoeuvres of his subjugated father and faithful old nurse, that he was released from confinement and



taken mysteriously, at night, beyond the reach of farther matrimonial persecution. These and similar adventures remind the reader of those memorable Italian autobiographies written by Cellini, Alfieri, and Goldoni—vivid and curious pictures of domestic and social life in Southern Europe before the days of steam, cheap journals, and policemen.

Lorenzo Daponte was born at Ceneda, on the 10th of March, 1749. His father was a leather-dealer, and the boy once attempted to purloin some of that commodity in order to buy books; his mother was devoted in her care of him; his first literary impressions were derived from Bible stories and Metastasio—a singular combination, but one not unaccordant with his subsequent development; for from the one he drew precedents as a *raconteur*, and from the other hints for the facile and melodious versification of the *improvisatore*. He was placed in the same seminary with his brother, and the Bishop undertook their education. Latin was the principal study; and while, on the one hand, it disciplined the mental habits of the youth, its acquisition enriched his vocabulary, and gave emphasis to the metrical use of his vernacular, which Byron aptly called the “soft bastard” of the classic tongue. Daponte seems to have been instinctively a rhymist, if not a poet; for, at a very early age he wrote smooth and sentimental verses, celebrated every salient event and unwonted emotion in a sonnet; and cherished through life a passionate admiration for, and intimate acquaintance with, the bards of his country.

The instruction in the seminary of Ponta Guadio was very limited in scope. Indeed, the educational privileges of Daponte's early home were not fitted to expand the mind or breed earnest convictions; as his taste for poetry increased, he found it difficult to obtain books a pedantic devotion to the dead lan-

guages then prevailed, and Italian literature was not widely appreciated as a means of culture. Upon the death of the Bishop, Lorenzo went to Venice; and from this moment his life-record becomes adventurous and dramatic, reminding us of Gil Blas and Goldoni's comedies. His remarkable personal beauty and agreeable manners, his gift of poetic composition, his susceptibility to the beautiful, and eagerness of purpose, and especially his quick and absorbing sympathy with whatever immediately attracted or inspired him, led to numerous love affairs, escapades, social triumphs, intrigues and vicissitudes, the story of which reads now like a romance, now like a comedy, and, at last, enmeshes the gallant and reckless, but gifted and fascinating, youth in what appears like hopeless misfortune and dissipation. The scene of these exciting episodes adds to their piquancy; the mystery and the mirth of Venice—her gay carnival and masked amours—the jealousies, passions, pride, and pity of an Italian life-drama,—all gleam before the imagination as we read. The curious Venetian gossip, the local fame of an *improvisatore*, the literary success, sentimental perplexities, adulation and persecution; friends, enemies, and loves, rivals, satires, tributes, tenderness and penitence,—are elements such as we associate with a mediæval tale or a dramatic adventurer, and nowhere to be recognised in actual life so pervasive and picturesque as in the career of an amorous Italian poet a century ago in Venice. Lorenzo gambled, loved, quarrelled, wrote and recited verses, communed with men of letters and ladies of pleasure, with the utmost *abandon*, in his feverish youth at Venice: the café, the piazza, the church, the gondola, the professor's study, and the gaming-table, alternate in his naive but not unremorseful retrospect; obliged to leave the City of the Sea, because of an imprudent

satire and more than imprudent intrigue, he passed the Friuli frontier, and finds that romantic adventures are his destiny; for, without money, he meets with the most generous and delicate hospitality at a wayside inn; is in love with three women at the same time, and wins the affections of a fair *locandiera* in a manner and under circumstances "as good as a play." He arrives at Dresden, gains reputation by his versification of the Psalms, is employed by the composer Saliari, who presents him to the Emperor Joseph at Vienna, where he is installed, as the opera-poet and Imperial minstrel.

The unpublished history of the Italian opera is full of controversies, scandal, and imbroglions. The sensitive nature of gifted vocalists, the exactions of composers, the tyranny of *impresarios*, and the legal power of royal patrons, to say nothing of fashionable caprice and musical rivals, necessitate more or less of misunderstanding and dissension. Accordingly the period which Daponte passed at the Austrian Court was one of alternate vexation and triumph. Befriended by the Imperial family, he was often at issue with the opera-managers; he wrote *librettos* for Saliari, Martini, and Mozart, whose musical experiments were variously successful, and not always remunerative; intrigues and persecution, the right and wrong of which it is difficult for the reader to determine, are recorded by Daponte at this time, and give one a vivid idea of the troubles and turmoils incident to operatic enterprises; a fierce controversy with Casti, and numerous difficulties, finally drove the poet into exile, although he had been Latin Secretary to Joseph, and written the lyrical drama made immortal by Mozart's genius. To those who appreciate this wonderful composition, and have often enjoyed its adequate representation on the stage, and who cherish a peculiar interest in the genius and career of Mozart,

it is singularly provoking and unsatisfactory to find so few details and so little personal charm in the reference of Daponte to the first production of this memorable opera. We infer from the lukewarm account thereof and the moderate success attending what to many lovers of music is a great epoch in its history—that the refined, aspiring, and gifted composer was scarcely appreciated even at the height of his achievements—an impression his recently published "Life and Letters" fully confirm. Daponte is quite graphic in his story of the *finale* of his Vienna sojourn; interviews with royalty give it dramatic emphasis, and the desperate result is summed up with a genuine Italian medley of privation and love: "My purse being exhausted," he writes, "I began to sacrifice my wardrobe—five piastres only remaining; yet, let it not irk thee, courteous reader, to read even yet this story of my loves."

Few, even among those who most intelligently enjoy Italian music, give much thought to the words of the lyric drama. They are usually so subordinate to the melody, and so frequently destitute of high finish and originality, that it is not surprising the *libretto* is so little regarded in comparison to the score. In the days of Zeno and Metastasio this was not the case. The career of the latter is, indeed, as significant as that of many a famous composer. The *attache* of a court, and long the recipient of a pension, his mellifluous verses were a serious occupation and a vital renown. As far as regards exquisitely adapting a soft and musical language to vocal triumphs, Metastasio deserved his celebrity and success; and however his dulcet rhymes may pall upon our taste, now and then is encountered so perfect a verbal gem as to elicit admiration even from the sternest ally of Dante and Alfieri. Of the late years Felici Romani has won laurels in this comparatively humble sphere of the

muses; his *libretto* of Norma has poetical as well as dramatic merit, which associates itself worthily with Bellini's beautiful composition. Daponte was at first regarded as the rival, then as the legitimate successor of Metastasio; and perhaps we are so accustomed to identify the language and music of *Don Giovanni*, that we seldom realise the tact, spirit, and harmony of the former, wherein the bard so effectively seconded the composer. The *Nozze di Figaro* created a strong friendship between the authors. Had Daponte cultivated this vein he might have achieved a lasting reputation; but after his curious and characteristic interview with Leopold at Trieste, failing to retrieve his position as operatic bard at Vienna, his connection with the London opera was brief and disastrous.

With true adventurous hardihood, this climax of pecuniary disaster, in Daponte's youth, is coincident with his marriage; but, in view of his temperament, tendencies, and subsequent career, we cannot but deem it a fortunate circumstance that his wife was an Englishwoman with a good native stock of common sense and affection; especially as at this period (1772) he turns his face towards London, where the Italian opera again claimed his muse. Before reaching there, however, there occurred another exciting episode of travel; he was cheated, robbed, assisted by extraordinary friends, and annoyed by pertinacious enemies. As an operatic writer in London he enjoyed a brief interval of successful industry, soon followed by the apparently inevitable troubles associated with the production of the lyrical drama—that costly exotic which flourishes on a foreign soil only through bold enterprise and incessant obstacles. Daponte imprudently became security, was unable to meet his obligations, and baffled, as he narrates, by the intrigues of the theatrical employers, went to prison

for debt, and emerged resolute to change his vocation, and turn from music to literature—not as a profession, but as a commodity. He opened an Italian bookstore in London, and his intelligent enthusiasm for the gifted writers of his country soon brought him into genial contact with the few cultivators of his native literature; among them Matthias, then prominent as the author of a metrical plea for the study of belles-lettres—which had a transient popularity, and is still quoted as a significant memorial of the taste of his day. This prosperous author paid Daponte's most pressing endorsement; and, once at liberty, he went to Italy as the operatic agent to engage a new company. This visit was a charming experience, and is depicted in roscate colours; for, although the French armies occupied his native soil, he found no impediment to a reunion with his family, and the occasion was made a long *festa*, which he describes in detail and with great zest. He is jubilant over the misfortunes which had overtaken his old enemies, who have been either struck with lightning, languish in prison, or suffer some other chastisement of Providence. He again finds cause to realise the truth of the maxim—*non si vince amor se non fuggendo*; has a long conversation with Ugo Foscolo at Bologna and with Metastasio at Vienna, and is delighted with his sojourn at Florence, whose people he eulogises as *ospitali senza ostentazione, instruiti senza pedanteria, affabili senza bassessa*, hospitable without ostentation, learned without pedantry, affable without baseness." He is half frozen going across the Apennines, thence to Bologna, has a desperate quarrel with Williams, his English partner, in engaging and transporting the singers, and returns to London to find new suits instituted against him, and once more to enter a debtor's prison. His bookstore and influence revive the scanty interest in

Italian literature, and he is patronised by some of the nobility, and befriended by men of letters; but discouraged, at last, by the succession of writs growing out of his unfortunate security for the opera-lessee, he accepts bankruptcy as the only issue, sends his family to a kinsman in America, and prepares to follow and test his blighted fortunes in the New World.

Daponte's voyage to the United States was long and comfortless, and he was reduced to a pork-diet before it was over; he arrived at Philadelphia on the 4th of June, and immediately joined his family in New York. With fifteen thousand dollars capital, saved from the wreck by his prudent wife, he established himself at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, in what promised to be a successful trade; but a dishonest partner caused its speedy failure. Reverting to his educational resource, he took pupils in New York, and was befriended here by several leading families, so that he enjoyed a brief period of professional success and social pleasure; but when the season arrived—as it inevitably does, in all such vocations, when there comes a lapse in the attendance and a diminution of classes—the alert professor was again induced to change the, to him, congenial sphere of literary occupation for the hazards and the cares of trade—for which, according to his own confession, he was singularly ill-adapted. This time he prepared to deal in certain Italian commodities, the more choice kind of liquors and confections, and Sudbury, in Pennsylvania, was the scene of his new enterprise. The account he gives of his experience here forms a curious contrast with that at Venice and Vienna: he accumulates bad debts; is annoyed by old claims; he is robbed; he goes to law; *delitti*—crimes, *usurpazioni*—encroachments, *tradimenti*—swindles—form the burden of this record of the attempt of an Italian poet to do busi-

ness in an interior American town. There is something so exaggerated in the style of complaint, and so petty in the nature of the grievances, that the "pity of it" is almost lost in a kind of serio-comedy. To add to his troubles, the poor Signore is thrown from a gig, and, for a while, is in the hands of those famous and benign Philadelphia surgeons—Physic and Barton. At last he sells out his stock, but apparently with no "good-will" included; and declares himself, though terribly fleeced by the lawyers, only too happy to escape from the care and persecution of what he calls *un nuovo Egitto*, and return to his beloved New York. He blesses the day, as did Petrarch that on which he first saw Laura; eloquently describes the cordial reception he received from old friends; he marks the fourteenth of August, 1818, as a white day; "*benedetto sia il giorno!*"—for then he bade Sudbury *l'estremo addio*; and declares it was an *ispirazione celeste* that drew him to study, teaching, and educated society in the metropolis. Indeed, Daponte seems to have then first fairly entered upon a congenial life in America; he describes it with zest and enthusiasm; the Italian language and literature was a novelty then, and some of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies of the city and suburbs, as well as many of the most intelligent gentlemen, took up the pursuit with zeal: Daponte's geniality and ardour made it attractive: He draws the most flattering portraits of his favourite pupils, dwells gratefully on the kindness of which he was the recipient, and mentions the names of several leading families as associated with his instructions; specimens of the correspondence, interspersed with his reminiscences, indicate remarkable proficiency in Italian among his fair scholars. Dante, Petrarch, and Ariosto, have rarely found so eloquent an expositor. He experienced, in the midst of this agreeable

life, a deep affliction in the loss of his son. He passed his summers at a delightful country place near his friend Livingston's, on the Hudson; some of his pupils were domesticated with him, and no one better improved the opportunities thus afforded than his beloved Enrico Anderson, subsequently professor in Columbia College, who eventually married the daughter of his Italian friend and instructor. In the meantime Daponte presented Italian books to the Public Library, and imported many standard authors from Italy—thus disseminating a taste for his native literature.

He was as stanch and eloquent an advocate of the claims of Italian music as of those of literature. He discussed the former subject with much intelligence and ardour, and soon, with the co-operation of a prominent gentleman in society, Dominic Lynch, enlisted the sympathies of a few influential citizens, who had learned to enjoy the opera abroad. The first company were welcomed and initiated in New York by his enterprise; and it was a great personal triumph, and delightful social excitement, when the *Barbiere* and *Don Giovanni* were first successfully represented in his adopted home; his *libretto* of the latter, written originally for the original representation of Mozart's masterpiece, was translated when that was introduced to the New World; and the *improvisatore* of Venice and operatic poet of Vienna was the hero of the day. At that time society in New York, properly so called, was limited, but cordial and united, and, therefore, there was more unanimity and mutual interest in every social experiment. Daponte's fair pupils were in a state of sympathetic expectancy, and their husbands and fathers embarked generously in the attempt to establish the most *recherché* amusement of Europe in their thriving city. Numerous are the racy anecdotes, and memorable the lyric tri-

umphs of that occasion. Not only did the popular Italian professor encourage the artists, win over the wealthy patrons, and glory in the whole phenomena, but he came gallantly to the rescue where ignorant critics, or perverse objectors, found fault and breathed discouragement. Indeed, he had become the champion of his country almost to a Quixotic degree; Queen Charlotte's trial, then enacting, had led to many unjust estimates of the Italian national character; Prescott, afterwards the renowned historian, in his early literary essays, chiefly written for the *North American Review*, had ventured on some critical views of the poets of Italy; both the general and the specific animadversions aroused the sensibility of Daponte, who replied with elaborate, and often exaggerated emphasis, to what he considered slights and slurs on his country's fair fame. In the retrospect the controversy is more amusing than conclusive. Meantime, knowing the delicate organisation of the vocalists, he had taught a worthy American woman the mysteries of the Italian *cuisine*; so that soprano, contralto, basso, and baritone, were agreeably surprised to find the viands and cookery to which they had been accustomed at home, provided in a New York boarding-house. The establishment retained its *prestige* long after the first, second, and third operatic enterprises had failed; for no Italian or old *habitué* of that classic land, who had ever dined at Aunt Sallie's, was likely to forget the soup, macaroni, or red wine, to say nothing of the bread and vegetables—so like what he associated with the *trattorias* of Florence and Rome; indeed, to dine there, as was my fortune occasionally, and hear *la lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*, on all sides, with furious discussion of Italian politics and delectable praise of composers and vocalists or pictorial *critiques*—transported one by magic

from Broome-street to the *Piazza Vecchia* or the *Via Condotta*. The death of Aunt Sallie, a few years ago, dispersed the few survivors of the circle that succeeded Daponte's singing-birds; and the alimentive associations of his active and magnetic sojourn have no more a "local habitation." It is otherwise, however, with the social vestiges. Some of the elder citizens yet describe his tall figure and handsome face at the opera, "monarch of all he surveyed," infecting others with his enthusiasm, and serving as a vital bond between the musical strangers and the fascinated public. Alternating from his *piccolo Eden di campagna*, as he calls it, to his winter-classes in town; carrying on the war with malignant compatriots and rivals; struggling with debts; presiding at private theatricals; making Alfieri and the modern Italian writers known to cultivated New Yorkers; enjoying congenial intercourse with his friends; revelling in the nascent enthusiasm for Italian opera and growing taste for Italian literature; his *bon-mots* his greetings, his verses, his friendships, his scholars, *protégés*, and domestic amenities, made up a varied, exceptional, and complacent life. Corn-beef, *versus* macaroni, was the problem he loved to state and solve; and the success which attended his efforts to make the Italian element, literary, musical, and prandial, familiar and appreciated in the commercial metropolis of the New World, was certainly a rare triumph of personal zeal and social attraction.

Since those days, when Daponte was the unique representative and isolated advocate of Italy, her music, her letters, and her language, these have become known and endeared, through the many cultivated and patriotic exiles from Southern Europe; a succession of *prima donas* have won the suffrages of two generations of opera habitués, and the Academy of Music, latterly risen from its ashes in new splendour,

attests the permanent hold that amusement has upon the regards of the people. The improvements in the press incident to steam-navigation and newspaper enterprise, have also kept us *au courant* with the remarkable political development of Italy during the last twenty years; and among the most popular modern fictions are the historical and local novels of Guerazzi, d'Azeglio, and Rufini.

The two small volumes entitled *Memoire di Lorenzo Daponte da Ceneda, Scritto da esso : Nuova York, 1829-30*, are a literary curiosity—detailing, as they do, with extraordinary egotism, naïveté, and vivacity the incidents and emotions of a long and curiously-varied life, and written and published in the Italian language in the old age of the author, and in a city whose bustling trade and absorption in the practical and immediate, form such an absolute contrast to the reminiscences of an old Venetian poet. Compared with the autobiography of Franklin, for instance, or any of the familiar memoirs of our self-made men, there is a dramatic contrast which brings the spirit and results of the two extremely opposed nationalities into zestful juxtaposition. The Italian, like the American, has his own way to make in the world, but while the one depends on shrewdness, the other relies on manners; while one is thrifty, the other is amorous; this one is good at a bargain, that at a song. Daponte colours his most commonplace experience with the hues of sentiment; he consoles himself for the few customers who frequent his Italian bookstore, with an appeal in behalf of which he closes his memoirs, by rejoicing that some of the most beautiful women and intelligent men of the city like to come in for a chat; and calls the late benign and beloved author of the "Visit of Saint Nicholas," his *angelo tutelare*. Now and then he strikes the balance of

his account with fortune, and it is always either flush and flowing, or barren and bankrupt. Complacently he writes at one time that he is *amato dalle donne, stimato dagli uomini, accarazzato da miei protettori e pieno di buona speranza*,—"loved by women, esteemed by men, caressed by patrons, and full of good hope;" at another moment, he is the victim of malicious persecution, despoiled, cheated, forlorn, the choicest companionship alternates with the most sordid cares and the most child-like literary and musical enthusiasm, with the most unreasonable economic enterprises; while, through operatic imbroglios, unfortunate speculations, and bitter personal controversies, glows a keen relish of social delights, a sustaining self-esteem, a warmth of heart and sensibility to beauty, which strangely unite the real and the romantic. With genuine Italian consistency the sincere in emotion is its justification with Daponte. Alluding to his numerous love affairs, he says, "Dal primo momento in cui ho cominciato ad amare, il che fu all'età di dieotto anni, fino al quarantesimo anno, della mia vita, in cui preso una compagna per tutto il rimanente di quella—no ho mai detto a donna—ti amo, senza saper di poter amarla, senza mancar ad alcun dovere;" "from the moment I began to fall in love, which was at the age of eighteen, until my fortieth year, when I took a companion for the rest of my life, I never said to a woman, *I love you*, without knowing that I would do so, and never failed in a single duty." An old pupil of Daponte's tells me that his faith was sometimes a question with his intimates on account of the inconsistent views he expressed; and when his wife died—an excellent woman, and a great bereavement—he wrote an ode, in which the heathen mythology was singularly blended with the Roman creed, although at the close St. Peter was made to acknowledge

that the virtues of the excellent *sposa* entitled her to heaven, independent of all ecclesiastical dogmas,—she being an angel even while on earth. The appendix to the *Memoire* contains specimens of Daponte's letters to his pupils, his translation into Italian verse of a portion of Gil Blas, and that of Byron's "Prophecy of Dante," dedicated to his lordship; with some specimens of criticism and controversy—making altogether a singular *mélange* and an unique record. But a limited edition was printed, and the author did not carry out his intention to add a concluding volume. His accomplished son, who was an endeared professor in the New York University, died in his prime, and we believe a single grandson—young Anderson, who nobly distinguished himself in the War for the Union—is the nearest living descendant of the genial old Italian poet.

It might almost seem a prophetic coincidence of destiny, that at different epochs of his chequered life, Daponte translated "The Vanity of Human Wishes," so well illustrated by the vicissitudes of his career,— "Gil Blas," of whose adventurous experience he was at times the rival, and the "Psalms of David,"—fit type of that Hebraic ardour and aspiration which lent dignity and occasional triumph to his influence and enterprise.

Although sixty years old when he arrived in the United States, such was his vigour of mind and body, and his elasticity of temperament, that, besides his *nobilissimi allievi*, to whom much of his time was devoted, he engaged in a spirited defence of Rossini in the journals, and embarked in the importation of Italian books—a losing speculation, many of them having been eventually sold to the Government, through the intervention of a literary gentleman of New York. Occasionally the veteran teacher and poet delivered a discourse to his

friends and pupils. Of one of these Dr. Francis remarks : " It was published in 1821, and entitled '*Sull' Italia. Discorso Apologetico in risposta alla lettera dell' avvocato Carlo Phillips.*' I was of the audience when Daponte delivered this discourse in English before a large assemblage, with all the earnestness and animation of a great speaker. The copious stores of Daponte's reading can be estimated by a perusal of his vindication of his country and his countrymen. In reference to his native tongue he thus speaks : ' To her good fortune, Italy for five hundred years has preserved her charming language which, from its united sweetness, delicacy, force and richness, compares with every ancient language, and surpasses every modern tongue ; which equals in sublimity the Greek, the Latin in magnificence, in grandeur and conciseness the Hebrew, the German in boldness, in majesty the Spanish, and the English in energy ; that language, in fine, which Providence bestowed on the Italians because so perfectly adapted, in its almost supernatural harmoniousness, to the delicacy of their organs and perceptions, to the vivacity of their minds, and to the complexion of their ideas and sentiments, and which was formed so justly to illustrate their character.' On the occasion of his seventy-ninth birthday, the evening of the 10th of March, 1828, he addressed his pupils with affectionate eloquence in praise of classic Italian, and in advocacy of the literature of his country as means of culture and intellectual enjoyment. Two incidents are noted in the latter part of his memoirs with emphasis ;—an accidental fall on the ice which kept him two months under surgical care, and the arrival of his brother and niece, after thirty years' separation from Lorenzo. When the New York University was founded, a professorship was proposed to Daponte, but the interest in his native tongue was

too limited, and the resources of the institution too small, although subsequently his son was made professor ; bookselling and teaching, as before, were his most available resources.

At the age of ninety, Lorenzo Daponte was still a fine-looking man ; he had the head of a Roman ; his countenance beamed with intelligence and vivacity ; his hair was abundant, and fell luxuriantly round his neck, and his manners combined dignity and urbanity to a rare degree. His adventurous operatic career in Venice and London, culminating in the bankruptcy of the manager in the latter city, involved him in years of financial difficulty. His attempts to retrieve his fortunes by trade in New Jersey and Pennsylvania were, as we have seen, lamentable failures ; but, in 1811, a better prospect opened for him. Teaching, in the best sense of the word, was his vocation ; with him it was no technical process, but a labour of love ; he won the affections of his pupils, of whom he had, at various times and places, as many as two thousand ; " the sweetest moments of existence," says one of them, " were those passed in literary conversation and sympathetic study of the leading authors of Italy with the *caro maestro*." This taste was critical ; its exercise and exposition his glory. It was his triumph to introduce Garcia and his gifted daughter—destined to bear the palm of vocalism for years in Europe—to the, to him, endeared public of New York ; he regarded himself as a kind of bridge whereby the melody and the lore he loved could pass, by social magnetism, from the Old to the New World ; and many a fond reminiscent in music and poetry yet attests the permanent influence of his enthusiasm and knowledge ; many a classic author or euphonious impromptu, or gracious personal memory, are cherished among his few surviving pupils, as tokens of those days of æsthetic zeal and pleasure. In one of his letters Daponte observes that he



"hoped to kindle a new light in his old age, by the introduction of the Italian opera, and that the allurements of its songs would in some induce, and in others reinvigorate, the desire of comprehending a language which is the most delightful vehicle for the transmission of the melody of the voice." Indeed, the advent of the Italian opera in New York rejuvenated Daponte; the enthusiasm when Signorina Garcia was crowned, reminded him of the ovations in his native land. He had lived through memorable years—in the times of Washington and Mirabeau, Napoleon and Byron, Scott and Mozart. His youthful aspect is described in Kelly's *Reminiscences*, and his first operatic poems in the memoirs of Mozart, while his old age was identified with the social culture of New York. A life of more interesting personal associations and greater vicissitudes it is difficult to imagine. It closed with serenity and under the most benign auspices. He had so entirely the command of his faculties, during his last illness, that he wrote tributary verses to his kind physician, Dr. John W. Francis, and translated with accuracy and grace a portion of the poem of Hadad, by Hillhouse. His death was not unexpected: "Two days before that event," writes one of his admirers, "his sick chamber presented an interesting spectacle; his attached medical attendant, perceiving symptoms of approaching dissolution, notified his numerous friends of the change in his venerable patient. It was one of those afternoons of waning summer, when the mellow sunset foretells approaching autumn. The old poet's magnificent head lay upon a sea of pillows, and the conscious eye still shed its beams of regard upon all around him.

Besides several of his countrymen, were assembled some remnants of the old Italian troupe, who knelt for a farewell blessing around the pallet of their expiring bard; among them might be seen the fine head of Fornasari, and Bagioli's benevolent countenance. All wept as the patriarch bade them an affectionate and earnest farewell, and implored a blessing on their common country. The doctor, watching the flickerings of the life-torch, stood at the head of the couch, and a group of tearful women at the foot, completed a scene not unlike the portraiture we have all seen of the last hours of Napoleon."

The obsequies of Daponte were impressive. His funeral took place at noon on the 20th of August, 1839. Allegri's *Miserere* was performed over his remains at the cathedral; the pall-bearers were his countryman, Maroncelli, the companion of Pellico's memorable imprisonment at Spielberg, his old friend Prof. Clement C. Moore, and two eminent citizens—the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck and Dr. Macneven; on the coffin was a laurel-wreath, and before it, on the way from the church to the Roman cemetery in Second Avenue, whither it was borne,—followed by a long train of mourners, led by the officiating priests, and the attendant physician,—was carried a banner, and on its black ground was this inscription: "Laurentius Daponte. Italia. Natus. Litterarum. Reipublicæ. et Musis. Dilectissimus. Patriæ. et Concorum. Amantissimus. Christianæ. Fidei. Cultor. Adsiduus. In. Pace. et Consolatione. Lustrorum. XVII. Die Augusti. MDCCCXXXVIII. XC. Anno. Æatis. Suæ Amplexu. Domini. Ascendit.

## AWAY TO THE MOUNTAINS!

IF, among the changeful months of the English year, I have one especial favourite, that month is September. Not because it is pre-eminently the month of harvest, when the rich yellow ears burst into gold on sunny fields, when the reapers shout, and when the bright sheaves are piled slantedly to make graceful bowers for those who woo by moonlight. Not because it is the month when the stars uncurtain all their jewels, and when Cynthia steals in shining sandals to kiss the boy Endymion, where he lies asleep on Latmos' hill. Not because it is the month when Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson shoulder their guns, take tickets to obscure railway-stations, and dream they are happy for a fortnight while ransacking well-feathered manors, and performing on the gun-barrel feats more astounding than the startled rustics who gape at them have ever done on the ale-barrel. Not because, in spite of that grotto delusion on the 5th August, it is the first month of the season when the oyster is really eatable and wholesome. Not because it brings me fruit from the orchard, wines from the vineyard, and bivalves, with pearls in their mouths, from the bottom of the sea. Not for these things, ye poets, ye farmers, ye sportsmen, and ye gourmands, do I love our English September—not for any one of these things especially. The poet, *lentus in umbra*, may watch the mellowing woods and muse sentimentally, in his soft mood, over the loveliness of human decay and dissolution; the farmer may chuckle over his fat crops, and cart his guano for the season which is to come; Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson may bang away at the speckled pheasant,

and carry each other home, wounded in the calf of the leg, on village wheelbarrows; the oyster-eater may gorge himself with his beloved dish at will. I envy not these pleasures. Pent-up like a caged lark, pent-up in city chambers at a time when London is a hollow and deserted mockery, I yearn for freer air and clearer sunshine, and long to follow all the rest of the world Away to the Mountains.

It is provoking, to say the least of it! Here am I, a man with legs to climb with the best of you, held choking over a hot sewer by the horrible Medusa of business, crushed helplessly into dusty crannies with badly-cooked victuals, driven along deserted streets inhabited by melancholy cabmen; and this at a time of year when the mountains have put their glory on, and when cheap excursion trains enable even my butcher to disdain the Isle of Thanet.

As yet the bluebell lingers on the sod  
That copes the sheepfold ring; and in the woods

A second blow of many flowers appears—  
Flowers faintly tinged, and breathing no perfume.

But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland wreath

That circles Autumn's brow; the ruddy hands

Now clothe the half-leaved thorn; the bramble bends

Beneath its jetty load; the hazel hangs  
With azure branches, dipping in the stream.

Everybody is out of town. Everybody has got a gun. Everybody is away to the mountains. When I say everybody, I mean everybody of whom society — *nihil tetigit*, you know, *quod non ornavit*—takes the slightest notice. Of course I have my companions in misery—reckless-looking corpulent men, whose wives have gone to Brighton; barristers

too briefless to afford a blow among the distant heather; policemen, *dames aux camellias*, and bewildered relations with shock heads from the country. I try to amuse myself by staring into the shop-windows; but the very tradesmen mock me. "Blank will have a suit of tweed," cries the tailor and clothier, in his placards, "wherewith to face the mountain torrent; if Blank be wise, he will straightway clothe himself in these knickerbockers." Blank wants a Bradshaw. Blank can't possibly get along without a knapsack. Blank will have a rough and sturdy walking-stick. Is there anything else with which he can oblige Blank, who (of course) is going out of town? Here is a plaid to keep his legs warm on the journey. Here is the cheap edition of the "Woman in White." Here is a handy article, with six blades and a corkscrew. Let Blank don this wide-awake. If Blank sketches, here are pencils, crayons, and paper. See, Blank, these lovely stereoscopic views of Highland scenery. Sleek young counter-jumpers mock me with delusive cries of "Shop!" The driver of the Hansom's cab, which I have *not* hailed, asks facetiously after my luggage. If this continues much longer, I shall certainly go mad. I shall rush into the various shops in despair: forthwith invest in a suit of tweed, a gun, a fishing-rod, a straw hat, a knapsack, a plaid; and, armed with Bradshaw, a cheap edition of Mr. Wilkie Collins's last work, and a walking-stick, forthwith set my teeth together, climb Ludgate Hill, strain to the topmost pinnacle of St. Paul's, and, casting my eyes around me, delude myself into the belief that I am monarch of all I survey, and that yonder puddle of water is Loch Lomond!

Don't tell me of Paris, Spa, Antwerp, Munich, and the rest. Don't talk to me about shooting-matches at Vincennes, rambles in Swiss glens, visits to German picture-galleries,

flirtations at Boulogne, and promenades on the Boulevards. Don't talk fudge about new associations and the glorious antique. I am a home bird, and love to keep in sight of my nest. I never found it necessary to go many miles out of my way in my search for the picturesque and the beautiful. You all know the story of the landed proprietor who, although he had travelled all over the world in search of scenic sensations, had never seen the lovely waterfall on his own grounds. A visit to Switzerland is well for those who can afford it; but as the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE is somewhat of a popular magazine, and as I am writing to instruct as well as to amuse, it will be my task to point out the fact that the British Isles, however much despised by the pure tourist, are not altogether a Gehenna of brickbats and ditch-water. By all means let the tourist climb Mont Blanc, at the risk of breaking his neck down a crevasse, or freezing to stone on a bed of Alpine snow; but let him also have a run up Skiddaw and Helvellyn. The latter can be accomplished cheaply and without danger. Does it never strike the home tourist that he is a public benefactor? Does the Irish tourist who drives from inn to inn among the Wicklow mountains ever reflect that he is fructifying the resources of his own country? And is the cockney tourist aware that, in allowing himself to be fleeced by a Highland innkeeper, he may patriotically be giving a mite towards the liquidation of the National Debt? Such, however, is the real state of the case. Tourists, like the rest of the community, are bees of progress, bound by fixed codes and regulations to increase the store of the national hive; and they should not take all their honey to the Continent. Once in a while—if only once in a while—let them drop their French accent, and talk their native tongue with the rustics. I don't know how it is, but

too many men, who are in the habit of running abroad, visit foreign places for the purpose of returning with exaggerated notions of the inferiority of our English civilisation. A mania for everything French is very common and very silly, as silly as the other notion that the French are frivolous. The impression left by a chance visit to a strange place is in the highest degree delusive. A vulgar friend of mine—call him Robinson—once paid a visit to the French capital: he was so captivated with everything Parisian that, on his return home, he startled his wife and innocent olive-branches by appearing in full Parisian costume, with hair, beard, and moustache trimmed in French fashion, and armed with a barbarous *patois*, which struck me as bearing a strong resemblance to double Dutch. The atrocity went down with that absurd woman, his wife; but not so with his acquaintance. He is a harmless man, Robinson, but his friends cut him. The sooner we again begin to encourage our old rough insular notions, the better for our prosperity. John Bull, however offensive, is John Bull all the world over. I think the insular spirit would reassert itself if the tourists would patronise home scenery a little more; and now is the time to begin, while

Wealth hangs in each tangled nook,  
In the gloaming of the year.

Besides, I hold that English Inns are infinitely superior to continental hotels. The prices are not exorbitant, and the comforts are much more realisable. Say what you please about the Palais Royal, give me a chop at a certain cozy little hostelry at Cladich. I dislike an abundance of animal life in my bedroom. Beer seems to be a more invigorating beverage, for one about to take violent exercise, than *vin ordinaire*. Who would compare the clean, tidy, and pretty Phyllis of the English roadside inn with the pert French *garçon*? I have been vulgar enough

to add these last remarks, though I fear that they will not be appreciated by certain people who travel from inn to inn, eat and drink, sleep, and look at the surrounding mountains from their bedroom windows. This, if I recollect rightly, is what is called "doing" a place. With such persons I have no sympathy. These lines are not meant for their eyes, and they had better go to Baden-Baden or Bath. My reader, I hope, is my fagged-out fellow-citizen, who, unlike myself, is about to leave work behind him for a time, and get an appetite for his next Christmas dinner. Let him take my advice, and, in other than the poet's sense, keep to the kindred points of heaven and home. Let him set out with the determination to enjoy everything and "do" nothing, when he should his knapsack, grasps his staff of thorn, and, locking up in his chambers the ghosts of his past reading, hies Away to the Mountains.

Other considerations intervene to recommend English tours to those tourists whose time is short, and who seek health and relaxation. The most potent of all, in my own opinion, is the one relating to married men. It is a sad, but undeniable truth, that when married men leave home on an excursion of pleasure, their wives are so unreasonable as to desire (most unaccountably) to accompany them. A wife, you see, is very useful and ornamental in a family, but she adds materially to the expenses of a journey. Paying double is, in this respect, like seeing double. You pay for two, and don't see half so plainly as when you see singly. Under any such circumstances—in a railway carriage, in a diligence, on a coach, on a hill—a wife is an encumbrance. She has her luggage, about which she is frantic at every stage. She has in a separate band-box that lovely little duck of a bonnet, which that stupid coachman is certain to sit upon, dear. She wants all sorts of impossible things, at all

sorts of impossible places ; she bores you every minute about that blessed baby whom you have left at home, and whom Jane is sure to set down upon a hot iron while she runs to flirt with the baker. Still, if you *do* and *must* take your wife out, you must put up with the consequences ; and your wisest course is to choose a tour which is short and easily accomplished. None but a madman, or a person with two thousand a year, should dream of taking his wife to the Continent. Rather let the rash man bear with him an elephant, a panorama, a portable theatre, or a copy of Mr. Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy." A wife, in point of fact, and in the eyes of railway officials, is—luggage ! and, as such should be ticketed and labelled. And she is luggage of a most awkward description. Luggage that suddenly disappears, and leaves you lamenting ; luggage which is for ever tossing and fidgetting. Luggage which the porters bring to you again and again, with the twinkle of the eye which says, "Is this yours, Sir?" Luggage which, to your utter discomfiture, gets suddenly undone at the corners, whence roll mysterious tooth-brushes, nightcaps, infinitesimal bottles of brandy, railway tickets, and buns. Luggage at which henpecked innkeepers look piteously and which is seized upon by frantic landladies, who tell you plainly with their eyes that you are brute ; luggage before which the *garçon* prostrates himself, as before Juggernaut, in facetious adoration ; luggage which the sympathetic *femme de chambre* packs up tenderly, while you are missing the train, and which gets unhooked at the most inconvenient periods ; luggage which hangs about your neck like an incubus, and makes you hoarse with bawling, and torments you, and drags you down ; luggage which is only endurable once in life—during the honeymoon. Hence, horrible nightmare ! O paterfamilias, have you never reflected that, by rushing

up and down Rhineland with such preposterous cargoes, you are bringing this proud little country, the land of independence and Victoria *Flos Reginarum*, into contempt ? There is a strong affinity between the husband with his encumbrance and the ass with its pannier ; and, for genuine misery and unmistakable assinity, the former bears the palm. Still, while such miserable beings exist, be it the philanthropist's task to find balm for them in Gilead. And the balm I recommend is—homescenery. In the first place, travelling in one's own country awakens feelings of patriotism. In the second place, you can carry your living luggage from place to place at a comparatively trifling expense. In the third place, your wife has not the slightest pretext for loading herself with unnecessary "necessaries." In the last place, she may save you much agony of mind by taking the baby with her.

Here I sit alone in grey chambers, while holiday-seeking London fades away in the distance with a waving of pocket-handkerchiefs and a rattle of cabs. Parliament will not summon, until February next, with its far-pealing horn, the honourable members whose duty it is to hunt down well-breathed local bills. The members of her Majesty's House of Commons are blown up and down all quarters of the globe, like the leaves of a political blue-book. Legal London is lounging in obscure spas, flirting, gaming, reading, and dreaming of briefs. Literary London has rushed wildly away from Fleet Street, with a copy of Tennyson in its pocket, and is—

Wandering over hill and glen,  
Far as it may for the gentlemen.

Sporting London is joining convivial rustics in the popular chorus about a shiny night and the season of the year. Enough : give me Bradshaw ! Bound as I am by inexorable duty to this Ugolino, I will comfort myself by poring over the mysterious pages of the great guide-book.

First let me look at the advertisements. Mockery again. "Blank wants to go to Scarborough," cry the railway directors, "and he can have a ticket there and back, available for one calendar month, for thirty-five shillings." A pleasant prospect, forsooth! White villas and dingy dwelling-houses sloping down to a shore white with sand and red with dulse; fishing-boats, which never seem to catch any fish, but are a part of the prospect, in the distance; officers with eye-glasses, military papas, pretty horsebreaking, weak young men who read books, and girls with pork-pie hats, perambulating on the shore. So much for Scarborough, which, by the way, is, thanks to the home tourists and the steam-engine, gradually becoming less stuck-up. "If Blank has a good lady and little ones, and is an affectionate father, he will go to Brighton, where his family will derive lasting benefit from the sea-bathing, while their musical tastes will be cultivated by the stirring strains of the brass band." Brighton—chain-pier, Marine Parade, middle-class misses, blacklegs, and *ennui*. No, thank you. "Perhaps Blank is an honest tradesman, rough and independent, part of England's bulwark; if so, let him spend a week at Margate or Ramsgate." Ramsgate, Margate, bathing-machines, horribly vulgar women with babies, native boys odiferous of shrimps and seaweed, milliners and their sweethearts, periwinkles! Enough of the sea-side! Well, then, Blank will find lovely lanes in Surrey, gorgeous hop-fields in Kent, mild salubrious hills and nice society in far-away Devonshire. It won't do. My heart is among the hills. O ye deluded mortals, who, instead of taking proper advantage of your liberty, try to be snobbish at Scarborough, bored at Brighton, jolly at Ramsgate and Margate, pastoral in Surrey, agricultural in Kent, and poetical in Devonshire—would that I possessed the opportunities ye let

slip so ungratefully! We do not run out of town to be respectable, to lounge, to pick shrimps, to stare the whole days from stiles at imbecile sheep, to smell unbrewed beer, or to read idle verses. The breath of the great city has blown upon us for three-fourths of the year; we are weary, brain-sore, over-wrought, feverish, and we seek exercise, fresh air, stirring associations and innocent excitement. Business intercourse with plodding men, ball-room misery with half-dressed women, bill-discounting, omnibus travelling, scarcely tend to lift the eyes and develop the sympathies of a man. Your quiet pastoral pictures suit not the necessities of the freed citizen. He pants for an atmosphere in which he may breathe freely, lift up eyes, and feel his soul expand, while the strong breeze plucks up roses to his cheek from the very dregs of his faded blood. Hie away, pilgrims! Grasp your sticks, shoulder your luggage, put on thick boots, and then, fast as the steam-engine can carry you, rush joyfully Away to the Mountains.

O the Mountains—the Mountains! Towering their purple heather-clad shoulders against a sky distinct with purple fleecy cloud; mirrored like Titans in the burnished bosom of the calm and wooded lake; clothed on with sudden mist, from which the spirit of the storm, murmuring for a moment like a homeless voice, dies away with a gleam of amethyst and gold; bleating with innumerable flocks, haunted by distant cries of shepherds, murmuring with hidden torrents; jewelled here and there with fallen sunbeams, and threaded by rills that distance freezes to sparkling ice. Oh, the Mountains, the Mountains! inspirers of great thoughts, makers of mighty poets; dwelling, the epics of the earthquake, in silence.

Struggling with the darkness all the night,  
And visited all night by troops of stars;  
lifting their lofty foreheads, Atlas-

like, to Orion, and bearing on their shoulders the eternal skies; throwing the eagle down like a thunderbolt, level to the browsing lambs! Without the mountains, earth would be a languid and voluptuous garden of Armida. They teach lofty thoughts, and noble deeds and contemplation, and the holy thirst for fame. They fell, like the shadows of a further life, over Byron's cradle, and overburthened his rest with thoughts that lay too deep for tears. Mark how Shelley draws his images from the grand old hills. They were part of the souls of Coleridge and his wrecked son Hartley! They were the constant companions, the daily admonishers, the mighty inspirers of the noblest poet of the century, William Wordsworth.

And inexpressibly beautiful, peculiarly impressive, are the mountains in the pensive month of English September. They are grand in winter, wrapped in their snowy mantles and torn by unseen lightnings. They are gorgeous in summer, when the sunshine nets them in a golden veil, and, like richly-attired kings, they quiver visibly through the winking heat. But their one characteristic in September harmonises with the vegetable season of the yellow leaf and the ripe season of human life: it is that of golden repose. Murmuring with innumerable half-audible echoes, burgeoning into purple bloom of thyme and heather, tinkling with mimic falls that the summer has left half dry, they sleep in their mightiness under a quiet, fleecy sky, surrounded by bleating pastures and by russet woods, and looking proudly over miles of harvest, laced with silver rivers and dotted here and there by distant towns. Are there poets among you, O ye tourists? Let them seek sermons and philosophy among the mountains. Are there men of money among ye? The mountains will teach them that their guineas are not omnipotent, and

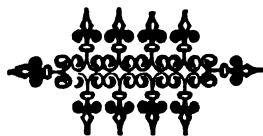
that the mountain thyme is nearer to heaven than their ledgers. Come away, worn and weary pilgrims! gaze up yonder, feel a sense of your own littleness, and then—aspire! Smith, this is jollier than Scarborough! Brown, this is sublimer than shrimps at Margate! *Excelsior!* Go ahead, guide! for we follow! We mean to see the sun set up yonder; to see the sun sink royally to sleep, with his golden chin pillowed on a bed of bulging blushing cloud. No lagging behind. Is it not rich, is it not rare? Aha! these breezes are finer than those one meets on Primrose Hill! Higher still! Drink of this cold stream; more delicious to parched lips than London gin, champagne, *vin ordinaire*, or any other adulterated beverage. Mark yonder boulders, hoary with lichens and rough with the mists of a hundred years! Do your limbs ache? Strain along, tug along manfully, for yonder little cairn of stones is the summit. See! the further skies grow rosy and the lower vale grows shady. Here we are! Now sit; and drink in glory enough to last you for a twelve-month. Don't you feel like a god up here; with the red sun tinting the lesser hills around you and dying (as Alexander Smith has it) in his own blood? You send up your exultation in a shout. The health and beauty of the mountains have entered into your lungs and heart. Rest awhile; and then tumble down through the shadows as speedily as you may. The little inn lies waiting for you far below. The sheep-dog barks, the flocks bleat, the valleys darken, the world is retiring to its rest. Ah! my city friend, won't your sleep be sound, and your dreams be sweet, this night?

What drags me down unto the common day? A terrible vision of a remorseless national vampire, another demon of the Drachenfels, who haunts the Scotch mountains, and against whom I warn all Scotch tourists. Hear his name, ye tour-

ists; tremble, and be *bona fide*. Forbes Mackenzie! He is powerful, he is relentless, he is invincible. Like the *gensdarmes* who asked for your passport, he makes you miserable by his air of suspicion. He blocks up the door of empty inns when you are weary and foot-sore, and torments you for hours with his questions before he permits you to enter. He induces spurious distillers in a small way to sell you certain Scotch whiskies, compound of oatmeal and peat-reek. He it is who forces hardy Highland wights to refuse to row you o'er the ferry on Sundays. He is the author of those abodes of fly-blown pictures, cold meat, and intoxicated waiters—the Temperance Hotels. He yields only to one golden talisman, which careful husbands and fathers do not care to exhibit. He meets you with a grin on his face, in all sorts of out-of-the-way places where you least expect to see him; and his charge for moving on, with his kilts and his

soda-water, is never less than one shilling.

But go your ways to the Mountains, all of you. There are mountains in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales! and all are lovely after their kind. The scenery and the associations of the English lakes are potent to dispel from your brain the remnants of London fog. Ben Lomond, Ben Nevis, Ben Cruachan, Blaavin, and Glencoe—all have their peculiar glories. You will find pleasant, quiet loveliness, sometimes roughening into sublimity, among the Wicklow mountains; and for lovely mountain prospects, without water, there is no place like Wales. Go your ways, my friends; roll along with your luggage, Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson. I shall be with ye in imagination, as I plod along Ludgate Hill. May health and joy go with you, as ye run, eye-sore and brain-sore, seeking relief from the incubus-hand of toil,—Away to the Mountains!





## THE NIBELUNGENLIED.

WHEN Christianity began to spread among the German tribes, it greatly changed the character of their literature, and in place of the heroic songs and epics of a barbarous paganism, the people rejoiced in hymns and legends founded on scriptural subjects. The language of their literature similarly changed, and Latin became the favourite in the Court as well as the Church, till the Crusaders brought about new ideas regarding the vernacular dialects, and wrought a reaction; that age of chivalry and romance creating a love for song, based on the legendary lore of Charlemagne, of King Arthur and his Round Table, which resulted in many of the best treasures of German national literature. None of these are more worthy of fame than the *Nibelungenlied*, which has always enjoyed a deserved popularity in Germany. It is supposed to be but a collection of old songs and legends, gems of their kind, strung together by a wandering minstrel of the 12th century, the date of the oldest MS. of the epic, the collector writing connecting passages to give completeness to the whole. There is evidence that something like this stringing together must have been the case, for there are various incongruities in the complete work easily observable—such as the curious mingling of pagan rites with the rites of the Roman Catholic church, in one place speaking of the mass, and in another of pagan ceremonies, and the connecting passages are easily discovered. The interest is made to centre in some parts of the poem upon the wealth which one of the heroes, Siegfried, has carried away from the *Nibelungen*—a royal race, of whom we are told nothing more than that they possessed vast treasures of gold

and precious stones; at other times the principal interest lies in the carrying out of Kriemhilt's revenge for the murder of her husband, Siegfried; and throughout the whole, the loves, feuds, and violent deaths of heroes and heroines are skillfully and artistically portrayed. One of the principal features is the unswerving loyalty of the vassals to their kings, characteristic of a time when feudalism was the great bond of society: and there are also glowing passages, detailing tournaments, single combats, and acts of courage.

What follows is but a brief epitome of the epic—its lengthy nature forbidding us doing more than merely sketching an outline of its leading incidents.

In the Burgundian land there dwelt, in ancient times, in the Castle of Worms, on the Rhine, a beautiful princess named Kriemhilt, and in another castle further down there lived a brave young prince. This prince, whose name was Siegfried, had early gained great fame from his prowess; he had triumphed in battle over the race of the *Nibelungen*—a mysterious and royal race of people,—whose vast treasure of gold and gems, which they had kept under the guardianship of dwarfs and giants, he had taken away. Siegfried had also killed a great dragon, and having bathed in its blood, he became altogether invulnerable, with the exception of one little spot between his shoulders, upon which a leaf had fallen at the time. Siegfried had heard of the wondrous beauty of Kriemhilt, and was determined to win her hand, although his father, Siegmund, King of the Netherlands, vainly strove to avert the young hero from his purpose by telling him that

he would have many and dangerous rivals. But this did not avail, for Siegfried was determined to encounter any danger rather than refrain from his attempt ; and, accordingly, in company with some young knights, he set out for the Castle of Worms, where he was received hospitably. Here, also, he met with Haco, the champion of Burgundy—cruel, fierce and relentless, ever ready for war and bloodshed,—one of the leading characters in the tragic scenes of the old poem. For a year Prince Siegfried, the Dragon-slayer, remained at the Burgundian Court, during which time he had never been allowed to see Kriemhilt, who, however, learned all that was passing in the Court. The reason for the young princess remaining in this seclusion was that she had been warned in a dream that if ever she married, her husband would meet with a sudden and violent death, which caused her to resolve that she would never marry. Siegfried's fame, however, had reached the ears of the princess, and she could not refrain from watching him secretly from her window, as he mingled in the martial games which were instituted for his entertainment, and in which he triumphed ever over all who chose to try their prowess with him.

But had he known that she whom he carried in his breast  
Was looking from her window, and marked him from the rest ;  
Or had he met her eye there, I verily believe  
He would have been as happy as a man may be and live !

During the year's probation the Saxon and the Danish kings made war upon the Burgundians, and this gave Siegfried a good opportunity of gaining the favour of King Gunther of Burgundy, Kreimhilt's brother, by by aiding him in a battle against the Saxons, in which the latter were overpowered, chiefly by the strong help of the Dragon-slayer. On the return of the Burgundians from the campaign a grand tournament was

held, and here, after her long seclusion, Kriemhilt, who now forgot altogether her warning dream in her love, was introduced to Siegfried.

His soul rose high within him when he saw Kriemhilt there,  
And rosy flushed his cheeks as spoke the maiden fair ;  
“ I bid you welcome, Siegfried, a warrior good and brave ! ”  
The kindly salutation new strength and courage gave.

The young hero thanked her for her kindness, and kissed her hand, and his great hopes were at last fulfilled in the promise that Kriemhilt should be his bride. Siegfried, however, is not to gain the great prize without labour, for King Gunther has another service for him ere yet the young princess is finally won. Far away over the sea dwells a virgin queen, who possesses great physical strength, and who has resolved that her hand will only be gained by the knight who can surpass her in athletic sports, the knight forfeiting his life if he failed. This queen, Brunhilt, Gunther is anxious to gain, as his wife, and therefore asked Siegfried to accompany him on this strange courtship, as he distrusted his own ability to overcome the Amazonian lady. After a time the two heroes arrived at the Castle of Isenstein, where Brunhilt reigned, and on the object of their visit being explained to her, immediate preparations were made for the contest. These preparations were somewhat formidable—there was the Queen's spear, a sufficient load for three strong men, and an enormous stone to hurl,—and Harco, Gunther's champion, advised him to give up the contest at once ; but the King was resolute in his purpose being confident in the aid of Siegfried. The secret of his confidence lay in the knowledge that the Dragon-slayer possessed a cap which rendered its wearer invisible—this cap it was intended to use, so that Brunhilt would have to contend with two instead of one ; and thus when the Queen threw

the spear at the shield of Gunther, though the shock was great enough to stagger them both, Siegfried caught it up and hurled it back with such force that the Queen fell. With the stone the Queen was likewise defeated, and then she acknowledged herself as willing to become the wife of Gunther. Soon after this exploit Siegfried married Kriemhilt, to whom he presented the vast treasures of gold and jewels which he had taken from the Nibelungen; at the same time Gunther was married to Brunhilt, amid great rejoicing.

Brunhilt seems to have been a termagant, and led King Gunther a terrible life; Siegfried, having interfered in these quarrels on the King's request, fared as those generally do who interfere in such matters, and the Queen's jealous nature began to seek a way of revenge upon him and his wife Kriemhilt, whom Brunhilt hated also with a perfect hatred. Matters thus became so unpleasant at the Burgundian Court that the Dragon-slayer returned to his father Siegmund, carrying his wife with him, and here Siegfried was made King of the Netherlands, his father resigning in his favour. Some years now elapse, in which Kriemhilt is happy in her husband's love; while Brunhilt is making her husband miserable. At last there came an invitation from Gunther to Siegfried, wishing him to come once more to Burgundy, as he longed much to see him and his wife again. The invitation is accepted, and a brilliant reception is prepared for Siegfried and his Court; but amid all the sunshine of gaiety there looms in the distance a thundercloud of dissension and hate, and the low mutterings of a coming storm begin to be heard, which first breaks out between the two queens as they—

Sat together at the vesper hour of day,  
And watched the warriors in the Court  
engaged in martial play,  
Then said Kriemhilt, the beautiful, "If  
Siegfried had his right,  
All the people of this kingdom should be  
subject to his might."

But then outspoke Queen Brunhilt, "Why  
say you such a thing?  
If none but you and he were living, then he  
might be King;  
But long as lives King Gunther it shall  
never be,  
But Siegfried must be vassal to the Court  
of Burgundy."

The quarrel thus began was carried on with great bitterness, and Kriemhilt spoke so sharply that the fierce Brunhilt wept with rage before the Court, which now became divided in itself, as the warriors ranged themselves partisans on one side or the other. Brunhilt resolved that Siegfried should die, and for this purpose sought out Haco, who pledged his word that her wish should be accomplished. King Gunther in vain strove to quell the storm, and was obliged at last to give consent to the plot against the Dragon-slayer. Haco knew that Siegfried was almost invulnerable, and for the purpose of learning how best to attack him, he treacherously pretended to Kriemhilt that he was anxious to protect her husband from the enmity of Gunther's Court; and as it was intended to send Siegfried with some others out on a dangerous errand, Haco wished to know how best to insure the safety of Siegfried. Kriemhilt, deceived by this, explained to Haco that her husband was invulnerable with the exception of one little spot between the shoulders. It was therefore agreed that Kriemhilt should mark her husband's coat, so that Haco would know where to shield him in the hour of strife. Kriemhilt was in some measure satisfied with this promise of protection, but yet was unwilling that Siegfried should go on the expedition. The hero, however, had no such fears himself, and accordingly set out with the others to hunt in the forest; and after some time, when they had slain several wild animals, the party went to drink at a spring. Here, while Siegfried and Gunther were kneeling upon the brink of the water,—

Haco took the hero's bow and falchion  
 from his side,  
 And carried them away 'mid the forest  
 leaves to hide ;  
 Then, with javelin in hand, he look'd upon  
 the coat  
 Where the fatal spot was mark'd, then  
 suddenly he smote.

They carried the body home and laid it down at the door of Kriemhilt's chamber, and great was her grief and sorrow at her husband's death. Then, seeing that his shield was unmarked by dint or cut, she saw that he had fallen in no honourable way, and demanded that all who had accompanied Siegfried to the hunt should submit to the ordeal by touch. All were forced to submit, and when Haco's hand touched the corpse, the wound began to flow afresh. "Enough," said the bereaved Queen ; "I know the murderer, and will have revenge, though I should have to wait long for it." Siegmund and his Burgundians proposed that war should be made against Gunther and his court ; but Kriemhilt objected, as their enemies were too powerful, but promised that the time should yet come when Siegfried's death would be fully avenged.

From this time Kriemhilt lived in deep grief at Worms for thirteen years ; and, in the meanwhile, fearing that by the aid of her wealth the widowed queen might raise up powerful friends to herself, Haco carried off her Nibelungen treasure, and sank it beneath the waters of the Rhine. At the end of the thirteen years an embassy arrived from Etzel, King of the Huns, asking Kriemhilt to become his wife ; and after a little she consented, as, by the aid of Etzel, she foresaw a means whereby her long-nourished revenge might be carried out. Haco, however, strove to put aside the proposed marriage, as he felt that, if consummated, Kriemhilt would again become a powerful queen, and he might be called upon to account for his treacherous murder of Siegfried, but his objections were overruled. After some preparation

the wedding party set out on their journey to the land of the Huns, where a festival was held in their honour for seventeen days,—tournament, martial procession, and feast followed each other in brilliant succession, and Kriemhilt rejoiced when she saw the thousands of warriors who were now her subjects.

Several years had elapsed when Kriemhilt began to think of carrying out her plan of revenge, which she had never in all her present prosperity in the least forgotten, and began by persuading Etzel, to invite Gunther and his heroes to visit his Court, if only to show the Huns the respect of which she had been deemed worthy in her own land. When this invitation reached Gunther's Court, a deliberation of some days followed, as there were forebodings that evil would come of their visit—Haco, who had most cause to fear, being specially averse to accepting it. Ultimately, however, preparations were made for the journey, and Gunther, with a great retinue, set out for the land of the Huns. When the party reached the Danube they saw some water-nymphs bathing ; seizing their garments, Haco compelled them to foretell the future fortunes of the company, and he was told that only one man, the priest, would return to Burgundy. In order to falsify this prediction, when crossing the Danube, Haco seized the priest, and threw him into the river with the intention of drowning him, but being a powerful swimmer, the priest got safely back to shore and returned to Burgundy. Gunther's party soon after arrived at the residence of Rudiger, the ambassador who had come to Worms on behalf of Etzel when he sought the hand of Kriemhilt. Here they were entertained for some time, and Prince Geiselher, a younger brother of Gunther and Kriemhilt, was betrothed to the daughter of Rudiger, the marriage being appointed to take place when the party were on their return

to Burgundy. This Prince Geiselher was the only one in all Gunther's court who had befriended Kriemhilt in the midst of her affliction, and had earnestly striven to avert the plot which compassed the death of Siegfried, as well as to prevent her being robbed of her Nibelungen treasure. When the party were about to depart, Rudiger gave to Haco and some others valuable presents, amongst which was a sword, by which the donor himself was afterwards slain. Soon after, Gunther and his retinue reached the Court of the Gothic King, Dietrich, an ally of Etzel's, who warned them of the dangers which might await them, for he knew that Kriemhilt had never forgotten the death of Siegfried. At length the Court of the King of the Huns was reached, but their welcome was cold, and altogether unlike the reception which the party had received from Rudiger; Haco noticing particularly that Kriemhilt kissed none but Geiselher, who he knew had always been friendly to her. Haco then bound his helmet tightly on his head, and strayed into the courtyard, where he conversed with Volker, the Burgundian minstrel, regarding their suspicious reception. While here Kriemhilt saw him, and began to accuse Haco of the murder of Siegfried, which he did not deny, but justified by saying that his queen, Brunhilt, had been insulted, and that he had done it to vindicate her honour. While speaking, Haco held across his knees the sword of Siegfried, which Kriemhilt immediately recognised, and this helped further to inflame her anger. The Queen then inquired of him if he had brought her the Nibelungen treasure; but Haco answered that they had had enough to do to bring their swords and shields, and that the treasure lay at the bottom of the Rhine. Kriemhilt next proposed, according to the custom of the time, to take charge of the armour of the guests; but Haco

declined to give up his, and urged his companions to retain theirs, so that they would be prepared for any assault which might treacherously be made upon them. When night came neither Haco nor Volker retired to rest, but while all others slept they stood as sentinels before the hall, and Volker took his instrument, and sung a farewell to life,—the death-song of the Burgundians. The night, however, passed in quietness, and some days elapsed without any outbreak of tumult.

The Queen at first limited her vengeance to the death of Haco, and urged upon Etzel and Dietrich to take his life; but both decline to act so basely towards an invited guest. At the close of a tournament one day a grand banquet was to follow, and Kriemhilt goes there with an apparent friendliness, but with treachery in her heart, for she has already arranged for an attack upon Gunther's followers in another part of the castle while the banquet proceeds, at which both Gunther and Haco are present. While they were feasting together, a warrior suddenly rushes in, and calls to Haco that they are betrayed, and that the Huns are slaying the Burgundians. Haco at once causes the banquet hall to be shut, and suddenly strikes off the head of Kriemhilt's child with his sword as it sits upon her knee. A general combat is about to follow, when Dietrich calls out that he is not responsible for what has happened elsewhere, and leaves the place with Kriemhilt and Etzel. The others are all slain by the Burgundians.

The Queen is now more resentful than ever, and refuses to listen to any of the requests to relinquish her revenge, and she then caused the hall in which were Haco and his friends to be set on fire. At this time Rudiger arrives, expecting to find a scene of festivity, but finds nothing but strife and woe. Etzel now requested Rudiger to put an

end to the combat by slaying Haco ; loyalty and friendship were at odds in his breast on receiving this command, but at last he gathered together his followers, and marched to the scene of strife. When Rudiger appeared Gunther thought he came as a friend ; but after many expressions of regret at the duty he was compelled unwillingly to perform, Rudiger told them they would have to defend themselves, and gave the command to his followers. Haco and Volker will not confront Rudiger, who is soon killed in the combat which followed, with the sword which he had given, as well as many other heroes. All the Burgundians are at last slain, save Gunther and Haco, who stood at the entrance of the hall, in which lay the bodies of their companions. Dietrich, who had joined in the strife when Rudiger fell, called on the two heroes to yield, but they scornfully refused ; Dietrich then challenged them to single combat, and overcame them both. He carried them to the Queen, and besought her to spare their lives, but Kriemhilt ordered them to be confined separately ; she then visited Haco, and urged him to give up the Nibelungen treasure, and promised to free both him and Gunther on that condition, but Haco would not yield :—

Then turning to a follower, Queen Kriemhilt bade him go  
To the cell where Gunther lay, and strike the fatal blow ;  
And Haco cried with sorrow when he saw the servant bring  
The head of Kriemhilt's brother, the brave Burgundian king.

But still this had no effect upon the stubborn hero ; he would not reveal the secret :—

"Then be it so !" said Kriemhilt ; "you have at least restored  
To me one costly treasure, my noble Siegfried's sword."  
She drew it from its scabbard, struck off the hero's head,  
And Etzel cried aloud to see the mighty Haco dead.

"Without revenge he shall not die !" said ancient Hildebrand ;  
"I will not see a hero fall beneath a woman's hand !"  
He drew his sword against the Queen, and smote her in the side ;  
So Kriemhilt fell beneath the blow, and, 'mid her kinsmen, died.  
Thus vainly was the life-blood of many heroes shed ;  
Dietrich and Etzel, left alone, lamented o'er the dead,  
And in dismal wailings ended the banquet of the King.  
Thus love doth evermore its dole and sorrow bring.  
I cannot tell you more ; how, when the news was spread,  
Fair ladies, knights, and squires were weeping for the dead !  
What afterwards befell 'tis not my task to say,  
For here my story ends—the Nibelungen lay.

Thus tragically ends the story of the Nibelungen ; and we cannot but observe how the various heroes throughout the poem take delight in war and strife, and how reckless they are in the matter of the taking away of life, and how blind is the loyalty of the various characters,—thousands sacrificing themselves in a trivial quarrel. This poem has, however, in spite of its unpleasant nature in these respects, firmly held the imaginations of the German people ; and the work has, in recent times, acquired an importance among German scholars in an historical and philological point of view, and as affording glimpses of the manners and customs of those old times and lands in which the scene is laid. Several of the characters have likewise been identified with historical persons,—as, for instance, Etzel with Attila, King of the Huns ; and Dietrich with Theodoric the Great, King of the Ostrogoths. Unfortunately, no English translation of the poem exists ; the few verses which are interspersed throughout this summary are taken from a notice of the "*Nibelungenlied*" in Chambers' "*Handbook to German Literature*."

## SEEING THE PICTURES—A CITY IDYLL.

SING, pastoral poet o' many a thoughtless clown,  
 Praise t' wide woodlands and t' moorlands brown  
 T' trysting-tree beneath t' moonlight pale,  
 Where Corydon relates his boastful tale,  
 I sing t' city wi' its wondrous sights,  
 And 'mid its dreariness find sweet delights.

Nor yet discard t' country when t' Spring  
 Brings butterflies on many a gorgeous wing,  
 When chestnut cones upon the trees appear,  
 And golden beams embellish mead and mere.  
 Can country folk wi' such delight as we  
 Lounge through t' lanes, muse by t' moaning sea,  
 Scale mountain heights, and, fondly resting there,  
 Gaze round and say, "t' world is very fair."

Why do we love t' sad and sombre town?  
 Why through its streets go wandering up and down?  
 Ah, well we know. When grim old Winter's power  
 Smites weary swains who trudge through sleet and shower,  
 Young seems the city's heart, and wondrous light,  
 Beating in splendour through the early night.  
 The merry crowds go hastening to and fro,  
 Forgetting all their secret care and woe.  
 Oh, happy season, full of harmless glee!  
 Tis then we twain the pictures go to see.  
 In half-forgotten rhymes I once did prove  
 The simple goodness o' "my little love."  
 How thoughtless I was, and how thoughtful she;  
 How through her grief she strove to comfort me,  
 Painting the future with a rosy light,  
 Until its darkest lines seemed wondrous bright.  
 Thus made contented wi' my coming lot,  
 My fancy fluttered round one country cot.  
 There ever shall the fragrant woodbine blow,  
 And rosier roses in t' garden glow.  
 There too,—but stay! I wander from my theme  
 To draw the shadowy reflex of a dream.

It chanced upon a clear, cold winter night  
 We sat together in the moonlight bright,  
 Her little hand in mine: her smiling face  
 Making a sort of glory in t' place,  
 Nestling so close to me, while at her feet  
 I sat, and deemed my happiness complete.  
 With sudden start, at last she turned her head,  
 "Dear poet, is your love for artists dead?  
 When will you ask me, pray, to go wi' you  
 To see t' pictures? When you first did woo  
 Often you said, 'We'll go,' and oft we went.  
 But," sighing with apparent discontent,  
 "You never ask me now, and, love, I tire  
 While framing pictures by the parlour fire."

When I, "Forgive me for my oversight ;  
Pray let us go, my dear, to-morrow night !"  
Oh, rare to-morrow ! through the busy day  
The hardest work to me seemed pleasant play.  
What made my weary round of labour seem  
As bright and joyous as a fairy's dream !  
Right well I know, for when the winter sun  
Grew dim, and whispered that my work was done,  
With beating heart, for fear I should be late,  
I ran, and, breathless, reached her garden-gate.  
Tapped at t' door, saw her dear shadow fall  
Across the window-blind, along t' wall  
Heard her "Good-night, dear," felt her little hand  
Press mine—dear sign not hard to understand !  
Then while around my heart danced crimson blood,  
I felt that she was true and God was good.

Here are her sisters, fair indeed to see,  
But to my eyes not half so fair as she,  
Yet wondrous clever ; so we sit and chat,  
Discussing "this" and proudly proving "that,"  
Until my darling reads, and we go,  
Through silent lanes all soft with fleecy snow,  
To where the great heart of the city beats  
Through myriad pulses of its thousand streets.

What say you ? We can't care for works of art,  
Or we should see them ere the sun depart,  
Their subtle beauties clear in sunny light,  
By glaring gaslight hidden from the sight.  
Perchance we might be brought to love them more  
If this could be, but modest is our store  
Of time and money. Yet we rest content  
With what a gracious Providence has sent.

At last the pictures : now we fain must wait  
Amid the little crowd outside the gate,  
Until the great clock in the grimy tower  
Toll through the falling snow t' opening hour.  
Whose merry laughter round about us breaks ?  
"Beetroot, new comer from the land o' cakes,  
You here ? I thought within some northern glade  
You studied the effects of light and shade.  
You've pictures here, of course—one, two, or three ?"  
"Oh, half a dozen !" with a smile said he.  
"But see ! here's some one else you've seen before.  
Often across my little study floor,  
You've seen her shadow, fall exceeding bright,  
Not hiding, but indeed improving light ;  
And by t' way, you surely don't forget,  
She sat for Number Nine—'The Pert Coquette.'"  
Then she, "Oh Harry !" to which, quickly, I  
Defending him, return a fit reply ;  
Then passing on, with busy crowds go we,  
Like them intent the choicest things to see.



Here's one, I know, will suit our fancy's play :  
 It is the close of a long summer day ;  
 Down in a sunny glade, where far and near,  
 Bask in retiring beams the startled deer.  
 In front a rippling brook makes music sweet,  
 Above the brook the blooming beaches meet ;  
 Amid the branches golden sunbeams play,  
 While Heaven above and earth below are gay  
 Oh ! smooth and sleek, the softly-waving grass,  
 Bending, perchance, to let the wood nymphs pass,  
 To scented shades where lovely sunbeams gleam,  
 Sweetly mysterious as a lover's dream.  
 By many unperceived, by more forgot,  
 Deep in the dell there stands a rustic cot ;  
 It seems to us the dearest sight of all,  
 Recalling memories ne'er beyond recall.  
 A youth and happy maiden, hand in hand,  
 So loth to part, beside the gateway stand,  
 Watching the calm moon beautify the night.  
 Oh, "Rustic Courtship"—eloquent delight !  
 Pleasantly prattling on t' bygone days,  
 On joys seen looming through the future's haze,  
 We wander on, until we stand before  
 A little drawing hung behind the door.  
 No matter—'tis the one we like the most :  
 Eighty, H. Beetroot : "Lying off the Coast."

Smoking and Sketching, in half-listless way,  
 A wandering artist floats across the bay ;  
 The sea is calm, the sky is blue and fair,  
 With fleecy cloudlets trav'ling here and there ;  
 Like spirits o' t' deep, t' white-winged ships  
 Go gliding by : a rugged coast-line dips  
 Its wrinkled front into the dimpling sea,  
 Which flows around in murmuring ecstasy.  
 "O poet," she says, with eager, smiling face,  
 "How surely you are losing in the race—  
 You merely prate about, in language terse,  
 What Beetroot vivifies in pictured verse !"

How runs the time ? 'Tis nine, and we must go ;  
 Through streets and squares the crowds ebb to and fro.  
 We reach her home—to Beetroot, friend so true,  
 Ere long we bid familiar adieu.  
 How happy we, although 'tis cold and late,  
 Hands clasped, we linger at the garden-gate,  
 Until I bid my little love good night ;  
 And wander homeward, filled with fancies bright,

J. H. M.

# DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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## DUBLIN NEWSPAPERS OF LAST CENTURY.

(Concluded.)

THE brave printer, George Faulkner, had for partner in Skinner's Row, James Hoey, who is not to be confounded with the Hoey who published the *Mercury* in Parliament Street, and whose original sign, or at least a faded copy of it, we have often reverently contemplated on front of a house on the Inns Quay, corner of Chancery Place. Many eighteenth century relics of our city existed for the comfort of our archæologists till within these thirty years, but have since completely vanished from sight. Among these we must unwillingly mention the birth-place of Dean Swift in Hoey's Court, off the Castle steps. But we must not let George Faulkner, nor his paper, out of sight; and first let us speak of the man himself, who is lovingly commemorated in the *Hibernian Magazine* for September and October, 1775.

This estimable Dublin citizen was the son of a butcher in extensive business; his mother, second cousin to the Lord Dillon; his birth occurred in 1699, and his education was conducted under the Rev. Dr. Lloyd, considered the best preceptor in the kingdom in his time. He served his apprenticeship with Mr. Hume, of Essex Street, to the entire satisfaction of his employer and of his family, and was so favourably regarded by Miss Hume, that the earnest worker calculated on making

her his wife when his time would be served out. The assertion of the fair Tilburina notwithstanding, we are incredulous as to the fact of oysters being crossed in love, but it certainly happened with young George. He deeply felt the slight, but afterwards took revenge in a Christian manner, worked as diligently when a free as when he was a bond man, entered into partnership with Mr. James Hoey, and a book-shop and printing-office was established in Skinner's Row, corner of Christ Church Lane. Here was commenced the *Dublin Journal*, and here did George give much satisfaction to his patrons and customers, by his diligence, regularity, and agreeable manners.

"On the death of Mr. Harding, Dean Swift's printer (see *ante*), he sent for the printer of the *Dublin Journal*, and was waited on by Mr. James Hoey, whom the Dean asked if he was a printer. Mr. Hoey answered 'he was an apology for one.' The Dean, piqued at the freedom of this answer, asked further where he lived; he replied 'facing the Tholsel.' The Dean then turned from Mr. Hoey, and bid him send his partner. Mr. Faulkner accordingly waited on the Dean, and being asked the same questions said that he was, also that he lived 'opposite the Tholsel.' Then said the Dean, 'You are the

man I want,' and from that time became his friend."

Mr. Faulkner, though an excellent man of business, was not exempt from foibles, harmless vanity being among the number. The proud Dean thus administered castigation to his vain printer:—

"Being one day sent for by the Dean on some business, he put on a gold lace waistcoat. Being introduced, the Dean affected not to know him, and asked him who he was. 'I am Faulkner, your printer, Mr. Dean.' 'No,' said the Dean, 'my printer is a plain, honest citizen, and you, sir, are a fop.' Mr. Faulkner took the hint, withdrew, returned in a short time after in a plain dress, was recognised and well received."

We have before mentioned the dissolution of partnership, and the establishing of George's dwelling-place and publishing establishment in Parliament Street.

The success of the *Journal* was in part to be attributed to the incisive and interesting articles and paragraphs which were contributed by Dean Swift, who continued during life the steady friend of the proprietor. The issuing of the paper must have heavily taxed its owner's time and attention, for much of it was set up from "copy" furnished by himself.

Business obliging him to go to London, he became acquainted with Mrs. Taylor, a widow lady, who accompanied him back as his wife. The next journey unhappily occasioned the loss of a leg. He had a sore on his shin when embarking, and happening not to take off his boots till he arrived in London, he found it on examination so aggravated as to threaten mortification. He accordingly endured amputation of the limb with the utmost fortitude and patience:

On his return he published four volumes of the Dean's works, including "*Gulliver's Travels*," and

had considerable profit on the sale. His revenue was affected for the worse by the Parliament now and then committing him to the charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms, or even to Newgate, for what they considered unparliamentary liberties taken in his paper, or in pamphlets published by him. One subjection to duress was for his issuing "*A New Proposal for the Better Regulation of Quadrille*," written by Dr. Hart, Archbishop of Tuam. The worthy sergeant (Bettesworth) considered himself rather ridiculed in the piece, so he appealed to his parliamentary patrons, and the printer was put in ward. This and other detentions were for longer or shorter spaces, and smart fees were to be paid to the officers; but on one occasion these gentlemen showed themselves men of feeling and taste by each accepting, in lieu of money, a copy of Swift's works.

Lord Chesterfield, of Polite Letter memory, being Lord Lieutenant in 1745, when sympathy with "*The Chevalier*" brought a few Irishmen into trouble, took notice of our energetic printer, paid sundry visits to his establishment, and frequently corresponded with him on his return to England. During his viceroyalty he proposed to confer the dignity of knighthood on him. Mr. Faulkner had the modesty and good sense to decline the honour, yet his prudence in the matter did not avail to avert ridicule from himself and his wife.

A young clergyman named Stevens, taking dinner one day at his house, when the proposed honour was gaily discussed by his hosts, composed at his leisure a lively but ill-natured poem on the subject, giving it for title "*Chivalry no Trifle, or the Knight and his Lady: a Tale*." On showing it to acquaintances as thoughtless as himself, they encouraged him to print it, and he did so, much to his own discredit. Mrs. Faulkner was indignant, and sent a copy to her hus-

band, then in London, but he did not allow it to disturb his peace. On the contrary, he assisted in giving circulation to the lampoon.

At the mature age of fifty-eight Mr. Faulkner was left a widower. Shortly after, he learned that Miss Hume, who had rejected his hand in his youth, was now in a state of destitution, and depending for support on the sale of fruit in the street. Her disloyalty to him had been long forgiven. He now sent her relief, and settled a weekly pension on her while she lived.

In the winter of 1762 Samuel Foote brought out his farce of *The Orators* at Smock Alley Theatre, introducing Mr. Faulkner among the *dramatis personæ* in the character of "Peter Paragraph." The good printer afforded him but few hooks to hang his ribald wit on except his absent leg, and equally absent pair of teeth, whose loss occasioned a lisp. The caricatured citizen would have quietly passed over the malice of the scurrilous mimic; but aspersions on the fair fame of the late Mrs. Faulkner were not wanting in the dialogue, and this ought not to go unpunished. Foote was cited to appear in a court of justice, and the jury, after listening to the charge of Judge Robinson, gave such a verdict as obliged "Scurrilous Sam" to cross the Irish sea in all haste, without any attempt at vindicating his conduct.

"A few years after, Mr. Foote had the misfortune to lose his leg by a fall from his horse. Here was an opportunity for recrimination, but Mr. Faulkner barely mentioned the accident in his journal, and was too humane to make any invidious remarks on it. He afterwards, at the mediation of Lord Townshend, generously permitted Foote to appear at the Dublin Theatre, though he might have recovered considerable damages from him.

"In 1768 our citizen was elected sheriff of the city of Dublin, but his

infirmities rendering him incapable of discharging the duties of that active office, he paid the fine."

About the date last quoted Gorges Edmund Howard, a practising attorney, was in the habit of amusing his leisure hours by composing tragedies and such-like fascinating productions, most of them probably in the style of M. G. Lewis's startling melodramas. Some Dublin humourist, whose taste did not lie in that direction, got an advertisement inserted in Faulkner's paper on 22d May, 1770, to the following purport:—

"On the 1st of June will be published No. 1 of a pamphlet (to be continued monthly) called *The Monstrous Magazine*, containing whatever tends to extort amazement in art or nature, fact or fiction, occasionally interspersed with the impossible. Inscribed to the incomparable author of 'Almeyda, or the Rival Kings,' as also the tragedy of 'Tarah,' and other literary productions, in hopes of his future favours."

The gentleman whose patronage was thus invoked, taking the matter in bad part, rushed to the office as soon as he had read the squib, and warmly expostulated with the proprietor for admitting the quasi advertisement, so well calculated to procure him abundance of annoyance. George had not up to that moment observed the paragraph, and even then could detect no great harm in it. He advised the patient to wait until the pamphlet would make its appearance. Mr. Howard withdrew apparently pacified, but next day a sharp note came from him in which some anger and much displeasure was expressed, the conclusion being thus worded:—"Mr. Howard finds that Mr. Faulkner reverses St. Paul's maxim, that *godliness is great gain*, for with Mr. Faulkner, great gain is godliness."

Dr. Madden does not inform us whether the threatened pamphlet ever appeared—it probably did not

—but for a month the ill-natured wits of the city filled the papers with attacks on both gentlemen, interspersed with ironical justifications of each, till the principal parties were disposed to offer up earnest petitions to heaven to be saved from their friends as well as their enemies.

Next year the persecution was renewed in *The Mercury*, by Messrs. Jephson, Courtney, and MacDermot, one or other of whom got inserted in that paper—"An Epistle to Gorges Edmund Howard, Esq., with Notes Explanatory, Critical, and Historical: by George Faulkner, Esquire and Alderman."

Such was the equanimity of our good citizen, that the evening before the appearance of the pamphlet, which was calculated to fling more ridicule on himself (the quasi writer) than on his opponent, he entertained Jephson and Courtney at his house, and drank to the health of the writers, of whose identity he assumed to be unaware.

Their consciences probably gave them some disturbance, but the pamphlet came out all the same, and with its wit and bitterness inflicted some unhappy quarters of hours on the printer and the attorney, the first especially, as "the style of Mr. Faulkner, which was often unconnected and abounding with epithets, principally owing to a luxuriant but uncorrected imagination, was happily enough imitated."

Of the principal offender, Robert Jephson, author of the tragedies, "*Braganza*," "*The Count of Narbonne*," and "*The Law of Lombardy*," our authority thus speaks:—

"Jephson and Courtney were the most unprincipled of the scurrilous scribblers, who assigned to themselves the task of ridiculing incessantly an industrious citizen, who took no very active part in politics or polemics, belonged to no faction, and was engaged in an extensive

trade that was highly useful, not only to his fellow-citizens, but to his countrymen at large. Robert Jephson was a mercenary scribe of Lord Halifax's administration in 1761 and 1762, and of Lord Townshend's during the whole of his viceroyalty in Ireland from 1767 to 1772, and a place hunter earlier even than the time of Lord Townshend's administration. His talents were always employed against Irish interests and the parties in Parliament who supported them.

"In 1772, Faulkner published an edition of Swift's works in twenty volumes, the notes of which, chiefly written by himself, do little credit to his literary talents and attainments."

During the year of his prosecution by Jephson and Co., in *The Mercury*, he was elected alderman. Let us hope that the universal respect of his fellow-citizens consoled him somewhat during the paper war. His death, on the 30th August, 1775, when he had attained the ripe age of 76, was hastened by a dinner taken in an outlet of the city in a newly-painted house. He had then conducted the *Dublin Journal* for fifty years.

"Mr. James Potts, an old acquaintance of his, says he was a man under the middle size, his body being rather large. His features were manly, his countenance pleasing though grave, and his whole aspect not destitute of dignity. His limbs were well formed, and in his youth he was strong and active.

"He had an excellent memory, which from the variety he saw and heard, rendered him a pleasant companion; nor did any anecdote he related lose of its original wit or humour by his narration. He showed a degree of fortitude under the amputation of his leg which would not have disgraced even a *Regulus*. He gave numerous proofs during his life of a humane and charitable

disposition, and has left many incontrovertible ones.<sup>1</sup>

"He was the first printer in this kingdom who undertook expensive works on his own account. 'The Universal History,' in seven volumes, folio, with maps and cuts, is a proof, that almost in the infancy of printing (in Ireland) a spirit only like his could bring so arduous an undertaking to bear. He has been emulated by others, yet is entitled to the praise of the first encourager of his art in this kingdom, which has saved to the nation the great sums that were formally sent out of it for books.

"In short, whether he be considered in his public or private character, we shall find him transcendently eminent as a citizen of approved probity in his dealings, generous and hospitable; as a news-printer, unwearied for the reparation of abuses, and the information and benefit of the community, often accomplishing what a more correct writer might have failed of doing, as almost every paragraph he wrote caught the public attention; as a shopkeeper, courteous and obliging to every rank; as a husband, relation, friend, — affectionate, tender, social, and entertaining. He was of no party, yet enjoying the friendship of all. Men of the first literary abilities, noblemen of the first distinction, reciprocally admitting him to their board, and honouring his, in which he was splendid and elegant."

We may easily excuse in a man of such sterling worth as George Faulkner undoubtedly was, the foibles of foppery in dress, and the self-complacency experienced from the notice of the great folk of his acquaintance. We are indebted to Dr. Madden for information concerning his final resting-place.

"I recently found a tombstone of large dimensions with a long inscription, placed over the remains of George Faulkner in an old place of burial off Kevin Street (now scandalously neglected), commonly called 'The Cabbage Garden,' a place of sepulture that might be more aptly designated 'The Nettle Garden,' the custody and supposed care of which belonged till lately to the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's, but now has been transferred to the authorities of the parish of St. Nicholas Without."<sup>2</sup>

If the petition, some sentences of which will be found below, was not the composition of Dean Swift it deserved to be. Dr. Madden informs us that it was presented by a lady, in whose possession it had long remained, to the editor of the "Monthly Miscellany," and printed in the first number, April, 1796.

"To the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy of both sexes in the City of Dublin, the Humble Petition of George Faulkner and George Grierson, Booksellers:

"Sheweth,—That your petitioners though booksellers . . . are not prompted by any desire of gain to this their humble application, being able . . . in case their trade should fail, to live respectably on nothing, as many of their betters are known to do, but solely by their regard for the honour and reputation of this metropolis. Your petitioners have not for a considerable time past sold any books (though they have at considerable expense provided themselves with the worst) except some few old books against popery, and the newest country dances.

"Your petitioners are as sensible as any of your honours can be, of the little use and importance of the

<sup>1</sup> Note by Dr. Madden:—"Contrary to the common mode of bequests, Mr. Faulkner left legacies to such of his relations only as wanted them, or were in some sort dependent on him, and they were principally annuities for life."

<sup>2</sup> This and one or two more quotations excepted, and all the portions in the notice of the Life of Mr. Faulkner between inverted commas, are taken by Dr. Madden from Walker's "Hibernian Magazine" and contemporary periodicals.

learning and knowledge contained in books, and would by no means recommend your honours the useless drudgery of reading; but as the reputation of some learning is as honourable to the reputation of a nation abroad as the reality would be prejudicial at home, it might possibly be not amiss to keep up the appearance by not suffering your petitioners to shut up their shops for want of customers. . . .

"Your petitioners take upon them to prove that a certain number of books well chosen are cheaper furniture and wear longer than hangings of a good Genoa damask. One thousand books (2s. each, one with another) with the proper wainscot ornaments, shelves, and partitions, will completely furnish one large room at a cost of one hundred pounds, whereas two hundred yards (the least that could be used) of Genoa damask will amount to one hundred and forty pounds, so that there will be a nett saving of forty pounds. Not to mention many other savings and conveniences, which would arise to all private families from this kind of furniture, such as having a sufficient quantity of waste paper ready at hand for the sudden exigencies of the master and mistress, or to wrap round candles, or to light the tea-lamp, or to make bottoms to wind worsted on, or to pin up miss's hair, or to make kites for young master, or to wet and put on his forehead when he falls down and cries, or, in short, for a thousand other purposes for which paper has of late been found more useful than the old ones of reading and writing.

"It may be objected that books, when near at hand, may tempt their owners to throw away some of their time in dipping into them, were it only to look at the pictures; but the present mode of passing the day, especially the last ten hours of it, pre-

vents any danger of that kind by rendering the head too solid next morning for such trifling amusement.

"Having thus removed all possible objections to our proposal, we proceed to lay this same proposal before the public.

"The number of inhabitants of this great city is supposed to amount to one hundred thousand souls, allowing, at a medium, one soul to each inhabitant. From these, one may fairly deduct twenty thousand who ought not to read, such as tradesmen, curates, subalterns, &c. Then there will remain eighty thousand who can read, might read if they please, but who don't choose to read—such as the nobility, gentry, dignified clergy, superior officers civil and military, and in general such as are styled people of fashion, and who are above reading.

"Now we humbly propose that each member of this class should come into a subscription to take each four books per annum, such as they shall *chuse*, at three-and-sixpence a book at an average, which will amount in all to fourteen shillings a year, which, though a very considerable sum to each individual, and little exceeding four bottles of claret, amounts in the whole to twenty-eight thousand pounds, out of which, upon the faith of Christians, we only desire the small profit of the odd eight thousand. A trifling object this when compared to the honour and lustre which this city will receive from it, and which, if we dare so much, it wants a little. It would ill become us to collect the many modern sarcasms that have been bestowed upon our dear country upon this score; we will therefore only transcribe in Latin, for the sake of secrecy, what we are told Tacitus, in the third book of his annals of Ireland, says of Dublin.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Here follows, in grammatical Latin, a very uncomplimentary notice of Dublin. Whoever has more time on hands than he can manage, may search for the passage in that edition of the brave old Roman, edited by Mrs. Constantia Grierson.

"These premises considered, your petitioners persuade themselves that they shall meet with all the encouragement they desire, and will for ever pray."

In the first three years of the existence of *The Dublin Journal*, appeared 102 articles in the style of the *Spectator* essays, contributed by the James Arbuckle already honourably mentioned by us. Of leading articles on national interests it continued nearly innocent during its entire course. In the number for October 22nd, 1745, was recorded the death of the proprietor's steadfast friend, Dr. Jonathan Swift, who expired on the 19th of the same month.

An instance of the terrible spirit of British legislation was chronicled in the number for July 14, 1750, when it was announced that Edward Castelow was hanged at Stephen's Green, and Mary, his wife, burned to ashes, the crime being clipping of gold coins.

In the number for August 20, 1754, we learn that the rearing and exportation of cattle was the staple business of the country, that we imported about 9000 barrels of corn weekly, that our woollen manufactures were in a wretched condition, that the able-bodied peasants were obliged to go into the service of France and Spain and other *Romish* countries, that this unhappy kingdom was overrun with grazing, and that "the people of this fertile and temperate climate would starve, were it not for the supply of corn and flour from the most distant regions, Africa, America, and the furthest parts of Europe."

What we have furnished our

readers from the abundant stores of Dr. Madden's work will give but a very inadequate idea of its archaeological and historical value. He has patiently entered into details concerning every newspaper known to have issued from every Irish press down to modern times, pointed out their politics, characters, dates, the libraries in which any specimens are now to be found, and has mentioned every interesting matter connected with their founders which he could learn in his laborious and extensive researches. The sight of his piles of volumes and unbound files of Irish newspapers and Irish magazines, and the thought of his explorations through their bewildering masses, would fling terror over the soul of any but an ingrained, inveterate archæologist. We have been able to follow him through a portion only of the first half of last century, but the two large volumes already published bring the history of the Irish newspaper press down to 1800. Let us hope that well-deserved encouragement on the part of the literary people of the British empire and America, and his own will and inclination, may lead to the issuing of the sequel, including the history of the literary journals and magazines of our country. We cannot forbear saying, though in anticipation, that "*Walker's Hibernian Magazine*," which lived through nearly half a century, and the "*Anthologia Hibernica*," 1793-4, were equal in ability and entertainment to the best English periodicals, their contemporaries. Of the UNIVERSITY, now in its fortieth year, we could, but for modesty, utter some GOOD WORDS.



## LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS OF IRELAND.

FROM A.D. 1189 TO 1870.

A.D. 1846, SIR MAZIERE BRADY (Baronet), was descended from the noble and once powerful family of O'Grady, which boasts of an equal antiquity, and a common lineage, with that of O'Brien, from the ancient kings of Ireland.<sup>1</sup>

The first of the O'Grady family who took the name of Brady seems to have been Sir Denis O'Grady, *alias* Brady, knight, and chief of his name or "nacion," to whom King Henry VIII. granted by letters patent the several lands which had previously belonged to the family. Sir Denis O'Grady, *alias* Brady, died in Limerick in 1569, and his fourth son, Hugh, on whom the estates had descended, was married to Alice (who was married, secondly, to Sir Geoffry Fenton, Secretary of State<sup>2</sup>), daughter of Sir Robert Weston, 85th Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and by her was father of Nicholas Brady, escheator of Connaught in 1606,<sup>3</sup> who was father of Major Nicholas Brady, who (by his wife Martha, daughter of Judge Gernon) was father of the Reverend Doctor Nicholas Brady, who, jointly with Mr. Tate, composed "the metrical version of the Psalms of David, fitted to tunes," which, by an order of William III. made in Council in 1696, was approved of and appended to the Book of Common Prayer.<sup>4</sup> Nicholas Brady left at his death, in 1726, a son Thomas, who was father of Nicholas William, who from a hesitation in his speech was brought

up to business, and had his establishment, "gold and silver thread manufacture,"<sup>5</sup> at No. 57, Dorset Street. He was father of Francis Tempest Brady, whose name appears in the "Dublin Directory" of 1790 as "a gold and silver manufacturer," 18, Parliament Street, and afterwards of 43, Dame Street—and his second son, Maziere Brady, is the subject of our present memoir.

Maziere Brady was born in 1796, entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1812, and obtained a scholarship in 1814. Possessed of great poetical powers, he composed in his undergraduate course several pieces of poetry—one, an ode to music, and another on the Princess Charlotte, for both of which he obtained the Vice-Chancellor's prize. In 1816, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and was called to the Bar in Trinity Term, 1819. He then went to reside at No. 99, Lower Baggot Street, and in the following year removed to No. 58, Blessington Street.

Though descended from an old Protestant family, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, the young lawyer had the courage, shortly after his call to the Bar, to join the ranks of Liberalism; the act was indeed a courageous one, for at the time the Tories were omnipotent both in the house and the country, and the woosack was occupied in England by the most notorious anti-Catholic of his age, Lord Eldon, and in Ire-

<sup>1</sup> Vide Keating, vol. ii., p. 401, Ed. 1809. Vide also Families of O'Grady and Lords Inchiquin and Guillamore in "Burke's Landed Gentry and Peerage."

<sup>2</sup> Vide mural inscription on the tomb of the Earl of Cork in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

<sup>3</sup> "Liber Munerum Hiberniæ."

<sup>4</sup> Vide "Notes and Queries" circiter, 1855.

<sup>5</sup> Vide "Dublin Directory for 1779."

land by Lord Manners. However, as years passed away the power of Toryism declined ; and at last, after having remained for a quarter of a century in the cold shade of opposition, a Liberal ministry came into power under Earl Grey. As Mr. Brady was one of those who had shared the proscription of his party, so he now participated also in its honours. In 1833 he was one of the commissioners whose report on the Irish Municipal Corporations fructified in the destruction years afterwards of those nests of corruption, the unreformed corporations of Ireland. In 1837 Mr. Brady was appointed Solicitor-General, and in 1839 Attorney-General, which office he held until 1840, when he was appointed Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer. Few men have excelled Sir Maziere Brady as a Common Law Judge, while his courtesy was as remarkable as his ability,—he was a model of a *Nisi Prius* Judge, expeditious without undue haste ; and, during the six years that he presided in the Exchequer, he gave unqualified satisfaction to the Bar and to the public.

The Court of Exchequer was at that time, as it had been from the reign of Edward I., a Court of Equity, as well as of Law, so that the Chief Baron, who had been when at the Bar a common law lawyer, had an opportunity of being familiarised with the principles of equity before his elevation to the Bench of the Court of Chancery. Multitudes of cases on the Equity side of the Exchequer are reported in the Irish Equity reports during the several years that Mr. Brady presided in that Court. But his tastes were for a Court of Law, the excitement of a *Nisi Prius* trial, the bustle of the circuits, the wit, learning, and eloquence of the Common Law Bar, and the cleverness, drollery, and fun of Irish wittinesses were to him a theme of endless conversation. He well knew

that all this must cease from the day he should accept the seals. One of his oft-repeated anecdotes has been related by Sergeant Armstrong at a meeting of the Law Students' Debating Society, on the 7th of November, 1864,<sup>1</sup> when commenting on the able address of the auditor, Mr. Hugh Holmes.

The learned Sergeant stated that "the auditor had thrown out a matter to the other members of the society, and that was the apprehension which a conscientious man would feel of being involved by his profession in defending a client in, perhaps, an unjust cause. He really thought that should not weigh much upon them, if they reflected for one moment upon the objects of the legal institutions of the country, that the great object was to ascertain the real state of the truth and the real state of the fact, and if people were able before a case was investigated to decide who was right, why, there would be no need of tribunals to conduct the investigation. (Laughter.) He would illustrate this by an observation of about as rude a specimen of humanity as ever made a philosophical reflection. In the spring assizes of 1846 the present Lord Chancellor—He was then Chief Baron Brady—was the presiding judge in the *Nisi Prius* Court at Clonmel. He had some little leisure after the disposal of his civil cases, and he took up the cases of some prisoners to relieve the other judge in the criminal court. A rude-looking boy, of some eighteen or twenty years of age, shoeless and hatless, was placed at the bar, charged with stopping her Majesty's mail cart on the Fethard road. He (Sergeant Armstrong) could never forget the sensation which arose upon the answer of that boy when he was asked whether he was guilty or not guilty—his reply was 'How can I tell that, your lordship, till I

<sup>1</sup> "Freeman's Journal, 8th November, 1864."

am tried?" (Laughter.) He never forgot that answer, and he thought the Lord Chancellor of Ireland never forgot it, for he (the Lord Chancellor) said he thought it was the wisest reflection he had ever heard. His (Sergeant Armstrong's) young friends should not be alarmed about taking up unjust cases, because they would never know whether they were in the wrong till they got a verdict against them, and even then, upon appeal to another court, they might get a verdict for them which would neutralise the effect of the former one." (Laughter.)

On the retirement of Sir Edward Sugden in 1846, the question arose as to who the new Chancellor should be. Lord Campbell pressed his claims with much force; he had been Chancellor for two months in 1841, and now that the Whig Government was restored to power he insisted on his right to restoration also. His demand was, however, resisted by an Irish member of the Cabinet. The history of the struggle, and protest of the Irish Bar against his former appointment was referred to, and the justice of that struggle and protest was insisted upon and admitted. The correctness of the principles laid down in the Bar resolutions of

the 22d June, 1841, was then fully acknowledged. Those resolutions we have given in another place.<sup>1</sup> We have there given the protest of the Bar, and the counter protest of the "Concurrent Dissentients." We have also placed before our readers the eloquent address of Mr. Whiteside,<sup>2</sup> lauding to the skies the conduct of the Irish Bar, in protesting against the appointment of Lord Campbell, and the speech of Mr. Hercules Ellis, the Chairman of the Bar Committee, who prepared that address, and who taunted Mr. Whiteside with having himself dissented in 1841 from the Bar resolutions which he so extolled in 1855. We have also, at page 627, given a letter addressed to the Editor of the *Daily Express*, commenting on Mr. Ellis's speech, and vindicating the conduct of the Government, and of the "Concurrent Dissentients," and advocating the principle of reciprocity—that is, of English Barristers being appointed to the Irish Bench, and of Irish Barristers to the English Bench. But we were unable to give the reply of Mr. Ellis, which we are now in a position to place before our readers, and which will be found in the subjoined foot-note.<sup>3</sup>

The principles of the resolution of

<sup>1</sup> *Supra*, vol. lxxix., p. 614 to 619.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid*, p. 624.

### 3 THE IRISH BAR.—MR. WHITESIDE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

*Rutland Square, Dec. 5, 1855.*

SIR,—At the meeting of the Irish Bar held on the 27th of last November, Mr. Whiteside eloquently denounced the insult inflicted upon the bar and people of Ireland by the expulsion of Lord Plunket from the bench in 1841, and stated that that expulsion was not merely a job, but "an experiment made to discover whether the ancient independent spirit of the bar of Ireland still existed, or whether on the high road to provincialism it would be found that we were elevated by adversity, and had acquired the amiable virtue of Christian resignation to whatever might befall us."

In common with many other members of the bar, I felt pained by this taunt of Mr. Whiteside; I endeavoured to prevent the injury likely to result to the profession from its publication, by stating, in answer to it, amongst other things, "that the Irish bar had offered a manly resistance to the Campbell job—that they had met and addressed the Crown upon the subject, but that Mr. Whiteside took no part in that resistance to oppression."

A letter, called forth by these observations, appeared last Thursday in the *Daily Express*, signed, "An Irish Barrister," and professing to give an account of the proceedings of the supporters of the Bar Address of 1841. That letter is from end to end

the Bar adopted in 1841 were then recognised, and have since become the settled law regulating all appointments to the Irish Judicial Bench, and has, it is to be hoped, relieved the Irish Bar from a provincial degradation. Lord Campbell's claims were then passed over, and who was to be Chancellor was the all-absorbing topic of the day.

Mr. Pigot was then Attorney-

General, and as such was entitled to the first vacant seat on the Bench; the Chancellorship was, however, as the law then stood, he being a Catholic, closed against him; and Mr. O'Connell was resolved that he should, at least, be made chief of one of the law courts. The seals were, as the story goes, offered to the Chief-Justice (Bushe), and by him declined; to Chief-Justice Do-

a misrepresentation of the acts and motives of the supporters of that address. I was yesterday called upon as the chairman of the committee who prepared that address to answer the letter of the Irish Barrister. In my opinion, the best answer to misrepresentation is an exact statement of the truth, and with this view I ask your insertion of the following summary of the acts of the Bar of Ireland, occasioned by the perpetration of the Campbell job:—

A circular, calling a meeting of the Irish Bar, was issued on the night of the 18th of June, and on the 19th a large number of the Bar met in the Rolls Chamber, and adopted a requisition to the Father of the Bar, calling on him to summon a general meeting of the profession.

In compliance with this requisition a general meeting of the Irish Bar was duly summoned, and held on the 22nd June, 1841, for the purpose of resisting the Campbell job. Mr. Whiteside was not at that meeting, nor did any of the senior Bar attend it: it was composed of a portion of the junior Bar, who did not know the consequences of opposing corruption, or who, knowing them, were determined to defy them.

At that meeting I proposed the following resolution—"That inasmuch as all judicial appointments in England are made from the English Bar, so all judicial appointments in Ireland ought to be made from the Irish Bar." In moving the adoption of that resolution, I said—"That I could not bring myself to think it possible that members of the Irish Bar could be found so devoid of every sentiment of patriotism, so destitute of all interest in the dignity of their profession and the honour of their country, as to sanction directly, or to support indirectly, the appointment of Englishmen and Scotchmen to the Irish Judicial Bench, except on terms of perfect reciprocity to Ireland." I also declared that "the principle involved in my resolution was merely the principle of equality between the British and Irish people, a principle for which the articles of union profess to be a guarantee, and for which the honour of England is pledged as a security." I quote the very words used by me in proposing this resolution as an answer to the false assertion of the Irish Barrister, that we did not rely on the principles of reciprocity.

My resolution was carried unanimously and enthusiastically. A second resolution was proposed by the lamented Thomas Davies, and also carried, to the effect that a committee should be appointed to prepare an address to Her Majesty, embodying the sentiments of the first resolution, and that it should be signed by the Father of the Bar on the part of the profession, and forwarded to the Home Secretary for presentation. A committee of the Irish Bar was appointed, pursuant to this resolution. It met in the Law Library at noon, on the 23rd of June. I was appointed chairman of that committee. At five o'clock it had prepared the Bar address. The draft of the address was committed to me, and I was charged by the committee to take the necessary steps to insure its presentation to the Queen.

In obedience to the direction of the committee, I had the address engrossed on the night of the 23rd of June. On the 24th I brought it to the Father of the Bar, and procured his signature to it, though with much difficulty. On the same day I transmitted it to the Home Office, together with a letter to Lord Normanby (at that time Home Secretary), requesting, on the part of the Bar of Ireland, "that he would present the address to the Queen at the earliest opportunity, and that he would lend to it such support as his knowledge of the talents of the Irish Bar and of the disposition of the Irish people would induce his lordship to believe it merited."

The Bar address reached the Home Office. It was acknowledged, but not presented. It was, however, published in every newspaper in Ireland, and supported by the entire Irish press with a noble unanimity. Every journal, every public body, every private individual in Ireland denounced the Campbell job.

As I had no means of consulting the supporters of the address prior to taking the

herty, and by him also declined, and then to Chief-Baron Brady, nor did he without much persuasion consent to leave his own Court for the uncongenial atmosphere of the Court of Chancery; ultimately, however, he accepted the higher dignity, and Pigot became Chief-Baron.

Amongst the first of the official acts of the new Chancellor was the restoration of Mr. O'Connell, and the other magistrates who had been

dismissed by Sir Edward Sugden, to the commission of the peace. His lordship took his seat in his Court early in the month of July, in the memorable year 1846—a year horrible in the annals of our unhappy country. In the first week in August the potato crop was struck with a blight, black spots appeared on the leaves, and in one short week the food of millions lay rotten in the ground. In the succeeding winter

steps in September, 1841, I published my correspondence with Sir R. Peel and Sir James Graham in the *Northern Standard*, and sent a copy of that paper to every newspaper office in Ireland. That correspondence was published, I believe, in all the Irish newspapers, and the prayer of the Bar address was almost unanimously supported by the Irish press.

Still to every argument of the press a ready answer was afforded by the protest of the Concurrent Dissenters. To meet this difficulty I published, in 1844, a large pamphlet, entitled, "*Memoranda of Irish Matters.*" In this pamphlet I gave an account of the struggle of the Irish Bar against the Campbell job, and the grounds on which they relied in their struggle. I added a history of the practice of filling all the principal offices in Ireland with Englishmen and Scotchmen, and of the injurious consequences flowing from this practice. I published two thousand copies of this work and placed copies of it in the hands of the majority of both Houses of Parliament. I apologise for mentioning my own humble name so often, but the statement of facts compels me.

In 1846 the cause of the supporters of the Bar address was at length crowned with success. In that year the Whigs returned to power. Lord Campbell then demanded to be replaced in the Irish Chancellorship, which office he had lost on the retirement of his party from power in 1841. This demand was resisted by an Irish member of the Cabinet (Ireland was not then voiceless in the Imperial councils). The history of the struggle of the Irish Bar against his former appointment was referred to, and its justice insisted on and admitted. The correctness of the principles laid down in the Bar resolution of the 22nd of June, 1841, was then fully acknowledged. That resolution has from thence become the settled law regulating all appointments to the Irish Judicial Bench, and has thus, I trust, for ever relieved the Irish Bar from provincial degradation.

I have, by this narrative, given, I hope, a full refutation to the injurious statements of the Irish Barrister respecting the acts and motives of the supporters of the Bar address. I do not attempt to controvert his account of the motives which induced the Concurrent Dissenters to sign the celebrated protest. The Irish Barrister is evidently one of these Concurrent Dissenters, and ought to be a good judge of the motives which affected himself and his associates in the protest. With this full knowledge of the means by which the protest was produced the Irish Barrister makes the following striking declaration:—

"In the next place there was a still larger body of the profession, including the present chiefs and very many of the judges of the law courts, who, while they abstained from signing the protest, nevertheless absolutely refused to sign the address. Why did they do so? It could not have been from any principle of subserviency, for by refusing to sign the protest they committed themselves to the assertion that the appointment of Lord Campbell was an insult to the Irish Bar, and could not be defended, and so far made themselves obnoxious to the dispensers of patronage on the other side of the water."

To this candid admission of the means taken by "the dispensers of patronage" to procure signatures to the protest, I do not attempt to offer a contradiction. I do not venture to attribute motives to any, neither do I venture to deny the motives thus acknowledged by the Irish Barrister to have influenced the parties in this case.

And, indeed, the subsequent distribution of patronage fully bears out this assertion of the Irish Barrister. The dispensers of patronage, both Whig and Tory, appear to have laboured incessantly for the benefit of the signers of the protest. The very windows of heaven of promotion seem to have been opened above their heads. Honours, places, and plums descended upon them in a golden shower, and for many years the power

a famine set in which swept away hundreds of thousands of the population. The office of Chancellor in such a year was an office not much to be desired. The Government stood bewildered, so did the landlords, so did the clergy, and so did the people. At every meeting of the Privy Council the Chancellor attended, aiding and assisting the Lord-Lieutenant by his counsel and advice. Great were the faults committed by that Government. Public works of no utility whatever were undertaken with the sole view of keeping the people alive, while the project of Lord George Bentinck to grant, and at once, a sum of sixteen millions sterling, towards the making of railroads, was rejected by Lord John Russell. It cannot, however, be denied that the famine expenditure granted from the public funds in those years amounted to about eight millions, besides which, from the three great subscriptions raised by the Catholic clergy, which was headed by a subscription from Pius IX.,—by the Queen's letter—and by the British Association,—there was paid not less than one million—and yet the people perished from hunger in hundreds of thousands. Death by starvation was a matter of every day's occurrence, and it was not an uncommon thing for the uncoffined

dead to be rooted up and devoured by famishing dogs, as we are told not unfrequently happens on the field of battle, when one may see

The lean dogs beneath the wall,  
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,  
Gorging and growling o'er carcase and limb.<sup>1</sup>

But we have yet to learn that in any civilised country scenes like these could have occurred in times of peace. If the harvest of 1846 was bad, that of 1847 was worse—the poor houses were filled to overflowing—outdoor relief was denied to the poor unless they gave up their land to the last quarter of an acre. Rents were unpaid, mortgages were foreclosed, the old proprietors were swallowed up in a gulf of ruin. No sound but that of sorrow was heard in this unhappy country; “the voice of the harpers and of musicians, and of them that play on the pipe, was no more at all heard in her.”<sup>2</sup> The music of her song ceased to be heard, her valleys became desolate, and her habitations without men. To describe the sufferings of the unfortunate peasantry in those years of famine we must have recourse to the description of the sufferings of Scotland in a former age, as they are described in the language of Shakespeare.<sup>3</sup>

of the Crown to appoint to legal offices in Ireland seemed limited to the use of the Con-  
current Dissenters.

When the Irish Barrister declared that even a refusal to sign the protest rendered the refuser obnoxious to the dispensers of patronage, he will hardly deny my assertion that the black mark of Government hostility was set before the name of every man who openly and zealously supported the Bar address. The fact was notorious. The supporters of the Bar address were excluded from every chance of professional promotion: they were met in Chancery by the judicial scowl—they were certain of private slander and of the public sneer of every shabby place-hunter—they were daily subject to the mean attacks by which ungenerous power usually seeks to make its enmity felt and feared in society. Many of the supporters of the Bar address left the bar in disgust; several of them have since succeeded in other pursuits; some of them have reached the summit of their profession in another hemisphere, where resistance to injustice is not always fatal to success. I am most anxious that this short narrative should reach my old companions in their widely-separated homes. I shall feel deeply grateful to the press if they will gratify my wish in this respect, by giving publicity to my letter; and I promise them that this shall be the last request which I shall ever make to them on the subject of the Bar address of June, 1841.

HERCULES ELLIS.

<sup>1</sup> Siege of Corinth, st. 16.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. xviii. 22.

<sup>3</sup> Macbeth, Act iv. sc. 2.

— Alas ! poor country,  
 Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot  
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where  
 nothing,  
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to  
 smile ;  
 Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that  
 rent the air,  
 Are made, not mark'd ; where violent  
 sorrow seems  
 A modern ecstasy ; the dead man's knell  
 Is there scarce ask'd, for who, and good  
 men's lives  
 Expire before the flowers in their caps  
 Dying, or ere they sicken.

In this miserable state was the whole country placed at the outbreak of the French Revolution of 1848. Young Irelandism was then the order of the day ; O'Connell's lips were closed in death, and his counsels of peace were forgotten by many. William Smith O'Brien, John Mitchell, Thomas Francis Meagher, and others, saw their country prostrate and bleeding at every pore ; they wept for her, but they hesitated not to deepen her misfortunes by plunging her into the horrors of a civil war—rebellion was openly preached, clubs were formed, and there were many magistrates and men of position to be found in the ranks of the disaffected.

The Lord Chancellor, who had but a few months before restored the repeal magistrates, now followed in the footsteps of Sir Edward Sugden, and felt it to be his duty to supersede "young Irishers" in the commission of the peace. The state trials, of which we shall have occasion more fully to speak when writing the life of the next Chancellor (Blackburne) had concluded—Privy Councils sat almost daily throughout the year 1848, and were attended by the Lord Chancellor ; but the oath of secrecy taken by the privy councillor prevents the world from knowing whether his lordship had advised the packing of juries and the exclusion of Catholics from the jury-box, which were carried out then and

with as much rigour and greater caution than it had been done at the trial of O'Connell in 1844.

Soon after the conclusion of the state trials was inaugurated an association known as the "Irish Alliance." Early in the summer of 1849 it commenced its labours. On the 20th of November an aggregate meeting was held at the Rotunda, and was presided over by Dr. Grattan, who was also a Justice of the Peace.

The proceedings of this remarkable meeting were distinguished by the utmost propriety and decorum. The chair was addressed by several persons of great eloquence, but in language objectionable to the Government. One of the speakers was reported to have said "he sympathised with Mr. Smith O'Brien," meaning, perhaps, that he sympathised with him in his misfortunes, his sufferings, his conviction, his deportation, as every humane and generous-minded man did. All Ireland deplored the error into which Smith O'Brien had fallen, but they believed him to be honest, and because of this belief they respected him, and they extended to him their sympathy, notwithstanding his grievous mistake.

The Lord Chancellor fastened the responsibility of this expression on the chairman of the meeting, and caused the following missive to be addressed to him :—

*"Secretary's Office, Court of Chancery,  
 Dublin, 23rd Nov. 1849.*

"SIR,—I am desired to inform you that the attention of the Lord Chancellor has been directed to the report contained in the number of the *Freeman's Journal* herewith enclosed, of the proceedings of an assembly at which you are reported as having presided, on Tuesday, the 20th instant, described as an aggregate meeting of Irish Nationalists.

"By the report it appears that speeches were made at the meeting

testifying warm approval of the conduct of several individuals who are now under sentence of transportation as having been convicted of the crimes of high treason and felony, avowing sympathy with and direct participation in the acts and designs for which those persons were brought to trial, and manifestly pointing to the end which they had sought to accomplish by the criminal proceedings of which they were found guilty, as that for the attainment of which the association projected at the meeting, and called the "Irish Alliance," should be established; that these speeches, especially in their allusions to those individuals and to their designs, were received by the assembly with loud demonstrations of applause, and that no steps were taken on your part to prevent the continuance of such addresses, or in any way to express your dissent from the views and opinions that were so proclaimed, but that, on the contrary, you joined in the association thus recommended, and are named as one of a committee to manage its affairs for the ensuing month.

"The Lord Chancellor has directed this communication to be made to you as a magistrate of the county of Kildare and of the King's County, in order that you may offer such observations as you shall think proper on the matters to which it refers.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"F. W. BRADY.

"R. Grattan, Esq., M.D."

REPLY OF RICHARD GRATTAN, ESQ.:

"*Drummin House, county Kildare,*  
"26th Nov., 1849.

"MY LORD,—I beg leave to address to you my reply to the communication of your secretary, dated the 23rd instant. The communication is an important one, and as the topics to which it refers are, in the present state of Ireland, of great moment to us all, it will not admit of a

hurried answer. I must, therefore, trespass more at length on your lordship's attention than, under other circumstances, might be necessary.

"Since the Anti-Tithe agitation—a question upon which all Ireland was unanimous, and of which the Whigs of that day availed themselves to drive their political opponents from office—I have taken no part in public matters. That question the people carried in opposition to the Tory party, who afterwards, in conjunction with O'Connell and the Whigs, so managed the affair that, between them all, one-fourth of the church property was transferred to the landlords—thus deceiving the people, who derived no advantage from their continued exertions and sacrifices. Then came an agitation for the Repeal of the Union—then the innumerable 'One more Experiment,' and the 'Instalments of Justice for Ireland,' brought forward, in succession, by O'Connell, and connived at or openly encouraged by the Whigs, who used O'Connell as their instrument, either to harass a Tory administration, or to secure to themselves the possession of power and patronage. The Whigs were displaced. To embarrass their successors, Ireland, as before, was made the battle ground for English faction. O'Connell got up the monster meetings. He was encouraged by the very men who are now the *Queen's Ministers*. He gave expression to language the most defiant of England. He marshalled the peasantry. He passed them in review before him. They counted as many millions. The artificial *famine*, created and continued by English misrule—*pestilence*, the consequence of famine—poor law *extermination*, to gratify the political hostility or the heartless cupidity of the landlord, had not as yet thinned their ranks. He asked them, would they be ready, at his call, to start up and crush the enemies of Ireland? They understood him to mean insurrection, and they



answered, with one voice, 'We are ready.'

"All this the Whigs witnessed—all this the Whigs encouraged—to all this the English Whigs were parties. O'Connell was arrested. He was prosecuted and imprisoned by the Peel administration. Oh! what expressions of sympathy—what addresses of condolence—what denunciations of English misrule—what visitings, when in prison, by Whig aspirants for place, by Whig magistrates and Whig lawyers, all, approved of and sanctioned, by the leaders of the Whig party! Another change, in the phases of Ireland's varied sufferings, presents itself. Peel—Ireland superficially tranquilised—pledges himself to introduce measures for the amelioration of the condition of the people, thereby consummating and consolidating his system of free trade. He proposed to regulate the franchises, and to remove practical grievances. 'But,' said he, 'I must be enabled to hold Ireland under control. I must have the Arms Registration Act renewed, which you, Whigs, when in office, declared to be absolutely necessary to preserve the peace of the country.'—And now comes the most nefarious act ever perpetrated by any opposition, in the long and dark catalogue of political party crimes.

"'No,' reply the Whigs, headed by Lord John Russell, 'no, you shall not treat the people of Ireland as if they were slaves—they shall possess arms, as well as the people of England—every man and boy of them shall be at liberty to purchase and keep a gun. There shall be no registration of arms.' The English Tory landlords, to be revenged of Peel, turn on him, join the Whigs, leave him in a minority, and shove him from office; playing, like gamblers, with the fortunes of the people—death the stake, and Ireland the victim. And the supporters and partisans of O'Connell shout for joy; and places are created, and appoint-

ments made, and lawyers are promoted, and judges are elevated to the bench. And here, I may observe, that in most instances, the legal appointments of O'Connell were judicious, and that in no case did he exercise a more sound judgment than in nominating you to the place which you now fill—the duties of which you so ably discharge. This, at least, is something, and being the truth, the enemies of O'Connell ought not to deny him this merit—a great merit it was, and one for which the country owes him much. Meantime, *famine* did its work. No remedial measure was introduced. The people died of starvation, in the very ports from whence cargoes of oats were, at the moment, exported to feed the carriage and dray horses of London.

"O'Connell does nothing. In the English parliament he supports the Whigs—in Ireland he abuses them. The people lose confidence in him. Smith O'Brien, the intrepid and incorruptible, denounces, in his place in parliament, Whig perfidy; and protests against place-seeking, making patriotism a mockery—using the credulous and confiding Irish people as a means to power, and then flinging them aside, and trampling on them. The people heard and cheered him. The young and enthusiastic hailed him as their Apostle, and pledged themselves to the faith that he preached. The young men of the Irish Bar heard and applauded him. O'Gorman, Meagher, Leyne, Duffy, and others, identified themselves with him. Hatred of the truth—the fell spirit of malignant jealousy, where jealousy should have found no place—for how often did O'Connell appeal to the 'young blood of Ireland'—this spirit of jealousy, looking askance, and devising mischief, raised an unmeaning controversy about moral and physical force. A trap was laid—a deep pit was dug for the honest and the true—the conscientious and the

brave. Like fools they played the game of their open foes and pretended friends. *Facilis descensus Averni*. They plunged from one error to another, and finally, most unquestionably, throwing aside all prudence, losing sight, in my opinion, of all discretion and common sense, they outraged the laws of their country. I was not acquainted with, and, in fact, had never even seen, a single one of those individuals. I was a mere observer of passing events—disapproving of their proceedings, which seemed to me inexplicable, but which no voice of mine could reach. In their hour of daring I thus expressed myself. Now, in the time of their punishment and suffering, I grieve for them and sympathise with them.

“And why? I am not a lawyer, I know nothing of lawyers’ quibbles. I despise them. But this I say, that he who, with *malice prepense*, furnishes another with the means of perpetrating a crime is himself a party to the crime, and ought to be indicted and punished as an accessory before the fact. I assume this to be the law, and I thus reason upon it. Who was the party who, next to O’Connell, encouraged the Irish people to hope for Repeal, and to agitate for it? Who was the party who laid it down in his speeches in Parliament, that, if the great majority of the people of Ireland demanded Repeal, Repeal would be granted? Who was it that in his writings proclaimed the doctrine, that armed resistance to authority was, in certain cases, in accordance with the spirit of the British Constitution? Who was it that furnished to the Irish people the excitements, and the hopes, and the appliances most likely to lead them to break out into insurrection? Was it not Lord John Russell—and if so, was he not the great offender—the chief criminal—a wrong-doer towards Ireland—and a dangerous and desperate servant of the crown?

“Sympathising, then, with O’Brien and Meagher, though I knew them not, I should have considered it strange, and not creditable to the speakers, if they had abstained from all allusion to them. Had they omitted to speak of them, others would have spoken, with even greater warmth, and with, perhaps, less discretion. I did not interrupt them. I do not think it was my business to have done so. The attempt would have created confusion. My business, as chairman, was to preserve order. This I did, and having approved of the several resolutions that were to be proposed, my next duty was, to ascertain and declare the sense of the meeting, which, you will observe, was an *Aggregate Meeting*, and at which, of course, any person present had a right to speak. It was no easy task to manage a meeting so constituted. The least indiscretion, on the part of the chairman, would have been fatal to it—a result anticipated, and indeed, I believe, anxiously hoped for, by the enemies of Ireland. So much for the meeting itself. With respect to the ultimate object of the speakers, and of the members generally, of the Irish Alliance, my conviction is, that such object is fully expressed in the rules and resolutions adopted at the meeting, and that no sane person now contemplates any other than a strictly legal and constitutional effort, through the medium of *parliamentary* legislation, to obtain for Ireland the restitution of those rights of which she has been so foully defrauded by England. By this, I mean the restoration of her former nationality—that is, the right to legislate for ourselves, in all matters exclusively Irish, such as canals, railways, harbours, fisheries, the employment of the people, the security of property, the protection of the tenant occupier, the promotion of manufactures, the improvement of the land—taxing ourselves for these purposes, and de-

manding nothing from England. Are these matters of no consequence to us, the people—to you my lord, the Chancellor—to the judges—to our landowners—to our over-rented and over-taxed householders, whether they reside in fashionable squares, or in the streets of business? Are these matters of no importance to the lawyers and attorneys, to the medical practitioners of Dublin, and Cork, and Limerick, and Bellast, to our merchants and traders, to our artisans and labourers?

“Is it no object worthy of the humane and truly pious of all sects, to preach those common principles of love and duty, towards each other, which our common Christianity inculcates? Is it not praiseworthy that an effort should at last be made to frustrate the policy of England, by binding together the scattered fragments of our country, in the bonds of peace and good-will—by substituting kindly feeling in the place of rancour and senseless enmity, by teaching Irishmen of every class and creed, that an UNION alone amongst ourselves, will be found the means of renovating Ireland, and elevating her from her present prostrate condition? As a Protestant, I long for this UNION. As a Protestant, I rejoice, that for the first time a right movement has been made in the right direction. I assisted at the inauguration of the *Irish Alliance*. I am proud of this. I behold in the formation of the Alliance the dawn of a brighter day for Ireland. The time is not far distant, I predict, when the men of the north and of the south, avowing those principles, will attend the same meetings, saluting each other as friends and brothers. The time is not far distant, when Irishmen of every sect, united, though distinct, will struggle, not for ascendancy, but for the protection of the rights of all. But these are the objects of the Alliance, and who is there to say he disproves of them? I approve of them,

and will give to them all the aid in my power. Should you, my lord, consider that, by so doing, I have forfeited my claim to hold the commission of the peace, you best know what course it is your duty to pursue. I never solicited the commission. It was, to a certain extent, forced upon me. By accepting it I by no means considered that I was bound to support any political party, or eschew any line of political action that might be displeasing or inconvenient to the party in power. I always judged for myself, and acted in accordance with what my conscience told me it was right that I should do, not submitting to other men's dictation, and caring but little for their opinions, which experience has proved to me are too often founded in error and prejudice.

“I do not undervalue the commission of the peace, as it is a useful and constitutional office, but in any other point of view I care nothing for it. Its acceptance gave me no additional rank—the deprivation of it can impart to me no degradation.

“I have the honour to be, my lord, most respectfully your lordship's obedient servant,

“RICHARD GRATTAN, M.D.,

“Senior Fellow of the College of Physicians in Ireland.”

“To the Lord Chancellor, &c.”

“*Secretary's Office, Court of Chancery,*

“*Dublin, Nov. 30, 1849.*

“SIR,—I am directed to acquaint you that the Lord Chancellor has read your letter of the 26th instant, and that he cannot regard it as a satisfactory explanation of the matters to which your attention was directed by my letter of the 23rd November.

“It consequently leaves the Lord Chancellor no alternative as to the course he shall pursue, and he regrets to be obliged to direct that your name shall be removed from the Commission of the Peace for the

county of Kildare and the King's County.—I have the honour to be, sir, &c.,

“FRANCIS WILLIAM BRADY.

“Richard Grattan, Esq., M.D.”

Dr. Grattan's name was then removed from the roll of the magistrates, a removal which was deplored by the late Lord Cloncurry in the following letter, approving of Dr. Grattan's letter to the Lord Chancellor, written a few days after the occurrence :—

“MY DEAR DR. GRATTAN,—I have read your very true and very admirable letter to the Chancellor, and subscribe to almost every word it contains.

“I am sorry for the country and for the honour of the magistracy that you are no longer of that body ; but I congratulate you on the occasion afforded you of speaking your ever honest opinion. Had your advice been followed, when we were fellow-labourers, years ago, in the “Society for the Improvement of Ireland,” we should not now be in the wretched state to which bad government and bad men have reduced us.

“With respect and regard,

“Most faithfully yours,

“CLONCURRY.

“Maritimo, 6th December, 1849.”

Several years after his removal from the Commission of the Peace, Dr. Grattan brought the matter in a lengthened communication, of which the following is an extract, under the notice of Lord Carlisle, then Lieutenant of Ireland.

“MY LORD,—After Smith O'Brien's discomfiture and deportation, and when it was legally permissible for the Irish people to hold a political public meeting—when famine and death, unmitigated by any remedial measure of the slightest value, had exterminated every fifth inhabitant of Ireland—when Lord John Russell still persisted in forcing, on this blighted land, his heartless plans, that carried with them, everywhere,

ruin and destruction, unsurpassed in their inflictions even by the cruelty and injustice of Indian despotism—when it was thoroughly understood that, by constitutional means alone, and the formation of an ‘Irish Party’ in the British Parliament, Ireland had any chance of escaping utter destruction, it seemed fit to organise a society for this especial purpose. This society adopted by a distinct resolution, as one of its essential principles, a *disclaimer of any appeal whatsoever to a physical-force resistance to England*. I was requested to join it. I approved of its objects. I was invited, and it was a high honour, to preside as chairman at an aggregate meeting of the society, in Dublin. I did so. One of the speakers is said to have expressed his sympathy with Mr. Smith O'Brien. His words I believe, were distorted and misrepresented. At all events, Chancellor Brady seized on them—the words of another, to afford him an excuse for removing me from the Commission of the Peace, as a sympathiser with the insurrectionary proceedings of Mr. Smith O'Brien—a falsehood and a calumny, the most outrageous and unwarrantable that ever were concocted.

“My Lord, I cannot read the hearts of others. It belongs only to the great Searcher of all hearts to judge rightly as to the motives by which the actions of men are influenced. I cannot, however, persuade myself that Chancellor Brady was altogether free from *personal* prejudice in his dealings with me. He and I had been already opposed to each other. I had resisted him successfully, and I presume he had not forgotten this. It is not an everyday occurrence for a doctor to try his strength with a Chancellor, whose nod shakes the Court in which he presides, and whose will, in his own Court, is law to trembling attorneys and sycophantic barristers.

“My Lord, the occasion of my

dispute with Chancellor Brady was this. He had scarcely been appointed Chancellor, when, with a degree of folly totally inexplicable, he made war upon the *entire medical profession* by issuing an ukase that *medical practitioners, because of their profession*, were unfitted to hold the commission of the peace!

"I was in the Commission at the time. I am one of the heads of the profession. My name stands first on the list of the College of Physicians. I considered myself insulted, in common with my brethren, and I resolved to throw up the Commission unless Chancellor Brady should at once rescind this most offensive, unmeaning, and capricious rule. The public feeling was with me, The liberal and independent press of Ireland aided me. Opposed to these, Brady was powerless. I compelled him to rescind his obnoxious regulation, and to give the Commission of the Peace to all medical practitioners who were entitled to it. Chancellor Brady submitted, it is true, but he submitted with a bad grace, and most reluctantly."

In the year 1850 Maziere Brady was appointed the first Vice-Chancellor of the Queen's University, that University which had been denounced by the great Protestant leader, Sir Robert Inglis, as a "gigantic scheme of godless education." While the great Universities of Europe—Oxford and Cambridge, Paris, Glasgow, and Bologna—owe their foundations to the See of Rome, and to the piety and the

grandeur of the Roman Pontiffs, the Queen's University owes its humble origin to the impiety and the bigotry of the late Sir Robert Peel. With respect to the University of Glasgow, we have the express testimony of the late Lord Macaulay, who, addressing that body on the 21st March, 1849, said: "Our attachment to that Protestant faith, to which our country owes so much, must not prevent us from paying the tribute, which, on this occasion and in this place, justice and gratitude demand to the founder of the University of Glasgow, the greatest of the restorers of learning, Pope Nicholas V., the founder of the University of Glasgow. He gave his sanction to the plan of establishing a University at Glasgow, and bestowed on the new seat of learning all the privileges which belonged to the University of Bologna." In the foundations of the great Universities of Europe there was something of chivalry, something to admire—in the Queen's University nothing. The lectures delivered by the doctors of those seats of learning in the middle ages were wont to be attended by vast multitudes of hearers. It is said that five thousand people used to congregate at the lectures of the unfortunate Abelard.<sup>1</sup>

There was somewhat of chivalry, too, in the foundation of Trinity College, Dublin,<sup>2</sup> by Queen Elizabeth. The mission of that University was to Protestantise the people, to tell them that it was their duty "to search the Scriptures<sup>3</sup> for in

<sup>1</sup> Should the reader desire to read the history of this fallen and unfortunate priest, he is referred to the illustrated "History of Heloise and Abelard" (which contains the immortal letters versified by Alexander Pope), by Monsieur and Madame Guizot. The book, which is very rare, is to be found in the King's Inns Library, Dublin. In the cemetery of Pere Le Chaise, near Paris, those unhappy lovers "aleep side by side." On their gravestone, in the convent of the Paraclete, was engraved this Greek inscription, untranslatable into any other language, "*Ἄετιν συμπεπλεγμένον*," which might be rendered "United for ever and ever."

<sup>2</sup> For the foundation of this University, vide *supra*, Life of Adam Loftus, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin and 86th Lord Chancellor of Ireland—where the martyrdom of Archbishop O'Hurley, now the object of so much controversy in the public press, is given.

<sup>3</sup> Vide St. John vi., 39. Those words may also be translated, "Ye search the Scriptures," the Greek word *Ἐρευνᾶτε* being either in the indicative or imperative.

them ye think ye have eternal life;" and if they in so teaching were met by the Catholic doctors with an opposite text that the Scriptures were not to be interpreted "by any private interpretation" because they contained "certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction," there was still somewhat to admire in the opposing theological systems. The youth were at all events grounded in the great principles of common Christianity. Catechetical lectures and catechetical examinations, while they sharpened the controversial powers of the Protestant youth on the one side, made the Catholic youth burnish up his controversial weapons on the other. But in the Queen's University no theological learning is to be met with in the class-books, and the chairs of geology or history may be filled by men who may instil into the minds of youth M. De La Marck's theory of progressive development, Darwin's pre-Adamite man, or such other doctrines as might suit the wanderings of their fancy.

From the foundation of the Queen's University until the present hour, those colleges have been a failure, no amount of Government bribes have been able to force those latitudinarian colleges on the affections of the people. A few years ago, when it was found advisable that every second student should be a winner of an exhibition or a scholarship, the hat was sent round by the present Sir Robert Peel, and every expectant of Government patronage threw in his subscription. Now, in the following address, delivered by Sir Maziere Brady on the 11th of October, 1865,<sup>2</sup> the reader will expect to find the Bachelors' degrees to be counted by hundreds if not thousands. But in this he will be miserably deceived, 18 or 19 being

the average number from each of the three colleges:

#### "THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

"The ceremonial of conferring the degrees in the Queen's University took place at three o'clock yesterday, in St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle. There was a crowded attendance of ladies and gentlemen. At three o'clock the successful students who were to receive degrees, prizes, &c., entered and took their places in the centre of the hall. They were followed by the professors of the several colleges. Next came the Vice-Chancellor, *the Right Hon. Maziere Brady*, and the Senate of the University. In the course of a few minutes the Lord-Lieutenant, attended by Captain O'Connell, A.D.C. entered the hall and was received with applause. His Excellency took his seat on the right of the Vice-Chancellor.

"The following members of the Senate attended:—*The Right Hon. Francis Blackburne*, Lord Justice of Appeal; the Rev. Dr. Henry, President of the Belfast College; Sir Robert Kane, President of the Cork College; Edward Berwick, Esq., President of the Galway College; Dr. Corrigan; Major-General Larcom, Under Secretary; and Sir Richard Griffith.

"The Vice-Chancellor of the University delivered the following address. He said—'At our last annual meeting in 1864, to confer the degrees and honours of the Queen's University in Ireland, I had the satisfaction of announcing that it was distinguished by the attendance of a larger number of successful candidates for these distinctions than had ever appeared before us on any former occasion. At the present meeting I am enabled to state that, although not in a very high proportion, still the numbers of the current year exhibit on the whole an increasing body of the students to be ad-

<sup>1</sup> 2 Peter i. 20.

<sup>2</sup> 2 Peter iii. 16.

<sup>3</sup> Irish Times, October 12, 1865.

mitted to university degrees, and to have conferred on them the university diplomas. *Thirty-one* students had been admitted to the degree of doctor in medicine, of whom eleven were admitted to the degree at a meeting of the senate in the month of June, and the remaining *twenty* are to be admitted to-day. Fifty medical students have passed the first university examination in medicine. Fifteen bachelors of arts have passed the examination for the degree of master; and *fifty-six students*,<sup>1</sup> the largest number yet admitted in any year since the establishment of the university, have qualified for the degree of bachelor of that faculty. One graduate of the university has obtained admission to the degree of doctor, and two to that of bachelor of law. The degree of master in surgery is to be conferred on eleven members of the university, nine of whom had on former occasions obtained the degree of doctor of medicine. Fifty-two have passed the first university examinations in arts; seven have been found qualified to obtain the diploma in engineering, nine have passed the first examination in that profession, and one has passed for the diploma in elementary law. The middle-class examinations instituted by the university for young persons not connected with the Queen's Colleges were attended by 28, of whom 17 were found sufficiently instructed to pass the examinations. I noticed also on the last occasion a continual increase in the number of students in attendance on the several classes in the academic year then past; they amounted to 810.<sup>2</sup> In that which is now closed there is an increase of 25, making the number of collegiate students, in the

sessions of 1864-65, 835—more than double the number attending ten years since—viz., in the corresponding sessions of 1854-55. It may be illustrative of the progress and great educational importance of the Queen's Colleges and the university to notice, by way of summary of their history, that the total number of the students who have entered the colleges since the opening has been 3330; and that the university since its first public meeting, inclusive of those to be conferred to-day, will have conferred 248 degrees of doctor of medicine, 108 of master of arts, and 424 of bachelors of arts, besides a large number of diplomas in engineering and law. The annual exhibitions founded for students of the colleges by the munificence and exertions of Sir Robert Peel, have all been successfully competed for by many of the students who take degrees at the present meeting. I regret to say that since their last annual assembly, the senate has lost the valuable services of one of its members by the lamented decease of Robert Andrews, Esq., Doctor of Laws, a gentleman of eminence in his profession, of the most enlightened public principles, and the zealous advocate for the diffusion of *sound* education among all classes of the community—principles and views which he practically acted on, and carried out as well in the senate of the Queen's University as at the Board of National Education, of which he was for many years a zealous and most useful commissioner. Having on many former occasions of similar meetings entered fully into the history, origin, constitution, and progress of the university and of the Queen's Colleges, with which it has been from the first united, I feel it would be

<sup>1</sup> By this statement it appears that out of all the three colleges in that year, only 56 took their A.B. degree, which gives but 18 to each of the three colleges; not half the number that graduated in the Catholic University in the same year. The number in Trinity College being four times more numerous. We regret we have been unable to find any subsequent addresses of Sir Maziere Brady in his capacity of Vice-Chancellor.

<sup>2</sup> This sum of 810 divided between the three colleges would give 270 to each.

an unnecessary occupation of time were I now again to go over the same ground or account of the same particulars. The published reports of the proceedings exhaust the subject as far as regards my power of illustrating it, and I must content myself on this occasion with the enumeration I have given of the practical results of the education provided for the students of the colleges and the periodical examination carried on under the supervision of the senate. As Vice-Chancellor of the University, I have only to deal with the present, to refer back to the past, and in this retrospect I feel happy in the reflection that these institutions have borne good fruit in the labour of instruction, have helped and sustained numerous classes in their career of learning, and sent forth many an able and well-taught public officer to the service of the State in every region of the British empire. I now proceed, in the absence of our Chancellor, Lord Clarendon, to admit our successful candidates to their respective degrees, and to present to those who have deserved them the diplomacy of the university. His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, who, having honoured our meeting with his presence, has kindly acceded to my request that he would distribute to the successful competitors for honours the medals and prizes which have been awarded them. I have now but to discharge the very agreeable duty of expressing to your Excellency the cordial thanks of the senate and graduates of the University, as well as of the presidents, vice-presidents, professors, and students of the Queen's Colleges, for the honour you have conferred upon us by your presence on this occasion, and the part you have been pleased to take in the

programme of our proceedings. From the first our annual assemblies have been honoured by the successive representatives of her Majesty, and we rejoice in the assurance your Excellency gives, by your appearance on this the first occasion of our meeting since you have been entrusted by our gracious Sovereign with the administration of the government of Ireland, that you look on these institutions with the same good feelings and wishes for their necessity which they so often expressed, and take an equal interest in the most extensive diffusion of free and sound education among all classes of the community. We trust that the proceedings of the day have been as gratifying to your Excellency as your encouraging presence has been to us.'

"The degrees, exhibitions, &c., were then conferred upon and presented to the several candidates."

A hostile vote of the House of Commons caused the Whig Government to retire from office in the year 1852. Maziere Brady then resigned the seals (and was succeeded by Francis Blackburne). In the following year, however, his party returned to power, and he resumed his place. During the entire decade from 1850 to 1860 several of the counties in the North of Ireland were torn by party dissensions and religious animosities. Houses were wrecked, it was said, by Orange mobs and party riots—matters of every-day occurrence. The Lord Chancellor accordingly resolved to crush the Orangemen of Ulster, and put a stop to a system which it was contended, was no better than a mischievous secret society. His lordship then addressed the following letter to the Marquis of Londonderry, which appeared for the first time in the columns of the *Northern Whig* :—

<sup>1</sup> The continued decline of the colleges may be gathered from the Queen's University Calendars of succeeding years—the number of graduates who took their Bachelor's degree in the Queen's University in 1871 merely amounted to 21, being an average of 7 to each of the three colleges.



"TO THE EDITOR OF THE NORTH-ERN WHIG.

"SIR,—The enclosed letter I have received from the Lord Chancellor and which I have his lordship's permission to make public, is of sufficient moment to warrant my asking you to give it a place in your columns.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"LONDONDERRY,

"Lieutenant of the County Down."

"*Mount Stewart, October 6, 1857.*

"MY LORD,—In reference generally to appointments to the commission of the peace for the county of Down, and some other counties in the north of Ireland, I feel obliged, by recent events, to introduce conditions which seem to me imperatively called for, with the view to the maintenance of public tranquillity.

"Your lordship is, no doubt, well aware of the scenes of turbulence and riotous outrage which have so long prevailed in the town of Belfast. Whatever party may have been to blame for the acts which more immediately led to these disgraceful tumults, it is very manifest that they have sprung from party feelings, excited on the recurrence of certain anniversaries, which for years have been made the occasion of irritating demonstrations, too often attended by violations of the public peace, and dangerous, and sometimes fatal, party conflicts. The Orange Society is mainly instrumental in keeping up this excitement; and, notwithstanding the proceedings respecting that Association, which are now matters of history, and in consequence of which it was supposed that it would have been finally dissolved, it still appears to remain an extensively-organised body, with but some changes of system and rulers, under which it is alleged to be secure from any legal prosecution. However that may be, it is manifest that the existence of this society, and the

conduct of many of those who belong to it, tend to keep up, through large districts of the north, a spirit of bitter and factious hostility among large classes of her Majesty's subjects, and to provoke violent animosity and aggression. It is impossible rightly to regard an association such as this as one which ought to receive countenance from any in authority who are responsible for the preservation of the public peace; and however some individuals of rank and station, who hold her Majesty's Commission, may think they can reconcile the obligations of that office with the continuing in membership with the Orange Society, it does appear to me that the interests of the public peace, at least in the north of Ireland, now require that no such encouragement should be given to this society by the appointment of any gentleman to the commission who is, or intends to become, a member of it.

"Intending the rule to be of general application, I think it right to ask from every gentleman the assurance that he is not, nor will, while he owns the Commission of the Peace, become a member of the Orange Society. I think it right to inform your lordship that, in expressing the foregoing opinions and determination, I do so with the entire concurrence of his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant.

"MAZIERE BRADY, C."

The determination of the Chancellor to weed the magistracy of the county Down of Orange justices, met with the hearty approval, not only of the Liberal but of the Conservative press. In a day or two after the Chancellor's letter appearing in the columns of the *Northern Whig*, an article, denouncing the Orange Society, appeared in the columns of the *Daily Express*, the organ of Messrs. Napier and Whiteside, the great leaders of the Conservative party.

"Will the Orangemen bear with

us while we make an appeal to their own good sense as to the policy and expediency of such an institution as the Orange Society in an age like the present, and under a constitution which is the admiration of the world. The objects of the society are two-fold—religious and political—to uphold Protestantism and to uphold the constitution. The former object it proposes to accomplish by cultivating a spirit of Christian fellowship and brotherly love among the members. Viewed in this light it would be easy to show that Orangeism is unscriptural and inconsistent with Christianity. It ignores and virtually supersedes a Divine institution. By what right—divine or human—does the Orange Society impose an oath to bind the consciences of Christian men? How has Protestantism been revived and spread through Ireland during the last thirty years? Has it been by the Orange Society, or by societies based on Orange principles? Not, certainly, by the Orange Society. On the contrary, we fear that our home missionary operations of every kind, and particularly the conversion of Roman Catholics, have been impeded by the obstacles which Orangeism has unwittingly thrown in the way. This language may be unpalatable to some of our readers, but it is the truth; and the time is come when the truth on this subject must be spoken, at least by that portion of the Conservative press which is free to give it utterance. Equally untenable in principle is the Orange Society as a political institution. We are told that its object is to uphold the constitution.

All government exists for the protection of society, and every society is bound to uphold the Government—to leave it to the work for which it was ordained (and in one sense government was ordained of God); and while the government exists, no portion of society is justified in taking the law into its

own hands. We can remonstrate, petition, hold public meetings, agitate, until we get the evils corrected. This is the way to uphold the constitution—not to arm ourselves, to meet in secret societies, and to combine against another class of our fellow-subjects. This is the first step to anarchy. It tends directly to the disruption and dissolution of society. It is a libel on the British Constitution to say that it requires to be aided by a perpetual "Vigilance Committee" like the Orange Society. In 1798, and in 1848, when an attempt was made to overthrow the Constitution, such a body as the Orange Society could render essential service acting under the Government as special constables. But it should only be provisional, temporary, ceasing with the danger that called it forth. A permanent political organisation, armed for the defence of the country, antagonistic in principle to a large portion of the people, unknown to the law, uncontrolled by the executive, is an anomaly which it is utterly impossible to defend. There is one thing connected with Orangeism which we hold to be utterly unworthy of the free, manly, independent spirit nurtured by Protestantism and the British Constitution; and that is its secrecy. Why should Protestants have anything to say to one another which they must whisper in private lodges, as if they dwelt in a land cursed by despotism and *espionage*, dogged by *gendarmes*? Why should honourable, high-spirited gentlemen, and brave-hearted yeomen, stoop to the self-imposed necessity of communicating with one another by secret signs and passwords?"

The advocates of Orangeism, on the 18th of February, 1858, waited on Lord Palmerston, for the purpose of presenting a memorial against the recent letter of the Lord Chancellor. A report of this "deputation of the Conservative members of Parliament and gentlemen representing the Orange Association of the north of

Ireland," consisting of the Earl of Enniskillen, the Earl of Belmore, Mr. Whiteside, Q.C., M.P., appeared in the London morning papers of the 19th of February.

Mr. Cairns introduced the deputation to the premier, and explained to him the purport of the memorial signed by 2700 persons, including 32 peers, 38 members of parliament, 17 baronets, 641 justices of the peace, 162 deputy-lieutenants, 377 clergymen, 40 barristers, and 100 members of the medical profession.

Lord Palmerston, in reply to Mr. Cairns' lengthened address in reprobation of Chancellor Brady, for the insult offered to the Orange Institution, "said that he was a loss to understand the use of the association in the present age."

*The Earl of Enniskillen.*—"Self-defence, my Lord."

*Lord Palmerston.*—"Self-defence against what?"

Mr. Whiteside said "that he was not an Orangeman, but that he would cut off his right hand before he would subscribe to the declaration required by Lord Chancellor Brady."

In 1858 Maziere Brady again went out of office with his party, and was succeeded by Sir Joseph Napier, and in 1859 was again Chancellor. A patron of polite literature, he presided at the memorable afternoon lecture delivered by Mr. Justice Keogh, on the prose works of the puritanical Milton.<sup>1</sup>

In 1865 a case of great importance to religious communities, the case of *SIMMS v. QUINLAN*, was brought before the Court of Appeal in Chancery, which was composed of the Lord Chancellor and Lord Justice Blackburne. This case possessed an interest far more extensive than is involved in the special issues raised by the litigation. The total sum in issue was only £1000, but a great principle was involved in the decision. The facts of the case, divested of all technicality, may be

thus stated:—A gentleman named *SIMMS*, who died in the year 1862, bequeathed an annuity of £200 a year to his widow, £2000 in money to his son, £500 to the Messrs. White and Russell, on special trust defined in the will; £500 to the Rev. Mr. Conway, of Cork, also for special uses; and the residue, after the payment of these bequests, to his son, to whom he had specially bequeathed £2000 stated above. The son applied to the Court of Chancery to set aside the two bequests of £500 each to the clergymen, who were members of the Dominican Order, on the following grounds, viz.:—That the bequests were made for the use and benefit of a religious order, or of the members of it, who were not existing members of that order at the passing of the Emancipation Act of 1829, and not registered under its provisions, and that therefore the bequests were invalid, and could not be enforced by a court of law, and that the money must revert to feed the residue and pass over to the petitioner as residuary legatee. The bequest to the Rev. Messrs. White and Russell was made for the purpose of maintaining two members of the Dominican Order in Ireland; and it was argued on behalf of the petitioner that a bequest made in 1862, for the purpose of maintaining two members of an order named, could not have been intended to apply to any two members of the order that came within the recognition of the Act of 1829. This was in substance admitted by the respondents, whose counsel argued that, in conformity with the doctrine *cy pres*, as laid down by the Master of the Rolls in this very case, a bequest might be used for analogous purposes, so as to carry out as nearly as possible the wishes of the testator in a manner conformable to law. In the case of the Rev. Mr. Conway, of Cork, it was argued, on behalf of the petitioner, that the intention of

<sup>1</sup> "Freeman's Journal," June 1, 1864.

the bequest being to pay rents payable by the Dominican Order, the bequest was in favour, not of an individual but of an order whose existence was not recognised by law, and therefore could not be carried out. Substantially, then, the case to be decided was this: Can a bequest, or any other mode of handing over money by a legal instrument to the members of religious orders, be sustained in a court of law or equity in this country, if it can be shown that the individuals to be benefitted by the Act were not members of the order exempted from the prohibition in the Act of 1829? This was the point to be decided, and on this point judgment was given. The judgment of the Court is reported in full by the writer of these pages in the tenth volume of the "*Irish Jurist*," N. S., p. 41, whereby it appears that the Court held, varying the order of the Master of the Rolls, that the gift was null and void, as opposed to the Catholic Emancipation Act, 10 George iv. chap. 74.

On the the 19th June, 1866, Lord Dunkellin carried a vote against the Government on the Reform Bill; and on the next day Lord Russell, in the House of Lords, announced that the Liberal ministry had ceased to exist. On the 28th of the same month Lord Chancellor Brady sat for the last time in the Court of Chancery; the last case on his list having closed—

Mr. Brewster, Q.C., asked if his lordship had finished his list. The Chancellor replied that he had.

Mr. Brewster, Q.C.—"My Lord, I have been requested to state to your lordship that, in consequence of events that have lately occurred elsewhere, that it is the wish of the Bar that your lordship would give them an opportunity of expressing their esteem and kindly feelings towards your lordship, and I need not add that I shall do so in one sense with great pleasure; but I do

not think that I should do so under the present circumstances, but we shall all be greatly disappointed indeed if your lordship does not kindly give us the opportunity of bidding you good-bye."

The Lord Chancellor, who appeared very much affected by the expressions of respect and kindly feeling exhibited to him by the Bar, replied that he would very gladly indeed comply with the request made by Mr. Brewster.

The Bar then rose from their seats, and remained standing whilst his lordship descended from the bench.

Retiring into private life the ex-Chancellor spent the remainder of his days in comparative retirement with his family. His mind was, however, so well stored with learning on natural history that his idle hours could never press heavily upon him. When at the Bar he became a director of some mining companies, and then acquired a knowledge of the science of geology, which he afterwards cultivated with the greatest assiduity. His geological specimens, arranged with the greatest care, are well worthy of a visit. Conchology was a favourite amusement of his. He devoted much time and expense to collecting the rarest of shells. Mineralogy and crystallography engaged, too, much of his time,—familiar with the mysteries of crystallography, and with those enormous scientific terms—such as cubic and rhomboid prisms—duodekahedrons—octahedrons, with truncation of angles and of edges, and with such-like words "of wondrous sound" which would more than be enough to scare away the unlearned from that delightful study, one would imagine that the simple expression *twelve-sided prism* would be quite as easy of comprehension as the jaw-breaking term of Greek derivation "*duodekahedron*."

In 1869 the learned ex-Chancellor was created a baronet by the Go-

vernment of Mr. Gladstone. But temporal rewards were to him now as the shadows of the past. His health giving way, he declined for a year before his death, which took place on the 11th of April, 1871.

The *Irish Times* of the following 18th of April contains the following notice of his funeral:—"The remains of the Right Hon. Sir Maziere Brady, Bart., were interred yesterday morning in Mount Jerome Cemetery, in the presence of a large and distinguished assemblage of those who had known him in life. A half century has elapsed since he entered upon his professional and public career, in the course of which he filled with wisdom and judgment a variety of exalted and responsible positions. As a member of the Bar, as Law Officer, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Privy Councillor, Lord Justice holding the executive power in the absence of the Viceroy, and as a member of various public boards, he won the respect of all who came before him. Many of his eminent contemporaries have passed away, but some remain; and those, with a large concourse of judges, public officials, members of the professions and leading citizens, attended the funeral to pay the last tribute of esteem and sorrow to his memory. The funeral *cortège*, from its extent and influential composition, was an impressive display of public feeling in reference to the loss, even at an advanced and good old age, of one of the foremost public men of the country. By his amiability in private life, and his patronage and support of the fine arts, of music and general education, and also of movements in the cause of charity, he added to the list of his friends and admirers, who now lament the decease of one whose place in these respects will not be so easily supplied. A considerable number of honorary offices of high importance are vacated by his death. Amongst

these are the Vice-Chancellorship of the Queen's University, a Membership of the National Board of Education, a Presidentship of the Irish Art-Union, and of the Academy of Music. The remains of the Right Hon. Bart. were removed at nine o'clock from his residence in Pembroke Street (where he died), for the Cemetery, Mount Jerome. The mournful procession passed through Hatch Street, Harcourt Street, Harrington Street, South Circular Road, and Clanbrassil Street, and reached the cemetery at half-past nine o'clock. The remains were then removed to the Mortuary Chapel, where the impressive burial service was gone through by the Archdeacon of Dublin, and the Rev. Mr. Quintin. The body, which was enclosed in a massive coffin, was then deposited in the family vault, and the grave closed on all that was mortal of a distinguished Irishman. On the breastplate was the following inscription:—

"Right Hon. Sir Maziere Brady, Bart.  
Born, July 20, 1796.  
Died, 13th April, 1871."

The deceased Baronet was twice married—1st, 1823, Eliza Anne (*d.* 1858), dau. of Bever Buchanan, esq.; 2nd, 1860, Mary, second dau. of the Right Hon. John Hatchell, P.C., of Fortfield House, co. Dublin. Issue of first marriage:

FRANCIS WILLIAM, Q.C., Chairman of Quarter Sessions, co. Roscommon; *b.* 1824; *m.* 1847, Emily Elizabeth, dau. of the late Right Rev. Samuel Kyle, Lord Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross.

Maziere John, Barrister-at-Law; *b.* 1826; *m.* 1853, Elizabeth, dau. of the Rev. Robert Longfield, of Castle Mary, co. Cork.

Eleanor; *m.* 1853, Rev. Benjamin Hale Puckle, B.A., Rector of Grafham, Hunts.

Charlotte Louisa; *m.* 1864, Rev. John Westropp Brady, Rector of Slane, co. Meath.

Eliza Anne.

While Chancellor there were 20 appeals taken from his lordship's decrees. Of these 12 were affirmed, 7 were reversed, and 1 otherwise disposed of.

REPORTERS for the Court of Chancery *tempore* Sir Maziere Brady, Bart.

From the year 1846 to 1852—In the Irish Equity Reports—Messrs. John Edward Walsh (late Master of the Rolls), Edward S. Trevor (now Reporter for the Rolls Court in the Irish Reports), John F. Waller, LL.D. (now Clerk in the Rolls Court).

From 1852 to 1866—In the Irish Chancery Reports—Messrs. Michael

R. Westropp (now a Judge in the High Court, Bombay), William Hickson, Leslie Montgomery, and Edward T. Bewbey.

From 1849 to 1866—In the "Irish Jurist"—Messrs. Robert Long, John P. Kennedy (now Recorder of Rangoon, India), James R. O. Flanagan, John Blackham, George Barton, William Roper, J. P. Becher, L. Flemming, Samuel Walker, Q.C., W. Boston, Charles H. Foot, Oliver J. Burke (now Reporter for the London *Law Times* in the Court of Admiralty, author of "The Abbey of Ross," which passed through two editions, and of these pages).<sup>1</sup> OLIVER J. BURKE.

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<sup>1</sup> NOTE.—All the above reporters are Barristers-at-Law.



## THE STAGE OF THE PAST.

## PART I.

## FROM BETTERTON TO GARRICK.

IF there is a tide in the affairs of man, it is to be hoped that dramatic matters are not exempt from the laws governing the remainder of earthly things, and that when the wave of theatrical genius has receded to the lowest possible point—which must be nearly attained by this time—a reaction will set in, and a steady onflow of favourable circumstances will restore the British stage to the brilliant position it formerly occupied. Much has been written on the various causes that have contributed to produce the late and continued decline of the dramatic art in England. This subject we shall fully discuss in a future paper, it being our intention to recall first the glories of the past to the mind of the reader, by briefly recapitulating the most prominent events in the history of the stage, from the days of the Restoration to those of the last actor possessing true tragic genius—we mean Edmund Kean. We do not profess to impart any original information called from secret sources. But everybody has not the time to read all that is published on any given subject, and those that read frequently require their memory refreshed. We propose to offer such landmarks as may have the latter effect, premising that we have gathered our facts from some of the best modern sources.

Cromwell's puritans were the sworn enemies of players and playwrights. Shakespeare and Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson and Shirley, were so many heretics doomed to eternal perdition. Their expounders, the

performers, were "malignants." The theatres, of which there were five in London, were "devil's chapels." A number of fanatical authors directed their thunders against the poor historians; among others, Prynne published, in 1633, his literary monster, the terrible "*Histriomastix, or Player's Scourge*." In that volume of more than a thousand pages, all that was ever indited against plays and players may be found. King Charles favoured these soul-imperilling pastimes, and the gentlemen of the Inns of Court closed their law-books, got up a masque, and produced it at Whitehall before the Court. But the King's cause was lost, the Puritans came into power; and in 1642 all the theatres were suppressed because "stage plays do not suit with seasons of humiliation; but fasting and praying have been found very effectual." This decree was attended with little obedience at first, but as cant became all powerful in 1648, a more stringent ordinance was passed "for the suppression of all stage plays, and for the taking down all their boxes, seats, and stages whatsoever, that so there might be no more plaies acted." This became a war of extermination. A ploughshare was passed over the land of the drama, and salt was sewn over it. The spirit which raged the governing powers moved their followers. Many of the actors took military service, generally on the king's side. Once when an ex-player, said to be Will Robinson, honourably surrendered in battle, one of the fanatical saints exclaimed, "Cursed be he who doth the work

of the Lord negligently," and so saying he then and there shot the "malignant." Charles Hart, the grandson of Shakespeare's sister, was one of those who exchanged the buskin for the steel breast-plate, and rose to be a major in Rupert's horse; and Mohun—the accomplished and valiant little Mohun—attained the same rank by honourable service in the field. There is, indeed, a tradition that says that Hart, Mohun, and Betterton, fought side by side at Edgehill. Allevyn, of the Cock-pit, filled the post of quartermaster-general to the King's army at Oxford. Burt became a cornet, and Shatterel occupied a subaltern grade in the cavalry. Altogether, the histrions appear to have behaved with very creditable bravery in battle.

The old theatres meanwhile stood erect and desolate, and the owners, with hands in empty pockets, asked how they were expected to pay ground-rent, now that they earned nothing? "whereas their afternoon share used to be twenty, ay, thirty shillings, sir." The distress was severe, and there was no help for the profession. The old playwrights were fain to turn pamphleteers, but their works sold only for a penny, and instead of tippling sack and Gascony wine, they had to get drunk on unorthodox ale and heretical small beer.

The tragedy in real life which concluded with the beheading of the King, augmented the hardships of the comedians; for it deprived them of the greatest boon in existence, of hope itself. Nevertheless a few authors continued to publish a new comedy occasionally, which probably must have found purchasers. A certain Richard Cox, a remarkable comic genius, invented a peculiar sort of dramatic exhibition, suited to the necessities of the time, short pieces which he mixed with other amusements, that these might disguise the performance. It was under the pretence of rope-dancing

that he filled the "Red Bull play-house," which was a large one, with crowded audiences. The contrivance consisted of a combination into one piece of the richest comic scenes, from Shakespeare, Marston, Shirley, &c., concealed under some taking title, and these snatches of plays were called "Humours" or "Drolleries." The argument prefixed to each piece serves as its plot. These have been collected and printed, and they contain a great fund of amusement, and some curious specimens of national humour. Private representations of plays were occasionally indulged in, in gentlemen's and noblemen's houses, such as Holland House, and due notice was given of them to those who frequented such exhibitions. Many excellent dramas were thus brought forth, the manuscripts of which have since been lost. Also, in country towns histrionic performances were given surreptitiously, the authorities winking at them. Raids upon them were, however, made when the offence became too apparent; but the actors generally got off without punishment, except the loss of their theatrical properties.

Oliver Cromwell, though despising the stage, and caring not for Shakespeare, could laugh as well as any man at mere buffoonery; and at the marriage of his daughter, Frances, he hired a couple of merry-andrews, and greatly enjoyed their antics and vagaries. Oliver passed away, Richard laid down the greatness thrust upon him, Monk's drums rattled up Gray's Inn Road, and a new era was dawning for the stage. The Oxford vintner's son, Will Davenant, might be seen eagerly showing the Cook's son, young Betterton, how Taylor used to play Hamlet under the instruction of Burbage, and announcing the opening of bright days.

Old Rhodes, leaving his former apprentice, Betterton, listening to Davenant's stage stories, hurried up



to Monk in Hyde Park, and obtained from him license to raise once more the theatrical flag. In a few days the drama commenced its new career in the Cockpit, in Drury Lane; and there "Thomas Betterton, Gentleman," was first introduced before the public. The son of Charles the First's cook was for fifty-one years the pride of the English theatre. The destitute actors warmed into life again beneath the sunshine of his presence. His dignity, his marvellous talent, his versatility, are all well known and recorded. His industry is proved by the fact that he created one hundred and thirty new characters. He was mirthful in Falstaff, and majestic in Alexander. The craft of his Ulysses, the grace and passion of his Hamlet, the force of his Othello, were not more remarkable than the low comedy of his Old Bachelor, the airiness of his Woodville, or the cowardly bluster of his Thersites. The old frozen-out actors rallied around him, and he enriched himself and them, giving dignity to his profession. The humble lad, born in Tothill Street, had a royal funeral in Westminster Abbey, after dying in harness. Off the stage he was exemplary in his bearing, as good a country gentleman in his farm in Berkshire as he was a perfect actor in town, pursuing to the last, with his excellent wife, the even tenour of his way, and eschewing vice and profligacy.

The drama, after the Restoration, found its home in two theatres which received exclusive patents from the King. The one was a new edifice in Drury Lane, constructed near the site of the old Cockpit, and directed by Killigrew, at the head of the King's company. The other, occupied by the Duke of York's company, under Davenant, was first situated in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, and afterwards was rebuilt in Portugal Row, Lincoln's Inn Fields. This latter troop, under Davenant's

successors, migrated in time to the Duke's Theatre, in Dorset Gardens, and eventually, in 1732, settled down in Covent Garden under Rich. Betterton became the principal actor in the company got together by Rhodes, which soon afterwards fell to the management of Davenant, and on the whole it was considered superior to that of Drury Lane.

Besides Betterton it contained several actors and actresses of merit. This new fashion of actresses was a French importation, began at the time of Queen Henrietta Maria. Formerly boys had been wont to fill the female parts, and indeed the custom was continued in some countries until long afterwards; for we find that in the middle of the eighteenth century, Goldoni still saw it followed in Rome. In England the introduction of women on the stage shocked the sensibilities of the Puritans, and on some occasions the ladies were "hissed, hooted, and pippin pelted" by an ungallant audience. In time, however, actresses began to be appreciated, and Englishwomen were found to follow the profession. In the first patents granted to Killigrew and Davenant, these managers were authorised to employ female performers, and the character of Desdemona was first played in Killigrew's company by a woman, whose name is not recorded. Mr. Secretary Pepy's first saw women on the stage in January, 1661, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Beggars Bush," and was very well pleased with the results.

The absurd and repulsive effect of a man impersonating females on the stage is self-evident, and can easily be verified by visiting a theatre wherein the low comedian is dressed up as a woman in a modern burlesque. Before the civil wars, three of Killigrew's company had been excellent representatives of female characters in their youth—that is, Hart, Burt, and Clun. In Davenant's troop, Kynaston and James

Nokes were the most celebrated "actresses." Kynaston was the "loveliest lady" ever beheld by Mr. Secretary. The boy appeared to have been eminently handsome, and when the play was concluded, and it was not his humour to carouse with the men, the ladies would seize on him, and carrying him to Hyde Park in their coaches, be foolishly proud of the precious freight which they bore with them. Kynaston was fond of imitating Sir Charles Sedley, whose style of dress he aped, for which offence he was twice severely punished by assailants hired by Sedley. As he grew older he played the parts of tyrants, in which his quiet, impetuous tone, and the fierce majesty of his bearing and utterance, greatly impressed the spectators. Nokes, after having distinguished himself as a "boy actress," became an excellent performer of broad comedy. Among the ladies of the company shone conspicuously, Mistress Hughes, Mistress Knipp, Ann and Rebecca Marshall, and, finally, the most celebrated of them all, Mrs. Gwyn.

How this smartest of Orange girls rose to be a clever comedian, and then King's mistress, and then the mother of a line of dukes, is a story too well known. Nell, in her youth, was little, but pretty and graceful. When she vended pippins and oranges in the pit of the theatre, her smart repartee won her customers. When in her sixteenth year, under the auspices of Charles Hart, who taught her to love and to act, she made her first appearance at the King's Theatre, and she stamped the smallest foot in England on the boards, and laughed with her peculiar ringing laugh, she carried away the town and enslaved the hearts of the city and the court. Nell Gwyn left Charles Hart for Charles Sackville, and both for Charles Stuart. As an actress she was exceedingly natural in some parts, was very successful in comedy, and danced to perfection.

As a woman she was a diamond of very impure water. The King bestowed upon her favours and money at the expense of the nation; her eldest son was created Duke of Albans, with the hereditary Master Falconership of England, and £60,000 were given to her in the course of four years. Subsequently, a pension of £6000 a-year was tossed to her from the Excise, and £3000 a-year were added for each son. And yet, with all these large sums she lived in debt, and died in debt, at the age of 38, and her creditors were paid by James out of the funds of the state.

Very different was Mrs. Betterton, known originally as Miss Saunderson. She acted for many years the chief female characters, especially in Shakespeare's plays, and what was more, in an age when virtue in actresses was unheard of, she preserved her reputation and her honour unsullied, and, with her husband, was noted for charity, hospitality, and dignity.

Among the gentlemen at this time of the King's company, besides Hart, Burt, and Clun, the principal were Lacy, the low comedian; Major Mohun, the high tragedian, who in some parts rivalled Betterton himself; Cardell Goodman, or *Scum* Goodman, as he was nick-named, an inveterate rogue, who afterwards became the favourite of Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland; and Haines, a merry wit and an excellent low comedian.

Betterton was the chief actor in Davenant's company, and neither age, trials, nor infirmity, damped his ardour. He was always ready, always perfect, always prepared to do the utmost in his power. He was equally at home in comedy and in tragedy; and to the last he subjected himself to as strict a discipline as if he were a novice, studying his parts as closely as if he had a reputation to make and a fortune to win. Both he and Davenant learnt much of the

dramatic art, by their visits to Paris, and their close inquiries into the French stage, to gain an insight into which was the object of their journey. Colley Cibber, the actor and author, came as a boy to join Davenant's company as a volunteer, and when he was promoted to a salary of ten shillings a week he seemed to have reached the height of human happiness. Colley became afterwards one of the best comedians, and one of the most celebrated writers of plays of that generation, fertile in the production of playwrights and players. Harris was an accomplished and graceful actor, and so was Scudamore; and Powell, Griffin, Sandford Smith, and Bleston, also deserve mention.

Among the actresses, the foremost was the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Barry, the orphan daughter of a Royalist colonel. She had been adopted by Davenant, and trained to the stage. At first she showed but little intelligence, her mind being unlocked by the Earl of Rochester, who fell in love with her beauty, became her master, and made her his mistress. He took infinite pains with her, and seemed to endow her with life and intellect. He superintended thirty rehearsals of each character she was to represent; but at first she made no great sensation, and it was not until 1680 that she became established as the greatest actress of her time. She is described as "having a presence of elevated dignity; her mien and motion were superb and gracefully majestic, her voice full, clear, and strong, so that no violence of passion could be too much for her; and when distress and tenderness possessed her, subsided into the most affecting melody and softness." No rival, however eminent, ever shook her position on the stage. Her industry was as indefatigable as that of Betterton, and during the thirty years she was on the boards, beginning at Dorset Gardens in 1673 and

ending at the Haymarket in 1710, she originated one hundred and twelve characters. Her versatility was astonishing, and she created the same sensation in two such opposite characters as Lady Brute in Vanbrugh's "Provoked Wife," and Zara, in Congreve's "Mourning Bride." Without being positively a transcendent beauty, many acres of land were lost for the sake of a little sunshine from the eyes of this imperious, vanquishing, and purse-destroying Cleopatra. When she retired finally, her characters were partitioned off between Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Knight, and Mrs. Bradshaw.

The principal actresses after Mrs. Barry, were Mrs. Mountfort, afterwards Mrs. Verbruggen, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Mrs. Jordan. Mrs. Mountfort was a pleasant mimic and a beautiful woman, and was endowed with great vivacity, which made her excellent in characters extremely different. She was full of wit and humour, and would sacrifice her personal attractions for the sake of heightening the effects of a part. Mrs. Bracegirdle was altogether different in person and talents. She was a fine brunette, with dark sparkling eyes, and countenance full of intelligence and expression. She bore a high private character, and was as good as she was handsome. For her sake authors wrote plays, and poured out in vain their own passion through the medium of her adorers in the comedy. Peers and commoners fruitlessly offered her wealth; platonic friendships she cultivated, but to love she was impervious.

Let us now leave for a while the actors and turn to the poets. Davenant, on his return to Paris, introduced a French style of performances, and composed himself a number of pieces, operas, &c., which were mostly slavish imitations of foreign models, and which have not escaped well-deserved oblivion. It was left for the industry and fertility of Dryden to give ~~the~~ **the** new theatre a

thorough establishment according to the new ideas, a task to which he applied himself with all diligence. The numerous essays on dramatic art which accompanied the publication of his plays, together with the treatise he published separately, exhibit the anarchy which prevailed in the notions of that art which then pervaded the public mind. The Court, whose taste the dramatists desired to seize and to follow, had no real knowledge of the fine arts; it merely favoured them like other foreign fashions and inventions of luxury. Hence the drama of the day became a strange compound of the extreme license of the later writers of the earlier English school, with the conventional stiffness and formality of the French, but without any of the vigorous and natural spirit of either of these models. Dryden's fatal facility of rhyming materially aided him in effecting this incongruous combination, to which likewise conduced the absence in him of the highest poetic spirit. His plots are grossly improbable, and the incidents thrown out at random, while the most marvellous theatrical strokes drop as it were incessantly from the clouds. The natural and the probable are unknown in his productions; passions, criminal and magnanimous, flow with indifferent levity from the lips, without ever having dwelt in the heart of his personages; their chief delight appears to be in heroic boasting. Their turn of expression is by turns flat and madly bombastic, the author's wit is displayed in far-fetched sophisms, and his imagination in long-spun smiles awkwardly introduced. The Duke of Buckingham, who possessed high powers of ridicule, satirised those faults and absurdities, in his comedy of the "Rehearsal," in which several separate parodies are ingeniously introduced.

But the best-aimed satire, though it might correct in some degree, could not regenerate the stage. This

could only have been done by the arising of some greater and more genuine dramatic genius, or at least by the successful appearance of some very great actor, capable of entering fully into the spirit of the elder drama. The "Rehearsal" might indeed contribute to produce that nearer approach to nature that among the compositions of Dryden's younger contemporaries, has preserved upon the stage one tragedy of Lee, and two of Otway, while not one of Dryden's pieces has maintained its existence, but the essential constitution of the acting drama remained as before. The mixed romantic species being entirely laid aside, all was either classical tragedy or comedy of intrigue. Dryden wrote comedies as well as tragedies; but, as with all his command of language and flow of rhyme, he did not possess in any perfection either the greatest dramatic or the highest poetical qualities, his dramatic writings, in this quality as well as the other, have fallen into entire neglect.

Besides Dryden, the following may be considered as the principal and best-known dramatists of the day:—Sir W. Davenant, Lee, Shadwell, Sir George Etherege, Otway, Shirley, Sir Charles Sedley, Congreve, Wycherley, Ravenscroft, Farquhar, Colley Cibber, Mrs. Aphra Behn, Mrs. Manley, Mrs. Pix, Sir John Vanbrugh, Mrs. Centlivre, Rowe, Tate, Southerne, Dennis, Cowley, and Phillips. Of Davenant it may be said that if he was quick of fancy and careful in composition, the result is not commensurate with the labour expended upon it. Lee, tender and impassioned as he is, is often absurd and bombastic. Shadwell's characters have the merit of being well conceived and strongly marked, yet his seventeen comedies are forgotten, though brimful of wit; and Shirley may be placed on a level with Fletcher. Etherege and Sedley, two of the most atrocious libertines that ever lived, wrote

comedies witty and licentious as themselves. The pieces of, the former, especially, formed at the time the delight of playgoers, and one of them, "Love in a Tub," is said to have brought £1000 profit to Lincoln's Inn Theatre in a single month. Ravenscroft possessed neither invention nor expression; withal he was a most prolific writer, a caricaturist, but without truth or refinement. Wycherley, on the other hand, was admirable for the epigrammatic turn of his stage conversations, the aptness of his illustrations, the acuteness of his observation, the richness of his character-painting, and the smartness of his satire; in the indulgence or practice of all which, however, the action of the play is often impeded that the audience may enjoy a shower of sky-rockets. Pope said that Wycherley was inspired by the Muses, with the wit of Plautus. He was also said to have the art of Terence and the fire of Menander. We are charmed by the humour of Wycherley, but we are not instructed by him, for he only teaches us what we should not be.

Although the "Sir Fopling Flutter" of Etherege is not yet forgotten, still Congreve is considered by many as the true father of genteel comedy on the English stage, and was long regarded as the great model for imitation in that department, to which distinction he was rather entitled by a perpetual reciprocation of wit in the dialogue, together with originality of plot and novel combinations of factitious manners, than by any lively and humorous delineation of natural character. He drew little from common life, but his portraits of sharpers and coquettes—of men without principle, and women without honour—are but too faithful representations of the fine ladies and gentlemen of the day. Wycherley has been said to be more natural and consistent than Congreve, whilst the women of Congreve are perhaps a trifle more elegant than those of

the former; but they are mere courtesans without principle, without heart, and without the slightest sense of virtue—brilliant through being decked with diamonds, but not a whit the more attractive on that account. However, Congreve and Wycherley stand supreme among the comedy writers of the seventeenth century, for at all events they were artists. Sir John Vanbrugh was an architect, poet, wit, herald, and successful playwright. He had humour and was exceedingly coarse, and he followed in the line of Congreve, with little more regard to decorum and decency. His ablest production, "The Confederacy," has long been banished from the stage on account of its license, but the "Provoked Wife" and the "Provoked Husband," though inferior in comic power, have occasionally been performed. Cowley failed as a dramatic writer, and is scarcely remembered at present in that capacity. Otway was equalled by few English poets in tragedy; withal his comedies were indifferent. Even of his tragedies "Venice Preserved" is alone ever played now. He was successful in touching the passions, and eminently so in dealing with love.

Farquhar, though displaying sufficient libertinism of language and sentiment, did not carry them to so gross an extent as Congreve, Wycherley, or Vanbrugh. A perfect gentlemanly ease of manner, lively spontaneity of wit, natural though not strongly-drawn character, and a felicitous, uninvolved construction are his peculiar characteristics, and preserved for a long time his "Beaux Stratagem," and two other of his pieces in public favour. His "Sir Harry Wildair" was the successor of the "Sir Fopling Flutter" of the preceding generation, but in dramatic qualities undoubtedly Farquhar exceeded Etherege. Mrs. Aphra Behn, the daughter of the Lieutenant General of Surinam, and the wife of a Dutchman, having met with

several misfortunes, betook herself to "pleasure and the muses." She followed Dryden, and wrote in the early days of Congreve and Wycherley. Her intellectual powers were great, and she might have led the minor dramatists through pure and bright ways, instead of which she sadly misused her opportunities, and dragged the muses into the mire. Her eighteen comedies are mostly adaptations from the older writers, or from French or Italian plays. She was skilful and never dull, but her vivacity is thrown away on as gross licentiousness as ever figured in print. She does not possess the wit or power of repartee of Congreve or Wycherley, and she describes the intrigues of her personages in words, the plain ribaldry of which is astounding. She dedicated her "*Feigned Courtesans*" to Nell Gwyn in language akin to adoration, comparing Mrs. Gwyn to a divinity and a perfect being. Her private life, it need not be remarked, perfectly bore out the maxims and opinions expressed in her works. Mrs. Manley was a woman who, having been betrayed in her youth, and turned loose in the world, became an authoress, and indited several tragedies and comedies, in the first of which there was desperate love and indiscriminate murder, and in one of the second she introduced to the public what was a very unusual novelty, *i.e.* a virtuous wife. Mrs. Pix was a person of much flesh and some genius, and she enjoyed a sort of vogue in the early years of the eighteenth century. She composed eleven plays, not one of which has survived to our times;—her comedies are full of life, her plots were not ill-conceived, but were carried out in an inexpressive manner.

We may here quote some extracts, from the opinions of the eminent continental critic Schlegel, as to the position of the English drama at the period of which we are speaking. "The greatest merit of the English

comic poets consists in the drawing of character, yet though many of them have shown much talent in this way, I cannot ascribe to any of them a peculiar genius for character. Even in this department the older poets (not only Shakespeare, for that may well be supposed, but even Fletcher and Jonson) are superior to them."

The moderns seldom possess the faculty of seizing the most hidden and involuntary emotions and giving them comic expression; they generally draw merely the natural or assumed surface of them. It was no longer an English national, but a London comedy. The whole nearly turns on fashionable love-suits and fashionable raillery; the love-affairs are either disgusting or insipid, and the raillery is always puerile and devoid of humour. These comic writers may have accurately hit the tone of the time: in this they did their duty; but they have reared a lamentable memorial of the age. . . . I am convinced that if we could have listened to the conversation of that day, we should have found it as pettily affected and full of tasteless pretension as the hoops, the towering head dresses, and high-heeled shoes of the women, and the huge perruques, cravats, wide sleeves, and ribbon knots of the men. The last, and not the least defect of the English comedies is their indecency. I may sum up the whole in one word by saying, that after all that we know of the licentiousness of manners under Charles II, we are still lost in astonishment at the audacious ribaldry of Wycherley and Congreve. Not merely is decency strongly violated in single speeches, and frequently in the whole plot, but in the character of the rake, the fashionable debauchee, a moral scepticism is directly preached, and marriage is the constant subject of ridicule. Beaumont and Fletcher portrayed a vigorous though irregular nature; but nothing can be more repulsive than rude de-

pravity coupled with claims to higher refinement."

The continuance and even increase of this moral depravation of the drama produced at length, in 1698, a severe castigation from the pen of a sturdy Nonjuror, Jeremy Collier, under the title of "*A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage, together with the Sense of Antiquity on this Argument.*" In this work the author, armed with learning and wit, attacked all the living dramatists; and though some of them, including Congreve, set up a petulant and sophistical defence, yet this publication of Collier had a permanent effect on the stage, as well as on the public mind.

One of the first writers that helped to purify the stage was Susanna Freeman, better known as Mrs. Centlivre. Of her nineteen plays, three at least are still well known, the "*Busy-Body*," "*The Wonder*," and "*A Bold Stroke for a Wife*." When she offered the first-named to the players—it was her ninth play—the actors unanimously denounced it. Wilks, who had hitherto been unaccustomed to the want of straining after wit, the common sense, the enforced sprightliness, the homely nature, for which this piece is distinguished, declared that not only it would be "damned," but that the author of it could hardly expect to avoid a similar destiny, and yet its triumph was undoubted, though gradual. The character of Marplot, in the "*Busy-Body*," is a familiar comic portrait; whilst "the real Simon Pure," in the "*Bold Stroke for a Wife*," has passed into proverbial expression in the English language. This last piece was, at first, but moderately successful; but it has such vivacity, fun, and quiet humour in it that it has outlived many a one that began with greater triumph.

Mrs. Centlivre had unobtrusive humour, sayings full of significance rather than wit, wholesome fun in her comic, and earnestness in her serious characters; she attracted the

spectators by the fidelity of her pictures of life.

Ambrose Philips distinguished himself principally by a version of Racine's "*Andromaque*," which, dull as it is, met with considerable success, probably owing to the declamatory powers of Booth. The "*Spectator*" relates the effect the tender tale had on the nerves of Sir Roger de Coverley; and Addison admires the work on account of its simplicity, whilst to us the inflated nature of the style is quite amusing.

Southerne and Rowe endeavoured to return to a more natural tragic tone and style than those which Dryden had so long practised and inculcated. Southerne even ventured to attempt the Shakespearian combination of the ludicrous and the tragic, but being deficient in that mastery of the art which is necessary to accomplish this with success, he necessarily failed. His "*Oronooko*" and his "*Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage*," have kept the stage for a long time; but the comic portions being merely inserted or stuck on, rather than interwoven or blended, have been simply dropped in the performance, without being at all missed by the audience. Indeed, as Southerne originally wrote "*Oronooko*," that tragedy could not now be represented; nor are his comedies worth much, except as they illustrate the manners and habits of his times. They more closely resemble those of Ravenscroft than of Congreve and Wycherley. His "*Sir Anthony Love*" was successful, though, as it does not contain a wise sentiment or a happy saying, it is difficult to conjecture wherefore.

Rowe was an honest admirer of Shakespeare, and one of the very few dramatists of the past century whose productions are ever presented to modern audiences. His "*Tamerm-lane*" was very favourably received by the public. There is vitality in this tragedy, which, with some of the bluster of the old, had some of the sentiment of a new school. Tamer-

lane remained a favourite part with many actors. Without boldness and vigour he possessed sweetness and feeling. In *Tamerlane* he had thundered after the manner of Dryden, but he lacked strength to make the heroes of that tragedy powerful. His real power lay in illustrating the woes and weaknesses of heroines, and Calista, in his "*Fair Penitent*," is one of the most successful of his portraits. There is unavowed plagiarism from Massinger's "*Fatal Dowry*," but there is greater purity of sentiment in Rowe. The tragedy may still be called an acting play, and the style is excellent English. His "*Jane Shore*" and "*Lady Jane Grey*" possess the same attributes; and in all of these plays he freely enlisted the sympathies of the audience on behalf of his female creations.

A new writer arose in the very commencement of the century, who at the age of twenty-six, brought out a new piece at Drury Lane, "*The Funeral or Grief à-la-Mode*." It was his first production, and all that was known of him was that he was a native of Dublin, had been fellow pupil with Addison at the Charter-House, had left the University without taking a degree, and had enlisted as a private gentleman in the Horse Guards. His name was Steele. The wildest and wittiest young dog about town, after writing the "*Christian Hero*," composed a play to redeem his character. The "*Funeral*" is the merriest and the most perfect of Steele's comedies. The characters are strongly marked, the wit genial and not indecent. Steele was among the first who set about reforming the licentiousness of the stage. His satire in the "*Funeral*" is not against virtue, but vice and silliness. The most genuine humour in the piece was that applied against lawyers, and more especially in the satire against undertakers. In his next comedy, "*The Lying Lover*," Steele went too far in his virtuous intentions, and in

striving to be pure after his idea of purity, and to be moral, after a loose idea of morality, he failed altogether in wit, humour, and invention. In his subsequent pieces he regained those qualities, and his "*Tender Husband*," in which he had Addison for a coadjutor, was well received. This comedy was chiefly a satire on the evils of romance reading, and was of a strictly moral though somewhat heavy tendency. Steele has the merit of having materially assisted towards the purification of the drama, but his chief claim to fame rests on his essays in the "*Spectator*" which will live long after his plays are utterly forgotten.

Colley Cibber, actor, author, manager, and poet, was a favourite comedian in his day, as well as one of the foremost dramatic authors. In some parts, such as fops and feeble old men, he was said to be inimitable. Beginning the world in trifling characters at ten shillings a week, he worked his way upwards, notwithstanding his unprepossessing appearance in youth, until he became joint patentee of Drury Lane with Collier, Wilks, and Doggett, and afterwards with Booth, Wilks, and Steele, until he retired, in 1730, when appointed poet laureate. He was the only actor who ever attained that honour. He subsequently performed occasionally on single nights, tempted by the offer of fifty guineas a night. As a writer of comedy he is inferior only to Congreve, Wycherley, and Vanbrugh. In his first play, "*Love's Last Shift*," he introduced the novelty of representing husbands who were not betrayed, duped, and openly derided and dishonoured. Though the style was still gross, it marked a new era, for the infraction of the seventh commandment was no longer the principal object of the life of a beau. He composed or adapted thirty plays, one of the best of which is undoubtedly "*The Careless Husband*." In this comedy a serious and eminently successful attempt to reform the



licentiousness of the drama was made by one who had himself been a great offender. Lord Morelove is the first lover in English comedy, since licentiousness possessed it, who is at once a gentleman and an honest man. In *Lady Ease* we have what was formerly unknown or laughed at, a virtuous married woman. The dialogue is admirably sustained, not only in repartee, but in descriptive parts, and is delightfully easy and polished. The incidents are pictured with a master's art, and refinement is manifested in talking of things unrefined. The character of the beautiful and wayward coquette, Lady Betty Modish, whose selfishness is at last subdued by a worthy lover, was very carefully constructed; and Cibber at first despaired of finding an actress with power enough to realise his conception. It was written for Mrs. Verbruggen (Mountfort), but she was now dead. Mrs. Bracegirdle might have played the part, but she was not a member of the Drury Lane company. Reluctantly the part was entrusted to Mrs. Oldfield, an actress of promise; and a great triumph was achieved for the actress and for the play, for which Cibber was grateful to the end of his life. To her he confessed he owed the success, and Mrs. Oldfield at the same time established her reputation as one of the first female performers of the day. As a critic in dramatic matters Colley Cibber ranked high, and his "Apology" forms an excellent textbook for students of theatrical criticism.

The play that produced the greatest profit to Colley was the "Non-juror," an adaptation of Moliere's "Tartuffe," brought out in 1717. The piece owes its origin to fear and hatred of the Pope and the Pretender. It addressed itself to so wide an audience that Lintot gave a hundred guineas for the copyright, and it proved so acceptable to the King that he gave a dedication-fee to the author of twice that number

of guineas. The play was not such a servile imitation of "Tartuffe," but an excellent adaptation of it, according to modern circumstances. Thoroughly English, it abounds with the humour and manner of Cibber, and despite some offences against taste, was the purest comedy on the stage. The success surpassed even expectation. It raised against the author a host of implacable foes, but it gained for him his advancement to the poet-laureateship, and an estimation for usefulness in the cause of true religion.

Fielding, a young fellow of twenty-three, and bred to the law, was driven to the drama by the inability of his father, the General, to supply him with funds. His first play, "Love in Several Masques," was acted at Drury Lane in 1728; his second, and a better, the "Temple Beau," was played at Goodman's Fields. For the Haymarket, Fielding wrote the only piece which has come down to our days, his immortal burlesque-tragedy of "Tom Thumb," in which the weakness and bombast of late or contemporary writers are copied with wonderful effect. Fielding's place in dramatic history is not an important one, but he demands notice as one of the principal of those writers for the stage who afforded Sir Robert Walpole a pretext for obtaining the Act to limit the number of theatres, and subject dramatic performances to the Lord Chamberlain's license.

In 1731, Lillo's well-known domestic tragedy of "George Barnwell" was first acted at Drury Lane. This was the first fairly honest attempt to correct, from the boards, the vices and weaknesses of mankind. Pope thought the language too elevated for the speakers, but the hearers thought only of the story, and every eye was weeping. The sympathy of honest women, at all events, was secured. "George Barnwell" is occasionally performed even now before east-end or country

audiences, and in its day it brought domestic drama into fashion, of which it was perhaps the earliest effort.

The "Wife of Bath" was the first production of a young man who had been a mercer's apprentice in the Strand, and who was now house-steward and man-of-business to the widowed Duchess of Monmouth. The public received with indifference the composition of the young man, whose name was Gay. More successful was his next, "The Captives," but it did not help to raise him, for the story was found unnatural and the style stilted. It was the "Beggar's Opera" that made "Gay Rich and Rich Gay." The "Beggar's Opera" season was the most profitable ever known then. The origin of this piece is doubtful. According to some it was intended to burlesque the Italian opera, established and maintained at great expense, and thought by many to be rising to hurtful rivalry with the national drama. According to others the play was merely a vehicle for indulging his satirical humour against ministers and placemen, in a Newgate comedy, written when smarting under disappointment of preferment at Court. Old Congreve shook his head, and Cibber declined what Rich eagerly accepted. For sixty-two nights—which was then an unprecedented run—did the "Beggar's Opera" draw crowded houses. Highwaymen grew fashionable, and ladies not only carried fans decorated with subjects from the opera, but sang the lighter and hummed the coarser songs. Lavinia Fenton, the Polly, was taken off the stage by the Duke of Bolton, who eventually married her; and Gay's author's night alone realised to him £700.

Addison's tragedy of "Cato," notwithstanding the great temporary celebrity it enjoyed, deserves little attention as a work of art, except in so far as in having been the first, and probably the model, of a

series of the most frigid productions in imitation of the French classical school, by Young, Johnson, Thomson and others. With some moderate poetic, these productions have no dramatic merit, and the very excess of their formality and frigidity, perhaps, contributed to that decisive reaction in favour of the elder dramatic school, which took place in the middle of the last century. Booth, who founded the part of Cato, created an extraordinary sensation. The pit was in a whirlwind of delicious agitation, and Bolingbroke was so affected by the acting of Booth, that when the play was over, he sent for the greatest actor of the day, and presented him with a purse of fifty guineas. The piece is not destitute of a certain grandeur, and it was translated into French, Italian, and other languages. The poets of the time praised it with verses, all except Dennis, who inexorably proved that, despite beauty of diction, it is one of the most absurd, inconsistent, and unnatural plays ever conceived by poet. But Johnson remarks truly, "As we love better to be pleased than to be taught, Cato is read, and the critic is neglected."

Never was there a greater galaxy of stars on the stage, than during the first half of the last century. Want of space prevents us from being able to do little more than record the names of the most celebrated, among whom shone conspicuously Mrs. Oldfield. The beautiful and gifted Anne Oldfield was introduced to the stage at the early age of fifteen, by Captain Farquhar; like the great Mrs. Barry, her first appearances were failures. Cibber at first appreciated her little, and her genius burst upon him with amazement as he witnessed her performance in a secondary part. He then finished his comedy of the "Careless Husband," the manuscript of which he had laid aside, in the hopelessness of finding an actress who would realise

his idea of Lady Betty Modish. Mrs. Oldfield's triumph in that character we have already mentioned, and after that for years she reigned supreme. Her versality was remarkable, and she played Marcia with passion, Cleopatra with dignity, and Calista with feeling. In tragedy, the glory of her form, the stateliness of her mien, the majesty of her walk, touched the rudest spectator. In comedy, her power, her graceful hilarity, her singular felicity were so irresistible, that the eyes never wearied of gazing at her, nor the hands of applauding her. She was the original founder of sixty-five new characters. She died at the age of 47, leaving behind her a handsome fortune. She received such honours as never were paid before or after to an actress; her body lay in solemn state in the Jerusalem Chamber, where it was visited by crowds of all conditions. In private life she had been exceedingly admired and courted, and was greatly esteemed. Though she was not what we should call now virtuous; love only, and not interest, prompted the only two irregularities in her life.

Mrs. Porter reigned supreme in tragedy after the death of Mrs. Oldfield. She was tall and well made, and in suitable parts she seemed to be inspired with that noble and enthusiastic ardour which was capable of raising the coldest auditor to animation. Mrs. Cibber, the wife of Theophilus, and daughter-in-law of Colley, was a charming actress. She possessed rare merits, and her silvery voice, her sweet features, and the expressive nobility of her countenance, enthralled the audience. Her eyes are said to have seemed in tender grief to swim in tears; in rage, to flash with fire; in despair to become as dead. Her Ophelia is described as having been unapproachable; and when Garrick heard that Susanna Maria Cibber was dead, he said, "Then tragedy has died with her." She played

Juliet to Barry's Romeo, in which character she was distinguished for grand beauty, force, and expression, against Miss Bellamy's Juliet and Garrick's Romeo, when all London flocked to see the rival couples, not knowing to whom to award the palm. Mrs. Horton was a fascinating and clever performer, and for a time she was looked upon as Mrs. Oldfield's successor, but her style was artificial. Mrs. Rafter, better known as Kitty Clive, was an extraordinary character actress, giving point especially to saucy parts, and her name is well remembered in conjunction with Garrick. She was the very queen of hoydens and chambermaids. She was a born buxom, roguish chambermaid, fierce virago, chuckling hoyden, brazen romp, stolid fine lady, and thoroughly natural old woman, of whatever condition in life. She was a capital mimic, and ruled supreme over her audiences, who felt with her and laughed with her. She was a true comic genius, and in her way irresistible. Her private character appears to have been good, contrasting in this respect to that of her rival, the lovely Peg Woffington. Much has been written about Margaret Woffington, and Mr. Reade has immortalised her memory. She was an Irishwoman, and took the town by storm when she made her first appearance in 1740. This enchantress, who had begun life in childhood as a rope-dancer, was so winning, natural, and refined, that it was said a new Mrs. Oldfield had arisen; crowded audiences flocked to see her, and for a considerable period she remained a leading favourite with the public.

Among the actors, Booth and Wilks, after the death of Betterton, undoubtedly ranked foremost. Booth had been intended for holy orders, and was a good latinist and fine elocutionist. Having been cast in one of Steele's pieces as a boy, he received such plaudits and marks of

approbation, that the aim of his life was changed ; the church was deprived of an eloquent clergyman, and the stage received one of the most celebrated actors. It is with "Cato" that Booth is identified, and it is to him that Addison owed the success of his tragedy. His dignity, pathos, energy, were all worthy of Betterton, and his grandeur was said to be striking. Booth was a man of education, feeling, and judgment. He had a talent for discovering the passions, and when he discovered them he soon found out the best means of expressing them. In tragedy he was unrivalled, and his Othello, Cato, and Polydore in the "Orphan,"—in which he was never equalled—were long the theme of the admiration of his contemporaries ; as were also his sorrowing and not roaring Lear ; his manly, yet not blustering Hotspur. He died in 1733, when about fifty, after much suffering ; his end being probably hastened by the barbarous remedies administered to him by his physicians.

Wilks excelled in comedy as much as Booth did in tragedy. Descended from an old Irish family, Wilks came over in early youth to England, and adopted the stage as his profession. After a struggle of some years, he became the great favourite of the town. He appears to have been careful, judicious, and painstaking, in the smallest trifles ; in comedy, always brilliant ; in tragedy, always graceful and natural. By dint of constant labour he acquired an ease and grace and gaiety perfectly unapproachable. His taste in dress was irreproachable ; grave in his attire in the streets, and the glass of fashion on the stage. On the boards, even in his last season, after a career of forty years, he never lost his buoyancy or his young graces. From first to last he was perfection in his peculiar line.

Of Rich we need only say that, under the style of Lun, he was the

best harlequin ever witnessed. The splendour of the scenery, and the skill and ability of Rich himself, attracted crowds to his little house in Lincoln's Inn. The prices of admission were raised, and the weekly receipts greatly exceeded the highest amount ever reached previously ; and all this to see a harlequinade, whilst Shakespeare was utterly neglected. We must not, however, judge of his performances by what we see in the present day. John Rich was eloquent in every gesture in his mute harlequin. Every motion of his head, hand, or foot intelligibly expressed some idea. The town flocked to see him, and during his proprietorship of Covent Garden, he realised considerable sums.

James Quin belonged to the by-gone school of Betterton, and for a time he held the succession of Booth. During his career of forty years, Quin stands worthily among, if not on a level with, such actors of different eras as Betterton and Garrick, having something of each and yet being distinct from either. James Quin began his race in Dublin in 1714, and ended it at Bath in 1753. From the former city he passed to the Lincoln's Inn Theatre in London, thence to Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and again to Covent Garden. He was vanquished by Garrick, but not humiliated, though perhaps a little humbled in spirit. His great merit is, nevertheless, incontestible. His Cato and Brutus appear to have been good. He was excellent in Henry VIII., Gloster, Falstaff, and various other characters. His "Plain Dealer" is commended, and the soliloquies of Zanga are eulogised. He failed in Macbeth, Lear, Richard, and Othello. He possessed a well-regulated tone of voice, judicious elocution, and easy and withal dignified deportment ; the expression of the tender, as well as the violent emotions of the heart, was beyond his reach. From the retirement of

Booth, to the appearance of Garrick, Quin in his own peculiar way was without a rival, and was so much esteemed that in 1750, at Covent Garden, he received £1000 for one season. He spent the later days of his life at Bath, whither he withdrew possessed of a competence. There he enjoyed a social position congenial to a man of his merits, taste, and acquirement. He was a welcome guest at many noble hearths, and he became reconciled with his great rival Garrick, at whose house at Hampton he was a guest shortly before his death.

Verbruggen, Bournan, Powell, Dogget, Delane, Mills, Ryan, were all actors more or less meritorious in their different ways, without rising to the foremost rank.

In 1741 a new actor made an extraordinary sensation in the part of Richard III., at the small theatre in Goodman's Fields. From the moment the audience saw him they were enthralled. They saw a real Richard, and not an actor personating him. Above all, the audience were delighted with his "nature." Since Betterton's death, actors had fallen into a rhythmical, mechanical, sing-song cadence. Garrick spoke not as an orator, but as King Richard himself might have spoken under the circumstances. His points occurred in rapid succession. Betterton, Booth, and Garrick formed a worthy consecution, the last being, perhaps, the greatest of them all. Garrick made his way slowly at first, until the town was aroused, and the western theatres were abandoned. Quin felt his laurels tremble, and declared if this young man was right, all the old actors must be wrong. Pope came up from Twickenham, and feared the young man would be spoiled, as he would have no competitors. Garrick's powers of mimicry were wonderful, and he imitated to perfection the peculiarities of the actors of the day. The patent theatres remained empty

when he played at Goodman's Fields, until terms were made, and Garrick was brought over to Drury Lane, at a salary of £600 per annum, which was £100 more than Quin was then receiving.

We need not enter here into the history of Garrick's fortunes, nor discuss his merits, which are familiar to all who are acquainted with the national drama. The versatility with which he played and mastered every part on the stage is astonishing; high tragedy, low comedy, and absurd harlequinade, nothing came amiss to him. In some individual characters he was occasionally equalled, and in some rare instances perhaps excelled, by one or other of his rivals. The handsome, blue-eyed young Irishman, Spranger Barry, divided with Garrick the applause of the town as Romeo, and it was undecided to whom of the two Romeos the palm should be awarded. The following remark is said to have been made by a lady on the subject. "Had I been Juliet," she said, "to Garrick's Romeo—so ardent and impassioned was he, I should have expected that he would have *come up* to me in the balcony; but had I been Juliet to Barry's Romeo—so tender, so eloquent, and so seductive was he, I should certainly have gone down to him." Macklin is said to have surpassed him in Shylock—Quin in Sir John Brute, Cibber in Bayes, and Weston in Abel Drugger.

Taking him for all in all he was unquestionably unequalled among his contemporaries in his extraordinary histrionic powers. But fame as a mere actor seldom hands any one down to posterity, and the memory of Garrick is now more glorious for his restoration of Shakespeare to his rightful supremacy over the English theatre—for which his countrymen owe him a deep debt of gratitude—than for his genius as a player. We see here to how great a degree the dignity and prosperity of a national

theatre may depend on the tastes or talents of a single actor, especially if he be also a manager. When the condition of the English stage for three generations before is considered, it is quite evident that no person but an actor of very high genius could achieve the theatrical resuscitation of the greatest of our dramatic poets. Had any such actor existed at the restoration of Charles II., he might have done much to prevent the degradation of the theatre, which was so much favoured by that king's vitiated taste. It was one of the lasting and vital injuries inflicted on the theatrical system by the puritanical suppression, that the old line of actors who had risen and flourished along with the great and vigorous dramatic school of the age of Elizabeth and James, and who had imbibed its natural healthy tone, had grown with its growth, and strengthened with its strength, was violently

and fatally interrupted. A new race of actors arose, who, not having the great examples of the past before them, found it easier to strut and rant in the delivery of the bombast put in their mouths than to sound the depths of nature.

It was left for one qualified to be the great actor of nature, to lead forth the sublime poet of nature from his long theatrical obscurity. The clear, deep, quick and varied truth which appeared in Garrick's interpretation of Shakespeare's characters, after all the cold, leaden, formal declamation followed by the most esteemed performers, was a revelation to the play-going public of the day. So not only the leading dramatic taste, but the highest standard of acting, was raised to its ancient elevation, and it is only of late times that we have seen it descend again very considerably below it.

J. P.



## THOSE GOOD-NATURED NEIGHBOURS !

It is an old saying, that "we should believe nothing that we hear, and only half of what we see." Although such a piece of advice may appear paradoxical, still the longer one lives the more one must feel convinced that there is a great deal of reason for it. Let us endeavour to illustrate the saying by an incident, and its consequences, which, although drawn entirely from the imagination, is really not a greater tissue of improbabilities than some things which are to be met with in most people's experience.

The Rev. Theophilus Walton is devoted to the gentle art of fishing. He has hooked many a fish in his day, but on the day with which we open our narration respecting him, he has unluckily succeeded in *hooking* himself. His salmon-fly has torn a great gash in his cheek. It is not without much difficulty that he has succeeded in extricating it, and while so doing, he has smeared the blood about his face until he presents a rather startling-looking picture of a wounded man. The Rev. Theophilus is a somewhat absent, middle-aged bachelor, not very particular about his personal appearance. It never occurs to him to wash the blood off. He goes on fishing for another hour or more, then walks home unconcernedly through the village—still bloody.

He is by this time busy thinking of his next sermon. Deep in his meditations, he scarcely casts a glance to right or left. "Oh my! oh my!" exclaim the women at the doors, "What ails his riverence?" "Dear, O dear, and mercy on us, look at his face! it's all blooden!" "Shure and it must a bin some of them boys at the corner as is always cloddin stones, an has given his

riverence a bat by accident," says one old woman who sets up to be wiser than the rest, and is listened to accordingly by an open-mouthed gathering, after the unconscious clergyman has passed out of sight. Somebody replies—"Well, I'm sartin shure that if one of the boys did hit him, his riverence has made him remember it, for quiet as he looks, he's a very different sort of a man when he's *riz*, as I know well!" Everyone now urges the last speaker to tell what it is that she knows so well, upon which she relates an anecdote of how the Rev. Theophilus had once come upon two young men who had set a dog to worry a kitten, and how, when he expostulated, they had laughed at him, and how he had walked up close to them with a face of thunder, and told them he'd "box them both" in half a minute, if they didn't walk off at once with their dog. Upon which they did walk off with their dog, and his riverence walked off with the kitten.

Now, it so happens that amongst the hearers of this tale there is a matron who is slightly afflicted with deafness, but is nevertheless a most inveterate gossip. To say nothing of the difficulty she has in hearing the rights of a story, she has a still greater difficulty in repeating anything just as she heard, or just as she *thinks* she heard it. She is greatly given to embellishing, and does not stick at inventions when they serve her turn to make a story sound well. It is not, then, a matter for astonishment that, through such a medium as this, half the country should be informed, at a wake which chances to take place the very same evening, that "the Reverent Theophilus and some man whom he

met going along the road, and who was believed to be a travelling tinker, had been seen first *tarring* on their two dogs to fight each other, and finally fighting themselves. But the reverent gentleman had given the tinker a great bating, but that he had'n't got off with a whole skin himself, and that he had been met coming through the village, on his way home, with his coat all dirty and torn, and his face covered with blood." Somebody at the wake jocularly suggested that the rev. gentlemen "must have had a drop too much, or he would never have joined till fight dogs with a tinker." Upon which another replied, "Ah shure, and don't ye know that he's a teetotaller?" But the other, not to be silenced, rejoined, "Maybe somebody has played a thrick upon him, and given him a tumbler of Scotch whiskey, and he's swallowed it for water !"

As ill-luck will have it, who should there be at the wake but a brother of the local "correspondent" of a daily paper. This latter worthy receives from his fraternal relative the full account of the fight with the tinker, together with the latest addition, namely, that "drink had been the cause of it all." He immediately despatched a neat paragraph, concluding by saying that the reverend gentleman's usually temperate habits and quiet demeanour are so well-known, that the astonishment felt in the neighbourhood is only equalled by the general regret, coupled with a feeling of wide-spread sympathy for one who has hitherto been universally respected.

The Rev. Theophilus is not a reader of the newspaper in question, but after he has been completely mystified for a couple of days or so, by the strange, unusual looks with which he is encountered by everybody he meets, light dawns upon him at last : when a neighbour hands him the paper containing the paragraph, he is thunderstruck. His

neighbour, however, says, "Perhaps you would do best if you took no notice of it ; and, you see, it is put as favourable as possible !" "*Favourably*, my dear sir !" exclaims the Rev. Theophilus ; "why, are you going to tell me that you believe the whole thing to be anything else than a lie from beginning to end?" And with that he rushes off to catch the post, with a hasty paragraph, which he begs the editor, in justice to himself, to send "slips" of to all his contemporaries. This is the paragraph :—

"THE REV. THEOPHILUS WALTON.—We have the best possible authority for stating that there is no truth in the astounding report which has recently obtained circulation respecting this rev. gentleman."

With feverish anxiety the maligned parson awaits the dawning of the day which is to make known to all the world that he is guiltless of the charges so thoughtlessly and truthlessly circulated. He hastens to purchase copies of two—three—four different journals, to assure himself that the denial has reached them all. To his horror, he finds that some impish printer's devil has left out the most important word in the whole paragraph! The "slip," uncorrected in the editorial sanctum of the original office, has gone out thus to every printing-room :—

"We have the best possible authority for stating that there *is* truth in the astounding report, which," &c.

The unfortunate clergyman nearly goes deranged upon the spot ! What is to be done ? If he denies it again, there will be some other blunder. If he visits all the newspaper offices in town, and personally supervises the proofs, thus ensuring their correctness, there will even then be thousands who will have seen or heard of the original misstatement and its subsequent confirmation, for every hundred who will notice the denial. But the worst is yet to come ! Some busy-



body, who loves to have a rap at any one who has a position to boast of, happens to have got the ear of an assiduous M.P., who is ever ready in his place in Parliament to put questions to the Government upon any subject of local or general importance. Once more a newspaper is handed to the Rev. Theophilus, in which the following passage is marked with three large crosses in red ink :—

“NOTICE OF MOTION.

“The member for Diddlesborough, To ask the Chief Secretary for Ireland whether there is any truth in the report that the Rev. Theophilus Walton was recently concerned in a dog-fight, and subsequently in a pugilistic encounter with a low tramp. Whether the rev. gentleman was sober at the time. Whether it is true that he is patron of two National Schools, and if so, and if the foregoing rumours are correct, whether it is the intention of the Commis-

sioners of National Education to deprive him of the patronage in question.”

Let us here draw a curtain over the feelings of the unfortunate gentleman ! To attempt to describe them would be impossible. Suffice it to say, that having written to his bishop an earnest supplication that he would immediately send a *locum tenens* to his parish, he started, forthwith, for Central Africa, for the good of his health, resolving not to return home till he had found Livingstone, and had bathed his aching temples at the sources of the Nile !

Those good-natured neighbours, when they heard that he had gone, regretted him exceedingly. They soon learned the utter baselessness of the story they had so sedulously circulated ; and each and all cheerfully said, with candour in their countenances—“ I’m thankful to feel that I had not a hand in spreading such an unfounded calumny.”



## JUVENILE SMOKING.

TWELVE months ago we devoted an article to the consideration of the Tobacco question, and a careful examination of the subject led us to advise all smokers to throw away their pipes. The question is one of such social importance, that we need make no excuse for returning to it.

Our object is to promote the health, purity, and stamina of the nation. If our case were, then, as weak as we believe it to be strong, we should still be entitled to that consideration which is due to good intentions.

The modern journalist is a lay preacher whose duty it is to reprove vice and folly, however fashionable they may have become; to guard the health, conscience, and honour of the nation; to give every good cause aid and kindly wishes; and to respect honesty of conviction and purity of purpose, even amongst those whose aims are not sympathised with.

There seems to be a concurrence of testimony that the use of tobacco is making fearful ravages amongst the youth and manhood of Britain, and we fear that if this is not arrested the result will be a deterioration of the race. If this fear is not well-founded, it can be easily disproved. The question of racial degeneration is beginning to be seriously looked into. Thus we find Herbert Spencer telling us:—"It is asserted by not a few, that among the educated classes the younger adults and those who are verging on maturity, are neither so well grown nor so strong as their seniors. On first hearing this assertion, we were inclined to class it as one of the many manifestations of the old tendency to exalt the past at the expense of the present. Calling to mind the facts that, as measured

by ancient armour, modern men are proved to be larger than ancient men; and that the tables of mortality show no diminution, but rather an increase in the duration of life, we paid little attention to what seemed a groundless belief. Detailed observation, however, has shaken our opinion. Omitting from the comparison the labouring classes, we have noticed a majority of cases in which children do not reach the stature of their parents; and, in massiveness, making due allowance for difference of age, there seems a like inferiority. Medical men say that now-a-days people cannot bear nearly so much depletion as in times gone by. Premature baldness is far more common than it used to be; and an early decay of teeth occurs in the rising generation with startling frequency. In general vigour the contrast appears equally striking. Men of past generations, living riotously as they did, could bear more than the men of the present generation, who live soberly. Yet we who think much about our bodily welfare, who eat with moderation, and do not drink to excess; who attend to ventilation and use frequent ablutions; who make annual excursions, and have the greater medical knowledge,—we are continually breaking down under our work. Paying considerable attention to the laws of health, we seem to be weaker than our grandfathers, who in many respects defied the laws of health. And judging from the appearance and frequent ailments of the rising generations, they are likely to be even less robust than ourselves."

If this is the case with the well-to-do classes, their poor brethren are not likely to be exempt; and Dr. Rumsey has on various occasions

spoken of the progressive physical degeneracy of our town populations. For that there are unhappily many causes. The shocking overcrowding, the miserable homes, drunkenness, waste, and ignorance, of some portions of the working classes, have combined to produce a result of physical and moral evil, which must sadden the heart of every thinking man who walks through the narrow alleys or dark wynds of any large town.

In Dr. Morgan's description of patients among the lower classes of Manchester, he mentions the singular want of stamina which characterises them as a class. Thus:—"Instances in which the muscular system is fully developed or well strung are remarkably rare. Few are men of that calibre from which we might expect either vigorous and healthy offspring, or arduous and sustained labour. Cases of deformity, accompanied by actual distortion, are not uncommon, while minor physical defects, denoting constitutional ailments, are deplorably frequent." Their weak, excitable, irregular, and rapid circulations, cold extremities, blanched lips, and colourless cheeks, indicated to Dr. Morgan the impoverished state of their blood. Their liability to neuralgia and involuntary convulsive movements, showed an enfeebled nervous system. "In others, again," he observes, "the teeth are no sooner developed than they begin to decay, enlarged glands protrude from the neck, the skin looks dry and parched, the hair scanty and withered."<sup>1</sup>

These are serious testimonies, and demand earnest attention. It would be foolish to attribute this lowering of physical stamina to the sole influence of tobacco. The causes which have produced this result, are no doubt manifold and complex; but, for the reasons we shall adduce, we think it would be equally foolish

to say that the Indian weed has had no share in it.

The physiological action of tobacco is well-known, and Science has given her verdict against it. Its effects are easily tested, and even amongst its users there is a conviction that it is not compatible with the highest physical health and capacity for exertion. It is a well-known fact, that in training for those muscular exertions which tax the powers to their utmost, regular smokers have to abandon the use of the weed. The athlete knows that the functional disturbances to which it gives rise detract from his strength and power of endurance.

Medical literature is unhappily rich, not in mere expressions of opinion, but in records of cases where the connection between tobacco and disease is too obvious to be denied. There is no lack of great and honoured names amongst the medical men who have warned the public on this subject. The testimony of Copland, Virchow, Sichel, Brodie, Solly, cannot easily be explained away.

Dr. Druhen, who has devoted a good deal of attention to this topic, after quoting a long array of eminent physicians who have denounced the use of tobacco as a cause of disease and suffering, proceeds to detail a number of cases in which the weed had demonstrably led to various maladies, and then adds, "This will be all the easier for me, since there are few physicians who have not had occasion in the course of their career to gather such instances. I have come across many of them myself, and the annals of science are rich in them."

Yet Fashion is so strong, that this custom is increasing, and any one who walks through the streets of a city may see that it is no longer confined to men, but is daily becoming more common amongst boys. It is some-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Rumsey, in "Food Journal," Dec. 1, 1871.

times said that medical testimony is readily procurable for any purpose. Without staying to test the general truth of this sweeping assertion, we may point to one remarkable exception. There is not a solitary physician who will contradict the statement that these young smokers are inflicting irreparable injury upon their constitutions, are poisoning the very springs of life, and will transmit to their descendants weaker bodies and weaker brains.

Every medical man will testify that this juvenile smoking is an un-mixed evil, detrimental alike to body and mind, and pointing inevitably to racial degeneracy. Even those who approve of meerschaum pipes as Sunday-school prizes, also tell us that "few things could be more pernicious for boys, growing youths, and persons of unformed constitution, than the use of tobacco in any of its forms." On this topic of juvenile smoking there is an absolute unanimity of opinion, and the strongest protests have come from adult smokers—with what consistency we need not say.

"As the human body," says Dr. Richardson, "is maintained alive and in full vigour by its supply of oxygen; as the process of oxydation is most active and most required in those periods of life when the structures of the body are attaining their full development, and as tobacco smoke possesses the power of arresting such oxydation, the habit of smoking is most deleterious to the young, causing in them impairment of growth, premature manhood, and physical degradation."

After Dr. Richardson, the most prominent defender of tobacco is Dr. Murray, of Newcastle. It will not be without interest to see what are his views of juvenile smoking, and we shall therefore quote them at full length:—

"That tobacco is being smoked to a most alarming extent by boys, is only too patent to any one who

uses his eyes. The quantities of orris-root, mace, cinnamon bark, mint lozenges, and other aromatics, which chemists daily vend to lads for the purpose of disguising from their parents the fact of their smoking, tell a woeful tale. I speak of this that teachers of schools and fathers of families may be on the alert to preserve children under their charge from a practice which must end in their physical, mental, and even moral deterioration—physical, by the impairment of digestion, growth, and muscular power; mental, because to nicotine the immature brain by tobacco, is as ruinous to its force and activity, as to overwork the childish body is inimical to its development. Its immoral effects are not quite so evident. So far as I am aware, none of the many illustrious smokers of whom I have read, commenced to fume until their frames were set, or late in life, while of those who smoked at school or college I can say, from my own knowledge, that among a great number of students, of undoubted ability, not one so far has attained distinction. Too early devotion to the weed seems to have weakened their mental powers, and blighted their one-time brilliant prospects. Some of the most promising of them are now settled down, apparently with no other aim than to fill their pipe and smoke, smoke and fill the pipe again, to the end of the chapter, in some easy-going rural sphere of action. For myself, when I sit down to smoke, I feel that I would rather not be disturbed, nor am I inclined to do anything for some ten minutes after I have done. This is doubtless from want of application; but as yet I do not care to spend sufficient time to qualify me for the proficiency required to be able to smoke and work at the same time.

"My own personal experience and observation among medical students is supported by the result of examinations for Law and Divinity,

smokers having been found behind non-smokers in mental calibre. So long ago as 1606, a medical writer said:—"Tobacco is not safe for the young, and should be called 'youth's bane.'" Dr. Richardson tells us that smoking arrests oxydation, and consequently is very noxious to young persons, causing "impairment of growth, premature manhood, and physical degradation." Sir Benjamin Brodie, from the result of experiments upon animals, affirms that oil of tobacco acts "by destroying the functions of the brain." This, of course, refers to its administration as a poison, but who can think with coolness upon our youth voluntarily sapping the vigour of their brains—the only organ in which we excel the brute creation—and thus wearing out their nervous systems, ere they have fairly entered upon the important duties of life! The late Canon Stowell said that "smoking blighted young men, but upon growing boys, who should be the objects of parental and national hope, the worst injuries are inflicted. Their growth is arrested, they become pale, gloomy, and indifferent, they lose the power of their will, and are easily decoyed into bad company, and its dangerous tendencies." Mrs. H. Kirk, in a circular from Edinburgh, dated November, 1870, addressed to superintendents and teachers of Sabbath schools in connection with the Evangelical Union, says, "Boys are peculiarly exposed to this temptation, and may be seen with the pipe in their mouth before they are ten years of age. The formation of such a habit in early life cannot easily be got rid of. Like all other bad habits learned in youth, it proves more powerful in the man. For want of knowing the subtle nature of such a narcotic poison, and how it surely affects their health and strength, boys often in ignorance are drawn into this evil snare." In North America, a country whose inhabitants ought to be

well qualified to form an opinion on this subject, the Methodist Conference, 1868, amongst other resolutions, passed the following:—"That we request the Presidents and Professors of our colleges, and the instructors of youth in the schools connected with our Church, and all Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, to guard the youth under their care from being entangled in this vice." Many observers on the Continent have noticed the inferior attainments of students who smoke, e.g., M. Bertillon, in 1855, found, of the pupils then at the Polytechnic School, Paris, that 102 smoked, and 58 did not smoke. He arranged the 160 in 8 divisions, according to the merit which they evinced at examinations, 20 in each rank, with the following result:—

		Smokers.	Non-Smokers.
Of the 20 who stood highest			
	there were	6	14
"	next	10	10
"	"	11	9
"	"	14	6
"	"	15	7
"	"	15	5
"	"	16	4
"	"	17	3
		102	58

M. Bertillon also discovered that the mean rank of smokers, as compared with non-smokers, deteriorated from their entering to leaving the school. We need scarcely feel surprised at this, for when a tobacco-loving student becomes tired of reading (whether his brain be jaded or not is a different question), he has recourse to his pipe for rest and change. If he be a man of 30 or 40 years, he probably could not do better (!) but when a stripling from the country finds his memory unequal to retain more, he would be much better for a walk instead, or for using a pair of dumb-bells; or if he went to bed for the night, he would thereby invigorate his body, experience less nervous exhaustion, and be more capable in his future studies. An author in the *Medical*

*Gazette* of Lyons, in treating of smoking by the young, says: "Tobacco smoking lowers the intellectual faculties in a direct manner, by its action on the brain, and in an indirect way, by predisposing to idleness, and in transforming the natural desire to activity into a desire to remain in a state of inertia. In a moral point of view, it lessens the worth of the individual, and relaxes the family ties. The habit becomes associated with evil tendencies, and strengthens them."

The *British and Foreign Medical-Chirurgical Review* for January, 1861, in a very fair article, reviewing 13 publications upon tobacco, says: "We see, with satisfaction, that the Minister of Public Instruction (Paris), has further issued a circular, addressed to the directors of colleges and schools throughout the empire, forbidding the use of tobacco and cigars to students, on the asserted ground 'that the physical as well as the intellectual development of many youths has been checked by the immoderate use of tobacco.'" In summing up, the reviewer says: "We are glad to think, however, that great as is the disagreement of contending writers, at least on two points they are of one mind, viz., that in excess tobacco is hurtful, and that the young ought to be prohibited its use, as a bad habit, whether it stunts growth or not."

These are serious facts for smoking parents to consider. Let them face the question without blinking. Tobacco smoking is either good or bad. If it is good, if it strengthens the body, exhilarates the mind, purifies the moral sense, transfigures the soul, then we cannot have too much of it. If this is the case, let us rejoice when we see a boy struggling with his first pipe; let us urge upon our sweethearts and wives the duty of cultivating a taste for tobacco which at present is conspicuous by its absence. But if, on the contrary, it can be shown that

tobacco has a deleterious influence upon the body, if it can be shown to be the foe of youthful development, both mental and physical, then it is the duty of every smoker, whether excessive or moderate, to abandon the habit, whatever loss of personal gratification it may cause. Science warrants us in saying that tobacco is a poison which injures the blood, and hinders development. It has no function to perform in the human body; it does not supply, but diminishes strength, both of body and mind; it invariably causes functional disturbance, so that no habitual smoker can be truly said to have a day's perfect health; it sometimes leads to grave and painful organic disease; the apparent immunity of the smoker is caused by the violent efforts of nature to expel the poison, and in making these, her ordinary duties are neglected; there is no standard of moderation possible, since the capacity of the system to throw off the poison is varied daily by a thousand circumstances.

Smokers will doubtless say that the painful instances so common in medical literature were caused by 'excessive' smoking, and it is equally certain that many will not like to acknowledge, even to themselves, that they smoke in excess. The most determined and constant puffer would hesitate before making such a confession. A quantitative definition of moderation is, therefore, absolutely needed before we can test such an argument. The *Lancet* once attempted something of this nature, and said:

"1. To smoke *early in the day* is *excess*.

"2. As people are generally constituted, to smoke more than one or two pipes of tobacco, or one or two cigars daily, is *excess*.

"Youthful indulgence in smoking is *excess*.

"4. There are physiological indications, which, occurring in any individual case, are criteria of *excess*.

"We most earnestly desire to see the habit of smoking diminish, and we entreat the youth of this country to abandon it altogether. Let them give up a dubious pleasure for a certain good. Ten years hence we shall receive their thanks."

If we take these definitions of the *Lancet*, which are remarkably moderate considering the mass of evidence which was brought before it, and the eminence and evident good faith of the witnesses, we may well ask—are there any smokers who use tobacco moderately? If everyone who experienced those warnings of nature, now so often disregarded, threw his pipe away—if no youth ever dreamt of smoking—then, indeed, there would be little reason for remonstrance.

Let us now see what are the usual effects. The poisonous principle of tobacco, absorbed internally in smoking, acts upon the red corpuscles of the blood. The number and activity of these is a good test of health. Tobacco kills them. The serum, robbed of its life-sustaining constituents, bears with it to every tissue a flood of poison, weakening body and brain.

"On the blood," says Dr. Richardson, "the prolonged inhalation of tobacco produces changes which are very marked in character. The fluid is thinner than is natural, and in extreme cases pale. But the most important change is exerted on those little bodies which float in myriads in the blood, and are known as the red globules. These globules have naturally a double concave surface, and at their edges a perfectly smooth outline. They are very soluble in alkalies, and are subject to change of shape and character, when the quality of the fluid in which they float is modified in respect to density. The absorption therefore, of the fumes of tobacco necessarily leads to rapid changes in them; they lose their round shape, they become oval and irregular at

their edges; and instead of having a mutual attraction for each other, and running together, a good sign of their physical health, they lie loosely scattered before the eye, and indicate to the learned observer, as clearly as though they spoke to him, that the man from whom they were taken is *physically depressed and deplorably deficient, both in muscular and mental power.*"

This is not the assertion of a partisan; it is a simple statement of a well-known scientific fact. In such a case as this, there can be no essential difference between an excessive and a moderate smoker. The one may injure himself more than the other; but that anyone can daily mix a deleterious drug with the protoplasm out of which nature builds flesh and bone and brain is a delusion which will only cling to the slave of appetite. The use of tobacco inevitably causes functional derangement. Nature is wiser than man, and when the deleterious drug is coursing through his system she strives with all her might to expel the unwelcome visitant. When she succeeds, the evil it has done is not immediately apparent. Is it the less real? In the physical world it has been truly said there is no forgiveness of sins. If, then, we daily use a poisonous substance whose well-ascertained effects are to impoverish blood, paralyse nerve, and degrade tissue, we cannot hope to escape the penalty of such a violation of nature's law. "Little strokes fell great oaks." This continual drenching of the system with poison cannot fail to have an evil influence on the general health. We may see this from the parallel case of alcohol. It is a common notion that alcoholic liquors, taken in moderation, are valuable articles of food, highly conducive to health and longevity, although in large doses productive of harm to both body and mind. Science teaches us that alcohol has no nutritive value whatever, but is.

simply poison; and we find on a comparison of moderate drinkers with teetotalers as to average length of life that the teetotalers are by nearly 20 per cent. the best. If this is the result of the "moderate" use of what half the world believes to be absolutely essential for life, what may we predicate of the use of tobacco, which no one would dream of considering food, or as being in any way necessary to life and health? Again we ask, What is moderation? There is as much difficulty in defining moderation in tobacco as in opium or prussic acid. We know that the smoker only escapes the worst consequences as long as the body can succeed in expelling the poison. Many causes, even the most trivial, will affect the energy of this process, and so the quantity which one day would be excreted without difficulty, on another may give rise to serious evil.

Perhaps the smoker will tell us he takes tobacco as a medicine. One meets with such delusions at times. No medical man would think of exhibiting the same remedy unchanged through a series of years. Medicine is introduced into the system to cause a reaction against some observed abnormal phenomena. Medicine is for the sick, the whole need it not, and no medicine could retain its virtue if taken like daily food, for the system would get used to it, and it would not act at all or only in continually increasing doses. Laudanum is an example of a medicine; it has no more claim to be thought of a food than tobacco, and, administered by a judicious doctor, a few drops might perhaps cure some trivial complaint. But the few drops which suffice for an ordinary patient, would have had no remedial effect on a man like De Quincey, whose system had become so used to it that at one time his daily consumption of it was 8000 drops.

A man begins to smoke to cure the toothache, and continues to smoke until he has not a tooth

left. "What should we think," asks Strebel, "of a man who in some illness having been helped by rhubarb or assafœtida should ever after daily or hourly gulp down a dose of the healing stuff?" And what of people who took such nasty doses out of pure friendship and social feeling? Those who fancy they smoke on philosophic principles, and as an aid to health, should ask themselves for which of the many "ills that flesh is heir to" they use it? To keep death off by blowing a cloud of tobacco smoke in his grisly face, to ward him off with pipe, to war upon him with cigar, such a can hope for success in such a ludicrous endeavour?

Some smokers have also a theory that the "good God would not allow the use of the tobacco plant to spread so universally if it were a poison, and not a harmless sedative." The man—and he exists—who can seriously put forth such a notion as a "religious" reason for smoking has assuredly gone through God's world with his mental and physical eyes hermetically sealed. God has allowed sin to spread universally. Shall we say it is not a (moral) poison, but a harmless sedative; and will our "religious" advocate become a sincere believer in its virtues?

The poppy and the foxglove are parts of God's creation, but no man is therefore forced to take opium or digitalis. So

Quand d'un heureux hymen Dieu féconde  
la couche,  
Il ne nous fait pas naître un cigar à la  
bouche.

"It is the poor man's luxury, and it would be cruel to ask him to give it up," say the apologists. Let us look at this a little closer. Is the highest motive of man's life duty or pleasure? The working man's first care is his wife and family, nor has he any right to waste in selfish indulgence the money which should be devoted to the food and education of his children. It is no uncommon thing for the head of the family amongst the working classes to expend upon his



own personal gratification ten per cent, or even more, of his entire earnings. The sum spent by the working classes alone upon tobacco would, if differently applied, have supplied long ago those educational deficiencies which have been, and still are, so great a blot upon our national honour. The poor man's luxury in this case, then, is purchased by the neglect of duties voluntarily undertaken, and the most solemn which a man can well incur. Which of the two would be the noblest employment of the millions which the poor man manages to expend?

On the one side there are the children asking for that culture which will fit them for the performance of the duties of life, which will make them into good citizens, and aid them in the search after truth and all true and pure enjoyment; on the other, the sensual pleasure of the pipe. Is not the ignorance of the masses which makes the British name a by-word, the greatest possible reproach to those who dissipate in smoke the money which would remove it? The one investment would secure a solid and glorious result—the other builds only castles in the air, vistas in dreamland,

Which, like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind.

We are of opinion that the "poor man," about whom we hear so much, might find nobler luxuries and truer pleasures than that afforded by a habit which is the detestation of all tidy housewives. Consider the amount of dirt and discomfort which must be caused in a cottage home where the head of the family is a devotee of the weed. The atmosphere of the town-dwellings, especially those of the working-classes, is already too often vitiated, and to the causes at work the smoker adds the poisonous tobacco-smoke to further corrupt the already impure air.

There can be no doubt that the lovers of the weed inflict a very large

amount of suffering and annoyance on those who have not accustomed themselves to its poisonous fumes. In the streets we can scarcely escape, and on railways the selfish disregard of smokers for the comfort of others has grown to a really intolerable pitch. True, no gentleman would be guilty of such an outrage; and that any person claiming to be better than a snob should insist upon violating his contract, breaking the by-laws, and annoying his fellow-travellers, is indeed remarkable. Yet what an amount of suffering a lady must undergo before she will take a step which may be construed into an ungracious interference with the smoker's enjoyment. How often will a lady or gentlemen suffer in silence rather than object. Nor is it certain that an objection, if made, will be availing. If the smoker manages to put his pipe out, it is often with a rude, insulting speech. We think the personal experience of most people, smokers or not, will supply many instances of such exhibitions of selfish boorishness. Perhaps the lover of the weed may say that as the fumes of tobacco do not annoy him, they cannot be a nuisance to any one else; but he can only be acquitted of deliberate cruelty by a confession of thoughtlessness. Who that has smoked does not recollect the horrible sufferings of his first pipe? Does any smoker ever forget them? The subtle poison's first entrance into the human system, causes pain in every tissue. Blood and lungs and brain are all alike racked and tortured by it. And this in degree is the gift of the smoker to every man, woman, and child, who comes within wind of his poisoned breath. By long striving there is set up in the body of the tobacco lover, that which doctors call a state of 'tolerance.' This is not confined to tobacco; the body will 'tolerate' any poison in the same manner. Unfortunately, the slave of the weed does not consume

his own smoke ; but heedless of the fact that it contains a large percentage of the active principle of tobacco—the volatile alkaloid nicotine, one of the deadliest poisons known to man—he puffs it into the face of every unhappy mortal who crosses his path. Every abstainer from tobacco who comes in contact with a smoker, still redolent with its perfumes (?) suggestive of anything but Araby the blest, imbibes some of the poison, and experiences that discomfort arising from incipient poisoning. That the smoker is usually actuated by thoughtlessness is quite true. Few persons, we should hope, are so cynically selfish as to purposely inflict suffering and annoyance upon others, for the sake of a trivial enjoyment for themselves. Probably few of those who puff clouds of smoke into the faces of lady-travellers think that they are doing anything to annoy even the most fastidious. The habit being essentially one of self-indulgence, has blinded them to that social law which forbids us to obtain our own gratification through the injury of others. Most of what has been said as to smoking on railways, applies also to smoking in rooms not specially devoted to that purpose. Thus, the working-man, whose rooms, perhaps, have scarcely cubic capacity for the quantity of fresh air requisite for health, will insist upon filling it instead with the fumes of tobacco, utterly regardless of the inconveniences and annoyance thus caused to his wife and children.

We mention this in connection with the working classes, not because it is confined to them, or even most reprehensible in them, but because it is there that the injury is greatest, and most easily seen. Many a boy has acquired the taste for tobacco through breathing the atmosphere polluted by the fumes from his father's pipe.

And this brings us again to the one point on which all are agreed.

There is no controversy as to the evil results of juvenile smoking. Since friends and foes of tobacco are unanimous in their belief that smoking injures the young constitution, preventing the proper oxydation of the blood, and changing our bold, handsome, fearless, English lads into sallow, dyspeptic, timid, nervous creatures, with all the weakness of girlhood and none of its graces, with all the vices of youth, and none of its redeeming qualities,—since this is confessedly the case, let us ask “Are their pipes to be put out?” And if even lovers of the weed acknowledge the evil effects of early smoking, shall we be far wrong in saying that that which is poisoning the children cannot be very wholesome for the parents? With what force, with what honesty, can a father warn his son just budding into manhood against the danger of tobacco, whilst he holds the pipe in his own hand? What efficacy will the appeal have, if that breath which delivers it, reeks with the pollution of the weed? Vainly will the young be warned whilst their elders, fathers and brothers, with shaking hands and palpitating hearts, daily stupefy with nicotine the brains which Heaven gave them for nobler purposes.

Are we to suppose that these youths, knowing the consequences of their vicious indulgence, have resolved to incur them for the sake of the paltry gratification it affords? Is it not the fact, that in the majority of cases they are absolutely ignorant upon the subject, and are influenced simply by the desire to appear manly—are seduced, in fact, by the evil example of their seniors?

Physically, as well as spiritually, the people are destroyed for lack of knowledge. Let every employer of labour, every parent and teacher, ponder the danger which threatens the youth committed to their care. Increased knowledge is the only remedy for this growing evil. Our boys are not wilfully bent on self-

destruction, they have no love for feeble health, for trembling nerves and failing strength. They are led into the use of tobacco blindfold. They see their seniors indulge in it, they suppose it to be the seal and symbol of manhood, they burn to pass the mystic boundary which hedges in their youth and inexperience, and so, all ignorant of its poisonous and deleterious results, they commence a habit which quickly enslaves them. And as the years roll on, the man finds himself bound by the chains which the boy so thoughtlessly linked around himself.

In the Peel Park, at Salford, there stands a statue of one who, in the course of a long public life, "fought the good fight and kept the faith," and underneath on the pedestal are these words—"My riches consist not in the extent of my possessions, but in the fewness of my wants." This golden sentence was the life-thought of the man who uttered it, and it remains a sermon in stone, preaching to another generation a much-needed truth. Joseph Brotherton, whose words these are, laboured long and earnestly for the good of his fellow-creatures, and aided in most of the good movements which arose for bettering the condition of mankind during his life-time, and so left behind him a large amount of tangible good as the result of his labours. But if this winged saying of his could only be sunk deep down into the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, if they would only translate it as he did into daily action, he would then become one of the greatest benefactors the world has ever had. The slavery of foolish and hurtful habits, by which so many are bound, is a grievous evil. This generation is the bond-slave of superfluity. It runs some risk of forgetting the essential aims and objects of life in the ceaseless pursuit of its mere accessories. "The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment."

Duty is higher than pleasure, and it may be well to recollect that the morality which actuates the greed of mammon, the motive in the race for wealth, is not far removed from that which of old prompted the saying "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." The gospel of self-indulgence is industriously preached, and alas, only too eagerly listened to. Are our youths to adopt the blackguard ideal of Goethe's student who expresses his view of the happy life thus—

Ein starkes Bier, ein beizender taback  
Und eine Magd im Pusz, nun das ist mein  
geschmack?

How shall we hope to preserve them from this grovelling in the mire unless we establish a healthy feeling in favour of physical purity? It is vain to hope that youth with its imitativeness, impulsiveness, and strong passions will escape the snares of sensuality unless the fact be impressed upon it that the flesh is no less holy than the soul, and that he who would keep himself unspotted from the world, must reverence his own body as the temple in which it is enshrined.

What we want above everything in our young men is simplicity of life. If, realising that "to be is better than to have," they would only think how few are the absolute necessities of existence, and how hard to bear is the yoke of habit, they would pause before forging another link in their chain of slavery. "A habit more, a freedom less," is a sagacious saying, and a true one. Each harmful habit acquired is another impediment in the journey of life. Each selfish indulgence is a deadly wound to spiritual existence.

In this case of tobacco, the activity, the earnestness, the enthusiasm of youth are replaced by a dreamy listlessness, detrimental to that exertion and work required from every one who in this world would be better than a faineant. Youth is the

season for work ; it is the golden age of humanity. With a lofty ideal and a steady purpose, youth may conquer the world.

What a glowing picture of youth Lamennais has left us in that wonderful prose poem, where he describes the young soldier who goes forth to fight for God and for the altars of his fatherland, for justice, for the holy cause of the people, for the sacred rights of mankind, against the masters for the slaves, against tyrants for liberty, who goes forth to lift up drooping heads, to dry the tears of the children asking in vain for bread ; who goes forth full of the enthusiasm of humanity !

Preparing for the god-like plan  
Confederated man and man,  
A brotherhood of love ;  
Peace, justice, and the people's cause  
Based upon God's eternal laws ;  
Born in a new and finer birth,  
One God in heaven, one home on earth—  
A happy home on earth to prove  
The goodness of our God above.

That is the picture of youth at its best, drawn by one whose temperament enabled him to sympathise with its aspirations. The world cannot afford to lose the motive power residing in the enthusiasm of young blood. Let the old shrink back in terror from the dragons which infest this nether world. Youth, like the young Apollo, will slay the dreaded python. But not in the pursuit of pleasure are great

deeds done. Not by self-indulgence is the world made better. Only by resistance to the ceaseless importunities of the world can the soul attain its fullest strength and development. The young soldier who goes forth to fight against "the world, the flesh, and the devil" must have his armour bright and clear, and his sword undimmed by dirt or rust. He will not lack foes worthy of his steel. The influence of tobacco is opposed to this moral warfare. It cries Peace, Peace, where there is no peace. It preaches contentment where the divinest duty is discontent, and *laissez faire* where everything requires undoing. We may here recall Carlyle's words on the influences of tobacco—"Influences generally bad, pacificatory but bad, engaging you in idle, cloudy dreams ; still worse, promoting composure among the palpably chaotic and decomposed, soothing all things into lazy peace ; that all things may be left to themselves very much, and to the laws of gravity and decomposition."

If this dictum be correct—and what smoker will not at once acknowledge its truth?—we have a gigantic influence lulling to Lethal sleep that energy and indignation with which the young should carry on that warfare with evil which is the highest object of life.

## THE WESTON TRAGEDY.

THE following strange affair occurred many years ago ; so long, in fact, that the tomb has closed over every individual actor in it, and nothing now remains but an indistinct remembrance of the incident. The locality wherein the Weston tragedy was enacted, an obscure village on the English coast, need not be here specified by name. Probably few, if any, of my readers have ever visited it, for the simple reason that it possessed neither picturesque beauties, mineral waters, nor good bathing. The society one meets there, besides, cannot be termed aristocratic : it consists solely of a body of hardy fishermen, their wives and families, among whom, of course, the polish and refinement of the *beau monde* are utterly unknown.

At the time of which we write, the village consisted of about thirty cottages, or rather hovels, all situated in a straggling sort of way, on the only street of which it could boast. As each of these was, in the principal arrangements, a perfect counterpart of the others, I will describe one in general terms, to give an idea of the whole. Fancy a low single-storied building, the walls of coarse unhewn stones and small boulders, roughly plastered, a roof rotten from decay, and, to all appearance, threatening, momentarily, to fall in, and a short, sooty chimney protruding above one gable. For light and ventilation two little windows suffice, both facing on the road, and both supplied with half-a-dozen panes of the true bull's-eye pattern ; between them is the door, so styled by courtesy, several pieces of thick planking put together in a slovenly fashion, and having hinges which creak and moan dismally when used, and a wooden latch of the most primitive

construction. The interior of this erection presents the same leading features of poverty and neglect. It is divided into two apartments by a rickety partition, abundantly supplied with cracks and fissures so close that it might appropriately be termed transparent. The outer room, besides being used for culinary purposes, is the common resort of the family, who take their meals there, mend their fishing-nets, and perform all their household duties. The inner and more secluded apartment is used, invariably, as a bedroom. The furniture of the establishment, as may be surmised, is of the most humble description, and betrays but little taste in its arrangement. No effort at adornment is anywhere visible ; everything exhibits a perfect indifference to the comforts and amenities of social life. From this brief description it will be seen that a village composed almost wholly of such miserable hovels could never present a very attractive appearance, be it either in the glowing summer sunshine, or the silver moonlight, at morn, at noon, or at eve.

There were two exceptions, however, to this class of building in the hamlet, which we must notice. The first of these, the village inn, denominated, in compliment to its usual guests, "The Jolly Fisherman," was built at the head of the steep declivity which sloped down to the open ocean. The other, a neat brick cottage, stood about five hundred yards to the rear of the ale-house, on a slight eminence, from which a view could be had of the entire settlement. As it is with the latter that we have more particularly to do, our attention will be now turned exclusively to it.

About three years prior to the

date of this narrative a stranger made his appearance in the village. He was a tall old man, with dark, wrinkled features, and a form stooped by age, but active and vigorous nevertheless. His long hair and beard were of an iron-grey hue, his eyes black as midnight. He came from a neighbouring town in a hired vehicle, which he discharged on his arrival at the threshold of "The Jolly Fisherman." The good people of the village were naturally anxious to discover his business in their secluded locality; but their utmost ingenuity failed to serve them in this particular. His intentions, however, hidden for a time beneath a veil of mystery, gradually eked out. After a little delay he purchased a bleak spot of ground from the squire of a neighbouring manor, and forthwith procured plans for a cottage, and workmen and materials to build it. When the task was drawing towards completion, he suddenly left the village and did not re-appear for several weeks. At last he did return with a companion; on the same day a quantity of handsome furniture arrived at the cottage, and the newcomers were soon properly established in the home prepared for them. Their household was completed by the engagement of a fisherman's daughter to perform the female duties of the establishment. She was a stout, dark-haired girl, about twenty-two years of age. Her name was Lucy Marling.

The companion whom the stranger brought with him on his return to the village, was a youth hardly yet past his teens. There was a remarkable resemblance between them, not only physically, but in mien and deportment. Tall and square-shouldered, like his elder, the last arrival also exhibited an olive skin, and eyes black as jet. To complete the parallel, he was reserved—in fact, morose, in manner, had a harsh grating voice, and, when necessitated to speak, which he did but rarely,

used the briefest language possible to convey his meaning. An opinion prevailed among the villagers that they were father and son; but Lucy Marling, who, after a week's stay at the brick cottage, was considered an authority on the subject, thought differently. She had, on several occasions, heard the young man address his senior as Mr. Weston, and the latter had reciprocated by calling him Arthur. The first appellation, she argued, was too formal for use between individuals bound by such a close tie of relationship as that of parent and child. The occasion on which she enunciated this opinion was on her return to her father's humble cottage on Saturday night. Mr. Weston had summoned her from the kitchen that morning to say that she would not be required on Sunday. She might, therefore, he observed, prepare the victuals for that day, and leave them in readiness before she departed for home at dusk. Lucy was glad of this; the prospect of a temporary relief from her duties was most acceptable. Already she was tired of the dull monotony which seemed to reign supreme in Mr. Weston's residence, and the approaching possibility of a little gossip with the neighbours, and even a short stay beneath the old roof was a relief to her.

Luke Marling, her father, was a weather-bronzed fisherman on the wrong-side of sixty, and a great favourite with the other inhabitants of the village. His humble cottage oftentimes, especially in the long winter evenings, could boast a greater number of visitors than the ale-house over the way. On this particular occasion the assemblage was more numerous than ordinary, for the intelligence that Lucy was there had already circulated, and the gossips expected to hear something about the strangers. But Lucy was a prudent girl, and she forbore to say much on the subject. All the information that they could derive

was that they were evidently gentlemen by education, if not by birth and position, that they had no lack of furniture and plate, and hence must be wealthy, and that they treated her very well indeed. The gossips around the fisherman's fire were disappointed at the paucity of her intelligence, and dispersed that night, their curiosity whetted by the little that was told them.

Lucy returned to the brick cottage on Monday morning. Mr. Weston met her at the gate, and passed down the road, towards the beach, on his usual walk, with a silent nod of recognition. The young man Arthur followed him shortly after. They returned at noon-day,—dined together frugally, spent the evening in the parlour, reading, supped at seven and retired early to bed. This was the invariable routine pursued by the strangers. Neither ever seemed to experience the annoying feeling termed *ennui* by our Gallic cousins. People of a more excitable disposition would find this perpetual sameness a bore, would be tired to death by the utter absence of novelty or pleasure which prevailed in the lives of those two men. But Mr. Weston and Arthur evidently thought otherwise, or, if they did not, they kept it wisely to themselves. To all appearance, however, they seemed content. It was rarely that Lucy Marling heard them converse together; they would sit in the same room for hours in utter silence, or ramble half-a-day on the shingles without a word. The naturally loquacious girl, too, by force of habit, gradually fell into their reserved, quiet ways, and seldom cared to run down to the village, as formerly, to gossip with her old neighbours and get the news. Mr. Weston, however, besides paying her good wages, continued to give her leave of absence to spend at home with her family from each Saturday evening at dusk until the Monday morning following.

The most extraordinary occur-

rence, as we all know, is but a nine-days' wonder. It is not strange, therefore, that the two solitary denizens of the brick cottage soon ceased to engross the attention, or pique the curiosity of the other inhabitants of the village. The sturdy fishermen plying their vocation on the beach, would, now and then exchange a word on the matter, as the tall gaunt forms of the eccentric pair would come into view, climbing the precipitous rocks which formed the background to their dwelling, or stalking across the shingle—the women might look inquisitively after them, for a moment, as they sauntered arm-in-arm down the village street,—but that was all.

I must now record a lapse of three years, during which time no incident of any note occurred to Mr. Weston and Arthur. The same undeviating monotony characterised their leisurely mode of life. Lucy Marling still remained at the brick cottage. About this period she formed an intimacy with a dapper young fellow, a resident of a neighbouring village, named Peter Long. He was a shoemaker, and, as the owner of a little cottage and garden, considered a good match for the fisherman's daughter. Lucy, now, had a reason for visiting home more frequently than usual for some time past. Peter generally made his appearance two or three evenings in the week at her father's place, and, on such occasions, his sweetheart always managed to procure permission and slip down, that she might meet him there. They would then sally forth and walk on the sands until the approach of dusk would warn them that it was time to separate.

One fine evening in the month of August, the lover's thus whiled away two or three hours. Standing side by side on the margin of the ocean they watched the bright sun sink slowly beneath the western horizon. Its last reflections, floating like flakes of fire on the heaving

waters, soon vanished, and they turned back towards the little village, lingering occasionally on the way, as lovers, loath to leave each other, are often found to do. Simon Mackrel, a bleary-eyed old fellow, who was both the baker and postmaster of the hamlet, was standing at his own door as they approached, preparing an enormous quid of tobacco for mastication. They were passing on, but he stepped out on the road and intercepted them.

"Good evening, Simon!" said Lucy, with a nod.

"Same to you, girl!" responded he gruffly. "I was awaiting to see you this hour or more, an' you're come at last. But, sure, I allers know that girls will be girls, and boys will be boys—allers."

This profound axiom elicited a grin from Peter, and a coy blush from the fisherman's daughter; it was evidently taken as an allusion to their courtship.

"And what might you want with me, Simon," said Lucy with a toss of her head.

"I might want a kiss, but I don't," said he, closing his big jack-knife with a portentous snap as he spoke.

"Its well you're of that mind," answered Lucy, tartly; "you might possibly be disappointed. But, if you have anything to say you had better out with it, as I don't intend to remain all night, I promise you."

"Nobody wants you," said bleary-eyed Simon. "Well, I have only this to say: there's a letter there," pointing over his shoulder to the bakery, "for your master—you can tell him so. If he wants it let him call or send," and Simon fell back to the threshold of his little shop, and allowed them to proceed on their way.

Lucy Marling parted from her lover at the head of the street, and hurried home to impart her novel intelligence. 'This was the first time, to her knowledge, that either letter

or message arrived for Mr. Weston since his residence at the brick cottage. No wonder, therefore, that this incident should awaken her surprise. Her master was reading, as usual, in the parlour when she knocked and pushed the door open gently. Arthur, at the opposite side of the table, was puffing lazily at a cheroot. Mr. Weston noticed her flurried manner immediately when he looked up from his book.

"Well?" said he, curtly.

"I beg pardon, sir, for—"

"Never mind begging my pardon. What is the matter? Is anything wrong? You look frightened!"

"No sir; but there's a letter for you at the village post-office. Simon Mackrel asked me to tell you."

"A letter!" said her master, drawing his eye-brows together into an ominous frown. "A letter! Who can it be from? I have no correspondent."

He reflected a little, glanced to Arthur, who never stirred from his indolent position, and then turned to her again.

"It is not very late, Lucy. Would you fear to run down for it?"

"No, sir."

"There is money, then, to release it, if there is any charge. And—wait, girl—I must give you something for the trouble I cause you."

He drew out a handful of silver and threw it on the table.

Lucy was not long in preparing for her trip to the post-office. When she got there, Simon Mackrel was behind the little counter making some memorandum in a greasy account-book, with the stump of a black-lead pencil.

"Back again, are you?" said he, in his usual gruff way as she entered. "What've you got to tell me now?"

"Mr. Weston sent me down for that letter."

Oh, indeed! Then let him fork over sixpence and it's his—not before."

Lucy pulled out her small purse,



and laid the coin in his hands. Simon, who was a model postmaster in his way, rummaged half-a-dozen drawers before he could find the object required, and, at length, pulled out a small packet of letters secured by a leather strap. On the top of the bundle was one addressed in a bold, manly hand, to "Hugh Weston, Esq." A handsome cream-coloured envelope and a pretty seal and motto, evinced the possession of some taste on the part of the writer. Simon selected it from the rest and threw it on the counter.

Lucy Marling lost no time in returning to the cottage. When she entered the parlour once more, she found Arthur in the same position as when she had left, puffing stoically at his cigar; but Mr. Weston had replaced his book in the glass case, and was walking with impatient strides up and down the long room. He stopped suddenly on her appearance, and spoke in a harsh, grating voice.

"Have you got it, girl? What kept you so long?"

"I hurried as fast as I could, sir," said Lucy, handing him the letter.

He glanced at the superscription hastily, and Lucy thought that she observed the colour of his countenance change visibly. From a sentiment of curiosity, she remained in the apartment, and pretended to busy herself in the arrangement of the fire, that she might note what followed. He tore open the envelope and cast it on the floor. The enclosure was a single sheet of buff-coloured note paper, folded in a triangular form. He hesitated to inspect its contents for a moment, and his eyes wandering round the room settled upon Arthur. Lucy, from her position at the grate, could notice the young man's every motion in a large mirror opposite. She saw him return Mr. Weston's glance with a warning look and then point meaningly to her. Her master immediately turned and confronted her. Crushing the paper

in one strong hand, he jerked the other towards the door, saying sternly:—

"Leave the room, girl, instantly! We desire to be alone."

Lucy precipitately obeyed the command thus given. Mr. Weston himself held the door open until she had entered the kitchen, as if to guard against eaves-dropping, and then closed it with a slam that seemed to shake the brick cottage to its very foundation. She saw no more of them that night. As the clock struck nine they passed together up to their respective bedrooms, which were situated on the flat above. Lucy lay awake until a late hour, thinking on the subject, and wondering what could be the contents of the letter, which, even in anticipation, had such an effect on her master's unusually quiet temper.

Next morning Mr. Weston came down to breakfast as calm and apathetic as usual. Arthur, too, was unchanged. It seemed to Lucy Marling that nothing could much disturb the studied equanimity of those two men. After their meal was finished they went out, as usual, to walk on the shingly beach, but returned earlier than ever she remembered before. Her master came to her in the kitchen.

"Lucy," said he, "I want to ride or drive this evening to F—. Do you know any one in the village who has a horse and vehicle?"

"Yes, sir—Simon Mackrel, the baker."

"Would he let me take it for a few hours do you think? I am willing to pay him well."

"I suppose he would sir, but I don't think you would like to use them—they're so old and shabby."

"Never mind that, my girl; they will do very well, I have no doubt. Will you put on your shawl, and see the man about it? If he can manage it tell him to send it up immediately."

Lucy obeyed. Simon Mackrel

was quite satisfied to let Mr. Weston have his "turn-out" for the evening upon the assurance that he would be liberally remunerated. The girl soon returned with his assent, and her master was ready for the journey when the old baker himself drove up to the door. Both horse and vehicle were truly in a dilapidated state; the one broken-winded and betraying but little acquaintance with a good manger in his gaunt, bony form and drooping head; the other as rickety as thirty years of hard service on the worst of unmacadamised roads could make it, and with one spring and the dash-board broken. Add, that the one had not had the benefit of a grooming, or the other of a coat of paint, for an indefinite period, and the reader will be forced to acknowledge that Mr. Hugh Weston's equipage could hardly be considered of the most elegant description as he gathered up the reins and turned the horse's head in the direction of the town of F——.

"But, why to F——?"

Lucy could not help mentally asking herself this question, as the crazy vehicle and its eccentric occupant slowly disappeared where the road made a turn round a huge pile of rocks. Why to F——? It was the nearest town, but it was ten miles off, and Mr. Weston, since his residence at the village, had never ventured further from it than his daily walk on the seashore would permit. Lucy was puzzled to account for this unusual digression from his ordinary habits. Of course the letter was the moving cause in this instance, but what did the letter contain?

"I will know some time," thought the girl to herself, and so she did sooner than she expected.

Arthur remained in the cottage all the evening, tranquilly smoking and reading. Lucy had occasion to enter the parlour several times; but he never raised his eyes, nor, indeed,

showed a knowledge of her presence by a single movement.

It was eight o'clock, and quite dark, when Mr. Weston returned. Lucy was in the kitchen, busy about some domestic employment, when the clatter of the rickety vehicle, as the old horse toiled up the stony road, drew her attention. At the same time she knew that Arthur had likewise become aware of Mr. Weston's approach, as she heard him leave the parlour and open the front door. A long, gloomy passage led from this door to the kitchen, which was situated in the back of the house. If she extinguished her candle and peeped out, she might see and hear them unobserved. Few would be proof against such a temptation, when their curiosity was aroused, and especially (I say it advisedly) of the fairer sex. The prospect of finding out Mr. Weston's business at F—— was too much for the frail Lucy, and she lost no time in putting her idea into execution. Looking cautiously along the corridor, she found that Arthur was standing at the open door with a candle from the parlour in his hand. Her master drove up an instant later and alighted.

"Well, sir," said the young man, in a low but eager voice, "have you got them?"

The stillness which prevailed around, enabled her to hear every word distinctly.

"Yes," was the steady response, "everything we require. Put the candle on the stairs there, and help me to carry them in."

Lucy stooped forward anxiously to discover the sequel, but drew back again, thinking that she had observed her master's eyes directed to her position. Reflecting, however, that he could not possibly notice her in the surrounding gloom, she renewed her attitude of attention. The two men, meanwhile, took from the vehicle outside a couple of parcels which appeared to

be heavy, and carried them into the parlour. One of them, she especially noticed, was long; the other shorter and having more bulk. After a short consultation with his companion (the door was closed, and Lucy, at that distance, could only hear the murmur of their voices), Mr. Weston left the cottage, evidently with the intention of returning Simon Mackrel's horse and vehicle.

Lucy again lit her candle, but did not venture to approach the parlour, where Arthur was, no doubt, in charge of the mysterious packages. Her master returned in about half-an-hour, and she was presently summoned before him by the bell. Before he uttered a word, her quick eyes had taken note of everything she wished to see; yet it only served to whet her appetite for an explanation. The long parcel was a handsome case, which now lay open upon the table displaying its contents fully—two splendid guns (entirely new, as their glossy stocks and polished barrels testified) together with suitable appurtenances. The other package had evidently consisted of a good supply of ammunition, likewise open upon the table, and two brace of pistols. One of the latter weapons was in Mr. Weston's hand, and he was testing the trigger, which worked rather stiffly.

"Lucy," said he, looking up, "You have a bottle of sweet oil; bring it to me here."

The oil was produced, and used satisfactorily, the girl all the time wondering what need the gentlemen could have of so many weapons. There was no shooting in the neighbourhood; a sportsman had never been seen within a league of her native village. And, even allowing, for a moment, that she was mistaken in this particular, she had heard enough on the subject to know that pistols were never used for such a purpose. What, then, could be the

reason of it? It was beyond her capacity to discover.

The next morning was wet, with a high wind. As the state of the weather rarely, however, interfered with their daily pedestrian exercises Mr. Weston and his young companion walked out, as usual, on the beach. When putting on his overcoat in the passage, Lucy noticed the butt-end of a pistol protruding from Arthur's breast-pocket. Though she failed to observe the same with regard to Mr. Weston, she did not doubt that he also went armed. A new light was thrown on the preceding matters of the pistol and her master's journey to F— by this discovery. Lucy Marling, though a simple rustic, knew, as she herself sometimes averred, "that two and two make four." This last occurrence was conclusive evidence, to her mind at least, that some danger threatened the lives of the two gentlemen of the brick cottage. The reception of the letter, which, probably, she argued, had revealed their peril, was the occasion of their first departure from the monotonous routine of the last three years. What would she not give to understand all this mystery?

It was soon evident that if Mr. Weston and Arthur went abroad armed, they did not neglect due precautions while at home. The old gentleman himself superintended the closing of the cottage every night, a task which from the beginning had devolved upon Lucy alone; and, in one instance at least, she found a primed and loaded pistol beside his pillow. All this was calculated to alarm the mind of a simple country girl. She began to feel depressed in spirits, and exceedingly nervous; but she hesitated to leave, fearing that Mr. Weston would require an explanation. The condition of affairs at the end of that week was unchanged. Her master and his constant companion, Arthur, persevered in their old habits; they smoked,

read the popular fictions of the day, and took their regular walking exercise on the smooth beach.

After tea, on Saturday night, she went home, as usual, to remain until Monday morning. Mr. Weston, himself, followed her to the door, and double-locked it after she had passed out. She never saw him after!

Peter Long, of course, was over to see her, and spent the next day entirely at the village. Several young people called on Sunday evening at her father's, and remained until a late hour around the fire, telling stories. In consequence of this variation from her usual habits she overslept herself on the succeeding morning. Fearful of incurring the displeasure of her master, she dressed hastily, and, after a slight repast, departed for the brick cottage. As she ascended the stony path that led to it, she thought to see Mr. Weston, as she oftentimes did, meeting her with folded arms and head bent on his breast, going out for his morning walk; but he did not appear. Moreover, on trying the front door, she found it, to her consternation, still locked. How was this? Had any calamity befallen the solitary inmates of the cottage during her absence? Impossible, she thought; perhaps they had gone off for a ramble on the beach, and locked the door in consequence of her late attendance. Relieved by this reflection from a great weight of apprehension, she climbed a precipitous pile of rock, near by, that commanded an uninterrupted prospect for many a mile. On the one hand the long, level shingle stretched before her, the shining sea rolling in upon it with heavy intermitted surges. Not a figure on the beach met her gaze, except two or three fishermen preparing to launch their boat. The aspect of the great lonely ocean, the dingy village beneath her, the bare black rocks around, the desolate sweep of sand, made her

tremble with a hitherto unknown dread. She felt too cowardly to look again at the brick cottage, so, turning from it, she fled back again towards the village, and, urged by a nervous fear, ran with all speed down the stony road. The first person she met was Simon Mackrel, the baker, sitting on his own door-steps. Her affrighted looks drew his attention at once.

"Why, Lucy girl, what be the matter wi' you? You seem half-crazed wi' terror! Anything gone astray up yonder?" pointing with his thumb in the direction she was coming from.

"Oh! Simon, I'm afraid that some horrible fate has befallen the two gentlemen! The place is locked-up, and I cannot get in, and they're not on the beach so far as I can see."

"Hoot, girl!" said Simon, derisively; "don't you think they can be anywhere else around the neighbourhood? What a frightened little fool you be, Lucy!"

"But they go nowhere except on the shingle," she responded, tremblingly; "and, what's more, I know they were apprehensive of some danger, as they've always carried arms with them since Mr. Weston got that letter."

"What letter?"

"The one that you gave me—it came by post. The master, you remember, got your horse next day to go to F—. Well, when he came back he brought a lot of pistols and such things with him, and—indeed," continued the poor girl, sobbing as if her heart would break, "indeed—I know that something—terrible—has happened to them."

"Whew!"

Simon's under-jaw dropped on the announcement of this suspicious intelligence, and he nervously beat a tattoo with his fingers on the door-step.

"Never mind, Lucy," said he,

after a little while ; " dry your eyes, girl, and go home. I'll collect some of the fellows around here, and we'll go up to the cottage, and see what is the matter there. I hope nothing wrong has happened them chaps," he continued, under his breath, " especially the old 'un. He's a gentleman, every inch ; he paid me well for the loan of Ginger that there day."

Lucy Marling, taking the honest baker's advice, wended her way slowly homewards. The rumour soon spread among the villagers that something had gone wrong with the eccentric occupants of the brick cottage on the hill, and about a score of them immediately assembled to accompany Simon Mackrel on his visit of investigation. Though the strangers had never acquired a hold on the affections of their rustic neighbours, they were respected and looked upon with some esteem. Perhaps their acknowledged superiority in point of rank and education had to do with the origin of this feeling on the part of the stalwart fishermen and their families. Be that as it may, it was not by the cultivation of the smallest intimacy that it was occasioned, as Mr. Weston and Arthur had always persistently refused to notice even the fact of their existence.

The party started, carrying with them a number of implements, by means of which they might, if necessary, burst open the door to obtain access to the interior of the cottage. On reaching the scene of action, which they quickly did, Simon Mackrel, as the acknowledged leader of the expedition, went forward to reconnoitre. He tried the door, but, of course, ineffectually ; it was securely fastened inside. The windows were next treated with a like result. One of the fishermen now proposed that they should turn their attention to the rear of the cottage, and his suggestion was carried out. There was a small yard with a high fence

at both ends, which connected the dwelling with the outhouses behind. To the active villagers this obstacle was of little consequence ; they speedily scaled it, and, once within its boundary, found themselves at the back of the premises. It was also locked, and the windows in the rear secured after the same fashion. No alternative now presented itself but to make a forcible entrance, and, after some debate, this extreme measure was adopted. Lusty arms and proper instruments soon did the rest, the door fell with a crash, and they stepped across the threshold.

Their first visit was to the kitchen, but nothing pertinent to the search which they were making was presented there. The fire was out—not a spark remained on the hearth—and the several arrangements of the different household utensils remained undisturbed. From thence to the parlour in the front of the cottage. Books, some of them open, as if the reader's attention had only been momentarily withdrawn, lay upon the table ; an unfinished cigar with the grey ashes still clinging to it, beside them ; a pocket-handkerchief, of the finest India silk, and a gold snuff-box, were thrown on the seat of a large chair opposite ; a gentleman's slipper, subsequently recognised by Lucy as belonging to Mr. Weston, occupied the flowered hearth-rug. No confusion was evident in the entire room ; it seemed as if the inmates had only left it an hour before.

One or two of the most timid of the party declined going further ; but sturdy Simon Mackrel led the way and shamed them into following his footsteps. The first door at the head of the stairs was that of Mr. Weston's bed-chamber. It was closed, but the baker threw it open and peeped in. A sight replete with horror there presented itself. The carpet was saturated with blood, and clots of gore stained the furniture on every side. Even the bed-hangings and

window-curtains bore the fatal mark of assassination, but no trace could be found of the bodies. A sheet of buff-coloured note-paper (afterwards identified by Lucy Marling as the same that was enclosed in the envelope addressed to Mr. Weston) was attached to the pillow by a bloody dagger driven to the hilt into it. On inspection it proved to bear the form of a coffin finely executed with a pen, and beneath, in red ink, the single word—

“EXPIATION!”

Information of this strange occurrence was at once despatched to F—, and several of the villagers, meanwhile, kept possession of the cottage. The proper officers arrived that evening, and steps were immediately taken calculated to elucidate the mystery, but without success. No one in the neighbourhood doubted that a foul double murder had been committed, and, from the notice sent to the unfortunate men, it was supposed that they were the victims of some secret association, upon whose members they had inflicted some real or fancied injury. As the face of a stranger had not been seen for a length of time in or around the village, no suspicion could attach to anyone, the neighbours being evidently guiltless of any complicity in the crime. The miscreant assassins hence escaped the punishment they so richly deserved, only, it was hoped,

to reach the gallows by some other route.

Great efforts were made to discover the bodies of Mr. Weston and his companion Arthur, but they resulted ineffectually. The generally received opinion was that after the perpetration of the crime they had been thrown into the sea. From the fact that the weapons of the two gentlemen were found properly loaded and primed on their dressing-tables, it was concluded that their enemies had wrought the dark deed while their victims were sleeping, and therefore necessarily defenceless. It was never explained how the murderers had gained admittance, and afterwards left the premises properly secured from within.

Notwithstanding that a proper reward was offered for the information, Mr. Weston's antecedents were never discovered, the place from whence he originally came, nor the character of his relationship to his inseparable companion, Arthur.

Lucy Marling, about a year later, married her faithful swain, Peter Long. She was glad to remove from the village, as her absence was calculated to release her from the many painful associations which the remembrance of the foregoing incidents invariably summoned to her mind.

The brick cottage was never afterwards occupied, but its ruins exist to this day.

## AMERICAN NUNS.

BY A NATIVE OF CINCINNATI.

IF ever there was a Protestant by descent, tradition, educational influence, and religious conviction, I suppose I was one. A Puritan ancestry on my father's side, whose graves for near two hundred years I some time since mused over at Hartford, had determined my cast in the Roundhead type, and I hated Popery as ferociously as I was capable of hating anything. Not that I *knew* much about it, but Protestant martyrologies and histories of the Reformation had, with other concurrent influences, engendered a state of feeling which, though correct enough, perhaps, in some of its impulses, was beyond peradventure eminently unjudicial. I well remember, when a boy, the abhorrent interest with which I watched the building of St. Peter's Cathedral at Cincinnati. Several years were spent in laying its ponderous foundations—in places eight to fifteen feet thick, and I sounded them many a time in search of inquisitorial vaults made ready for their furniture of pain; and as season after season the grand enclosure grew, I wandered through crypt and gallery hunting for secret chambers, and estimating as best I could the resistance that its massive masonry would oppose to an artillery enfilade down Seventh Street—in which I proposed to make my knowledge of the building useful; for that it was a fortress under the guise of a church, was probably at that time the best settled of all my articles of faith. But the church grew through fifteen years of building to architectural maturity,—and I suppose I grew

somewhat too; at all events, I *outgrew* alike the belief in its dungeons, and the desire to knock it down.

All my family and their collaterals were Baptists, a denomination, as I suppose, more diametrically antagonistic, in respect of church government, doctrine, and religious methods, to the Romish system, than any other body called evangelical. Every congregation is a complete and unitary church. The church-meeting is the highest court of appeal. Universal suffrage had been practised by it for generations before it was patented as a political panacea. The written Word, unclogged by patristic, œcumenical, or synodical interpretations, is the sole and sufficient rule of faith and practice. My father was a devout and working member of this democratic faith. The last ten years of his life were chiefly spent in forwarding the erection and endowment of a theological college for the education of Baptist ministers. His work for the time being seemed to prosper, and he left the institution at his death with large and valuable buildings, extensive and elaborately improved grounds in the centre of a growing city, and an endowment of many thousands of pounds. This he considered the one completely successful labour of his life. Here was to be "a centre of evangelical light and truth, that from age to age would shed its beams over the western churches—a seat of gospel learning from which, under the Divine blessing, would go out long lines of thoroughly equipped and earnest men to hasten the final triumph and uni-

versal reign of pure and primitive religion." So he wrote, and prayed, and planned, twenty-four years ago.

Among those who wrought steadfastly at the heretical enterprise was one Dennis, an Hibernian of small scholarship, but great faith. One day I overheard him say to a fellow-labourer—speaking of my father—"He may work at his college as much as he likes, but the praists 'll get it in good time." And they have!—or, at least, the nuns have—though neither father nor Dennis saw it with fleshy eyes. Only recently I cut from the *Cincinnati Commercial* the following local item:—"The ceremony of dedicating the St. Elizabeth Hospital, on Eleventh Street, was performed yesterday afternoon by Bishop Carrell of the Catholic Church, assisted by Right Reverend J. M. Lancaster, Fathers Butler, Mitchell, Freilich, Rolter, Smith, and others, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, including the members of the various Catholic benevolent societies of Covington, Newport, Dayton, and Ludlow. Mother Francesca, the founder of the order of the Sisters of the Poor, in Europe, who has just arrived in this country, was also present. The dedication exercises were conducted in both German and English, and were of the most interesting and impressive character. The St. Elizabeth Hospital, as most of our readers know, is conducted by the St. Franciscan Sisters. They purchased, last fall, the commodious building and grounds known as the Baptist Theological Seminary property, on Eleventh Street, with the design of converting it into a public hospital."

Then follows a description of the advantages of the building, locality, &c.

But to return. While all this highly Protestant work was going on in the immediate family, my mother's father, at nearly sixty years of age, did the most absurd, unprecedented,

and incredible thing that ever was perpetrated by a private gentleman of sound mind and in comfortable circumstances,—he became a Romanist. Had he turned Jew, Mahometan, or Pagan, we would have marvelled, and been afflicted less. For a long time the dreadful secret was carefully kept from my sisters and myself; and as he lived "across the mountains" (the Atlantic ocean was further from Ohio then than now), this was the more easily done. I think my father was too much shocked ever to speak of it. He felt that such apostasy stained-like crime, and showed it by a rigorous silence, unbroken during his life, so far as I know. There was, however, little apostasy in the case to speak of, for grandfather had always been a *bon vivant* and man of the world, who had worried himself about nothing less than religion of any kind, until two or three years before he took this unprecedented step. Awakened then to serious impressions, he took the road first at hand and became a Baptist. This, for some reason, did not suit his particular moral diathesis, and he tried Methodism, which he found still worse. With him "all ways appeared to lead to Rome"—and there he brought up and stayed,—for the rest of his time, a consistent, devout, and earnest man.

Ten years later he came to that test of sincere profession, beyond which, at least in this world, there is no appeal. One raw March day he returned from a walk over Federal Hill, feeling chilly and depressed. On the next an acute attack of pleurisy declared itself. It was the first time he had ever been sick, but he felt at once that his end was at hand—settled his business, and gave directions for his obsequies. For three days his strong frame wrestled with the Angel of Summons, but the pains of death had no power to break the anchorage of his faith. His was no such euthanasia—such



translation almost as we sometimes see amongst our Methodist friends—but I am not sure that I do not like it better. He had a sister-in-law, a mother in the Campbellite Israel, a most devout and excellent woman, but brusque of speech, and greatly in earnest then, who, being at his bedside, said to him, a little while before his departure, "Well, brother A., you have found your religion comfortable enough, I dare say, to live by—how does it do to die by?" A gentleman of the old school to the last, whose native politeness even the King of Terrors had not discomposed, he made answer, "If you will have the goodness to remain with me for a few hours, my dear sister, you shall see for yourself!" And she did. "I die," said he, shortly after, "in the faith and communion of the Holy Catholic Church, trusting for salvation only in the merits of our Saviour Christ." And with this testimony, he "fell asleep."

Six years before this, father had passed on through the Baptist gate, trusting and triumphing in the same salvation. If ever perfect love had cast out fear, if ever death was swallowed up in victory, if ever a mortal, not yet unclothed, entered spiritually into Blessed Life, it was so here. I was but twelve years old, but remember all as well as if it were last week. Never, while this recollection remains, can I call such a state ecstasis (a term by which your doctor means disease), or accept in this regard the definition of a materialistic psychology. I am sure I do not understand the subject; but that such experiences are real, and not illusory, I have no more doubt than I have that the glorious sunset before me is not a subjective vision.

Father's death left us all Baptists, with as little expectation of change as is now entertained by the reader of turning Buddhist. More than a decade has passed since there has

been a Baptist among us. All are members of other Protestant churches, except one daughter, who is a Roman Catholic, and unconsciously responsible for the heading of this article, so far discursive, as she first brought the writer among "the nuns"—having entered, at her own desire, some years ago, a conventual school in Canada—and gone over to Rome, of course.

I do not remember that I ever hated nuns particularly, as I did priests; my feeling being rather that they were great fools, and the priests responsible for their unjust incarceration. But I had become considerably mollified before my first acquaintance with them three years ago. Occasional correspondence with the superior of the school at which my sister was a boarder, had resulted in a highly favourable opinion of her on my part. How much this was strengthened by a personal acquaintance, covering several extended interviews, need not be related here. If a face like a Madonna, an air and ways so natural that they would be called artless in a girl (she told me she was forty, and had become a nun when very young), the perfection of lady-like manners joined to a purity and goodness that no mortal diagnostician could mistake, and practical wisdom which no man of sense could fail to recognise, are desirable things in a mother superior—there was no mistake made in her selection for that office. I shall be much older than now when the impression made during our brief acquaintance lapses or grows dim.

In the course of a journey of twenty-seven hundred miles, I visited (provided with proper letters of introduction) quite a number of convents; and though known at each as an unwavering Protestant, was in all cases received with cordial welcome, and treated with the most polite attention. Through some I was shown from garret to cellar, in

such detail and with such entire frankness, that I quite forgot to look for the inquisitors' rooms. And I bear witness only to the truth, when I say that several of them were, in their appointments and discipline, the most complete educational establishments I have yet seen. Take the conventual school at Hochelega, near Montreal, as an example. Within three hundred yards of the St. Lawrence River, commanding, from its upper stories, a view of the city and mountain of Montreal, the islands, and the Victoria Bridge—a vista of thirty miles in all directions, of as fine prospect as can be seen in North America—stand the church, convent, and school, in a single building, with a hundred acres of grove and garden attached. The school alone is larger than any female college I know except Vassar—the halls, say, fifteen feet wide by nineteen high; balconies and bay windows in abundance; on the roof a promenade-deck covering perhaps an eighth of an acre, surrounded by a balustrade; separate study and recitation-rooms for each branch; every apartment heated with steam and thoroughly ventilated; ample space and provision for calisthenics and indoor exercise generally; library, restricted, of course, in range, but large; organ, twelve “grand” pianos, and all other means for musical accomplishment of every kind,—it had at least all the instrumentation necessary for the physical comfort and æsthetic culture of its inmates. The two extensive dormitories were particularly admirable. Here the genius of order appeared to reign supreme. The bed-linen on the couches was as white as swan’s-down, a clothes-press at the head of each bed, the contents of which, opened at random, were found arranged with perfect system and neatness, a separate lavatory and furniture for each pupil in like condition,—in a word, a complete expression of just the habits (for the young

ladies attend to all this themselves), which the best of mothers try to teach their daughters, often with very limited success. As we entered each room, all the inmates rose, bowed, and remained standing, until we retired. The culture of manners is a specialty at all Catholic schools. A young woman might come out of such an institution a dunce, but hardly a gawk or a slattern. And some of us, who think it a quite venial deficiency that a good wife and mother should be unacquainted with the conic sections in geometry, and the theory of compound radicals in chemistry, will regard the habit of order, cultivated so assiduously with regard to both time and tangible things, at these seminaries, as more helpful and valuable than all the mastery of French and waxwork, pastel abbeys, and worsted flowers, so patiently and successfully communicated.

Our visit was made on a Sunday afternoon. The girls, scattered through the recitation-rooms, were mostly engaged in writing to their parents and friends. The spacious and elegant reception-room on the first floor was filled with happy children and their relatives who had come from the city, or farther than that, to see them. Whatever of idolatry may be charged against the ancient faith, there is none of the Lord’s day. There was perfect decorum, but all were as cheerful, and many as merry, as if they had been a May party.

One great attraction of these conventual schools is their cheapness. You can educate your daughter at the best institution of the kind in Canada for about one-third, including the difference in the currencies, of what it would cost you at a Protestant seminary of similar grade in the United States. And with this, the Catholic school will grow rich at its business, while the Protestant one, unless amply endowed, is begging donations. The secret of the

difference is in the conjoint vows of celibacy and poverty resting on the nuns. Whatever diversity of view there may be as to the moral value of these restrictions, there can be none as to their economy. The teachers get no salaries for their labour, and cost their employer—the Church—nothing but the absolute necessities of a most frugal life. Those who have had to do with the building up of Protestant Churches can realise the superiority of the Roman system in these particulars. Every brick and beam, every shovelful of earth or trowelful of mortar in the Protestant house costs money; and when the edifice is completed, and you get a young minister, “without incumbrance,” at a small salary, he marries the prettiest girl in the congregation within a year, and you are in for a parsonage. Then, of course, the salary must go up; and in a little while, besides the minister, you will be supporting the gospel in the shape of his matronly helpmeet, half a dozen unpromising scions, and two Irish Catholic servant-girls.

Not so in the organisation of a Catholic parish. Twenty-five years ago, Father Wilson (some time previously a partaker in Methodist love-feasts) commenced the building of a church edifice at an interior town in Ohio. I do not remember, and do not believe, that there was a man or woman in his congregation with other income than what was derived from day labour. Most of the ready money was collected from Protestants. But Patrick and Michael gave labour with spade and trowel, and Kate and Bridget made strawberry festivals and fairs of needlework, whereby they got much gear, chiefly from heretics; and in a few years Father Wilson finished, all but the steeple, the finest and largest stone church in the city—ten times larger than he needed then, but filled, including aisles and gallery, every Sunday now. At the same

time, or shortly after he commenced the church, he started a parish school with twenty-five or thirty ragged pupils, which I, a schoolboy then, passed every day; and I do not think they numbered over fifty for years. Two weeks ago I visited this school, and was told by Father Wilson's successor that he had two thousand children under his charge. I also looked in at the school I attended when I was fifteen years of age. It has one of the largest endowments in the State of Ohio: had about two hundred pupils then, and has about two hundred now. Is it not evident that we must change these ratios, or cease to be a distinctively Protestant people within the next seventy years?

Father Wilson has built half a dozen churches since then, is now engaged upon the largest one in America, and I do not believe he has cost the Catholic laity three hundred dollars per annum, one year with another since he took orders.

A more apparently *cheerful* class of people than the nuns I have yet to see. They seem to have buried with the excitements most of the annoyances of life. “Those who do not know us,” said one of the superiors of the Loretto order to me, “think our life one monotonous vigil and prayer. If such were the case, we should be, without doubt, very stupid people. There are but few minds so constituted as to bear the perpetual contemplation of spiritual subjects without injury. The most of our duties are active, and sufficiently varied to give healthful employment to the different faculties of the mind. In attendance on the sick, in ministering in various ways to human want and suffering, in teaching children such knowledge as will make them safe and useful in this world, and happy in the next, we find a great deal to do besides telling our beads. Why Mr. —,” she continued, “when I was sent from Dublin, with others, to esta-

blish the Loretto order in Canada, it was part of my instructions to visit and inspect every church and convent where I stopped on my route, to familiarise myself with plans, materials, and prices, that I might better understand how to erect, as well as conduct, a school of this kind. I built this house" (a large and substantial stone structure, admirably located), "and I think it well built, as far as it goes; but our order in this country was new and poor. If we had had more money, it would have been larger and better."

We had some discussion on doctrinal points, unleavened with that disputatious spirit so inevitable in doctrinal polemics between fellow-Protestants. There was no desire manifested to argue me down. It may be that I did not *need* arguing down as much as, I am sorry to say, many otherwise intelligent and fair-minded Protestants do; for I knew that Papists did not worship images, or pray to saints as we pray to Christ;<sup>1</sup> I had no urgent objection to celibacy on *their* part, was rather favourable than otherwise to a purgatory, on general principles, and did not try to answer the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. Once we touched on the Catholic claim of miracles. "I have been a nun," she said "for more than twenty years, have been a great deal in different communities, some of them large ones, and I never saw or knew any one who had seen anything of the kind. I *have* known, occasionally, those who supposed they had seen visions, and in these cases I have generally called

in the physician, not the priest, and under proper treatment they have usually disappeared. We are taught not to anticipate such things—indeed, to suspect what appears at first to look like them. But that God does, in these as in days gone by, in His own time and way, miraculously attest the authority of His Church and the efficacy of prayer, I have no more question than I have in regard to the reality of that usual order of Providence, which is the more common expression of His will. No new fact in science has to run such a gauntlet of criticism and tests as a new miracle in the Catholic Church; but when, after the most careful examination it has been authenticated by the Holy Father, we credit it as unreservedly as we do those recorded in the New Testament. And in this, we, as believers in the Bible, are consistent—not you. Did not Christ say that, when the Paraclete was come, His disciples should do greater things than He had done? Were not the apostles, before commencing their ministry, to wait at Jerusalem until they were endued with *power* from on high? You know how that power was manifested on the day of Pentecost. And at our Saviour's last miraculous appearance, before His ascension into heaven, did He not join with the very obligation to perpetuate His religion the promise of its perpetual *attestation* by a catalogue of miracles as wonderful as any you will find in Butler's 'Lives of the Saints'?" And then she quoted the Douay rendering of Mark xvi. 15, 20.

Among the nuns with whom I

<sup>1</sup> Justice to the Roman Catholic theology demands that we should say, here, that the writer's love of fair play towards another sect than his own leads him to concede even more than his opponent would be willing to accept. The Roman Church does, in express terms, profess and encourage the worship of images, but claims a distinction in the *sort* of worship paid to them, which relieves it of the charge of idolatry. On the subject of prayer to saints, the position assumed by Roman theologians is also the contrary of that stated by our author. They claim that the distinctive *divine* worship is only the worship of *sacrifice*;—that they do "pray to saints as Protestants pray to Christ;" while they offer to Christ a worship such as Protestants do not practise—the "unbloody sacrifice" of the Mass.—EDITOR.

became more or less acquainted—and there were many of them—I did not see any one who appeared dissatisfied or unhappy. There was, of course, great diversity among them—five different nationalities at least to start with—all ages and all grades of the intellectual scale. They did not all look like madonnas, or talk like our mother superior; but all *did* look as if they had found their vocation and were satisfied with it. Their hearts were, indeed, no easier to read than those of the laity, and probably many of them enshrined some holy sorrow; but there certainly was no visible sign of regret for the world they had left behind. That the means they employ, and the ends they propose, would not suit *you*, Protestant reader, is very far from being proof that they may not be the best possible ones for *them*. All over the Christian world there are souls struggling for something above the vulgar joys and sorrows of commonplace existence, asking that their “Lamp of Sacrifice”—one of the deepest and divinest principles that God has planted in our clay, the one by which we are most nearly His spiritual offspring, and, it may be added, the one most in need of the wisest human reason and the clearest heavenly guidance to trim and use aright—be lighted by a noble enthusiasm and fed by some transcendent mission. Such souls usually make terrible shipwreck: *this* world is no place for them; its chill is fatal to the flame, and the Promethean fire, once out, is never lit again. There are those who have struggled to accomplish such a vocation to the bearing of bitterer woes than men will take for wealth, love, power, or fame. No philosophy that ignores the spiritual elements of humanity will explain our many-sided nature. Man does not live by bread alone. It is when he is clothed, and housed, and fed, that he begins to be in want. He is an animal, the king

of animals, and some of his greatest mistakes arise from ignoring this fundamental fact; but he is something more. Bound up in his unstable mechanism are two warring natures. The harmonious integration and development—the at-onement of these is the true and final office of science and religion.

Judging from the zeal of the Church in making proselytes, one might infer that it was equally anxious to increase the number of those who take upon them its final vows. This, however, is not the case, except under important limitations. If, after being a lay member for a proper time, one wishes to become a nun, she must first satisfy her spiritual director, and the superior of the convent to which she desires to attach herself, that she has a true “vocation,” as it is called, to such a life. No mere *desire* on her part to be a nun, no consideration of the mere pecuniary gain that may accrue to the order from her incorporation in it, will determine even the first step in the process. The life is one of complete self-abnegation and most arduous labour. The postulant must be in sound health, body and mind, thoroughly devoted, and steadfast of purpose. These points affirmatively settled, she enters a convent on a six months’ probation. If this is satisfactorily completed, she begins a two years’ novitiate. During all this time she assumes no vows. At the end of the two years and a half she is as free to change her mind and return to the world as she was before her probation. But when, after this extended test, she takes the veil—that, in symbol, shuts out all secular interests and pursuits—there must be no looking back. She lays aside every weight, to run the race set before her. For evermore the world is crucified to her, and she to the world.

Were there not some who, without knowing more, should know better, I would not refer to the vulgar in-

sinuation sometimes heard, of conventual unfaithfulness to celibate vows. The time, I trust, has come—and we do not owe its advent to the Church of Rome—when truth can afford to be honest; and just men, however strong their antipathies, should be ashamed to charge guilt which is not only unproven, but negatived by all the evidence upon the subject. Sensuality, especially when detached from the order of nature—family and domestic ties—makes marks in both the physiognomy and physiology of its devotees, which no one can hide. You know the woman of the demi-monde when you see her on the pavement or in the street-car. You may find the traces of most human impressions on the faces of the nuns—but not that. Every physician with a conventual practice knows that their diseases (and those of the genital plexus are not infrequent) are of the celibate type. If of that class, they are most probably those for which the medical attendant of your family is treating your unmarried sister and your maiden aunt. There are no reservations in the confessional of pathology. *Nature*, at least, is true. Get rid of that vulgar notion, my friend; leave it to ignorant and brutal people; you will be very much ashamed of it when you are qualified to have an opinion on the subject.<sup>1</sup>

One feature noticeable in all Catholic convents, perhaps even more than in their churches, is the prominence given by all the art of the statuary and the painter, to the physical sufferings of our Lord. One revolts at the endless pantomime of pain, and wearies of the pine or marble Christs in versatile and studied agonies. A cheerful-looking saint is almost as hard to find as a

wicked one. I do not know who first recommended the fourteen "stations of the [cross]," as useful subjects of daily religious contemplation, but I shall never think him a wise or profitable spiritual guide. As rationally might we seek to promote filial-affection in our children by varied and repeated representations of parturient pains. Gladly, thankfully, gratefully does the Protestant looker-on turn from this low physical plane to that sublime *life* which is the light of men. The Saviour that we love, the Christ that is incarnated for ever in the heart of humanity, is the Teacher, Example, and Intercessor. It was needful to know the story of the Atonement, and the steps of the sacrifice made once for all—and they are told us in the Record as briefly as is consistent with the historical completeness of the narrative. They are not *panem quotidianum*. The mysterious work has been *accomplished*—"finished," said high authority, at its marvellous climax, and our calling is not to its throes and travail, but to its duties and rewards.

Very different from those of Rome are the traditions in this regard of its great rival, the Greek Church. There the Author of our Faith is known as the Ascended rather than the Crucified, the Victor than the Victim. With it, the ministry of the Comforter is perpetual joy.

And it is just here, unless I greatly mistake the religious impulses of our time, that the divergence between the mediæval ecclesiasticism and those of modern Protestantism is widest and most impassable. The stanchest Protestants now living are repelled from the ancient Church of Christendom not less by her doctrinal peculiarities than by her inherent antagonism to the modes and aspirations of modern thought. This,

<sup>1</sup> These remarks are intended, of course, to apply to the conventual institutions of America. The documentary history of the Church of Rome, in the record of perpetually repeated attempts at discipline and reform, discloses the monstrous abuses by which the institution of celibacy, both among regulars and among seculars, among nuns as well as monks, has been chronically infested in almost all other lands and ages.—EDITOR.

and not only transubstantiation, purgatory, or saintly invocation, is the barrier that divides the New from the Old. As John Brown said, we believe in different gods. The most devoted lives among Protestant Christians are passed not so much "under the Great Taskmaster's eye," as in dutiful and glad observance of that "reasonable service," "which is perfect freedom," and in which are supplied the conditions of the largest growth and completest development for every part of that nature which the Sinless wore on earth, and carried up perfected and glorified into the heavens. It is getting every day to be better understood, that liberty is not only more fruitful, but safer than repression. We are beginning to see that the Divine Worker has made fewer mistakes than we had supposed. After its many and wearisome wanderings, the human mind is at last willing to accept its genial and final office of priest and interpreter of Nature. A new heaven and a new earth, opened up by astronomy, geology, natural history, chemistry, and social science, await its peaceful conquest and perpetual reign. We begin to see something of the plan pursued in the intellectual and moral education of the race. The word "providence" is growing intelligible. With new assurance may we pray, "Thy kingdom come:" with faith unknown to our fathers, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven."

Perhaps the most noteworthy characteristic of our Roman Catholic friends is the entireness of their faith in the Church as the "pillar and ground" of religious truth. They regard its logical position as impregnable. Those who believe at all, believe unreservedly. All the matters of faith and practice debated by Protestant controversialists and agitated in thinking minds among the Protestant laity, are *res judicata* to them. The way to go to heaven is as simple as the way to go to school.

They carry no intellectual *impedimenta* into the *living* of their creed. Doubting Castle and Giant Despair do not lie in their pathway. Doubt of the compassion of the All-Merciful is a temptation which must be resisted without parley, and despair a mortal sin, which confession and abandonment alone can purge away.

In America we have known the Catholic Church mostly through its Irish constituency, and have judged it—not altogether unjustly—by its sanctifying and civilising effect in that direction. It is commonly believed that Larry will lie, though he won't eat meat on Friday; and that Biddy will not do to trust with the keys, though she says more prayers than her mistress. It is only fair to allow just weight to the political and social circumstances which for seven hundred years have surrounded the Irish peasantry, though it may still be an open question whether Irish faith or English rule is most to blame for their obliquities. The prevailing cause, probably lies deeper than either. There are moral idiosyncrasies in races, as there are intellectual ones in families. Two things it may be well to consider, before urging against the Church of Rome the moral obtuseness of the more ignorant populations of Christendom—whether, even tried by our standard, her religion is not a great deal better for them than none at all; and whether it is not the only existing form of Christianity which, in their past or present state, could be operative as a moral force. Do you really believe, my evangelical friend, that you could get the Augsburg Confession, or that of the Synod of Dort, or the Thirty-Nine Articles, into the consciences and lives of the mongrel races of South America, in time to prevent the dissolution of society, if Rome were to evacuate the continent to-morrow? And are you not, upon reflection, disposed to think that an earthquake, burying the Andes from the northern isth-

mus to the southern cape, would be, on the whole, a less fatal catastrophe than the sudden displacement of that vast though imperfect moral restraint, which, impalpable as the atmosphere, presses upon every grade of its barbarous society the sanctions of an endless life, with destinies the legitimate descendants of the deeds done in this?<sup>1</sup>

While there are many ignorant priests, there are among them, particularly in the higher ranks of the clergy, very many men of eminent scholarship and learning. And, strange to say, they are on better terms with the more advanced school of physical research than Protestant divines. They do not quarrel with Bichat or Lyell. It is not the literal accuracy of the Book, but the spiritual infallibility of the Church, that they have in charge to promulgate and defend. The tendency among them is to a wider and more catholic scholarship than is common among Protestant theologians. They do not get nervous when some one unearths a new monster from the oolite, or picks up a piece of pottery from the pliocene tertiary. They have given up the miserable, hopeless fight with demonstrable science, and are the stronger for it.

This Catholic question, so important in its bearings upon the future of America, this Church so overshadowing among the ecclesiastical activities of our time, requires to be treated fairly. Those of us who believe that the Reformation marked an onward step of Providence in the secular and spiritual education of the race—that the fruits of civil and religious freedom, baptised with the blood of the Thirty Years' War, and

a thousand battle-fields since, toiled and suffered for by the choicest spirits that have lived on earth during the last three hundred years, and now delivered to the keeping of the most advanced and powerful races of civilised men, are worth preserving and handing down—cannot *afford* to misunderstand the position of our opponents. Ignorant aspersion of their tenets or practices will help them, not us. When some well-intentioned “no-popery” man relates a string of stupid falsehoods about their history and doctrines, tell him to read up the other side of the subject, just for the sake—since he will talk—of knowing something about it. The truth is bad enough, and a better ally than its opposite. The man has not made much progress in inculcating Protestant views, no matter how tremendous his objurgations, who succeeds in satisfying his hearer that he is either ignorant or insincere. And if, for the time being, he convinces, the reaction will be still greater if the hearer finds out, two or ten years afterwards, that his confidence has been abused. If there be any permanent result in such cases, it is more likely to be favourable to Romanism than adverse to it. And there are no zealots like proselytes. A larger per-centage of originally Protestant than Catholic pupils in conventual schools become nuns.

Twenty years ago, the growth of the Catholic Church was almost exclusively the result of accretion by immigration and the increase of Catholic families. This is no longer the case. In this age of printing-presses and free schools, she has

<sup>1</sup> This argument is not to be construed into an insinuation that the Roman religion is exclusively adapted to depraved, and the Protestant to elevated races. The civilisation of some Catholic states, and the success of Evangelical religion in Polynesia, Madagascar, Australasia, and other most savage regions, would be quoted to the contrary. But the doubtful point of the argument may be in the uncertainty, in some men's minds, whether the Catholic religion, as administered in Spanish America, does appreciably contribute to the cohesion of society. We fear that the universal laxity of morals among the priesthood throughout Spanish America must be admitted on the concurrent testimony of travellers.—EDITOR.



organised an aggressive campaign, and entered upon the work of propaganda with an energy and sagacity which have not unduly excited the interest and apprehensions of such Protestants as take note of what is going on around them. And it is not only the number, but in many cases the quality of their converts that surprises the looker-on. Such proselytes as Newman and Milner in England, and Ives and Brownson in America, project an influence into the higher circles of culture and power, which no mere number of obscure Smiths and Joneses could wield. They go to work with a vim—with treatises and essays, which the alumni of Oxford and Harvard read with relish if not with conviction, and aim at nothing less than the capture of minds of equal endowments and influence with themselves. Already Protestantism, so long assailant, is put upon the defensive. Conversions from Romanism have ceased, or nearly so, and the contrary process has begun. Within a single year Archbishop Manning has made one thousand converts in a single fashionable district of London, and during the same period has admitted fifteen Protestant clergymen into the communion of the Church of Rome. I know a mother superior who, ten years ago, was a rigid Presbyterian. The present Bishop of Philadelphia was educated a Unitarian. Instances of this character are far less infrequent than unobservant Protestants imagine. And as for the matter of numerical increase of membership, it is gaining on that of the total population of America at the rate of about twelve per cent. per annum, compounded at that.<sup>1</sup> Consider what such facts mean and point to, you who thought that Gari-

baldi was going to finish the papacy a few years ago—you who believe that it is dying of a complication of printing-presses, steam-engines, and submarine cables!

What is to be the result? Is Protestantism to be reabsorbed, before the close of the twentieth century, into the larger and more ancient mass—to make full and complete surrender, as did the Arian and Gnostic revolts of earlier time? We waive the consideration of the grand element in the problem, the question on which side the Divine Power is to work,—on which side is the Rock and the inexpugnable Truth,—and content ourselves with calculating the resolution of the human forces, visible and invisible, that are co-working and counterworking in society towards the settlement of this question. If we depended on the counter ecclesiastical activities of Protestantism, we might well doubt its ability for successful resistance. It is to those products of the modern thought—art, literature, and science, and that impalpable but dominating influence, the collective result of these, which we call the spirit of the age—that we turn for assurance that the moral and intellectual world shall not reverse its revolution, and go back to the times of Tetzels and Torquemadas. Never again shall a Sorbonne decide a quarrel between a dogma and a fact. Never again will a council, however œcumenical, try an issue between orthodoxy and nature. *That* battle has been won, and no men know it better than the present generation of Catholic priests. No system, however conservative, can resist the subtle and ubiquitous radiations, which, from the school-room, the newspaper, the platform, and the library, permeate all ranks of society with the movings of a truer

<sup>1</sup> Unquestionably, this record of the advancement of the Roman Church in Protestant countries can be partially balanced by vast losses of power, prestige, pecuniary resources, and of multitudes of former adherents, in Catholic countries. But after making all the deductions which any man will claim, there remains enough to set us all to pondering some very serious questions.—EDITOR

life, and the prophecy of a better time. No inculcation, however venerable, that implies error in creative wisdom or cruelty in the universal Parent, can hold the mass of healthy minds, or bind those higher ones, assigned to every age, as its leaders, teachers, and guides. There is a growing and encouraging belief that the collective Human Being—living in all ages and inhabiting all climes—is to have a youth nobler than its childhood, and a maturity diviner than its youth; and that all this is in the nature of a cosmical necessity, as far above our hindering as the sweep of the last comet, as independent of the fooleries of politicians and world-betterers as the precession of the equinoxes. Good men everywhere forward it—less of will than of grace; their glory being not at all in their achievements, but in the celestial co-partnership by which they are co-workers with God.

Not only the prevailing influences of civilisation, but the general order of things, which looks rather to development than conservation, is fatal in time to all ideas and systems not founded in universal truth. The removal of the human race by death, and its renewal three times in a century, is a perpetual guarantee against the permanence of opinions and

methods inharmonious with that nature which is alike the product and expression of the Divine Will. "Institutions have an end, but the people is eternal." Every thirty years humanity comes new from the hand of God, and fresh with His implantings. Every babe is the Adam of a new world.

The present reaction towards Ultramontaniam is sporadic and temporary. It is the sign of a deeply-felt and universal want. It is a protest against the religious hollowness of the age. It is the prophecy of a new, wiser, and more reverent epoch in the religious progress of mankind.

Finally, the lesson we get from our sojourns with the nuns and colloquies with the priests is the same that comes with all our better knowledge of each other—charity. There is a wonderful family-likeness between good people everywhere. If we know saints who never saw a convent, let us believe that there are saints in convents we have never seen—just men in Samaria as well as in Judea. Wide apart as they now appear, a few years will bring these good people together. "The time cometh, when neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, they shall worship the Father."



## THE LITTLE CRIPPLES AT MUNICH.

I WAS living in Munich some twenty years ago, with a dear friend, since dead, then a studiosus with the great Kaulbach of the "Babel" and "Hunnen Schlacht" epics. The laureat of mythic terrors had been minded to enact Æsop for a time, and make the world indebted for many a long laugh over his visible embodiment of the life and reign of "Reynard the Fox." That history was not yet published, but its fame had already spread abroad among sympathetic *cognoscenti* and the Magister's Bohemian court.

Down by fair Loch Starnberg, where the Alps stand afar, guarding the sleeping waters from the winds fierce from buffetings with the snow peaks, the Magister resided that summer; and it occurred to my friend and other studiosi, that it would be a famous joke to get a lot of masks of the chief characters in "Reynard," incontinently appear with them at the cottage by the lake, and give the Magister a zoological ovation. The idea was adopted by acclamation. Every one's friend—Count P——, poet, musician, painter, caricaturist, volunteered the text and choruses. Then for the masks. Some of the men set to work to accomplish their own metempsychosis. For the rest, the difficulty remained till somebody, suddenly inspired, cried, "Why, let the little cripples make them."

"What do you mean?" said a young Berliner, suspecting persiflage.

"Mean?—the *Krippelhafter Knaaben*, in the Asylum down by the Isar; they are wonderful chaps, equal to anything that is to be made out of paper and glue."

My friend was constituted "Mask Committee," and I accompanied

him on his official visit. We found the Asylum—a fine old house, that must have seen gay doings two centuries ago. The director, Herr Mayer, received us; my friend stated his business, gave the sketches of the desired masks, and was delighted to find the director at once enter into the humour of the thing. A clever draughtsman, too, Herr Mayer. We had forgotten two or three of the heads; but from my friend's hints he scribbled down notes for them, and they ultimately proved among the best. He showed us a quantity of the work done by the boys; masks and properties for theatres, and every conceivable kind of elegant toys in papier mâché. "Some of the boys," he added, "are veritable little cobolds; but, with an artistic outlet for the spirit, good instead of evil comes of it." Herr Mayer invited us to revisit the institution; but it was long ere I could do so.

The masks were made; "the parts" learned; a glorious May morning dawned, and, *omnes*, each with a duplicate head and packet of paper lanterns, started for a sixteen-mile tramp to the lake. There, in the forest behind the Magister's cottage, a throne and canopy of state were improvised, garlands wound, flags set waving, lanterns hung ready. A monstrous fox's head was laid at our hero's feet, with due ceremony, and he, *en bon prince*, said he "would be delighted" to appear as Kaulbach, Rex Vulpinus, in the evening. The Magister's beautiful Frau conjured a bevy of pretty girls out of the earth; *pittiores et scriptiores* came, whence I know not, to enact our Greek chorus; and by evening a merrier party was assembled under the beech-trees than I can hope

ever to see again. The Great King sat enthroned, a fox-bush his sceptre; his lieges—lions, crows, cats—paid homage in rhymes worthy of Thomas Ingoldsby. A rookery overhead got up an indignation meeting at the laughter and noise we made. The bright eyes of the Dryads in muslin shone through the glinting lights, laughing the sentimental moon out of countenance. How many of our fiercest *carnivori* got their claws for ever clipped somehow under the trees that night! But all this concerns us not here: the paper lanterns have long since burnt out; some of the bright eyes will shine on earth no more; and the masks, after some carnival roystering, went the way of human cuticle. Their ghost leads me back to my story.

This summer, finding myself in the Bavarian capital once more, I resolved to pay that long-promised visit to the "Krippelhafter Knaben Austalt." Certain facts and figures regarding it I may perhaps as well note down here, though I did not learn them until after my visit.

In 1832, a private gentleman, Herr von Kurtz, having had his interest aroused in the forlorn condition of poor crippled boys, resolved to be the pioneer of their amelioration. Unfortunately, his own means were not large; but friends came to his aid, and he had soon some rooms fitted up in his residence for the reception of a limited number of boys. With some of the number he accepted a maximum payment of ten pounds per annum. He had a tutor for their instruction in the usual branches of the public elementary schools, and gave the greater part of his own time to their instruction in various light industrial occupations. After twelve years of unobtrusive usefulness, the attention of the government was, in 1844, drawn to Herr von Kurtz's establishment. Its name and fame had spread abroad; but, having given it a firm basis, he

not unwillingly consented to relinquish its management to the State; and, by an Act passed the same year, the "Krippelhafter Knaben Austalt" became a public institution, received a State endowment of £1800, and a regularly-appointed staff—namely, an inspector, resident director, a Protestant and Catholic chaplain, a schoolmaster, industrial master, and medical adviser; a matron, female servant, and porter, for domestic duties. The education provided was to include, besides the three Rs, a glimpse into geography and history, singing and elementary drawing; religious instruction being left to the care of the visiting chaplains. Pupils to pay £10 a year towards their maintenance; and all surplus revenue from subscriptions and bequests to be devoted to founding free scholarships. In 1850, a further donation of £1800 was made by the State; and at the present time the institution possesses a capital of £6000. It maintains an average yearly of twenty-six lads, at an outlay of £450. The immediate wants of the pupils absorb but a small moiety of this; the work done by them brings in a considerable sum yearly. But the staff is necessarily an expensive one; happily capable of taking the much extended duties to be imposed on it when the larger asylum now proposed is completed.

In all simplicity, I went in search of the old grey House of the Masks; to find, alas! all its little Robin Goodfellows gone, and, greyer than ever, looking abashed at its change of fortune, now harbouring unphilanthropic "long swords, saddles, bridles," and such military belongings.

After various inquiries, I got at last on the right track, finding that my right destination was No. 13, Staubstrasse. After a long walk, traversing the flowery twin cemeteries, and passing finally the little red-brick Franciscan church of Sor-

rows, with its life-size crucifix gazing haggardly at the loiterers by the wayside, I found myself in front of No. 13, Dust Street, named so, mayhap, by the monks, as a grim glorification of their own mortifications and grey peas.

A two-storied white house, No. 13, standing above a sloping grass plot, among fuschias and standard roses; no institutional dignity about it, or sign of its destination, except it were in the accidental apparition under a window-curtain of two pale little faces, which disappeared again as suddenly.

My appeal to the bell was responded to as though I had been a one-eyed Calendar, with connections among the genii of the "Arabian Nights;" the garden-gate opened, untouched by visible hands, with a weird, sharp click. Taking this, however, for an invitation to enter, I entered, and was aware of a great black dog—a dog with a double nose!—bounding towards me to do the honours. He snuffed at first suspiciously through those terrific nostrils; seemed not dissatisfied with the result, and took me under his protection to the back door, though I suggested the front entrance. A little, old woman, neat as a fairy godmother, evidently the housekeeper, appeared. I expressed my desire to see the Herr Director, if he was disengaged. Smiling benevolently, she "was sure he would rejoice;" bade me enter, and disappeared, leaving me in charge of my double-nosed friend.

A few moments, and the Herr Director descended the stairs—not the Herr Mayer of my recollections, but a gentleman of some thirty-five years of age, whose face at the first glance might predicate an artillery officer, or, at the second, an artist. He received me in the most courteous manner; informed me my old acquaintance, his predecessor, had long left, and was now head of a famous firm for art manufactures; then added,

"I shall be no less happy to show you our little place, and what our boys can do."

My visit was made in the afternoon, and the Director explained, as he led the way to the schoolroom, that all school tasks were accomplished before the twelve o'clock dinner hour, so the boys were now busy at their manufactures; the schoolroom being turned for the time into a workshop. I followed my guide through a door to the right, and found myself in a veritable factory, some forty feet in length, but of scarce sufficient height, and certainly failing in proper ventilation, though well lighted by five windows. The resident master, a kindly, intelligent-looking gentleman, was in charge of some twenty-eight boys from nine to fifteen years of age, all occupied at the low square tables standing in double rank down the room. Cardboard slips and scraps of bright-coloured papers strewed the floor; boxes and watchcases and every possible application of Bristol board in process of manufacture at some of the tables; at others sat little workmen, blowing an accompaniment to the singing of their wire saws, blowing the dust away, in fact, from the delicate tracery as they carved it.

All were dressed in the clothes of the asylum; dark cloth trousers and waistcoat, and that most practical of working garments, a belted stout blue linen blouse.

There were boys with crutches placed against their seats, ready to hand; boys with irons round their thin ankles; lame boys, indeed, of every variety; boys half paralysed; others with their ten fingers so crumpled and twisted by a cruel freak of nature, it seemed miraculous they could ever learn the functions of human hands; hunchbacked boys also were there, perhaps occupying the best vantage-ground for success. Scrofula lies at the root of most of the deformities which these unfortu-

nates have had born with them, the hunchback is rarely of the number : scrofula saps all the vital functions, and though acute but in one limb, debilitates all the others more or less. One small Quasimodo was by special permission this afternoon copying some foliations, and with the care and accuracy of a mediæval illuminator. As he sat at work his head quite disappeared below the heaped shoulders, and I felt something like a shock on beholding the weird beauty of his pale face as it turned with a quiet, self-reliant pride to meet the Director's eyes. One must not look for the bashfulness and pretty *gaucheries* of childhood within the realms of crutches ; such things vanish with the first consciousness of an exceptional destiny.

"I make all the boys learn drawing," said the Director ; "the accuracy of touch and precision of visual measurement given by it is of the greatest use in supplying any natural manual deficiency. I never allow a boy to attempt any more delicate kind of our work until he can handle a pencil freely."

We moved on to a table at the far end of the room, where a boy about ten years old, straight in shoulder and limb as boy need be, stood deeply engrossed before a glue-pot and great pile of cardboard slips. Surely he was no cripple.

"How does the box get on asked my companion.

"All right, sir ; see, sir !" And the boy held out a little box, the bevelled lid neatly papered by hands with but two fingers on each. A short time before the boy could do nothing but eat with those maimed hands ; now he could write prettily, draw a little, and use edge-tools with perfect accuracy and skill. His affliction had been far surpassed by one of his predecessors, who had one finger only on each hand ; but so well too had he applied himself to circumvent his deficiencies, that he became quite famous

in the institution for his handiwork, and is now earning his living outside its walls. What must the fate of such a boy have been if he had not met with the patient care, the unwearied help and encouragement given there !

Gluing processés seemed to involve the most absorbing satisfaction to the operators : three little hunchbacks, with a big glue-pot between them, were evidently in a sort of seventh heaven while building the walls of a giant bonbonnière. Its prototype, made by them, was a wonder of card architecture ; its ivory-like columns supporting a fantastic cornice, the wall behind gorgeous with plaited silk, the lid a marvel of fairy ingenuity—Seugnot frères would have held it a *chef-d'œuvre*. The designs for these things are all made by the Herr Director. A great glass case, occupying one end of the room, was filled with a multitudinous display of pretty things of the kind, and still more artistic brackets, crucifixes, card-trays—delicately carved *au jour* in various woods. Whilst looking at them, I mentioned the old masks that had at first brought me acquainted.

"Traditions of those famous specimens of zoology still exist," said the Director, "among the boys, and the very moulds for the masks are preserved in a store closet. We occasionally have such things to make still in carnival time. I am very glad when such an order comes, the boys take such delight in the work. But as we endeavour to make the institution self-supporting as much as possible, our industries must be ruled by the demand outside. Papier mâché for room decoration was largely made here at the time you speak of, now it is never asked for except in this form." And he took down a stag's head, very carefully moulded, to be afterwards fitted with real antlers. The papier mâché so employed is, however, of a peculiar kind, and, though perfectly light,

will bear any amount of rough usage with impunity.

I inquired if the boys generally followed the trades thus learned.

"Not in the majority of instances," was the reply; "but the end chiefly sought by the institution is obtained when the boys achieve the manual dexterity the employments here give. On their leaving, if of very poor parents, they are apprenticed from our funds to some suitable trade, and we have no difficulty in finding good masters for them. By the first statutes made, no boy was admitted to the asylum under twelve years of age; but as preference is given to the poorest candidates, it was soon found expedient to relax the rule. The task of their physical education especially is far easier when commenced quite early. Parents too often trade on a child's deformity; the poor creature is driven out to beg until it grows to like the occupation, and better things for it are soon almost impossible. The vanity thus engendered is a strange moral phenomenon."

Among other instances, the Director mentioned the following as an illustration of it. An unusually clever little hunchback had been admitted into the institution: he was ten years of age, and had been accustomed to rove about the country alone for weeks together. The first time he went to church, no sooner was he within the walls than he dropped suddenly to the ground, his limbs fell out of joint, and he commenced foaming at the mouth. The more the crowd gathered round him the worse he grew. The master brought him home quite terror-stricken.

"I," said the Director, "suspected a trick, accompanied him myself the next Sunday, and took him sharply by the collar just when he was prepared to fall. My touch prevented the fit, and he afterwards confessed he always 'took one when he got among a lot of people—it was nice to have them all looking at

him.' With judicious treatment he became one of the best boys in the institution. "By judicious treatment," added the Herr, "I do not mean moral instruction merely; nothing, we find, tends so much to raise the boys' self-respect as physical education; the gymnastic ground, drill exercise, and plentiful bathing have a wonderful effect. The gymnastic feats some of those crippled little creatures perform would puzzle many a boy sound in mind and limb; it is above all things, perhaps, their greatest delight—the only difficulty is to restrain them from overtrying their strength."

All the boys are under constant surgical supervision, and every medical alleviation is at their service; many have been restored, by careful treatment, to the complete use of their limbs. By singular good fortune the Herr Director is himself learned in orthopædic science, and has effected, since his appointment, some important improvements in the artificial limbs previously made in Germany.

Looking over a syllabus of the day's tasks, I was rather surprised to see stenography (short-hand) down among them. "An innovation of mine," exclaimed the Director; "its success with the lads certainly justifies it. It is a profession they may often be able to follow; requires no outlay of capital in its pursuit," he added smiling. "But you must see what we can do in it, though few of the lads accomplish more than sixty words in the minute." Then he summoned a little blue-eyed lame boy, carving an inkstand, gave him a pencil and paper, and then rapidly read a paragraph from a newspaper. At the end of four minutes the boy had phonographed three hundred and sixty words, omitting none. "This is one of my best craftsmen, too," said the Herr. Then addressing him, "You must show that little picture-frame."

"It is in the cabinet workshop, sir."

"Then go with us there."

The cabinet workshop proved a small room, evidently devoted to tasks of great delicacy, for which the observance of strict order is of special necessity. Carpenters' benches lined the walls; boxes of tools stood about. But I had no time to look around ere the little stenographer took a frame from the wall, and held it smiling towards me. It was really an exquisite bit of workmanship. On a broad band of dark wood were inlaid a wonderful intaglio of scrolls, foliation, birds, and shells, in metal, ivory, and mother-of-pearl; the feathers in the birds' wings still awaited engraving. The boy flushed with pleasure at my praise.

"Who helped you to carve and inlay this?"

"Just nobody, sir."

The original, of which this was a copy, was a gem of French renaissance work, and had been brought by the Director from Paris for the purpose. Unfortunately there is little demand for work of the kind in Munich.

We passed on to the great dining-hall, of the same dimensions as the schoolroom, and I learnt the following particulars of the bill of fare. For breakfast the boys have half-a-pint of milk and a white roll; for dinner, soup, meat, vegetables; puddings on the fast-days; instead of meat; and on Sundays and red-letter days, roast joints and beer. Stewed fruit is always an important item as an entremet. Supper consists of soup and bread and cheese, or some simple substitutes for the latter.

"Then we passed upstairs. "Our dormitory," said the Director, regretfully, "does not fulfil modern sanitary requirements now our inmates have so greatly increased. The workshop downstairs was designed for an infirmary, but its position and north window make it quite inapplicable. Next Sessions we

hope to get funds granted for rebuilding the place; then these deficiencies will be remedied, and space, I hope, provided for at least double the number of our inmates. The comparative expenses so involved will be actually on a diminishing ratio, as the staff of officials will need scarce any modification."

The dormitory door stood open, and very fresh and pleasant it looked; but the little beds were, perhaps, too closely ranked together. All had good horse-hair mattresses, feather pillows, blankets, linensheets, and a plumeau above all. A little shelf pulled out of the bedstead frame to make a seat. A night-table with drawers for hair brush and comb stood by each. Wardrobes for the boys' clothes occupied one end of the room, and the washing apparatus the other.

The private apartments of the schoolmaster (the industrial master is non-resident) and of the Herr Director adjoin the great dormitory. I had a strange sensation as, accepting the Herr's courteous invitation, I followed him into his private domain, and found myself carried away by magic, as it were, from out the concentration of afflictions gathered together beneath our feet, into some calm, old-world, Gothic sanctum for studious leisure. On shelves, enriched with curious carving, stood dignified folios and octavos, gorgeous with renaissance gildings, quaint ancient flagons, grim antique weapons and armour, multitudinous precious waifs of the past, from imperial seals of miraculous intricacy, cabinets and caskets where rich burghers of old kept their treasures, disinterred rings and relics, and carefully preserved gay tapestry, all hung, or niched, half hidden in the dark carved work that veiled the wall. In the centre of the room the Present asserted itself in an easel bearing an almost finished oil picture. "I have not much time for such things now," said the Director, in reference to it;



"but I let it stand there from month to month as a tacit promise to finish it some day." The subject was an antique gateway, with a peasant bridal passing beneath it—no indefinite amateur work—the colours too bright and transparent. Then, whilst talking of many things, my companion produced a portfolio of water and oil sketches, lightly touched, full of life and character, a chronicle gathered in old vacations of the strange wild region of the Bayerische Wald. Then I lingered too willingly over other portfolios of rare engravings, till I felt I must linger no longer. Bidding farewell to the tranquil little Cosmos of art, I descended with my kind guide to the ground-floor once more. From the schoolroom came a great humming and buzzing of excited talk and shrill laughter. My double-nosed friend sat gazing at the schoolroom door in eager expectancy. "The boys are going to drill," explained the Herr Director. Another moment and out they all came, forming at once in line. They were presently marshalled on the grass-plot outside, under direction of the drill-master, and performing "platoon" with the precision and gravity of veteran grenadiers. When drill was over, they hurried off to the gymnastic ground, and I soon saw such terrific centrifugal spinning, such trapeze tricks, that made me imagine all that limping, maimed

humanity was endowed by sudden magic with the agility of monkeys. But I could delay no longer, so after a grateful farewell to the kind Herr Director, the little green gate swung behind me once more, whilst the double-nosed mystery gazed after me with pensive doubting eyes.

Here my task closes; but I cannot lay down my pen without briefly telling the story, learnt by me some days subsequently, of one of those crippled boys of the Austalt I had visited. A poor woman was left widowed some thirty years ago with many children, one a cripple. Her commune sent him to the asylum, paying his fees. From almost helplessness, by careful treatment, he soon was able to develop an unusual artistic taste and dexterity. He left the institution at fifteen, an accomplished art workman, helped to support his mother and younger brothers for some years, and is now a celebrity in his native country, complimented by royalty, sought by theatre managers, whenever a public festival needs graceful decoration. Not a rich man, perhaps, but one of the happiest in his simple independence; unwearied in the work he loves, as only the born artist loves the work his genius makes a part of himself. But for that Cripple's Home he must have been condemned to hopeless pauperism.

## ODD FISH.

And four great beasts came up from the sea, diverse from one another.—DAN. vii. 3.

IN the whole range of fabulous monsters there is not one that has been met with greater incredulity, and yet maintained its hold on the wonder of man with more constant tenacity than the kraken. From time immemorial it has appeared again and again on the pages of travellers, and from the oldest philosopher to the days of Lacépède and Buckstone, these faint traces of its true character and gigantic proportions have been carefully examined, and when stripped of the usual exaggerations, been found to agree with the actual dimensions of a genuine and formidable monster.

Aristotle, whose history has so often been the laughing-stock of the half-informed, and whom the sceptics of all ages have been delighted to use as a type of unreliable naturalists, has of late recovered, step by step, the veneration which he enjoyed in the middle ages. It would be an interesting task to gather the great facts constantly represented, in scientific works, even as new discoveries, of which a correct sketch is already contained in the works of the ancient savant. Thus he seems to have known, better than any naturalist down to our own day, the nature of the polypus, who, in all probability, has filled the imagination of men for so many centuries, under the name of the kraken.

Trebius tells us a story, on the other hand, in which undoubted facts are already half hidden under a mass of exaggerations, of which Aristotle never became guilty, however common they were in the writings of the ancients. A polypus, he says, came every night from the

great deep on shore at Carteja, in order to feed upon salt meat. These robberies incensed the people, who in vain tried to discover the intruder, although they surrounded their drying-places with high palisades. The polypus took advantage of a large tree which stood near them, and by means of an overhanging branch that could support his weight, he slipped in night after night. At last, however, his hour came; the dogs discovered him one morning, as he tried to make his way back to the sea, and soon hosts of men surrounded the monster—at a distance only, for the novelty of the sight, the hideousness of the monster all covered with brine, his enormous size and the horrible odour which he diffused on all sides, nearly petrified the poor fishermen. In the meantime he was fighting the dogs bravely, now striking them to the ground with his two larger arms, and now beating them painfully with his whiplike tentacles. At last the men gained courage, and with their tridents they overcame and despatched the monster. We must add, for the honour of Pliny, who quotes the account of Trebius, that he looks upon it as a prodigy, and in his quiet, quaint way, gives the reader to understand his reluctance to vouch for the statement.

The head and the arms of the giant were, however, brought to Lucullus and carefully measured. The former was of the size of a cask, capable of holding fifteen amphoræ, with a beak in proportion; the arms were thirty feet long, and so large that a man could hardly span them; what remained of the flesh weighed still over seven hundred pounds.

Whether Lucullus had it dressed for his table is not stated ; we know, however, that the Romans were as fond of the flesh of these hideous creatures as the fishermen of the coast of Normandy are in our day ; it is firm but savoury, and assumes, when cooked, a white and pink colour which looks most appetising.

Fulgosus has a similar story, with such slight variations only, that it appears essentially the same account. Aslian, however, furnishes new evidence ; for he states, upon good authority, that a huge monster of the kind, as large as the biggest of whales, was killed with axes by Spanish merchants, whose magazines it was in the habit of robbing. Pliny adds the crowning piece of wonder : A polypus, he says, exists in the great ocean, called Arbas, whose feet are of such enormous size that they prevent it from coming into the Mediterranean, as the Straits of Gibraltar are too shallow for such a giant !

Very different are the accounts which take up the thread where antiquity left it suddenly, at the time when Rome fell, heathen gods were dethroned, and the darkness of the dark ages fell like a pall upon all mankind. The Scandinavian seamen, bold like no other sailors on earth, regular vikings, dwellers on the great deep, coloured all their relations with the dark and dismal tinges of their grim northern climate. The Greeks and the Romans, even, admired only what was beautiful and graceful in nature ; and thus, although they knew the kraken, they loved not to dwell on his monstrous proportions and hideous appearance. Their poetry never alludes to them, and their art disdained to stoop to such repulsive forms. Not so the sombre children of northern twilight : they also know the kraken, and describe it with remarkable correctness in their soberer moments ; but they love to dwell upon its repulsive features ; they exaggerate its

dimensions and its ugliness ; they change it into a terrible being, full of dread power and malign purposes ; and then they believe in their own dreams, and enjoy like children the strange delight with which they are filled by their very fears. They go on increasing its size, till it becomes, to their excited imagination, the Mountain Fish, and they see it soon everywhere, in their land-locked bays and out on the stormy sea. When the thick storm-clouds lower till they touch the crest of the waves it is the kraken ; and when their anchor suddenly strikes upon an unknown shallow, it is again the kraken.

The Norwegians, especially, loved to tell wondrous tales ; how their bold seamen landed on a deserted island which showed no trace of life, not a shrub nor a blade of grass, and while they still wandered about, marvelling at the utter desolation, the island began to heave and to move, and behold ! they found themselves on the back of the monster ! Great authorities came to confirm the stories ; saints and bishops lent the weight of their sacred character to the accounts given by laymen and heretics. Erick Falkendorf, a bishop of Nidros, wrote, in 1520, a long letter on the subject to Pope Leo X. He was sailing on a Sunday, in a Norwegian vessel along the distant coast, and bewailed his inability to celebrate holy mass on firm land. As he mourned and prayed, suddenly an unknown islet arose, not far from the vessel ; the crew land, the sacred vessels are carried to shore, and the holy office is celebrated with due solemnity. After mass they return on board ship, and immediately the island begins to tremble, and gradually to sink back into the sea, from which it had risen. The island had been a kraken !

Olaus Wormius, also, who is generally truthful enough, relates having seen, about the year 1643, one of these enormous monsters, and states

that they resemble an island far more than an animal. He expresses his belief that there are but few krakens in existence, and curiously enough adds, that while they are themselves immortal, the Medusæ are nothing more than the eggs and spawn of these monsters.

Other writers, of the same century, confirm his statement, and believe in the immortality of the kraken—a faith which was not even shaken when, in 1680, the carcase of one of those monsters was for the first time discovered in the Gulf of Newangen, in the parish of Astabough. Its arms had become entangled in the countless cliffs and rocks which characterise the dangerous coast of that neighbourhood, and the animal had died there, unable to extricate itself. When putrefaction commenced in the enormous mass, the odour became so offensive for miles and miles, that serious fears of a pestilence were entertained. Fortunately, the waves came to the aid of the frightened people, tearing off piece after piece, and carrying it into the ocean; and when the last remnant had been washed away, an official report of the whole event was drawn up by a clerical dignity, and is still to be found in the government archives at Drontheim.

A similar case occurred on the Newfoundland banks, where polypi abound in such numbers, that the fishermen of all nations, who congregate there in the season, use, every summer, nearly two millions as bait, with which to catch codfish. Towards the end of the last century, a monstrous specimen of this class died on these banks, beyond Pine Light, and here, also, the mass of putrifying matter was so enormous and the odour so intolerable for a great distance, that the grave apprehension of an epidemic drove the fishermen from the neighbourhood, till the currents had carried off every trace of the terrible animal.

Of all the authors, however, who

have given us more or less detailed accounts of their experience with the soetolden, or sea-scourge, as the Swedes call it, Pontoppidan is by far the most precise in his statements.

The northern people, he tells us, assert, without the slightest contradiction in all their accounts, that when they go out into the open sea, during the great heat of the summer, they find the water suddenly less deep, and upon sounding, the lead frequently marks only thirty fathoms. The fishermen know then that a kraken floats between the lead and the bottom of the sea, and they immediately get ready their lines, for they know that where the monster is, fish always abound. If, on the other hand, the depth diminishes, if this accidental bottom moves and rises, then it is time to make their escape; for the kraken is waking-up and about to rise, in order to breathe and to stretch out its huge arms towards the sun.

The fishermen hasten away with all their might, and when they can at last rest on their oars at a safe distance, they then see the enormous creature, whose back covers a mile and a half of sea. The fish, taken by surprise by his sudden rising, leap frantically about in the small pools formed in the rugged irregularities of his back, and then a number of points or shining horns appear gradually rising till they look like masts with their yards; these are the arms of the kraken, which are so powerful that they can seize the ropes of a large ship, and sink it in a few moments. After having remained a short time above water, the kraken sinks down again, and is scarcely less dangerous to vessels near by, as he displaces, in sinking such an enormous volume of water, that whirlpools and currents are formed, scarcely inferior to those of the dread maelstrom.

Such is the account found in the Natural History of the learned bishop,

who, no doubt, wrote what he conscientiously believed to be true, although he cannot quite disguise his scepticism in regard to some of the facts mentioned. It is very different with Augustus of Bergen, a man of critical mind, who, not having seen a kraken himself, collected all the Scandinavian accounts of which he heard, and after examining them carefully, came to the conclusion that there does exist a gigantic polypus—though far from boasting of the dimensions usually attributed to the monster—that it is provided with arms, that it emits a strong odour, that it shows at times long ventracles, and only appears in summer time and during calm weather. It is remarkable how fully the conclusions of this learned naturalist have been confirmed by modern discoveries.

The great Linné, a Swede in heart as in race, seems to have been troubled with strange doubt concerning this pet monster of his countrymen; for, after having solemnly introduced the kraken into his Swedish fauna, and, after speaking of it even more fully in his great work, "*The System of Nature*," he suddenly drops him in the seventh edition, and never more says a word of the gigantic polypus. This did not have much effect, however, on the sailors of his and of other lands, as they were not much given to reading Latin works; and in Sweden, as well as in France, the faith in the kraken remained as general and as firm as before. Countless votive offerings adorn, to this day, the little chapels that rise high above the iron-bound coast, with their tiny turrets and tinkling bells; but none more weighty in precious metals, none more thankfully offered to the Lord of the Sea, than those which speak of the delivery from the dread kraken. One of those—in the Church of "*Our Lady of the Watch at Marseilles*"—is accompanied by a touching recital of a fearful combat with the

monster on the coast of South Carolina, and another up in the chapel of St. Thomas, at St. Malo, testifies to the escape of a slave-ship from the arms of a gigantic polypus, at the very moment when it was leaving the port of Angola.

In 1783, a whaler assured Dr. Swedeniaur that he had found in the mouth of a whale a tentacle twenty-seven feet in length. The report was inserted in a scientific journal of the day, and there read by Deny Montfort, who at once determined to obtain more ample information on the subject. It so happened that, just then, the French Government had sent for a number of American whalers, in order to consult with them as to the best means by which the French fisheries could be revived. These men were staying at Dunkirk; and here Montfort questioned them, and upon inquiry it appeared that two of them had found feelers, or horns, of such monstrous animals. Ben Johnson saw one in the mouth of a whale, from which it hung to the length of thirty-five feet; and Reynolds another, floating on the surface of the sea, forty-five feet long, and of reddish-slate colour. But of all the reports which he heard, the following was the most minute, and yet also the most extraordinary:—

Captain John Magnus Dens, a Danish sailor of high character and established uprightness, deposed that, after having made several voyages to China in the service of the Gottenburg Company, he had once found himself becalmed in the fifteenth degree S.L., at some distance from the coast of Africa, abreast of St. Helena and Cape Nigra. Taking advantage of his forced inactivity, he had determined to have his ship cleaned and scrubbed thoroughly, and, for that purpose, a few planks were suspended on the side of the vessel, on which the sailors could stand while scraping and caulking the ship.

They were busy with their work, when suddenly an anchertroll—so the Danes call the animal—rose from the sea, threw one of its arms around two of the men, tore them with a jerk from the scaffolding, and sank out of sight in a moment. Another feeler appeared, however, and tried to grasp a sailor who was in the act of ascending the mast; fortunately, the man could hold on to the rigging, and as the long feeler became entangled in the ropes, he was enabled to escape, though not without uttering most fearful cries. These brought the whole crew to his assistance; they quickly snatched up harpoons, cutlasses, and whatever they could lay hands on, and threw them at the body of the animal, while others set to work cutting the gigantic feeler to pieces, and carrying the poor man to his berth, who had swooned from intense fright. The monster, with five harpoons thrust deep into its quivering flesh, and holding the two men still in its huge arms, endeavoured to sink; but the crew, encouraged by their captain, did their utmost to hold on to the lines, to which the harpoons were fastened. Their strength was, however, not sufficient to struggle with the marine giant, and all they could do was to make fast the lines to the ship, and to wait till the forces of the enemy should be exhausted. Four of the ropes snapped, one after the other, like mere threads, and then the harpoon of the fifth tore out of the body of the monster with such violence that the ship was shaken from end to end; thus the animal escaped, with its two victims. The whole crew remained overcome with amazement; they had heard of these monsters, but never believed in their existence; and here, before their eyes, two of their comrades had been torn from their side, and the third, overcome with fright, died the same night in delirium. The feeler which had been separated from the body, remained on board

as an evidence that the whole had not been a frightful dream; it measured at the base as many inches as their mizen-mast, was still twenty-five feet long, and at the pointed end provided with a number of suckers, each as large as a spoon. Its full size must have been far greater, however, as only part of it had been cut off, the animal never even raising its head above the surface. The captain, who had witnessed the whole scene and had himself thrown one of the harpoons, ever afterwards considered this encounter the most remarkable event of his checkered life, and calmly asserted the existence of the kraken.

All these ancient accounts, the Norwegian legends, the reports of sailors of many nations, and the minute descriptions of Sicilian divers, who spoke of polypi as large as themselves, and with feelers at least ten feet long, could not fail to make an impression upon men of science, and the most discreet among them came to the conclusion that there must be some truth amid the fables.

It was, however, reserved to our century to strip the facts of exaggeration, and to establish the existence of such monsters beyond all controversy. A kind of mollusk, called cephalopodes, were found in various seas, whose peculiar formation and strange appearance sufficiently explained the marvels told of the kraken. An elongated sack in the form of an egg, or a cylinder, from which protrudes at one end a thick, round head, with a pair of enormous flat eyes; on this head, at the summit, a kind of hard, brown beak, after the manner of a parrot's bill, and around the beak a crown of eight or ten powerful, long arms—this is the polypus, which passed of old for a kraken.

On the inner side, each one of these gigantic arms or feelers is covered with a double row of suckers, which resemble a small cup with a moveable bottom. By means of these

cups, which the animal can exhaust of the air they contain, it can affix itself to any surface ; and as it possesses several hundreds of them, its power is enormous. Nevertheless, they use these feelers only for the purpose of seizing their prey and handing it up to the beak, which then goes to work and tears it to pieces. Nor is their manner of swimming less curious. Their gills require a large quantity of water to furnish them with a few globules of air ; to provide this supply, they are covered with an elastic mantle, which the animal contracts when it is full, so as to drive the water it contains through a tube placed between the eyes. Every time that the mantle is thus contracted and the water expelled, the latter forms a kind of jet, which, striking upon the inert matter around, gives to the animal an impetus in the opposite direction. At each pulsation, therefore, it advances rapidly through the water.

The cephalopodes on European and American coasts are generally only of small size, although in the Mediterranean and the Adriatic seas some have been found of larger dimensions, and others still greater are kept in museums. In the open sea, however, vessels have encountered genuine giants of the kind, and these are, no doubt, the true representatives of the kraken. Rang met one of the size of a tun, and of reddish colour, while Pennant saw in the Indian Seas an eight-armed cuttle-fish, with arms of fifty-four feet length and a body of twelve feet in breadth ; thus making it extend, from point to point, one hundred and twenty feet. A naturalist of Copenhagen, who has made the study of these animals his specialty—Steenstrup—had occasion to examine one of these monsters in 1855, on the coast of Gothland, where it had been caught by fishermen. It required several carts to carry the body off : and the hind part of the mouth, which he saved

from destruction, still was the size of an infant's head. Wm. Buckland, the great naturalist's son, and an excellent observer himself, took pains to examine the varieties known to the British coast, and allowed one small specimen to grasp his hand and arm. He describes the feeling to be such as if a hundred tiny air-pumps had been applied at once, and little red marks were left on the skin where the suckers had been at work. "The sensation," he says, "of being held fast by a (literally) cold-blooded, soulless, pitiless and voracious sea-monster, almost makes one's blood run cold. I can now easily understand why they are called man-suckers, and why the natives of the Chinese and Indian seas have such a horror of them ; for in those climates they are seen large and formidable enough to be dangerous to any human being who may be so unfortunate as to be clutched by them." Victor Hugo's description of his monster in the "*Trevaillours de la Mer*," is, of course, far more graphic and poetical, though hardly less to the point. On the logs of many a vessel, encounters with colossal mollusks of this kind have since been entered, and although the largest ever accurately measured—by a French man-of-war's men—was only twelve feet long, with feelers of fifty feet length, enough has been seen and recorded in our days to justify the conviction that the wonders of the deep are not yet all known, and that animals like the kraken may be still in existence.

The twin-brother of the kraken, both in its marvellous size and in the incredulity which all descriptions have excited, is the famous sea-serpent. Its history is as old as the oldest record ; no age and no seafaring nation has been without some account concerning its appearance, and yet to this day serious doubts are entertained as to its existence. It is clearly referred to in the Old Testament, where the prophet sings :

In that day the Lord with his sore and great and strong sword  
Shall punish leviathan, the piercing serpent,  
Even leviathan, that crooked serpent,  
And he shall slay the dragon that is in the sea.

Again, when Job pleads his uprightness, and the Lord answered unto Job out of the whirlwind, he mentions behemoth and leviathan, and says concerning that monster :

Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook ?  
Or his tongue which thou lettest down ?  
Canst thou put a hook into his nose, or bore his jaw through with a thorn ?

Shall thy companions make a banquet of him ? shall they part him among the merchants ?

Canst thou fill his skin with barbed iron ? or his head with fish spears ?

Who can open the doors of his face ? His teeth are terrible round about.  
His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal.  
One is so near to another, that no air can come between them.  
By his neesings a light doth shine, and his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.  
Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out.  
Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot.  
His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth.

When he raiseth up himself, the mighty are afraid :  
The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold : the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon.

He maketh the deep to boil like a pot ; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment.  
He maketh a path to shine after him ; one would think the deep to be hoary.  
Upon earth there is not his like.

It is well known that the monster, so graphically described by the voice that spoke to Job in the whirlwind, has been sometimes believed to be the elephant, and then again the crocodile. But in the Psalms, Leviathan is distinctly mentioned as living in the great and wide sea, and God is said to have formed him to play therein. The Jews, therefore, evidently looked upon him as a sea-serpent of colossal size and most formidable appearance, identical with the instrument of the Lord, of which he says : "And though they be hid from my sight in the bottom of the sea, thence will I command the serpent, and he shall bite them."

These imposing descriptions are, moreover, by no means limited to the excited imagination of Hebrew writers ; other nations also record in their annals the existence of such a gigantic wonder of the deep. Palladius, for instance, speaks of a serpent of the Ganges, which he calls grandly an *odontotyrannus*, who could swallow an elephant without straining. Solin has heard of him

frequently, and knows that he lives in India and Ethiopia, crosses the Indian Ocean by swimming, and travels from island to island ; while Pliny quotes Solam, who found these colossal serpents in the Ganges. "They were blue," he says, "and so large that they could easily seize and drag under water an elephant."

It is, however, in the Middle Ages, that we find the fullest accounts of the monster. Pontopiddan, one of the most learned Scandinavians, who was long Bishop of Bergen, in Norway, and died as Chancellor of Denmark, in Copenhagen, in 1764, states, in his interesting contributions to Natural History, that in his country everybody believed firmly in the great sea-serpent, and if he or any of his guests ventured to speak doubtingly of the huge monster, all smiled, as if he had been uncertain whether eels or herrings really existed. The good people of those northern regions were so familiar with these wonderful creatures, that they spoke of two distinct kinds of sea-serpents, one



living in the sea only, the other amphibious, which preferred the land generally, but retired periodically to the great deep. Nicolaus Gramius, minister of the gospel at London, tells us, that during a destructive inundation, an immense serpent was seen to make its way towards the ocean, overthrowing every thing in its path, animals, trees, and houses, and uttering fearful roarings. The fishermen of Odal were so frightened by the terrible sight., that they did not dare go out in their boats for several days.

The famous Archbishop of Upsala, Olaus Magnus, who bears testimony to the kraken, also speaks more than once of the amphibious serpent. He states that they mostly leave the shelter of the cliffs near Bergen at night ; they have a mane, their bodies are covered with scales, and their eyes send forth a bright light ; out at sea they rear themselves against the ship they encounter, and seize whatever they can obtain on deck. An animal of this kind, he continues, was actually seen in 1522, near the island of Moss, which measured over fifty feet in length, and was continually turning round. Several works on Natural History, down to the celebrated compilation of H. Ruysch, published in 1718, contained pictures of these Norwegian serpents. Paul Egede, finally, a most trustworthy man, and well known by his connection with Greenland missions, which he helped his father to establish, and fostered as bishop, not only bears witness to the frequent appearance of such sea-serpents on the Scandinavian coasts, but describes minutely one which he met himself on his second voyage to Greenland.

If we believe, therefore, the testimony of the Hebrews and of the Northern nations, there exists a serpent, living in the sea, of gigantic proportions, swimming by vertical movements, in which it is aided by fins which hang down from behind

its neck, as was the case in fossil reptiles like the plesiosaurus, and covered with a thick skin, which was frequently found cast off on desert islands. On the back it has a shaggy mane, its eyes are large and brilliant, and the head is shaped somewhat like that of a horse. It is only seen in mid-summer and during fine weather, for the want of stability in its long, flexible body disables it from resisting the effect of high winds.

Like all rare animals of gigantic proportions, the sea-serpent naturally excited terror in the few persons whoever encountered it ; and this led, as a matter of course, to marvellous stories about its size and ferocity. Sailors loved to tell how the great monster would throw itself bodily over their vessel to make it sink, and then to feed at leisure on the bodies of drowned seamen. Others told frightful tales of beloved comrades, who were suddenly snatched from their side by such animals, which appeared unexpectedly at the ship's side, raised their colossal heads and necks, and instantly disappeared again with their victims. Fortunately, a very simple means of defence was at hand, according to the belief of Norwegian sailors ; these monsters have, it seems, a most delicate sense of smell, and cannot endure the odour of musk ; nothing is needed, therefore, but to scatter some musk on deck, and the terrible animal no sooner smells it from afar, than it makes off, and dives to the very bottom of the sea.

The first reliable account of this great enigma of modern days came from a ship captain, Laurent de Ferry, of Bergen, in the form of a letter, from which we extract the following facts—Towards the end of the month of May, 1746, he was returning from a voyage to Trundhin, when the weather being calm and warm, he suddenly heard the eight men, who formed the crew of his boat, whisper to each other. He

laid aside the book which he was reading, and then noticed that the man at the helm was keeping off from the land. Upon questioning the latter, he was told that there was a sea-serpent right before them. He ordered the man immediately to turn, and to steer straight upon the strange animal, of which he had heard much during all his life. The sailors at first showed great reluctance to obey, but as the monster was right before them, and moving in the same direction, they became excited, and after a while engaged heartily in the novel, stern chase. The captain, fearful that the monster might escape, fired his gun at it, and immediately it plunged, evidently wounded, for the water all around was stained red, and remained so for two or three minutes. The head, which rose over two feet above the surface, resembled a horse's head; it was grey, with a dark brown mouth, black eyes, and apparently a long mane floating over the neck. Beyond the head they could see seven or eight coils of the huge serpent, each of enormous size, and at considerable distance from the next. The animal did not reappear; but the time during which it was clearly in sight was ample to enable the captain and his crew to examine it closely.

The only other report which is perfectly clear and precise, has a Rev. Mr. McLean for its author, who wrote from the Hebrides, and very naively exhibited his terror. His statement amounts to this: He saw the sea-serpent in June, 1808, on the coast of Coll. He was sailing about in a boat, when he noticed, at the distance of half a mile, an object which excited his surprise more and more. At first he took it for a small rock among the breakers; but knowing the sea very well, and being sure that there was no rock there, he examined it carefully. He then saw that it rose considerably above the surface, and after a slow, undulating

movement, he discovered one of the eyes. Alarmed at the extraordinary appearance and the enormous size of the animal, he cautiously coasted along near the land, when he suddenly saw the creature plunge in his direction. He as well as his men were thoroughly frightened, and pulled with all their might to escape. At the very moment at which they reached the shore, and when they had barely had time to climb up to the top of a large rock, they saw the monster glide slowly up to their boat. Finding the water quite shallow there, it raised its horrible head, and turning again and again, seemed to be troubled how to get out of the creek. It was seen for half a mile, slowly making its way out to the open sea. The head was large, of oval shape, and rested on a rather slender neck. The shoulders, as the good pastor calls them, were without gills, and the body tapered off toward the tail, which was never distinctly seen, as it was generally under water. The animal seemed to move by progressive undulations, up and down; its length they estimated at from seventy to eighty feet; it moved more slowly when the head was out of water, and yet it raised it frequently for the evident purpose of discerning distant objects. At the same time when Mr. McLean saw the serpent, it was also seen in the waters near the Island of Carma. The crews of thirteen fishing-boats were so frightened by its terrible appearance, that they sought refuge in the nearest creek.

Nor were they only seen out at sea when mistakes would be natural, and fright or intense curiosity might lead to unconscious exaggeration, but the body itself has been examined by competent persons. Thus, to mention but one instance, in 1808, the body of a gigantic serpent was washed ashore at Stronsa, one of the Orkneys. A Dr. Barclay was summoned at once, and, in the presence of several justices of the

peace and some men of learning, an affidavit was drawn up, which stated that the monster measured over fifty feet in length and nine feet in circumference; that it had a kind of mane running from behind the head nearly to the tail, which was brilliantly phosphorescent at night; and that its gills, nearly five feet long, were not unlike the plucked wings of a goose. Sir Everard Home, it is true, believed it to be a basking shark of uncommon size. But Gloucester fishermen repeatedly saw similar animals, and the Linnæan Society of the United States examined carefully a number of witnesses; the same has been done in Holland and in the Dutch colonies of Java, and everywhere evidence has been obtained, which showed remarkable unanimity, and precluded the idea of such a mistake.

Does the sea-serpent belong only to the realm of fancy, or is it really one of the great wonders of the deep? The question has never yet been finally decided. That there must be in existence animals of serpent-like form and of gigantic proportions, seems to be well established by the concurrent testimony of American, English, and Norwegian eye-witnesses; and the mere fact that no specimen exists in the museums, and that no such monster has been encountered of late years, does not by any means disprove the experience of so many ages. On the other hand, great allowance must no doubt be made for the effect of fear which enlarges all objects, the desire to excite wonder which leads men to embellish their accounts, and the natural tendency to add to original accounts which results often unconsciously in exaggeration, and has in all probability furnished us with such wonderful creatures as the kraken, the roc, and the phoenix.

Nothing in these descriptions is, besides, actually incompatible with the laws of nature; and the study

of fossil remains establishes beyond doubt the fact, that in former ages gigantic reptiles have peopled the sea, which were far more surprising in size and shape than the much doubted sea-serpent. There is no necessity, therefore, to ascribe all such encounters to simple mistakes; now and then, perhaps, a long string of algæ, moving slowly under the impulse received by gentle winds or unknown currents, or masses of phosphorescent infusoria, floating for miles on the calm surface of the sea, may have led superstitious sailors to fancy they saw giant serpents. But it is, on the other hand, by no means improbable that the vast deep, of which so little is as yet known to man, may still hold some of the giants of olden days, and that, of the many well-trained, intelligent people who, now-a-days "go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters," some may yet see these "works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep." Fortunately, there is no doubt any longer surrounding the true king of the seas—the whale—and yet he is of truly monstrous proportions. It is a perplexed chapter, to be sure, in natural history, to say how many species of whales there are; for Jack Tar comes home with confused accounts of Sulphur Bottoms, Broad Noses, Razor Backs, and Tall Spouts, and a host of other names by which he learns to distinguish unprofitable whales, not worth the toils and perils of capture. But after all, this only shows that the family is very fully known; and well might this be so, if we remember that already in the ninth century a Norwegian Ohthere, whose wonderful adventures were taken down by no less a man than King Alfred himself, speaks of having slain sixty such monsters in two days. This is, of course, impossible; but we must bear in mind that there is nothing in nature so wonderful that the human mind does not love to add a

finishing stroke of its own, and make it yet a little more monstrous. Thus, the size of the largest of moving things, by whose side even elephants are but dwarfs, has been exaggerated; and great authorities, of recent times even, have gravely described it as two or three hundred feet long. Nor must we forget, that since the Biscayans and Basques first dared attack the whale on the high seas, in 1575, all sea-faring nations have joined in the pursuit, and naturally tried to outstrip their rivals in startling accounts of the prey which they hunt on the hungry waves, with toppling icebergs around them.

In early times the Esquimaux killed the true whale of the North with harpoons, to which large bladders of air were fastened, which prevented the poor animal from sinking and plunging; and in our own day, good sized steamers go out on the whale fishery and despatch them by the aid of galvanic batteries. Their homes, also, have changed with the times; the Floridians, who were once reported to kill them by driving pegs into their blowholes, no longer see them on their shores; while new varieties, formerly neglected on account of their activity and energy in self-defence, are now eagerly sought after in distant seas. In olden times, however, strange stories were current about the peculiarities of whales, and among them the accounts of men swallowed by them hold a prominent place. They arose, no doubt, from the biblical account of Jonah, who "was three days in the whale's belly;" but as, unfortunately, the animal is so made that the mouth is too narrow even to allow a mackerel to pass, the "great fish" must have been either an other variety, or, as some think, a vessel called by its name. Nevertheless, a great author, Fournier, recites gravely in his *Hydrography*, the following story:

During the reign of Philip II., King of Spain, there appeared in the

great ocean a whale, very different from others in this, that he floated partly above the surface, and had large wings, by means of which he could move like a vessel. A ship encountered him, and broke one of these wings by a cannon-shot, whereupon the whale entered, very stiffly, through the Straits of Gibraltar, and uttering horrible bellowings, went ashore near Valencia, where he was found dead. The skull was so enormous that seven men could stand in it, while the palate would hold a man on horseback; two dead men were found in his stomach, and the jawbone, seventeen feet long, is still to be seen in the Escorial.

Nor is this the fable that has been from of old connected with these true giants of the sea; their size especially has given rise to amusing exaggerations; and love of the marvellous, which tempts us all, has caused the most extraordinary stories to be spread far and wide, while the more exact, but less attractive descriptions, have been culpably neglected.

Thus Pliny already gravely informs us, that there were in his times whales found in the Indian Ocean which measured nine hundred feet; they would, therefore, have easily filled a whole village. Not only romance-writers, but even naturalists of renown, like Gesner, in his work on *Fishes* (1551), have taken pleasure in representing whales as animals resembling islands; and in speaking of sailors who had landed unawares on their back, covered, as it was with a mass of green algæ. Saint Ambrosius, and other saints, came near being lost by such an error, if we believe the legends of the Church. The same amusing idea occurs in that delightful book, the "*Arabian Nights*," which, it is well known, was compiled from very ancient Arabic legends and manuscripts. "One day," says Sinbad the sailor, "as we were sailing along, a calm befel us near a little island.

The captain ordered the sails to be furled, and allowed all who chose to go on land; I was among those who landed. But whilst we were amusing ourselves, eating and drinking, the island suddenly trembled, and gave us all a violent shock. It was a whale."

The fable spread rapidly, especially among nations who lived far from the sea and had no means to verify the truth of such accounts by their own experience. They were all the more readily believed, as for generations no other books were accessible to the masses but the Bible and Pliny; and both of these authorities spoke confidently of these monsters; the latter by name, the former, as was then universally believed, under the thin disguise of the leviathan. In the Orient, of course, greater exaggerations still were added, age after age, such as the utter ignorance of the seas prevailing among Eastern nations, and their high-wrought imagination, love to invent and to hear. An ancient Jewish work, the *Bara-Bathra*, already speaks of a vessel which sailed three days over a whale, before it accomplished the distance between head and tail; and Arab authors loved to assert, that the earth was actually resting upon a gigantic whale, whose occasional tremors were the cause of earthquakes. One day, they add, the Evil One approached the animal, and laughing at the patience with which it had so long borne an useless burden, persuaded it to shake its back bone, and thus to rid itself of the load. The globe was just about to be shaken off, when, fortunately, some one informed Allah of the impending calamity, who hastened to the spot, and, after a long discussion, succeeded in exacting a promise that the whale would continue to uphold the earth a few thousand years longer. The Chinese are, as usually, not behind other nations in early and magnificent accounts of their own giants. In an ancient

work of authority, called *Tsi-hiai*, they speak of a whale, *Pheg*, which beats four hundred miles of ocean into foam whenever it moves. At a very advanced age, this monster of the deep is changed; it becomes then the famous monster of the air, the bird roc.

Now, as we have stated before, the natural history of the whale is perfectly well known, and we will, therefore, here mention only one feature connected with the giant which is not as familiar to all. This is the fact that the flesh of the whale is excellent food, and was formerly esteemed most highly. It was for a long time a royal dish in England, and, in 1243, Henry III. summoned the sheriffs in London to furnish him, for his table, with a hundred whales! In the thirteenth century it reappears in the housekeeping-book of the Countess of Leicester, and for several generations afterwards all the whales caught in the Thames belonged by right to the Lord Mayor of London, who had them served up in state at great municipal dinners. Marteus, in his northern voyages, ate whale flesh frequently; but he considered it coarse and tough, inferior to beef; the tail only furnished, when well cooked, really palatable dishes. The Normans used to be, in former times, the caterers of the English; they possessed the secret of several recipes by which to cook the rare delicacy, and generally served the pieces of meat with tender green peas.

The main use to which the whale is put, remains, however, the oil, the sperm, and the whalebone, and these are rich sources of income to many nations. American sperm whaling, especially in the Pacific, has, in a commercial point of view, grown to immense proportions. When New England was yet a colony, grey-headed men would point to the sea, saying, "Those are the fields where our children will reap their harvests;" and a fleet of

over six hundred sail, yearly employed in hunting the sperm whale, now realises the prediction.

Among the near kindred of the whale is the famous unicorn—not the companion of the lion on the British coat-of-arms, but its counterpart among the wonders of the deep. Inferior of size to the right whale, it has the advantage of a most formidable weapon, with which Nature has provided it for as yet unknown purposes. This is the monstrous tooth which projects from the upper jaw of the animal; it as large as a man's thigh at the base, turned in a spiral, and sharply point at the end; hollow within, it shows externally the finest and whitest ivory known to the trade. The Narwhal, or nose-whale, was so called because the Dutch, who seem to have had the christening of most quaint things in northern regions, at first took this horn, projecting straight ahead, ten or even fifteen feet, for a grotesque long nose. Some say the animal uses this odd appendage to pierce holes through the ice when he comes up to breathe; others, that he mows off seaward with it, on which he grazes. There is no doubt that, at times, he transfixes fish with his gigantic stiletto, so that he may be able to devour them at leisure.

The legend has it, that a king of Denmark, wishing to make somebody a present of a piece of the horn of the unicorn—for such it was long considered—ordered one of his high officials to cut off a piece at the thicker end of a fine specimen which he possessed. The officer did so, and, to his astonishment, found what he had looked upon as a solid horn, was hollow, and in the concavity he discovered a smaller horn of the same shape and the same substance. The latter was about a foot long, and this resemblance to the teeth of men first led, it is thought, to the idea that the unicorn might after all be nothing more than a gigantic tooth. In those days, how-

ever, the superstitious people attached marvellous power to the wonderful horn, and a brisk trade was carried on in fine specimens, and even in broken fragments.

The male alone possesses this formidable weapon; the female having, instead, two small teeth, of little use for the purposes of attack or defence. In the male, however, one of these two is disproportionately developed, while the other remains either of diminutive size, or disappears gradually altogether, very much as is the case with the claws of certain crustaceæ. At first sight, it would appear as if this giant of the deep, with his terrible sword, would be the terror of the seas, killing and devouring all that came near to him. In reality, however, the narwhal is a very harmless animal, and generally his own enemy more than that of others. His mouth has no teeth, and immovable lips, and is so small that he can swallow little else but mollusks and little fish; and Scoresby, who found in the stomach of one of these strange beings a ray of two feet length, came to the conclusion that the fish must have been first transfixed by the tooth, and killed before it was devoured. Otherwise it would have been difficult to understand how an active fish should have allowed itself to be caught by an animal unable to seize it with the lips or retain it with the tongue, and in a mouth which had not even teeth to tear it to pieces.

Their swiftness, when they are alone, is marvellous; and their capture would be almost impossible, if it were not for the curious habit they have of travelling in immense troops, and of taking refuge in little bays, from which they cannot easily escape. Small boats approach them, in such cases, with precaution; the poor animals begin to crowd upon each other, they press their ranks so closely that soon their movements are impeded, and their enormous

weapons become interlaced, as each one tries to raise the head high into the air. They can neither escape nor defend themselves, and thus fall an easy prey to the lances of the whalemén.

Scoresby once encountered, on his voyage to Greenland, a troop of narwhals, divided into smaller bands of fifteen or twenty. The males were far more numerous than the females. They seemed to be full of sportive gaiety, raising their huge weapons high above the water, crossing them with each other, and uttering a sound as if they were gurgling water in their throats, while they seemed to amuse themselves with the play of the rudder in the water. At other times, however, they are known to be in a very different humour, and then they attack and sometimes pierce large whales. It is doubtful whether their efforts against vessels arise from ill-humour and pugnacity only, or from an idea that the ships are large whales. Like the bees, the poor narwhals also generally seal their own doom when they make such attacks; for the enormous tooth, driven with prodigious force into the timber, remains fast there, and breaking off, causes the death of the ferocious animal. At times, when he has driven it in right at the stern, the poor creature itself is fastened to the ship and towed along, until it dies and decomposes, to the great disgust of the sailors, who see their course impeded and their senses insulted without any profit.

In the Paris Museum there is a complete skeleton of a magnificent narwhal, with a tooth of amazing size. The marine monster here shows its exquisite adaptitude to the element for which the hand of the Creator had fashioned it, and no one, on seeing the slender, flexible form can doubt its far-famed agility and terrible strength.

The Greenlanders eat the flesh, and obtain from the fat an oil second

only to the best sperm oil. But it is the tooth, after all, which has made the narwhal, at all times, one of the wonders of the deep. Long before the animal itself was known, the tooth was familiar to traders as the horn of the unicorn. The monastery of St. Deny's possessed a pair of these remarkable weapons, famous for their size and beauty of the ivory; they are now in the Medical Museum of Paris. A larger one, nearly nine feet long, exists in the treasury of the Danish monarch, at Fredericksborg.

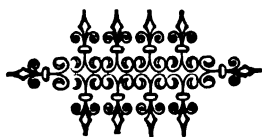
When they were not kept thus, as most rare curiosities—the unicorn itself having, of course, never been seen—they were manufactured into weapons of every kind, swords and daggers. But they were also endowed, in popular belief, with a wondrous power of counteracting all poisons; and their mere presence, it was thought, sufficed to defeat any attempt at poisoning the owner. Down to the days of the French king, Charles IX., a piece of the precious substance was regularly dipped into the cup of the monarch before he drank; and when the great founder of modern surgery, Ambrose Paré, was requested to raise his voice against the superstition, he replied that the belief was universal; and if he ventured to contradict it, he would be treated like an owl appearing in bright daylight, which the birds fall upon and kill, and then think no more of the murdered victim. Nevertheless, he subsequently wrote openly against the custom, and with so much skill and power, that after that time no one dared avow his secret faith in the virtue of unicorn's horn as an antidote.

Wormius, whom we have mentioned before, was the first to establish the true character of the strange curiosity. "Finding myself," he writes, "a few years ago, at the house of Mr. Fris, Grand Chancellor of Denmark, I complained of the want of curiosity in our Greenland mer-

chants, that they should never have inquired after the animal from whom these horns were obtained, or brought home a part of their skin at least. 'They are more curious than you think,' replied the Chancellor, and he showed me a skull of immense size, to which a portion of a so-called horn was attached. I was delighted to see so rare and so precious a thing. I saw at a glance that the skull resembled that of a whale, and had, like the latter, two blow-holes on top, which opened into the mouth. I also noticed that what was called a horn was inserted in the left side of the upper jawbone. Having learned that a similar animal had been captured and carried to Iceland, I wrote at once to the Bishop of Høll, who had been my pupil, and requested him to send me a drawing of the same. He did this promptly, adding that the Icelanders called it narwal, which means a whale that feeds on corpses, since *whal* means a whale, and *nar* a corpse."

It was, however, a fact, that the Greenland Company purposely defeated all efforts to obtain an animal of this kind; as the fictitious value of a horn of the unicorn was far

more profitable to their treasury than the tooth of a narwhal. In 1636, two of their vessels had brought some fine horns from the natives in Davis' Straits, where they had been compelled to winter. Some time afterwards one of their agents went to Russia, and offered to sell the Czar Alexis, the father of Peter the Great, two of these precious curiosities, as veritable horns of that unicorn which is mentioned by Holy Writ, and spoken of by Aristotle and Pliny. Alexis admired them very much, and actually offered the enormous sum of six thousand dollars for the finest; but before concluding the bargain, he proposed to consult his physician. This man was learned and experienced enough to examine them properly, and he soon discovered, from their structure, that they were teeth, and not horns. The Czar dismissed the agent, who returned crestfallen to Copenhagen, and received for his consolation the sneering question, why he had not first offered two or three hundred ducats to the physician, who would then have seen as many horns of the unicorn as he could have wished?





## ARE WE INFERIOR?

BY A WOMAN.

ONE often hears men say, indulgently or despairingly, as the case may be, but always with a spice of seriousness, be they never so playful in saying it, that they cannot understand a woman's reasoning. Even the *Athenæum*, which is supposed to know everything, declares that she is "past finding out."

It is probable that man's "unaided reason" never will discover the process by which a woman reaches her conclusions; for it is different from his, and he has no clue by which to unravel it. He cannot comprehend it because he cannot reproduce it. Woman can learn and can practise the modes of man's reasoning, but he cannot return the compliment. Her *modus operandi* is incommunicable. Her faculty is, like the poetic, born, not made.

The various Communist experiments are said to have evolved the fact that when men and women are left free to choose their own avocations, about one-third of the women choose men's employments, and about one-third of the men those of women. In other words, some women are masculine, and some men feminine in their tastes—a fact sufficiently obvious.

But whatever similarity of powers or identity of taste there may be, there is a radical difference between the minds of men and of women. The two cannot be blended or transmuted one into the other.

In the singular discussions of the early Church concerning the Trinity, one of the old fathers stoutly maintained the equality of the Son with the Father, but declared him to

be a *smaller portion* of the substance of Deity. This is about the "equality" which has been assigned to woman. She has been considered a sort of lesser man; her intellect is assumed to be identical with his, but smaller, weaker, and of an inferior quality.

One would like to see this notion done away with, not from politeness merely, or indulgence, but from conviction, and because it is not true. Whether a given man or woman are equal, or on whichever side the superiority may lie, their minds are diverse one from the other. Despite the poet, woman is not "a lesser man." Even a masculine woman is not mentally masculine; even a feminine man is not mentally feminine.

The difference between them does not lie in any difference of their mental powers as to quantity—as whether one has more and the other less—whether the capacity of the one is equal to a pint and the other to a quart, so to speak. This sort of measurement is equally applicable between man and man, as between man and woman.

Nor does it consist in quality. Comparison and reasoning in man are equally comparison and reasoning in woman, and a given woman may possess a superior ability, in that or in any other direction, to a given man.

Nor is it enough to say that one is slow and the other quick, as though a difference in speed were the main difference between them. This, again, no more than the idea of quantity or quality, supplies the desired distinction.

The difference lies in their mode of mental action—in the way in which they use the same mental powers. The mind of man moves analytically—that of woman synthetically. He approaches his conclusion step by step through a slow and sometimes devious way of reasoning, and reaches it by degrees of approximation. She darts upon hers at once, is sure of it instantly, she does not know how, and *afterwards* seeks to prove it. He reasons toward, and she from, the same conclusion. So when he gets to it he is surprised to find that she has been there before him, and she is equally surprised that the journey has taken him so long. He, with infinite painstaking, makes out and declares a general law; she, by her perception, at once affirms or denies it. His finding of truth is of the nature of a discovery, hers of the nature of a recognition; he deals in proof, she in intuition; his is sight, hers insight.

Given an intellectual circle to find the centre, man starts from the circumference and follows up the different radii until he satisfies himself that he has discovered it, and does not presume to decide where it lies, except by the proof of actual measurement. Woman, on the contrary, "with wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love," alights at one bound at a point which she declares to be the centre, and then for proof follows up the radii to the circumference.

If a woman has not been trained to the use of her own mental powers, or if she has not thought out her chain of reasoning, it thus happens that she often knows (or, what is the same thing to her, feels sure of) a truth which she cannot prove. Indeed, such an experience is probably not unknown to most women. What woman has not at times despaired of making clear to a male comprehension something perfectly evident to her own mind? The most intellectual man, therefore, seems at

times to a woman singularly dull—the most intellectual woman appears to a man at time singularly unreasonable.

Thus it happens that when a woman's convictions are strong on a given point, she becomes all impatient at the slowness of a man to admit what to her is almost self-evident, and calls it stupidity. And when he is, after his heavy, deliberate fashion, slowly gathering proof, he smiles at her quickness to decide before what he considers due investigation, and calls it childishness. Each is, and to a certain degree must remain, an enigma to the other, and it is "all along" of the difference in their mode of mental action.

Therefore it is that a woman who is unable to trace back her steps, and to forge her links of proof, is often obliged to content herself and at the same to disgust her "lord" with reiteration that a thing is *so*, and then she is very likely dismissed with the satisfactory assurance that women never *reason* about anything, to which, if she is a woman of spirit, she replies that men never *see* anything. For, to her apprehension, the difference between his mode of getting at truth and hers, is as the difference between groping along by the sense of feeling, and flying by the help of sight.

Women can and do reason as men do. In that case, nothing is taken from their usual mental process, but something is added to it. A woman then goes through her own peculiar mode of reaching a conclusion, mentally traces her way back, and then, reversing her own instinctive process, reasons forward step by step. So that she thus reaches the same truth by both modes—first by the feminine mode, and second by the masculine one. It is an amusing scene, if one could witness it invisibly, where a woman undertakes to conduct her sceptical "lord" over ground which she her-

self has thus nimbly travelled. Answer me, ye bright sisters, how is it when you set out to "make" your husband "see?" How obstinate he seems! What suppressed impatience on your part—what wearisome painstaking—what short steps of ratiocination to accommodate his implied slower locomotion! "Well, you admit *that*, don't you?" "Yes." "And *that*?" "Yes." And so on.

Now and then there appears a mathematical mind—a genius, it is always called—whose perceptive faculty is so developed that he can tell instantly the sum of a given number of figures, but cannot explain how he found it. He arrives instantly at results, which other people are obliged to reach step by step. This is akin to the mode in which women obtain their conclusions. Women invent phrases to express this peculiar perception. "Something tells me," they often say. All have heard our grandmothers declare of a thing, that they "felt it in their bones." "Oh, those bones! those bones!" exclaimed a gay young friend, when something fell out as had been predicted. "How do they know so much?" And the "because" at which women stop when at fault in tracing up a reason is thus accounted for, as well as the impolitic but most natural, "I told you so," when experience has vindicated a prophecy; all of which are related to the female side of the family of the intuitions.

And yet, because woman's faculty is akin to genius, man must always have the conduct of the world's affairs. The masculine understanding is the one that must give form to the outward life. It is best adapted to such a work, and as such always asserts itself; for when was genius ever practical? It is of its very nature to deal with results and to overleap processes; to gaze on the purple mountain-top afar, and to ignore the valley that lies between.

And so, for each generation, as long as the question is one of standards and ideals, as it is in children and youth, so long women is the guiding light; as soon as it becomes one of methods and of practical ways and means, then the masculine understanding leads the way. An elder sister with younger brothers, a mother with sons, is often taken with surprise with this fact. She who was the head and counsellor finds her relations to them somehow reversed, and in a few years goes to them for the advice which they formerly sought from her. So with a circle of young friends. As they develop and go out into life, the masculine understanding unconsciously assumes it appropriate place; and the admiring boy, who was liked and partially patronised by his female companions, becomes the large-minded, indulgent man to whom they in their turn look up. Blindness to this inevitable reversal is the secret of much surprise at marriages and of many failures to marry. The precocious girl does not recognise in her unfledged lover the man that is to be, and wonders when she hears that some woman has afterward found in him that which she failed to perceive.

There are men who think that any man, because he is a man, is superior to any woman, because she is a woman. The egotism may be forgiven; it is easily accounted for. Undoubtedly there is a seeming superiority of man to woman, nay a real one, as seen in some aspects. Man's intellectual faculty, as applied to practical life, is stronger, wiser, better than ours. But woman's is really of a higher order than his. Here is the transcendental faculty—"the higher reason," which does not stop to touch, and taste, and handle, in its endeavour after truth, but "sweeps" at once to its goal.

Woman "was deceived in the transgression." Then it was that she mistook her own perceptions, threw

her mental powers into confusion, brought discredit upon them, and bewildered her originally unerring insight; and, in consequence, precedence was necessarily taken by the slower but surer male understanding. "He shall rule over thee"—not an arbitrary outward infliction, but a divine declaration of a necessity—a divine suggestion of the only remedy remaining for the mischief which she had wrought. Henceforth she was to "keep silence." She might well be dumb over such an error!

Yet the faculty remains. Perhaps I am betraying secrets. If so, sisters, forgive me. But while women accord to men the authority, they are conscious of possessing the real ascendancy. She still has "power on her head;" her intellectual faculty still exercises a marvellous though unrecognised domination, "because of the angels," her perceptions, which she sends forth on their divine errands of insight. They who are most truly women are naturally most conscious of this power; and such are, for the most part, like wise courtiers, content to hide the appearance of power behind its reality, and make little outcry for more privileges for their sex. Such women deal with men much as they do with spoiled children, and let them have their way, while all the time securing their own. And it is a curious fact that the most manly men are the ones who most cheerfully admit that they are under this peculiar rule, but are never conscious when or how it is exercised. Neither shall I tell the signs or tokens; but I appeal to my sisters if they have not often read the feminine telegraphic signal which brought them into instant comprehension of a sister's aims and intentions; and if they have not smiled at the unconsciousness of the poor, dear masculine, who, thinking himself *so* wise, and *so* independent, was yet going straight after her will and way.

Beyond everything, man admires his own reason. Not a book except the divine one but either expressly or impliedly pays it adulation. Contemplating it, he goes into raptures. Swelling with pride, he exclaims, "See how great and how wise I am! I thank thee, O Lord! that I am not a brute, or even as this woman!" If one of his philosophers, under the irradiation of approaching dawn, speaks of himself as only a child who has been picking up pebbles on the dim earthly shore of truth, the story is repeated as if the admission was an infinite condescension. Man's philosophy is a jargon, but it seems to himself divine speech. His teachings are confused and contradictory, but they seem to himself divine order. With gravest dignity he lays down, in his schools of philosophy, every imaginable absurdity. His understanding is of the earth, earthy. What he can touch, and taste, and handle, and carry to market, that he believes in. The physical sciences and mathematics he can manage.

But he will not believe what he cannot so touch and handle, and his proof extends not far. He cannot prove immortality, so he denies it. He cannot prove the existence of the outside world, so he denies that. He cannot prove a Creator, so he denies Him. He invents logic, and proves by its help everything and nothing. In philosophy he is like an insect crawling hither and thither to the bounds of his small sphere, and declaring that there is nothing besides, and what he cannot see does not lie beyond.

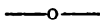
He carries his reason into religion, and makes confusion worse confounded. He tells you that you can and you cannot; that you may and shall not; that you must and you are not able. He assures you that you are responsible for what you cannot help, and that you are to be punished for what you never did. He gives you German Rationalism, French Positivism, English Ritual-

ism, and general scepticism, as the highest products of his reason. And he calls this wisdom. He expects woman to admire and worship him as being wiser than she. But delude himself as he may by his pretensions, he does not delude woman. She by no means seeks to reason away his reasonings—she simply brushes them aside, and believes and acts by the light of her own higher faculty. For while in things of outward life, man's understanding must take precedence, in that which appertains to truth, woman's is the better guide. Hers is the divining cup whereby the lord of the world divines. Her faculty was meant for reference, for consultation, for prophetic perception, which should point the way of the world. It is of a higher order than his—not lower. Its divine flight is crippled now, but is gradually gaining in strength and certainty. As it sits with clipped wings and dimmed eyes, or, as it flutters uncertainly where it ought to

soar, it is jeered at, and set at naught by the slow-stepping masculine understanding. But it is not to be always so. As the world gradually rights itself, woman gains in mental strength and clearness. Ultimately the primal mistake will be remedied. There is a good time coming to her and to all. Her faculty of insight will then be recognised. The veneration now accorded her by our own noble English men will be seen to have been prophetic, and to have been founded on a dim yet true perception of her real nature. Man will then understand himself and her. She will understand herself and him. She will perceive truth for him—he will prove it for her. He will then find himself undisputed king of the world, and will administer unchallenged the affairs of his kingdom; while she will be its priestess—she will consult for him the oracle—she will keep the sacred fire.



## THE LANGUAGE OF ART.



## PART I.

IDEOGRAPHY, or the representation of ideas by pictures, is most probably anterior to the art of writing. The first meaning of the Greek word *γραφῆ* is drawing, or painting; it afterwards meant writing, and in that sense is usually understood.

The origin of painting is supposed to be derived from sciagraphy, or the delineation of a shadow, but of this we know nothing except from tradition, and the poetical story of that Corinthian girl who, seeing her lover asleep by lamplight, the shadow of his profile cast upon the wall, traced it there with a piece of charcoal used to light the bronze brazier. The most ancient pictures we have seen are those of the Egyptians, who used drawings to express their ideas. This hieroglyphical and pictorial language, however unintelligible to the people, was perfectly well understood by the initiated.

It may be conjectured that the ancient Brahmin, the Druid, and the Egyptian priest, had all one common language, expressed by drawing and painting; for perhaps they attached a meaning to colours as well as forms, as the heralds of bygone times certainly did. This art was employed in the ornamentation of temples, tombs, obelisks, and other public monuments. Egyptian sculpture had also a mystic meaning; it was the unspoken language of the priesthood. And however strange these graven images and quaint pictures may appear to us, they were probably the profound language of men of science, who would only express their ideas to strangers of their own sect in this manner; for the knowledge of various languages, so com-

mon now, was very rarely acquired by the ancients; but the hieroglyphic was a masonic sign, and although a man could not understand a word you said, he could make himself perfectly intelligible by means of drawing.

I believe that all written language was originally pictorial; that the representation of a man was emblematical of reason and intellect; of a lion, strength and courage; of a horse, swiftness; a fox, cunning and deceit; a sheep, timidity; and so on, according to the well-known attributes of animals. And pictures, or carvings of inanimate objects, often seen on Egyptian monuments, although less intelligible to the lower orders of the masonic priesthood, were doubtless perfectly well known to the higher ranks of this mysterious fraternity.

Clavigero, the most authentic historian of Mexico, laments the loss of the Mexican pictures, which were destroyed by the missionaries in their zeal to eradicate the superstitions of the people. In fact, these pictures represented the history of the country. Everything of importance that had occurred in Mexico had been painted, and painters abounded there as scribes did at that time in Europe. The first missionaries, suspecting that superstition was mixed with all their paintings, attacked the chief school of these artists; and collecting in the marketplace a little mountain of these precious records, they set fire to it, burying in the ashes the memory of many most interesting events.

Now it is clear that such a language must be more or less cosmo-

polite. To illustrate what I mean—go to some strange place in search of kangaroos, or any other wild animals; apply to the savage who knows their haunts; he cannot understand a word you say, nor can you make out his uncultivated speech; but show him a drawing of the creature, and most likely he will soon guide you to its abode. Perhaps the much-lamented and long-lost Dodo might be discovered in this manner. There is a picture of this supposed-to-be-extinct animal in the British Museum; it was painted from the one which was discovered by some Dutch navigators in the Isle of France. Who knows that this old picture may not lead to the discovery of other specimens of this amphibious curiosity?

Mr. Ellis, the Madagascar missionary, discovered some beautiful rare plants by showing drawings of them to the natives.

When Captain Cook was at Otaheite, some of the natives stole his quadrant, and one of them, who knew where it was, described it to the captain by a triangular figure composed of three straws, which led to the detection of the thieves and the recovery of the instrument. This is the most primitive style of drawing we can well imagine, and surpasses that of all the old masters in simplicity.

Drawing is to language what geometry is to arithmetic; for no power of numbers, and no kind of analysis, can describe exactly the square root of a surd, but it can be clearly represented to the senses of a savage by the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle. Every carpenter knows that three feet is the side of a square equal to nine feet; but no exact number will represent the side of a square equal to eighteen; it is the diagonal of a square equal to nine. The geometrical line is the *picture* of an incommensurable quantity.

The art of drawing is so simple,

that it may be reduced to a geometrical figure. In describing a man, which seems to have been the first object of imitation, a circle represented the head, parallel straight lines the limbs, and angles the joints. These three elements contain the A B C of delineation. The next advance towards imitation would be naturally to use curved lines to imitate the various undulations of outline in the human figure; we then have the whole alphabet of art, for every variety of form is composed of lines, curves, and angles.

My object is not to inquire about the origin of art, for that is the province of the archæologist and antiquarian, but to discuss the meaning and utility of it as a universal language—a language which may be used for the noblest purposes of civilisation, but has been too often, like the human voice, degraded to the worst of purposes, being, like all God's gifts, liable to abuse as well as use.

Dr. Johnson said, in his dictatorial manner, "Sir, painting can illustrate, but it cannot inform. A little girl mistook a figure of Justice for a woman selling sweetmeats." Now we may ask why a child should be expected to understand allegorical pictures any more than metaphysics or mathematics. Without a knowledge of the attributes, it is evident that an allegorical figure must be unintelligible to any one. And, indeed, I do not know why Justice should always be represented with a pair of scales; several other emblems would be as expressive of equality as an instrument generally used for weighing food, &c. There is an old picture by Giotto, in which she is distributing rewards to the virtuous, and punishment to the guilty; surely this is more expressive and dignified than the business-like balance which is usually adopted; why not make her resting on an equilateral triangle? it is much more emblematic of equal

justice than the device so commonly depicted.

Religion has always been the corner-stone of the great fabric of civilisation; and as the ancients used costly and colossal sculpture to excite reverence for the gods, so the Roman Catholic priests have employed the painted altar-piece to inspire religious devotion. The colossal grandeur of the granite idols of Egypt was well calculated to awe the superstitious multitude; and the exquisite and unrivalled beauty of Greek art to fascinate that refined and fastidious people, so sensitive to external impressions from architecture, painting, and sculpture. These huge monsters are the expression of abstract ideas. The winged, human-headed lion, or bull, represents the intelligence of man combined with the strength of the brute and the flight of the eagle. All these figures are typical of moral as well as physical qualities.

The Griffon of the Greeks is of Oriental origin. Centaurs, fauns, and satyrs, however repugnant to our taste, had a silent signification. The centaur evidently represents the combined strength and power of the man and the horse; a satyr is an intelligent goat; and the graceful faun seems to represent the somewhat paradoxical expression of an elegant and accomplished savage, for he could dance, sing, and play on the flute; his pointed ears and tiny tail are the only remaining marks of his quadrupedal origin; he is in the last stage but one of the perfection of our animal nature.

The Greeks had, as Gibbon truly says, the rare art of embodying the abstractions of philosophy. They derived their arts, as they did their learning, from the Egyptians, and embellished them with their natural taste. The very early Greek works are almost Egyptian in style. The next period produced works more nearly expressive of the human form, and more pleasing to the eye. Then

came the immortal school of Phidias, who, without losing sight of the original meaning of his art, that is, the expression of an idea by the imitation of nature, stamped it with a majesty and sublimity only reached by Homer and Æschylus. The paintings of this golden age of art are unfortunately lost; we can only judge of them by conjecture, or from the very dregs and copies discovered at Pompeii. The pictures found at Herculaneum and Pompeii are most probably reproductions of the celebrated ancient works now destroyed. However graceful and elegant, they are mere decorations, and consequently can give no idea of the wonderful execution of the old Greek painters, so much boasted of by their contemporaries. There is every reason to believe that the Pompeian pictures are not original, because the same subject is perpetually repeated in the same manner. The only works which appear to be original are the representations of wild beasts hunting down tame brutes, — scenes which occurred every day in the amphitheatre. These pictures have a certain reality and power, but are totally devoid of Attic taste. The works of Zeuxis, Apelles, and Apollodorus are all lost, and we may lose ourselves in conjectures as to their merits. Much erudition has been wasted on this barren subject, for we cannot fairly judge of objects we have never seen. Reality is poetically blended with ideality in the best Greek sculpture, and we may reasonably suppose that the painting of the most eminent artists was not deficient in this fundamental principle of fine art.

Everything in nature was so beautiful in Greece! from the exquisite symmetry of the human form, developed in every muscle by gymnastic exercise, down to the very weeds that were trodden under foot. The acanthus, a mere Greek thistle, suggested the idea of the graceful Corinthian capital, as the lotus flower



of the Nile had many ages before originated a similar and equally beautiful ornament to the massive columns of Luxur and Thebes. The Greek artist was surrounded with picturesque and poetical objects, and he had only to copy what he saw to produce a beautiful work of art.

Pure Greek sculpture, which was perfected in the age of Phidias and Praxitiles, gradually declined from that perfection, and degenerated down to the Adonis and Meleager of the Vatican, and the Antinous of the Capitol. The last-named of these statues is so celebrated that I believe it is heresy against what is called "fine taste" to depreciate it; but like the other two, and many others less known, this highly polished work appears to me totally wanting in the nobler qualities of art, and quite deficient in that masculine energy and vigour so essential to the beauty of a man. Again, the famous Apollo Belvedere is only an emasculated copy of some fine old Greek bronze; but the head is magnificent. The long-legged sister of Apollo in the Louvre (I mean the "*Diane à la Biche*") is probably done by the same artist, and is just as poor in truth and nature, wanting the characteristics of the female as much as her brother of the Vatican lacks those of the male.

If expression be the test of excellence, then the Laocoon is the finest and most complete piece of sculpture in Rome. It is, indeed, faultless in design and admirable in execution. I hardly need describe this famous group. The huge serpents have completely enfolded the younger boy in their pythonic knots; he is paralysed and gasping for breath; his brother is trying in vain to extricate himself, and looks up piteously at his father. The gigantic priest is straining every muscle to disengage himself from his fearful foe. This wonderful work expresses and embodies most perfectly the harrowing and sublime description of Virgil:—

Ille simul manibus tendit divellere hodos  
Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit.  
(With outstretch'd hands he strives the  
knots to rend,  
While to the stars his dreadful shrieks  
ascend.)

If grandeur of style and dignity of form be considered the criterion of excellence, then the torso of Hercules in the Vatican, and the Venus of Milo in the Louvre, are the only relics of Greek art to be compared with the noble fragments of the Parthenon in the British Museum.

What is meant by "style" may be illustrated by a comparison of the three well-known statues of Venus,—the Venus de Medici, the Venus of the Capitol, and the Venus of Milo. The Venus de Medici is a beautiful piece of workmanship, but the attitude is affected and coquetish; this, however, is principally owing to the wretched restoration of the arms, which are in the worst possible modern taste; the head, too, although antique, has been replaced, and probably does not belong to the figure. This statue is a very pretty specimen of the meretricious style. The Venus of the Capitol has none of these defects, and is just like a woman surprised at a bath: it is comely, natural, and unaffected. This is a fine example of the natural style. The Venus of Milo (so called because it was found in that island) is evidently the work of some great artist of the golden age of Greek art,—perhaps Scopas. It is a conception of the loftiest character; it realises the divine idea and ethereal majesty of Venus. This work is in the grandest style of art, and unequalled by any other remaining female statue of the ancients yet discovered.

After the conquest of Greece by the Romans, the Greek artists were transported to Rome, and the refined Athenians instructed their rude conquerors in literature, science, and the fine arts. The best works after this period were most likely done by Greeks; for the Romans were a

warlike and invasive people, and but little inclined to follow the quiet occupation of sculpture or painting. Their magnificent architecture was the offspring of Greece, and was probably designed by Greeks or Sicilians, and executed by slaves.

The indefinable qualities of taste and style are inseparably connected in art with the expression of an idea; but whether our language be addressed to the coarse or the cultivated, it is necessary not to over-polish the gem of expression, for a rough diamond set in iron is worth more than one half ground away, though surrounded with gold.

The bent of taste is always towards refinement, and many grand ideas are half obliterated in the process of polishing. Our great poet deprecates in his own art the tendency to—

Add and alter many times,  
Till all be ripe and rotten.

When the Greeks lost sight of the primitive simplicity of style which was derived from Egypt, their works soon lost the healthy vigour of nature, and dwindled down into mannerism and mawkish insipidity. Most of the works of the best age are lost, particularly the bronzes, and all the sculptures in ivory and gold. The dregs preserved in the galleries and museums are nearly all copies, or slightly varied repetitions, of fine statues which have disappeared. From the little which remains of pure Greek art we may judge of the treasures we have lost. Athenian sculpture was the accurate chronicle of the progress and perfection of Attic taste: the precious fragments of the Parthenon are left to prove that Greece had reached the zenith of civilisation and refinement in the age of Pericles and Phidias—the age when the poet, the orator, and the artist held the same honourable position in public estimation.

Religion was the origin of art and poetry, exalted and refined the rude images of remote antiquity, and

transformed them into god-like and life-like figures, which present to the eye palpable pictures of the imagination. A great artist must be a poet, and his art is the language of his thoughts. Phidias said that Homer had inspired him with the idea of his famous statue of Jupiter. Nature is the true source of inspiration; and poetry, in whatever language, is the true expression of nature.

The slavery of Greece was the slavery of art, and the voice of the captive was stifled in Rome. The free Greek who had produced the noble idealisms of the gods was now obliged to apotheosise the Roman emperors; and he who had been accustomed to dictate was now forced to adulate. They must have felt the bitterness of captivity as the Israelites felt it by the waters of Babylon, when they said, “How shall we sing the Lord’s song in a strange land?”

Fine Art must be free; nor can it ever flourish in a country where it is treated as a mere mechanical profession, only practised by men who are obliged to work for the gratification and according to the taste of others. No great artist can express an idea at the dictation of any one.

Art was transplanted from Greece into Italy, and carefully cultivated there as an exotic by the few enlightened individuals who had acquired fine taste from a Grecian education. The rough, thoroughbred old Roman was a soldier and a senator, but had a great contempt for fine art, fine taste, fine poetry, and good manners. Has he not bequeathed it to some of his posterity who now call themselves Britons?

A great number of statues were manufactured in Rome in the time of the empire; but, except some of the Augustan age, they are very common-place, and we are quite ignorant of the names of the artists who produced them. There is a beautiful gem amongst the rubbish in the long corridor of the Vatican;

it is the bust of the Emperor Augustus, when a lad of eighteen or twenty. It has the stamp of intellect, refinement, and energy—all characteristics of that remarkable man.

After the time of Augustus the poor Grecian exotic ceased to be cultivated, and a weedy sort of art continued to exist, which may be called the Roman school. The only taste left was for architecture, and that was gorgeous, florid, and imposing, but never calm and pure. Art, such as it was, continued to decline with the Roman empire, and, after the invasion of the Goths, was smothered in the universal chaos and confusion out of which arose the beautiful fabric of Gothic architecture and Christian art.

Coeval with the rise and progress of Christianity was the dawn of modern art. The pointed arch superseded the Roman hemicycle; it was emblematical of the new religion of love and peace: the branches of two adjacent trees meeting and intertwining their foliage together may have originated this beautiful construction. Architecture was pre-eminent in the Middle Ages. Sculptors and painters were only the workmen of architects. The artist who produced the Gothic image of a saint, and the mosaic worker who covered the walls with rude pictures, were only respectable decorators. But as the world became recivilised, painting and sculpture reassumed a more important position. Painting was more in request than sculpture, because the altar-piece of the Christian church replaced the statue of the god in the Pagan temple; so that the first artists became painters, as in more ancient times they became sculptors. Phidias was originally a painter, and Michel Angelo a sculptor. Those two remarkable men were artists of the highest class, to whom every material was subservient for the expression of an idea,

chalk or clay, paint or marble, ivory or gold.

Drawing is the language, chiaro-scuro the poetry, and colour the music of painting; these three combined may express an idea even more completely than any combination of words that has ever been invented. But painting and sculpture, instead of being made intelligible to those who are uninitiated in the mysteries of execution, often require an explanation; and, in truth, some of the most precious pieces of workmanship are totally devoid of meaning. A picture should explain itself, and very often does not. It is very well for the connoisseur to talk mysteriously about tone, and colour, and composition, in artistic *argot*; but the ordinary observer, who is unacquainted with this jargon, wants some tangible representation of an idea. The old Italian missal painters began with the most simple description of natural objects, and their pictures require no explanation. These were the real masters of Giotto, for Cimabue was himself soon surpassed by the shepherd boy he so kindly instructed. The Prayer-Book painters were monks, who employed their spare time in this delightful occupation: it is to them that we must look for the origin of the religious school of painting in Italy.

Tuscany was the birthplace of modern art, and Florence the cradle of painting. Giotto was the first great artist, and he adorned the church with pictures which had hitherto been confined to the Prayer-Book. He was the friend of Dante, who has thus eulogised him at the expense of poor Cimabue:—

Credetto Cimabue nella pittura  
Tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido  
Sì che la fama di colui oscura.

(In painting Cimabue sought to claim  
The foremost rank, and win the greatest  
name,  
Till Giotto rose and soon obscured his  
fame.)

This wonderful genius created the first school of painting; he originated

more than any one artist has ever done. Others have perfected more, but no one ever invented so much. He was two hundred years in advance of his age ; and after that lapse of time we find no artist who is equal to him in expression, the most essential quality, in fact, the only sure foundation for a true school of art. He gave life and meaning to his figures ; before his time all the simulacra of saints were just alike ; there was a pattern, and painters copied it as women do their work patterns and samplers. To enumerate the works of Giotto would be to make a catalogue of the most extraordinary pictures of the Tuscan school. The mechanical skill and dexterity of Giotto are quite as remarkable as the higher qualities of imagination and poetry with which he was so eminently gifted. He could draw geometrical figures by hand so well that they were almost perfect when tried by rule and compass. It was a common proverb in Italy to say, "*Tondo come l' o di Giotto*," (as round as the o of Giotto). He stored his mind with innumerable images drawn from nature, and was thus enabled to express his ideas from memory and imagination, and to produce those beautiful ideal pictures for which he is pre-eminent. Some of his small paintings at Florence are the most perfect specimens of his powers of imagination and expression. The Last Supper at the convent of San Miniato is equal, if not superior, in expression of individual character, to the celebrated work of Leonardo da Vinci at Milan ; and a very small, picture in the gallery of the Academy, representing the Transfiguration by a single figure of Christ, is more striking and poetical than the famous great work of Raffaello, which is really the least original, and the most academical and sophisticated of all the paintings of that great master.

Giotto appears to have originated all the beautiful works of art of his

period. He designed the stately Campanile, one of the most elegant pieces of Gothic architecture in Italy. He also made the compositions for the figures on the bronze door of the baptistery of St. John, which was executed by Andrea Pisano. Gothic sculpture, from rude beginnings, now became developed into the most beautiful expression of our religion. This remarkable work of Andrea Pisano was the prototype of the exquisite sculpture of Ghiberti, which was produced some years afterwards ; the same of which M. Angelo said, "They ought to be the gates of paradise." The designs of the gates by Ghiberti are of small dimensions, in various compartments descriptive of the principal stories of the book of Genesis ; executed in three sorts of relief, so as to represent perspective, like drawing. This mode of treatment may offend those who can see nothing beautiful in the art that is not Greek, but Greek and Gothic may be equally beautiful to a man of refined taste ; and as it shows a very limited appreciation of the beauties of nature to admire only a small part of the creation, so those who can only admire Phidias and Praxiteles, Æschylus and Homer, might destroy these glorious Gothic gates, and burn Shakspeare !

I have been the more desirous of calling attention to the works of Giotto, because he founded a school of which the characteristic excellence is the expression of an idea in the most simple manner of colouring and chiaro-oscuro being made subservient to that great object. Subsequent schools have made us acquainted with the power of correct drawing, the fascination of colouring, and the mystic poetry of light and shade ; but all these qualities will not compensate for the absence of an idea, the mere description of which is the indispensable requisite of a work of art.

Orcagna, the contemporary of Giotto, was a remarkable artist ; he was

a poet as well as a painter. There are two of his very scarce works in the Campo Santo at Pisa, representing the Triumph of Death and the Last Judgment. Although wanting in mechanism, these pictures are extraordinary expressions of ideality and reality.

The Triumph of Death represents three kings on horseback gorgeously dressed: they are holding their noses at the sight of the dead bodies of their predecessors, which are exposed to view in their coffins. The horses are starting back with instinctive repugnance, and nothing can be more expressive of natural

horror at the sight of corruption. Next to this appalling picture is a heavenly glimpse of Paradise. The figure of a woman playing on a lute is divinely beautiful.

The artists who succeeded Giotto seem to have thought more of showing their mechanical skill than expressing their ideas. The painters of swarms of meaningless Madonnas, and emaciated beggars intended for St. John the Baptist, would make a catalogue of obscure names, known only to those who are deep in the mysteries of what is now called pre-Raffaelitism.



## CHEAP WINES.

WINE in general, and cheap wine in particular, has recently, and deservedly so, received a large share of public attention; wine merchants have introduced and extensively advertised varieties, the names of which till the last three or four years were almost unknown, and popular writers have described and brought them prominently before our notice. In fact, a revolution in taste as regards wine, and one of a most beneficial kind, is gradually taking place, as a result of which the hot, brandied wines that have hitherto been so much drunk are giving way to the lighter and more healthful varieties. Rapidly, however, as this change may be effected among the refined and educated, it will, we expect, advance but slowly among the masses, for the taste of Englishmen, and even more of Englishwomen, has been so corrupted by a long course of port and sherry, that the pure, unbranded wines now introduced at a price sufficiently low to place them within the reach of almost every one are not at first relished. They are ignorantly looked upon as merely substitutes of an inferior kind for port and sherry, and consequently the more they differ in taste from these wines the less they are esteemed. Till Mr. Gladstone's remission of the wine duties few but the wealthy drank even claret or hock, and many who did spoilt their enjoyment of them by taking them after dinner with sweets. Now neither claret nor hock being sweetened or brandied, of course, under these circumstances, taste acid and poor, and John Bull shook his ponderous head and complacently pitied the poor French and Germans who did not know what good wine is,—wine that would warm the throat in

drinking and quickly mount into the head afterwards. Most of the light wines should be drunk during meals, with fish or meat, and after giving them a fair trial in this way very few, we think, would willingly go back to dinner sherry and heady beer. It is not generally known that claret contains but little more acid than wines more commonly drunk, but in these latter the acid is disguised by the sweet and spirituous flavour. Clarets are rather thin as a class, though they have a most pleasant flavour, and are clean and wholesome; but Greek and Burgundy wines are certainly neither too thin nor too poor. Port and sherry are excellent when drunk pure, or only moderately fortified; or when, having even been strongly fortified, they have since been kept some years, to mellow them and thoroughly amalgamate the added spirit with the other constituents. The fact is, however, that such wines are now hardly procurable, and only at a very extravagant price. Most of the port now sold is either new port wine strongly brandied, or a liquid that often contains no port at all, but is a compound of some cheap wine with spirit, logwood, and some fruit essence; and much of the so-called sherry has no wine in it of any description, but consists of spirit, water, and colouring matter, sweetened and flavoured.

Large quantities of this sherry are sent to this country from Hamburgh, and in order that it may be sold as a Spanish wine; in which case its money value is doubled. Much of it is positively sent hence to Cadiz and back again. Yet how many thousands look upon these, and such as these, as models of what wines should be! Thank Heaven that

claret, and Burgundy, and hock have nothing in common with them!

The quality which gives their great value to the "Gladstone" wines is their genuineness, their being the pure fermented juice of the grape; and the effects which follow their use are very different from those produced by the heavier varieties; for whereas these latter soon tend to stupefy and intoxicate if taken at all freely, with subsequent depression and headache, the former, unless taken in very large quantities, only produce a pleasant feeling of warmth and exhilaration of spirits without any after ill effects.

Beer, which is a suitable drink for those who do much physical hard work, or who take a great deal of exercise, is by no means fit for those whose digestive powers are weak, who work chiefly with the brain, or who are of sedentary habits.

Besides, if largely drunk even by the strong and the healthy, who at the same time are leading laborious lives, it is often most prejudicial to health, as we know from the cases of gout and allied disorders which are so frequent among dock labourers, draymen, and others, in whom the disease is often clearly traceable to the great quantities of beer and porter that they have drunk.

The amount of alcohol developed in grape juice by the process of fermentation varies, the average quantity being about 20 per cent. It very rarely indeed exceeds 26, and never 28 per cent. Hence, speaking roughly, it is fair to infer that all wines having a higher alcoholic strength than 26 per cent. are artificially raised to this by the addition of spirit. Now sherry, as sold in England, generally ranges from 30 to 40, and port from 32 to 42.

From parliamentary returns we find that, in 1863, we exported to Portugal, the Azores, and Madeira, 1,444,354 gallons of spirits, and im-

ported thence 3,634,345 gallons of wine—20 per cent. of this wine consisting of the spirit we had sent out and sold to them at about two shillings a gallon.

Port and sherry are legitimately fortified to some extent, or none but the best would keep well; but after that enough spirit has been added to accomplish this end, more is added to suit English taste, and this is carried to such an extent that according to a calculation published by Dr. Druitt, a glass of port wine equals in strength two-fifths of a glass of brandy. I would ask, Is this wine or spirit drinking virtually?

Besides the alcohol, however, other important compounds are developed in wine, ethers, and oils, which give wine its fragrance, or bouquet, as it is technically called, and aid materially also in producing the wonderfully exhilarating effects of some varieties. Now, as the presence of a good bouquet in natural wines argues age and superiority of quality, for bouquet is only developed by keeping the wines some time, therefore wines possessing it are worth more than those without. This fact has not been lost sight of, for chemists have set to work to prepare ethers and oils which, when added to wines, will give the perfume to those not naturally having it, and this doctoring has been carried on to a considerable extent. Besides the fact that this sophistication often produces injurious consequences in those drinking the wine, such as headache, giddiness, feverishness, and the like, the bouquet thus added never equals in kind the natural one, though in degree it often exceeds it. It is easily recognised by persons accustomed to pure kinds,—a class, fortunately, becoming daily more numerous. Medical men are beginning to recognise in the light wines most delightful and efficient substitutes for some forms of medicine. What bitter is more appetising than Chablis, claret,

or St. Elie?—what tonic half so pleasant to take? Doctors are recommending them everywhere to delicate, nerveless, appetiteless patients, but unfortunately here a difficulty occurs. Invalids gradually recovering from an illness often are in want of nothing more than some nice light wine, two or three times a-day with their meals, to regain a good appetite, and go with rapid strides towards health. The difficulty, however, is to induce convalescents to be satisfied with so very agreeable a prescription, as they do not seem in many cases to be able to dissociate the idea of a doctor's visit from the medicine that in former days regularly followed it from the druggists. Day by day, however, the public are becoming more enlightened, and their medical attendants less fond of, and less confident in the powers of, nauseous drugs; and the profession hail with delight the knowledge that there are a set of fragrant wines to be had cheaply, more appetising than bark, and so pleasant and so various that every invalid will take with pleasure some one at least of them.

Very fair *vin ordinaire* can be bought for about a shilling a bottle, and good claret and Burgundy at from eighteenpence to two shillings and sixpence, almost everywhere, Bordeaux being admirably suited for those whose blood requires enriching, and Burgundy also for cases of nervous exhaustion. In addition to these good qualities, they are both so pleasant, that were their good effects *nil*, we should still take them for their own sakes. Rhenish wines, so delightfully refreshing and fragrant, can seldom be obtained good and at the same time cheap. The wines of Hungary and Greece are, as a rule,

pure, sound, and good, besides being cheap; and the same may be said of the Austrian *Vöslan* wines. Among the Hungarian wines may be mentioned the *Ofner* and *Eclaire* as capital clarets, and *Chablis*, *Villamy*, *Muscat*, and *Steinbruch*, as good white wines. Greek wines are rather stronger and of fuller body than *Bordeaux*, and, for those wishing to give up strong for light wines, would be very good to begin with, as, in this respect, they approach more nearly to the sorts to which we are accustomed. *St. Elie*, *Mount Hymettus*, red and white *Keffesia*, and *Santorin*, may be mentioned as most agreeable varieties,—sound, unfortified, and with a true vinous flavour. All of these are under half-a-crown a bottle; indeed, *Hymettus* is but sixteen-pence; but they are, nevertheless, better decidedly than port or sherry of at least double their price.

A debt of gratitude is due to Mr. Gladstone for enabling us to obtain these delightful beverages cheaply, and to the wine merchants who have ventured to introduce them in large quantities.

Claret and Burgundy were, till the end of the seventeenth century, our national drink; but at this time a heavy duty, levied on them for political reasons, rendered them too expensive, and then our fathers, much to their disgust at first, were obliged to confine themselves principally to the wines of Spain and Portugal. It will be a happy day for England when, if it ever happens, not only port and sherry, but the greater part of the spirit and beer drunk too, are given up for the light and innocent beverages that at last are beginning to be properly appreciated.

H. B. SPENCER, M.D.



## THE GLASTONBURY THORN.

A PILGRIM, as the day declined,  
Stopped on fair Wirral's height,  
And gazed upon the wondrous scene  
That burst upon his sight.

Beneath him lay the minster grand,  
With its sky-pointing spire,  
Churches and palaces and trees,  
Lit by the sunset fire.

He fell upon his knees, and thrice  
" *Te Deum laudo !*" cried,  
When lo ! a holy monk approached,  
And halted by his side.

" O reverend monk, this blessed spot  
I've travelled far to see :  
Now point me to Saint Joseph's shrine,  
And to the holy tree."

" Behold beneath a chapel fair,  
Four-turreted and grey !  
There holy Joseph spoke of Christ,  
And there his body lay."

" But where, oh ! where, is that blessed thorn,  
Whose spikes drew sacred blood ?"  
The reverend monk his finger raised  
To where the pilgrim stood.

" Beneath the shadow of that thorn,  
O pilgrim ! now you kneel,  
Which, springing from Saint Joseph's staff,  
Doth Christ's own power reveal.

" For, at the season of his birth,  
In spite of winter gloom,  
The virtue of His power divine  
Doth force it into bloom.

" And thou, blest pilgrim, who hast knelt  
Beneath this sacred tree,  
In all your future pilgrimage  
Dismayed shall never be."

" From Him, whose crown this thorn supplied,  
While bitter death He bore,  
Thou shalt, emerging from its shade,  
Have peace for evermore."

The pilgrim, prostrate on the ground,  
In adoration fell ;  
The holy Glastonbury monk  
Walked homeward to his cell.

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## THE STAGE OF THE PAST.

### PART II.

FROM GARRICK TO KEAN.

GARRICK undoubtedly had many enemies and detractors, and among them may be numbered Walpole, who never liked him, and Johnson, who made an unjustifiable onslaught on him in the *Rambler*. But his universal genius commanded the respect and extorted the admiration of those who were most opposed to him and who least appreciated him. In a hundred different characters he felt equally at home, in each part he seemed a distinct individual. He played on one occasion the dagger scene in "Macbeth" in a room, in his ordinary dress, and as he followed with his eyes the drawn dagger, it is recorded that he became so grand, that the whole assembly broke into a general cry of admiration. The same countenance, a short time previously, had imitated with equal perfection, a pastrycook's boy, who carried a tray of tartlets on his head, and whilst gaping about him at the corner of the street, had allowed the tray to fall in the kennel, and at first stupefied by the accident, burst at last into a fit of crying. His power of identification with the parts he was representing was astonishing, but he never neglected to study deeply and rehearse repeatedly. One of his distinguishing

traits was his faculty of suddenly assuming any passion he was called upon to portray. Many anecdotes illustrating this faculty are related of him during his continental travels, and it is said that when once relating the story of a child falling from a window out of its father's arms, he threw himself into the attitude, and put on the look of horror of that distracted father. The company were moved to tears, and when the emotion subsided, the celebrated actress, Mdlle. Clairon, threw her arms around him, kissed him heartily, and then turning to Mrs. Garrick, begged her pardon for "she positively could not help it."

In person he was rather below the middle size, and dark complexioned, his physiognomy was agreeable, and the vivacity of his eyes prodigious. He possessed much humour, discernment, and judgment, and was a profound student of nature. He had a monkey-like propensity for imitating all he saw, but he was naturally graceful in his movements. The French praised him to the skies, and no commendation was too great for him. The Garrick fever that reigned in Paris was communicated to St. Petersburg, and it is related that the Empress Catherine, in vain

tempted him with an offer of two thousand guineas, for four performances in the northern capital. Many stories are repeated of him illustrating his generosity and kindness of heart, and though his enemies bring forward a number of other stories to prove his meanness and selfishness, the balance of evidence seems to be in his favour, and there is no doubt that in many instances he showed a noble spirit and rendered valuable services to his less fortunate brethren of the sock and buskin.

According to Macklin he was restless and ignorant, whilst Goldsmith delineated him as vain and thirsting for flattery; Johnson and Walpole asserted him to be void of literary ability, and Foote characterised him as foolish. For all that, the crowning act of his career was a generous deed, that would redeem worse faults than have been laid to his charge. Colman assailed Garrick even before they quarrelled, designating him as a "grimace maker," a "haberdasher of wry faces," a hypocrite who "laughed and cried for him," and so on. Garrick in return wrote verses in praise of Colman's translation of *Terence*, and when these had softened the translator's resentment, Garrick chose Christmas, 1765, to write better verses, in which he states that, failing in health, assailed by enemies, treated with ingratitude, and weary of his vocation as he is, that joyous season is made doubly joyous by the restoration of their friendship. Accused of professional jealousy, he nevertheless surrounded himself by a brilliant brotherhood of actors, and he often yielded to the most exacting and dangerous of his rivals—Spranger Barry, when Barry was in his company—so that the latter might have the best nights for his performances.

In his later years Garrick was courted and fêted by the nobility, and Walpole records that he dined

at Garrick's, where he met "the Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Rochford, Lady Holderness, the crooked Mostyn, and Dabren, the Spanish minister, two regents, of which one is Lord Chamberlain, the other Groom of the Stole, and the wife of a Secretary of State." Garrick's households at Hampton and in the Adelphi were gracefully presided over by his wife, Eva Maria Violetti, a beautiful dancer, who had enchanted the town with her "poetry of motion," and who turned out his good genius. She was much liked and admired even by her lady friends, and after her husband's death she continued the honoured guest of the most honoured houses, being frequently a partaker of the Bishop of London's hospitality.

Garrick was attacked by his last illness at Christmas, 1778, when on a visit to Earl Spencer, and was carried to his town house in Adelphi Terrace, where he expired on January 20th, 1779. The great actor was carried in state to Westminster Abbey by some of the noblest in the land, both in intellect and in rank, and peers sought for the privilege of bearing the pall at his funeral—honours that have never been granted since to any other actor.

Silver-toned Barry, handsome, blue-eyed Spranger Barry, the most dangerous rival of Garrick, did not long survive the latter.

Spranger Barry for beauty and genius has seldom been surpassed on the British stage. He was the only performer that ever shook Garrick in his throne, but lacking the perfection and the varied powers of Garrick, he only shook him—he never dethroned him. Barry only excelled in certain parts, those of young and soft-voiced heroes: Garrick was at home in all characters; he could draw the tears of the audience, and shake their sides with laughter with equal readiness. Garrick was the Shakspeare of actors.

Barry was at best but a Rowe or an Otway; but from 1747 to 1758 Barry was in some few characters the best actor on the stage. He was of fine personal appearance and aristocratic bearing, and had expensive and magnificent tastes. He lived as if he were the master of countless thousands, and with a lordly professional income, he died poor. Barry's voice was exquisitely touching and soft, and there was a pathos, a sweetness, a delicacy, in his utterance which had an indescribable influence on the mind. In *Orestes*, Barry was so incomparable that Garrick never attempted the part in London. As the rival *Romeos*, it was difficult to award the palm to either. In *Castalio*, Barry moved to tears even a comic actor, and his *Alexander* lost all bombast with him, and gained a healthy vigour and dignity. He was the original actor of nineteen characters, among which stand out prominently *Mahomet* in Johnson's "Irene," *Young Norval*, and *Evander*, in the "Grecian Daughter." The last was a masterpiece of impersonation, and Barry touched the audience in this part as much as ever his great rival did in *King Lear*. He married an actress named Dancer, and he made her an excellent performer, whilst she became to him a good and faithful wife.

Barry's house was frequented by the great, and he did the honours of his table with much elegance, and sometimes even with ostentatious magnificence. He was unfortunately destitute of common prudence, and ended by dying without means, though he and Mrs. Barry earned what was then the very large income of £1500 a-year. Mrs. Barry survived her great husband for twenty-five years. Unhappily for her, two years after his death, she wedded a penniless and scampish young Irish barrister, named Crawford, who spent her money, broke her heart, and utterly ruined her, notwithstanding the handsome salaries she could still com-

Among the theatrical stars of the day we must not omit to mention Mrs. Pritchard, Miss Bellamy, Mrs. Yates, Miss Farren, Woodward, Shuter, Foote, and Macklin. Mrs. Pritchard's life was one of pure, honest labour; and while Margaret Woffington was pretending to lament over the temptations to which she yielded, and George Anne Bellamy yielded without lamenting, honest Mrs. Pritchard neither yielded nor lamented. Fighting her way slowly, she played every thing from *Nell* to *Ophelia*, and throughout her career she originated every variety of character. She excelled in the two queens, *Katherine* and *Gertrude*, and was great as *Hermione* and *Lady Macbeth*; and as the *Queen* in "Hamlet" she was said to be unequalled. There was a slight tendency to rant, and some lack of grace in her style, which, according to some, marred her tragedy. On the other hand, her skill in comedy does not appear to be disputed, and she was a perfectly natural actress. She was illiterate and ignorant, and it is said that she had never read more of "Macbeth" than her own part, as it was given to her in the MS. By dint of study she acquired a beautiful and appropriate eloquence, and she strongly moved her audiences. She retired at Bath on a well-earned competence, but died soon after from the effects of an accident.

George Anne Bellamy had almost shared the throne of Mrs. Cibber, but she wanted the sustained zeal and anxious study of the latter. George Anne was a syren, who lured men to destruction. She was so beautiful, had eyes of such soft and loving blue, was so extraordinarily fair, and was altogether so bewitching, that she was universally liked as a charming creature and admired as an excellent actress. For the expression of unbounded and rapturous love, she was unequalled in her day. She ruined and betrayed everywhere, and never would remain long in one

home ; and after having squandered the vast sums laid at her feet, she fell in old age into the lowest depths of misery.

Mrs. Yates succeeded to the inheritance of Mrs. Cibber, which she maintained — very unequally—with Mrs. Crawford (Mrs. Barry) for a rival, until both were dispossessed by a greater than either—Mrs. Siddons. Mrs. Yates recited beautifully, was always dignified, but seems to have wanted variety of expression. With a haughty mein, and a powerful voice, she was well suited to the strong-minded heroines of tragedy ; but the more tender ladies, like *Desdemona* or *Monimia*, she could not compass. Her comedy was as poor as that of Mrs. Siddons ; her *Medea* so sublime as to be unapproachable. Her scorn was never equalled but by Mrs. Siddons, and it would be difficult to determine which lady had the most majesty. Mrs. Yates died in 1787.

Miss Farren was pronounced by Walpole to be, in his estimation, the most perfect actress he had ever met. She played principally at Drury Lane and the Haymarket, and chiefly the parts of fine ladies, for which she seemed born. She was not so successful in tragedy and in low comedy, but her natural elegance, her tall and delicate figure, her beautiful expression, her superbly-modulated voice, her clear and refined pronunciation, made of her fine lady a perfect charm. She moved in the best society of the day, where she became acquainted with the Earl of Derby, who formed an attachment for her, and who many years afterwards, on the death of his countess, made her his wife.

We can only mention the names of the fascinating Mrs. Abington as another successful actress in genteel comedy and the best *Lady Teazle* of the day ; and Mrs. Robinson who, at the age of eighteen, brought to the stage such grace and beauty as had not been seen since the days

of Mrs. Woffington and Mrs. Belamy, and who as *Perdita* won the heart of George, Prince of Wales, or rather such a shabby substitute for a heart as he had to give. The noble-minded George betrayed and cast off the poor creature, his unalterable love evaporating in the course of a few months, and *Florizel* leaving *Perdita* in poverty, after causing her the loss of a profession wherein she promised to shine.

Harry Woodward was the originator of several brilliant creations on the stage, in the acting of which he was equalled by few successors or contemporaries. His *Captain Absolute*, in the "Rivals;" his *Dick*, in the "Apprentice;" his *Block*, in the *Reprisal*," his *Slender* and *Petruchio*, were all perfect pictures in their way, drawn by a true artist of life-like types. He was a most careful dresser and also a judicious actor. When attacked unjustifiably by Foote, he found a defender in Garrick, who was always ready to assist a brother. Woodward excelled as a comic actor. His scamps were perfect in their cool impudence ; his modern fops shone with a brazen impertinence ; his fops of an older time glistened with an elegant rascality, his mock heroes were stupendously outrageous ; his every-day simpletons, vulgarly stolid ; and his Shakespearian light characters brim-full and running over with Shakespearian spirit. He had saved money but lost all in his joint management of the Dublin Theatre, with Spranger Barry, and so he worked on until summoned by death to a welcome rest.

Shuter was possessed of a far broader comic vein than Woodward. He had an extraordinary command over the muscles of his face, and he often stirred the house to mirth by saying something better than the author had put down for him. His life was one of intense professional labour, varied by jollification, thoughtlessness, and addiction to religion as expounded by Whitfield. He played

through the entire range of comic characters, until he went home to die one night after representing Falstaff.

A new actor appeared in 1744 at the Haymarket as *Othello* and failed. He had a thick-set figure and a vulgar cast of countenance, and whilst he was not successful in tragedy, he was pronounced unfit for comedy. His name was Samuel Foote; he was the son of a gentleman and an M.P., and connected, by his mother's side, with the ducal family of Rutland. Having married, and run through his means by gambling and dissipation, he then turned to the stage. On finding that regular drama did not suit him, he began giving his entertainments at the Haymarket. As an author he has been compared to Aristophanes, on account of his satirical powers. But it seems to us that Foote wrote rather to ridicule individuals, and to amuse his audience, than to correct the vices of the day. He possessed wonderful powers of wit and laughter-compelling humour, and he was rather a mimic than an actor. Foote pursued follies and not vices, and he did not aim at improvement of character; he levelled his shafts to vent his personal spite and to replenish his treasury. He possessed great knowledge and conversational powers, and his wit delighted his hearers. In comedy he never could reach the height of Cibber, Booth, or Wilks; but in his own pieces he greatly diverted his spectators.

For fourteen years, commencing from 1762, Foote drew crowded houses to the "little Haymarket;" and notwithstanding the fall from his horse whilst hunting with the Duke of York, which caused him the loss of one leg in 1766, he continued to act in his own pieces until 1776, when he made over the theatre to George Colman, for a life annuity of £1600, of which Foote lived but to receive

one half-year's dividend. Of his comedies, the "Mayor of Garratt" and the "Liar" have kept the stage the longest. In the former piece he caricatures a class—the sneaks—which rendered it lastingly popular, and in the latter he created the part of *Young Wilding*, long a favourite one with both actors and public. His plays undoubtedly possess considerable merit, and abound in wit and satire. The Methodists are lashed in the "Minor," the passion for travelling in the "Englishman Returned from Paris," the newspapers in the "Bankrupt," the debating societies in the "Orators," and the bar in the "Lame Lover." In this last comedy, admirable is Mr. Sergeant Circuit's remark, when his wife asks for money and protests she must have it as her honour is in pawn. In making his characters stand forth Foote is not excelled; but like most depictees of humour, he occasionally falls into the error of giving abstractions rather than probable persons.

In a former paper<sup>1</sup> we spoke of that extraordinary actor and author Charles Macklin, or McLaughlin, an Irish lad of good family. He became a strolling player until he came up to London and obtained a hearing at Lincoln's Inn Fields. He failed to gain any distinction until he was allowed to play *Shylock*, and then he achieved a great triumph. He was neither loud nor grotesque; his *Shylock* was natural, calmly confident, and so terribly malignant, that when he wetted the knife a shudder went round the house, and he knew that he held the audience by the heart-strings, and that his hearers must have already acknowledged that he was Shakespeare's Jew. His fame was made, and for several years he played in different theatres with a liberal salary. In 1754 he introduced his daughter, Miss Macklin, who be-

<sup>1</sup> *Dublin University Magazine*, June, 1871, "Behind the Footlights Last Century."

came a painstaking and meritorious, though not brilliant actress, and then he retired from the stage. As a wine merchant he became bankrupt, and as a lecturer on the drama he failed, and then he returned to the stage. He continued to play until 1780, when he produced his "Man of the World," creating, when between eighty and ninety, the well-known character of *Sir Pertinax McScythant*. Soon after his memory failed him altogether, and he had to quit the stage for ever; and by the sale of the copyright of his plays of "Love à la Mode" and the "Man of the World," an annuity of £200 a-year for him and £75 for his wife was purchased. He did not live long to enjoy it, breathing his last in 1797. As an actor he was without trick; his enunciation was clear in every syllable. He was said to excel every actor that ever played *Shylock*, probably excepting Edmund Kean. He was not a great tragedian, nor a light comedian; but in comedy and farce, where rough energy is required, he was not to be surpassed.

His comedy of "The Man of the World" is an admirable piece, full of vigour and life, and it still keeps the stage. This one production has gained him greater reputation as a dramatist than a score of forgotten plays have to his contemporaries. Macklin's character has been described in exactly opposite colours. He was angel or friend, rough or tender, honest or knave, according to the preconception of he that gave the description. It appears to us that see him at a distance, that though irascible and almost fierce, he was in reality honourable, generous, and forgiving.

To the genius of our dramatic writers during the last portion of the eighteenth century, we cannot award the same high praise that belongs to the actors. True, it is not in every year or in every century, that arises a writer like Shakespeare, possess-

ing such universal mastery over all human emotions, as to be able to blend them in such endless variety, as to move at will our laughter and our tears. Yet we might reasonably have expected among our later dramatic productions a greater number approaching the perfection of those models which other countries have produced within those narrower limits, of tragedy and comedy, which were established as part of the later dramatic system. Little commendation can be given to the tragic poets of that day. Horace Walpole's tragedy "The Mysterious Mother," though its subject excluded it from representation, set the first example of a vigorous attempt to return to a natural and healthy tragic tone and style. As for the "Douglas" of Home, it has no such quality to recommend it, but acquired and retained the public favour chiefly by dint of one truly and deeply pathetic situation, wherein the strongest domestic affections are profoundly and permanently interested. Mason's "Caractacus" was a worthy effort, but it produced no effect. Godwin's "Antonio" was as great a failure as Pye's "Adelaide," and Cumberland's "Battle of Hastings" resembled Shakespeare as much as did Ireland's "Vortigern."

Jephson was Walpole's favourite playwright, Walpole giving orders for alterations in Jephson's plays as he might for the repair of a piece of furniture. Jephson, however, wrote fair acting pieces, whilst Bentley's "Philodamus" was laughed off the stage. Cumberland was as much out of his line in tragedy as Reynolds, whose "Werter" and "Eloisa" brought him eight pounds. Murphy failed in tragedy, notwithstanding his undeniable powers, and Bodden may be said to have been below the level of Pye himself.

But if tragedy was languishing, not to say perishing, comedy was brilliant and triumphant. Garrick

himself made no great attempt in dramatic composition, and exposed himself to no considerable failure, but his labour of this kind most worthy of mention, is probably the share he took in the composition of one of Colman's best comedies "The Clandestine Marriage." Cumberland's comic powers were not despicable, but in his most successful pieces, the "West Indian," and the "Wheel of Fortune," he scarcely rises above mediocrity. Pompous affectation was one of his failings, and he lacked originality. The aim of some of his plays was good, however, and he wrote his "Jew" expressly to create a feeling of sympathy for a despised and ill-treated race. He bore his reverses with impatience, rather blaming the lack of taste of the public, than acknowledging his own shortcomings. He possesses purity of sentiment, but is deficient in power of style. Of his fifty-four pieces, one alone survives, the "Wheel of Fortune."

This epoch, however, was productive of some of the most excellent comedies ever written in the English language. Therein first saw the light Murphy's "Know Your Mind," the "Critic," Macklin's "Man of the World," that most robust and powerful of comedies, which contrasts so forcibly with the sketchy, sentimental, yet not nerveless comedies of Holcroft; General Burgoyne's "Heiress," which is perhaps the second best comedy of the century, and Colman's "Mountaineers." At the head of all these stands Sheridan's immortal "School for Scandal," which has been accepted as the best comedy in the English language. Walpole objected that the piece was too long, despite great wit and good situations, and that there were two or three bad scenes that might be easily omitted.

But Walpole's canons of taste were peculiar, and his ideas of perfection in a play were singular, as may be imagined when he wrote of Mack-

lin's "Man of the World:" "I hear there is little good in the piece, except the likeness of Sir Pertinax to twenty thousand Scots."

Sheridan gave new life and spirit to genteel comedy, and though perhaps his pieces are less perfectly finished than those of Congreve, who has been considered the chief of this class of dramatists in the preceding century, and though he is indiscriminately lavish of epigrammatic wit, yet he has more truly comic wit, more force of genuine humour, than Congreve. These qualities shine more prominently in the "Rivals," which by the way was at first a failure, and it was only gradually that it began to be appreciated by the public.

The dramatic merits of Goldsmith were of totally different order; a certain eccentric drollery of character, and humorous and amusing incidents, are the distinctive characteristics of his two comedies, one of which, though by no means the most excellent production of his pen, has kept a place in public favour. "She Stoops to Conquer," gloriously survived most of its contemporaneous dramatic compositions. It was so natural, it was said, that many doubted of it, and the author himself had not the courage to believe in its success, though Johnson predicted a triumph. The triumph came on that 15th March, 1773, and it was shown that drollery was compatible with decency, and that high comedy could exist without scoundrilly fine gentlemen to support it. Goldsmith did not venture to go down to Covent Garden till the fifth act was on, and then it was to hear one solitary hiss amidst a storm of applause.

Of the elder Colman's pieces, the "Jealous Wife" and the "Clandestine Marriage" are still deservedly esteemed, and the latter was until recently occasionally acted. They combine much elegance of composition with considerable comic power.

We may here observe that in the



year 1773, a most important improvement in the stage arrangements was effected at Covent Garden when Macklin first appeared as Macbeth. Garrick, like his predecessors, had been accustomed to dress the Thane in the costume of a modern military officer. Macklin, instead, clad himself and his followers in Scottish suits. He appears to have looked somewhat ridiculous in this garb, and the novelty did not please; on the third performance he was hissed and driven from the stage, and in obedience to the dictates of a tyrannical and indiscriminating audience Macklin had to be discharged from the theatre. The enraged actor brought an action against the principal rioters, which was compromised by the payment of handsome damages; and eventually the principle was established that actors should appear in the costume worn by the characters they represent, and not in the English court dress.

Among the female dramatists of the day Mrs. Inchbald is decidedly the most prominent. The daughter of a Suffolk farmer, and only a tolerable actress on the boards, Elizabeth Inchbald's plays are as good as her novels. At the age of sixteen, she ran away from home, and manifested great adroitness in misleading the curious by dint of wonderful stories. After the death of her husband, the "Garrick" of Norwich, she took to writing for the stage. She exhibited much skill and refinement; in her plays the virtues are set in motion, and there is elegance in her style. She wrote many pleasing comedies, among which figure "Every One has his Fault," and the "Wedding Day."

Towards the close of the century, the sentimental comedy of Kotzebue found its way to England. The well-known play of the "Stranger" was an adaptation from the German, and one of the best pieces of the kind. As a work of art, it has many faults, but it strongly appeals to the

feelings of the spectators, and whatever moves human passions can never die, and so the sorrows of *Mrs. Haller* are still familiar to the present generation of play-goers. Among native efforts in the same direction, Holcroft's "Road to Ruin," yet popular, is one of the most meritorious. Holcroft was one of the ablest dramatists of his day, but he often failed, because of his politics, he being a Radical before the era of Radicalism. He introduced on the British stage melo-dramas, which have since filled so large a place in it, his first production of that class being the "Tale of Mystery." Charles Lamb and Godwin were both unsuccessful as playwrights, but the former was the wiser of the two; he heartily joined in the hisses that greeted his farce of "Mr. H."

Sheil, Maturin, and Proctor, wrote also in this period. Sheil's tragedy of "Adelaide," was a failure. The story was romantic, and there was some originality in the style, but the characters were so utterly inane and feeble that the play fell at once. His "Apostate" met with the same fate, and all hope of seeing a second Otway in Sheil was abandoned. Maturin's tragedy of "Bertram," was very successful owing to Kean's acting, but it possesses little intrinsic merit. It is evidently inspired by German reading; there is no moral in the plot, and the language, albeit occasionally containing some beauty, is full of bombast and grotesque horrors. Maturin's second tragedy of "Manuel" was even more pretentious, insipid, and bombastic. Proctor displayed far greater vigour and taste in his tragedies, whilst M. G. Lewis, in his plays as in his romances, drew largely from German sources, and dealt liberally with the marvellous and the terrific. Sheridan Knowles ranks above them all. His "Mirandola," "Fazio," and "Virginus," are read and appreciated by the educated; and "Virginus" is still occasionally represented, when

an actor is found able to sustain the principal character. The part was written for Edmund Kean, and it was afterwards appropriated by Mr. Macready, who found therein a golden opportunity.

To return once more from playwrights to players, space only permits us to mention among the favourite actors of the second portion of last century—the lively and spirited Reddish, who died in a mad-house,—the unsteady Ross—"Gentleman Smith," the most refined of light tragedians—Tate Wilkinson, the best imitator that ever appeared on our stage—the humorous and amusing Edwin, who when young played old men well, and when old young men equally well—the grave and dignified Bensley—Moody, the finest actor of Irishmen in his time—that most capital of young fops, Dodd—Parsons the pattern of old men—John Palmer, one of the most entertaining of comic actors, who died suddenly when performing in the "Stranger"—the brilliant Henderson, whose career was cut short by consumption—the restless Lewis, whose "Copper Captain" was a masterpiece, and who was described as the unrivalled favourite of the comic muse in all that was frolicsome, gay, humorous, whimsical, eccentric, and at the same time elegant—handsome Jack Bannister, who was natural in everything he acted, who was supreme in parts combining tragedy and comedy, whose transports of despair and joy were incomparable, and whose various countenances would have formed a fit subject for the pencil of Salvator Rosa—the graceful Holman who, however, in striving to be original, often fell into exaggeration and caused laughter—Munden, the most wonderful of grimace makers, and whose acting was of the most farcical description—Dowton, who was most felicitous in representing testy old age, and last, and certainly not least, Robert William Elliston.

Elliston, after having charmed Bath, appeared at the Haymarket in 1797. He was recognised as a rival to the throne of Kemble, and for a brief period he was by his admirers considered to have excelled the latter. His soliloquies, however, were too declamatory, and his voice too pompously deep. He is said to have been, generally speaking, one of the greatest actors of the day. He was a most complete stage gentleman; he was well made, and possessed a smile more winning and natural than other actors. Seldom a lover so impassioned had made suit to a lady, or one so tender had watched over her. He possessed dignity of manner, good humour, and true amatory fire. His low comedy is stated to have been too genteel, whilst his real gentleman were dressed too uniformly. Many stories are related of his magnificence of manner, of his lofty assumptions, and of the awe he inspired to the minor actors in his company. He outlived his fame, as he did his fortune; his powers to act failed him, but not his acting, and he continued imposing until the last.

We must not omit to say here a few words concerning Dorothy Bland, better known as Mrs. Jordan. Dorothy made her *début* in Dublin, under the name of Miss Francis, and she played everything from sprightly girls to charity queens. Her Irish manager having called her flight across the channel, "crossing the Jordan," she adopted the name with the prefix representing a wedded condition. She was recommended as a good second to Mrs. Siddons, at Drury Lane, but declining to be second to anyone, she came out first in comedy in 1785. She met with considerable success, possessing much freshness and buoyancy of spirit, and her salary was raised to twelve pounds a week. She was extremely fascinating, and had a sweet and distinct voice. She played rakes with airy grace, and displayed

the handsomest leg that had been seen on the stage for a long time. She engaged in simple, arch girl or spirited, lovable, buxom women. She liked to act handsome hoydens, but not vulgar hussies.

Long after her home with the Duke of Clarence had been broken up, and after a career of thirty years on the London stage, she suddenly withdrew from London. She took up her abode at St. Cloud, in France, where she died in 1815, friendless and neglected. Her wealth had been spent on the Duke and their family, and it is questionable whether she derived any pecuniary benefit from the connexion. When the Duke became King, he ennobled all their children, raising the eldest of Mrs. Jordan's children to the rank of Earl of Munster.

On the 29th December, 1775, an actress new to the London boards made her first appearance at Drury Lane, as "a young lady" in the part of *Portia*. On January 2nd, 1776, *Portia* was repeated by Mrs. Siddons. Roger Kemble was a strolling player, with a considerable family, and almost as soon as his children were born they became members of his company. At thirteen his daughter Sarah played *Ariel*, at Worcester; at nineteen she married, and returned to the stage she had temporarily quitted; at twenty-one she obtained her first engagement at Drury Lane at £5 a week. She was not recognised as a first-rate actress even by Garrick, but she acquired strength and perfection in the country, where she continued to perform until October, 1782, when she reappeared in London as *Isabella*, in Southerne's tragedy. She then burst forth in the full bloom of her grandeur, and the public knew that a great tragic genius stood revealed before them. The spectators wept plentifully, and such peals of applause had seldom been heard before within the precincts of the theatre.

Her fame and popularity increased rapidly now. The Court went to see her in state as *Isabella*, in the "Fatal Marriage," and the King shed tears at her acting, whilst the Queen appointed Mrs. Siddons preceptress in English to the princesses, without any emolument. Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, gave her abundant homage, and poured handfuls of gold into her lap. The high and the noble of the land fell at her feet, and statesmen were glad when she played, to sit among the fiddlers. Indeed, in Edinburgh such crowds of people flocked to behold her, that a fever such as was seen in gaols broke out, and was termed the Siddons fever, just as a similar catastrophe had been designated the Garrick fever in Dublin.

It is with the character of *Lady Macbeth* that her name and fame are most closely associated. Mrs. Siddons formed an original conception of the part, and imagined that heroine to be a delicate blonde, who, ruled by her intellect and subdued by her beauty; a woman who is a stranger to the common feelings of human nature, who is prompt for wickedness, but swiftly possessed by remorse. Mrs. Pritchard, who had formerly reigned supreme as the *Lady Macbeth* of former days, was now dethroned, though some of the admirers of the former lady still maintained that Mrs. Siddons did not equal her in dignity and melody of voice. Some rivalry existed between Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Siddons, and as *Rosalind* Mrs. Jordan bore the palm, as she did generally in comedy. Mrs. Siddons tried repeatedly comic parts, but with questionable success; the laugh she excited was doubtful, and it was remarked that her inspiration was too heavy for comedy. Neither was her *Ophelia* a triumph, nor her *Clione*; she did not shine greatly in parts requiring tenderness and softness; albeit she played *Fuilet* at thirty-four and pleased the audience. She

also fascinated the public as *Desdemona*, and strongly impressed them as *Hermione*. In *Belvidera* she fairly electrified the audience, and her reading of the part with its honest, passionate love and truth, contrasted well with her scorn and magnificence of demeanour in *Zara*.

It is said that at times the actress was overcome by her own acting, and one instance is related when she swooned in earnest whilst performing in the fainting scene in "Tamerlane." For years she was the recognised queen of tragedy, and actresses of repute esteemed it an honour to play inferior parts with her. She ended her London theatrical career with *Lady Macbeth*, in June, 1812, and she preserved her beauty, scarcely touched by time, until the last. She was described as possessing a good figure and a handsome countenance, with a somewhat aquiline nose. Her last appearance in public was in June, 1819, when she played *Lady Randolph*, for the benefit of Charles Kemble. The Shakespearian characters for which she enjoyed the greatest fame were *Lady Macbeth* and *Queen Katherine*, and these were included in the readings which she continued to give during a few years.

Mrs. Siddons realised a handsome fortune, but she had the misery of outliving all her children, which she bore with calm resignation. Those who knew her best have dwelt on her grace, her noble carriage, her exquisite elocution and solemn earnestness, her grandeur and her pathos, her correct judgment, her identification of whatever she assumed, and her abnegation of self. Her mind never stooped to trickery, but depended on nature to produce the desired effect.

She is said to have borne her professional habits into private life, and to have carried thither her stately stage manner. In this matter she imitated Mlle. Clairon, who would answer to the remarks made to her

on the subject, "If I am only a vulgar and ordinary woman during twenty hours of the day, I shall continue to be a vulgar woman during the other four in *Agrippina* or *Semiramis*, notwithstanding all my efforts."

John Kemble was the elder brother of Mrs. Siddons, and owed much of his success to her. He first came out in London, at Drury Lane, as *Hamlet*, on the 30th September, 1783, and it was at once perceived that a new and a great actor had appeared. He soon occupied on the stage a position analogous to that of his sister; though his throne was by no means so secure, and he was somewhat shaken thereon by Henderson, and by George Frederick Cooke, more severely still by Edmund Kean. In *Lear* he is said to have nearly equalled Garrick.

Kemble's secret of success lay in his indefatigable assiduity. He studied his parts for weeks, and whatever part he had to play, he acted it as if it were the most important in the piece. In comedy he was a very poor actor; his *Othello* wanted strength, his *Richard* and *Sir Giles Overreach* were very inferior to Cooke's, and still more so to those of Edmund Kean. The characters originally played by him, and successfully established on the stage, are mostly of a romantic cast. Such were the prating patriot *Rolla*, the stricken, murmuring *Octavian*, his chivalrous *Cœur de Lion*, his unapproachable *Penruddock*, his *Stranger* and his *De Montfort*, to which parts he has given permanent vitality. In one class of characters John Kemble was pre-eminent. He was "the noblest Roman of them all." He was most at home in the Roman toga and in Roman characters, and in the Roman costume he seemed to the manner born. His name is closely associated with *Coriolanus*, and next with *Cato*, in the former of which parts he is said never to have been equalled. He

was not a general actor like some of his predecessors, but he excelled in personages which Garrick declined to represent. After having managed successfully for many years Drury Lane and then Covent Garden Theatre, he took his farewell, as *Coriolanus*, on the 23rd June, 1817. He subsequently died calmly at Lausanne, after six years of retirement.

His brother, Charles Kemble, gradually became one of the most graceful and refined of actors. He was enabled to seize on the domain of comedy, which his brother and sister never could enter with safety to their fame. In his hands, secondary parts soon assumed a more than ordinary importance, from the finish with which he acted them. His *Laertes* was as carefully played as *Hamlet*, and there was no other *Cassio* than his whilst he lived, nor any *Falconbridge* that could compare with his; and in *Macduff* he had no rival. He remained on the stage until 1836; and both he and his wife—who was an accomplished actress—contributed some lively little pieces to our dramatic literature.

After leading a vagrant life, and coming from no one knows whither, George Frederick Cooke played *Baldwin* to Mrs. Siddons, who must have perceived that there was a dramatic genius who might contest the palm with her brother. It was not until the 31st of October, 1801, that he made his appearance at Covent Garden as *Richard*, having lost some years owing to his drunken vagaries. He was received in a flattering, warm, encouraging manner, and perhaps he did fulfil his threat, uttered long before to John Kemble, of making him tremble in his shoes. A struggle for supremacy ensued between the two rivals. Cooke conquered in *Richard*, in *Iago*, and in *Sir Giles*, but he had to confess himself excelled in *Macbeth* and in the *Stranger*, by Kemble. In *Hamlet*, Cooke failed utterly, but in *Sir*

*Pertinax McSycophant*, he achieved a brilliant success, and was said to have equalled Macklin, the great original. Cooke and Kemble played together in several pieces at Covent Garden, but Cooke's indispositions became more frequently sudden and lasted longer. For a few more seasons he kept his ground with difficulty. He did not play many parts well, but it is said that those he did play well, he played better than any one else. But dissipation marred his vast powers, and recklessness brought this genius to penury. Drink was his curse, and it reduced him to the lowest degradation. He was found by Cooper, the American, in one of the worst slums of Liverpool, and tempted to America, whence this blackguard genius never returned. Many anecdotes are related of his insane frolics in the United States, and his end was materially accelerated by his excesses. He was taken ill whilst playing *Sir Giles Overreach*, in Boston, in July, 1812, and died in the following September.

In person Cooke was of the middle size, strongly-built, with a fine and highly-expressive countenance, and an eye which was as clear an interpreter of the parts as the tongue. He was free from all trickery, but he lacked refinement. Kemble excelled Cooke in nobleness of presence, but Cooke surpassed the other in power and compass of voice. In statuesque parts, and in picturesque characters—in the Roman *Coriolanus*, and in the Danish *Hamlet*—Kemble's scholarly and artistic feeling gave him the precedence; but in *Iago*, and especially in *Richard*, Cooke has been considered very superior in voice, expression, and style.

In 1814, a new actor, a young man of twenty-six, played *Shylock*, at Drury Lane, before a thin audience. After having been a street Arab, the new comer had starved and struggled and toiled as a strolling-player for years in the country, often barely

earning sufficient by the united exertions of himself and wife to preserve mere existence to themselves and child. Great had been the difficulties he had to overcome before he could attain the highest summit of his ambition—a hearing before a London pit. At last he stood before a scanty house, and gradually the spectators realised the fact that a new and mighty master was there before them, and at the conclusion of the play their convictions burst forth in a whirlwind of approbation. The actor's name was Edmund Kean, and he was destined to be one of the greatest representatives of Shakespeare's heroes that ever walked on the boards. Contemporary critics admit that his Richard was the most perfect performance ever seen since the time of Garrick. There was an originality and a nature which were entirely new to the audience. A new man was revealed to them, and in every gesture, every attitude, every chuckle, he extorted bursts of acclamations. The triumph was accumulative, and it was crowned by the tent scene, the battle, and the death. He fenced with consummate skill and grace, and fought with an energy that seemed a fierce reality. Kean had, under starvation and slavery, thoroughly studied the characters in which he afterwards shone, so that he was well prepared for all.

In *Hamlet* he was tender, earnest, and highly impressive, whilst his *Othello* was perhaps the greatest of his achievements. In the fiercer scenes he was unsurpassable, and in the third act those who saw him say that he never had an equal. Kean's presence at Drury Lane filled wonderfully the exhausted coffers of the theatre, and in seventy nights of his performance the profit accruing to establishment amounted to the incredible sum of £170,000. In his second season he added to his other characters *Macbeth*, *Reuben Glendroy*, and *Penruddock*, in neither of which did he equal Kemble; he

played, moreover, various other parts, all displaying genius, though not all with equal success. His *Sir Giles Overreach* was perfect, and when Kemble attempted it, in opposition, he was hissed. Kean also created the part of *Bertram* in Maturin's tragedy, and it was only his acting that caused its temporary success. His *Lear* sustained his glory, though perhaps it did not increase it, but in *Virginus*, written expressly for him by Knowles, he utterly failed; whilst Macready—who was a follower in the part a brilliant victory. Kean's rivalry with Young reminded playgoers of the great struggles between Quin and Garrick, or Garrick and Barry. Both men put out to the full their magnificent powers, and the public profited by the display.

This is not the place to dwell on Kean's errors; we can only deplore the wreck that he made of his life. After his return the second time from America, in 1827, a reconciliation was made with his audience in *Shylock*. The house was crammed, and the acting is described by eye-witnesses as having been faultless. But it was his last effort. His mind was rapidly decaying and his memory nearly gone. The descent was now rapid, but not at one leap, and he was alternately electrifying audiences at Covent Garden by old flashes of his might, or disappointing them by his incapacity, or his absence, or his total forgetfulness of his part. And yet crowds of eager listeners risked their limbs, not to say their lives, through dense masses of human beings to behold him, in the hope that in one of his more fortunate moods he might electrify them as *Othello*, or cause them a thrill of excitement as *Shylock*.

During a few nights, for a year or two, he played against the punishment inflicted by the violated laws of nature. Thrice he essayed fresh studies, and once he was nearly successful.

Some parts of his *Virginus* were affecting and superb, but the whole was incomplete. Richard III. was magnificently got up for him, but as the curtain rose it was discovered that he was not in the house, and days passed before he emerged into the world and decency. His last essay in a new character was in Henry V., but he utterly broke down, and deprecatingly lamented to the audience, at little more than forty, what Macklin did not plead till he was past ninety—his decaying memory.

He attempted to play now and then at the Haymarket and at Drury

Lane, until, in March, 1833, whilst endeavouring to act *Othello* in the Richmond theatre, he was stricken down never to rise again. He was carried home, and to his message of entreating appeal, his wife answered by, as far as she could, forgiving his errors, hurrying to his bedside, and endeavouring to alleviate his last sufferings. Such was the sad end of one of our greatest actors, the faults of whose misapplied genius may, to some extent, perhaps, be traced to the lack of those greatest of softening influences—a good mother and a pure home.

J. P.



## MR. POPPLES' STORY.

GENTLEMEN, you have probably never before heard of Christopher Popples. I am the man. Perhaps years hence I may be better known ; who can say ? Have you ever visited our immortal Shakespeare's birth-place at Stratford-upon-Avon ? No—then I have, and the reflection sometimes rises in my mind that, perhaps, the Englishman of the next century may derive some pride and gratification in a pilgrimage to my natal chamber in Lambeth. Not that I am a poet, you know ; quite otherwise ; I never wrote a line in my life for publication. Verses suitable for St. Valentine's day, a parlour drama called "The Red Avenger," and a prologue, or epilogue (I don't know which) to be delivered before a provincial audience, are my sole claims to the title of a literary man. Nevertheless, I may be famous yet. I hope you do not think me an egotist for saying it.

As you may already infer, I am a native of London. I was born a trifle over fifty years ago. If any of you are curious enough, you may find the exact date by feeling the sexton of Lambeth parish church and examining the registers. I have forgotten it long ago. My father's name was David—David Popples, and he was a pork-butcher. I do not know if pork-butchers always make fortunes ; but David Popples did ; or, rather, he made what he considered a fortune, that is, about six thousand pounds. He and I differed in opinion, that is all. I consider fifty thousand pounds worthy of the name, not a halfpenny less. A man with such a sum may have his carriage and horses, his liveried servants, his box at the opera, and, possibly, his seat in Parliament ;

but with a paltry six thousand he is nothing. However, my father had other notions, and he retired from business and rented a snug cottage, and lived, for the remainder of his days, a quiet, retired life. I was then fourteen ; I had a common English education, a smattering of Latin, and an overpowering fondness for sugar-plums, almond-candy, and Christmas-boxes.

I pass over the next five years. During that time, or the greater portion of it, I was nominally perfecting my education, and preparing for one of the learned professions, but, actually, spending the precious hours of youth, and what money I could get, in the galleries of theatres, in dancing-halls, in billiard-saloons. Perhaps that kind of life has its advantages too. In after years I found my dearly-bought experience of considerable value—occasionally.

When I was nineteen my father thought it time to "settle me down," as he said himself, and, therefore, held a consultation on the subject with some of the family. I was present, of course. Opinions were divided. My mother, wished me to become a clergyman ; my father, on the contrary, spoke strongly in favour of the Bar, while a cousin of his, who had once been servant to a country surgeon, eloquently upheld the claims of the scalpel. My brothers and sisters (I forgot to say that I was blessed with seven) had no opinion to offer, and I preserved an obstinate silence.

"Now Christy," said my father at last, as he poured out another cup of ale, "you've heard all we got to say ; let's hear if you've any preference in the matter. What would you like to be ?"



"Anything you please," said I with a yawn, for I was tired of the discussion, and sleepy.

"He would like to be a luminary o' the pulpit—what else?" said my mother, tartly. The good woman (for good she was) had a tongue of her own, I must acknowledge, and was occasionally inclined to pomposity of language.

"A surgeon's life will be more to his taste," said the advocate of that profession, energetically.

"I still stick to the law," observed my father sententiously.

Driven to desperation I at length enlightened them as to my views.

"I will neither be a luminary of the pulpit (by your leave, good mother), nor a barrister, nor yet a surgeon. I desire to become an actor."

A thunderbolt falling in our midst could not have created a greater sensation than this announcement.

"A what?" cried my father, aghast at the proposition, and he dropped the jug of ale to the floor, where it laid broken and unheeded on our best carpet, price fourteen shillings a-yard.

"An actor!" re-echoed my poor mother gloomily; "the boy is daft to think o' such a thing. Lord, be good to us—its awful!"

The consultation was brought to a sudden end by my unlucky avowal. My father took counsel with himself during the night, and next morning while enjoying his pipe after breakfast, he made his decision known.

"No son of mine," said he, between the whiffs of his favourite pig-tail, will ever lead that there sort o' vagabond life, or if he does, I'll cut him off with a shilling. Christy, you are a-going to be a man of law, and nothing else."

And so it was settled. Somebody has said that "it takes two to make a bargain," and what follows is sufficient to prove the truth of the adage. If my father had declared that I was going to be a man-of-war

—a three-decker, it could not have elicited a more marked disapproval on my part; but it was useless to grumble. He was obstinate in his opinion and I in mine. The consequence was that I went into a law-office, but I never became a lawyer for all that.

The solicitor under whose parental wing I was destined to reach the bar, had a good business. He was a stout, heavy man, wore blue spectacles, and was called Scadgers. I was almost two years with Mr. Scadgers altogether, and our connexion was severed by his own brutality. Gentlemen, when I say that the affections of my heart was cruelly lacerated by this—demon in human form (I must use expressive language when I approach the tender subject), you will appreciate my emotion at its proper value. He had a daughter named Arabella, with whom I became deeply smitten, and who was the innocent cause of our separation.

Scadgers, I must allow, is not a poetical name by any means; but add Arabella to it, and I venture to say that you have the very essence of harmony. We first meet at a tea party, in the house of an old maid who lived opposite. Whether it was that I charmed her by my conversational powers, or by the length of my gold watch-chain (borrowed for the occasion from a friend), I am unable to determine. One thing was certain before the evening was concluded, that if I had lost my own heart, I had made a conquest of hers in return. I accompanied her home, that night; but knowing the solicitor's irascible temper, and guessing the weight of his horsewhip, I prudently kept beyond the sphere of both.

Henceforward we met constantly, but, of course, in a clandestine way; we wrote sentimental verses, and exchanged notes—in short, we were devoted lovers, and I bought a second-hand gold ring with "Forget me not" engraved on it, and pre-

sented it to her on my birthday. When we first met I was thinking seriously of leaving Mr. Scadgers, and betaking myself to some other mode of life. I was tired of "Coke upon Lyttleton" and "Chitty," and a formidable array of other learned legal authorities. My attachment for Arabella, now, however, interfered with the project, and I was content to plod on, so that I could see her occasionally, and fancy myself beloved by one in the world.

By some means Mr. Scadgers was informed of our stolen interviews. He was furious, as I afterwards learned, but waited to catch us in the act. He found an insuperable objection in the fact that my father was a retired pork-butcher; he wanted somebody higher in station for his daughter than your obedient servant—a peer probably, or at least a K.C.B. Cruel brute!

He had a garden attached to his residence, a fine old-fashioned garden, with plenty of big trees and arbours, and a summer-house, just such a garden as lovers would like to ramble in. It was in the lower part of it—the most secluded, and hence the least liable to intrusion, that we held our meetings. I was obliged to climb over three walls and as many gates, to reach it privately; but "love laughs at trifles." There was a gloomy alley which we most frequented, and where we passed many a pleasant hour; it was completely closed in at one end, and was provided with a pretty rustic seat.

One night, about nine o'clock, I found myself impatiently passing up and down this alley, waiting for my *Dulcinea*. She was ten minutes late, and I was proportionately impatient at the delay. She came at last, though, and my fretfulness vanished when I saw her. It was moonlight, and we sauntered slowly up the walk, my arm around her waist, and her dear head reposing on my shoulder.

"Ah! Arabella, my darling," whispered I tenderly; "what happi-

ness is mine, thus to find you faithful and true! How I sigh for the day when you will be my bride!"

"Sweet Pops!" said Bella, in a tone of languid delight.

Fascinating girl! she always called me Pops, as a playful term of endearment.

"Be mine—be mine?" I ejaculated in a transport of bliss, as I snatched a kiss from her perfumed lips.

"Yes, Pops, my dear," whispered Arabella with a blush.

"You will—will you?" thundered a hoarse voice beside us.

Heavens! Mr. Scadgers! It was Scadgers, and no mistake, as I found out presently—Scadgers, purple with passion, Scadgers, in his shirt-sleeves, and with a horse-whip in his hand!

Arabella screamed, and ran towards the house; luckily, we were at the open end of the alley.

"Vile young scoundrel!" roared the brute, as he made the thong of his instrument of torture whistle about my ears. "Looking after my girl, are you? Swindler! cheat!! vagabond!!! pork-butcher!!!!"

The essence of his vile rancour was concentrated in that last epithet. A pork-butcher! to be called a pork-butcher by the man whose daughter I loved, was too much even for my patience. My blood boiled in my veins, and I—I did not run, gentlemen, but I retreated. How I climbed the obstacles that lay between the back of his garden and the road I know not to this day. It will for ever remain a mystery, like the origin of the Egyptian Pyramids, for instance, or some such stupendous feat of human skill.

When the fever in my blood had abated somewhat, and I had recovered my usual equanimity, I found myself about five miles the other side of my father's cottage, in the custody of two policemen. They had followed me at headlong speed for a considerable part of the distance, imagining that I was a murderer, or, at least, a burglar

caught in the act. My appearance, I have no doubt, fully justified them in the supposition. My hat was gone, my trousers torn to shreds. my coat split up the back, and my face in a general state of dilapidation. Imagine the plight I was in, and commiserate poor Christopher Popples.

I tried, but in vain, to explain away my disordered condition, policeman 9999x shook his head suspiciously, heard my story through-out, and took me off to the nearest station. There I remained until a note brought my father to the rescue, and I was released from my ignominious position.

That was a fatal night's work for me. I could not venture near Mr. Scadgers, fearing, of course, that my passion might get the better of my judgment, and that I would fell him to the earth for stigmatising me as a pork-butcher. What, then, was I to do? I would take time to reflect. My father was at his wit's end, and he did not interfere with me; so I did nothing for the next three months, but eat, and drink, and sleep, bewail my lost love, write sonnets to the moon, and contemplate the composition of a heart-thrilling drama, to be called "The Cruel Papa," which I was to introduce at Drury Lane, and in which old Scadgers was to be depicted in glaring colours.

I was about to begin the composition of my drama, when an unexpected event interrupted my plans, and turned my thoughts in another direction. An old friend of my father, Mr. Thomas Sowerby, who had been for some years established as a chemist and druggist in a small way at Salisbury, happened to visit London, and in the course of his rambles throught that great city, found our house: It turned out that he wanted an assistant, and somebody proposed my acceptance of the office. My father, nothing loth, I suspect to get rid of me, mentioned the matter to Sowerby,

and the preliminaries were settled off-hand, the druggist in the most liberal manner offering me five shillings a week, together with my board and lodging. He likewise engaged to pay my fare by the coach. I thought the wages rather small, but was persuaded, nevertheless, to go.

On several successive evenings before our departure, I attempted to procure a farewell interview with Arabella, but old Scadgers being always in the way, I failed to attain my object. I, however, wrote an ardent epistle, professing the continuance of my affection, and enclosing a lock of my hair. This I managed to slip to the housemaid with imperative instructions to deliver it faithfully. As I entertained some doubt of her fidelity I gave her a crooked sixpence to stimulate it, and reward her for the risk she was incurring.

Sowerby and I left the "Blue Dolphin" by coach and four the next day, and reached Salisbury without the occurrence of any remarkable adventure. Behold me, then, gentlemen, established behind a counter in a wretched hole of a shop, six feet by four, acquiring the art of concocting boluses, mixing drugs and other such nasty stuffs, and earning, as a return for my degradation, the munificent sum of five shillings per week.

Mrs. Sowerby was a thin, weakened personage, about fifty years old. She might be called a most remarkable woman, as she had a pimple on her nose, bright red hair, and a tongue that his Satanic Majesty himself could not stand with patience. Before I was two hours in the house, I found that Mr. Thomas Sowerby was a henpecked man.

"Here, you Tummas," snarled the lady over the baluster of the stairs, "dinner is ready. If you're comin' come, and don't let the vittals spile. Hopples 'll mind the

shop ; and, d'ye hear, young man ? no tick down there, if you please. 'Pay to-day and trust to-morrow,' is our rule. Hopples ! What a disgusting name ! "

So I was left alone. When Mr. Sowerby returned, which he did in about five minutes, he was licking his lips and exhibiting other symptoms of having partaken of a splendid dinner. My appetite was ravenous, and I hurried upstairs to gratify it, as I thought, on a nice roast joint, or a stuffed turkey, or something equally good. Alas, for the fallacy of human hopes ! Mrs. Sowerby supplied me with a slice of bread, two cold potatoes, and a small bone of meat, or rather, to be more precise a large bone with a very limited quantity of meat on it. Imagine my disgust, if you can ?

Further, when I was shown to my chamber, I found it to be four flights up ; a little gloomy corner, partitioned off the lumber-room of the establishment, and supplied with the smallest possible quantity of shabby furniture.

My reflections that night were not of a very agreeable character. I venture to say that my maledictions on the head of old Scadgers (the direct cause of my plight) were unsurpassed for variety and expression. One thing I firmly resolved before I went to sleep, and that was to leave Sowerby and his shop at the expiration of a month. By that time I would have a guinea in my pocket, and with that small sum, I might get my way back to London.

Mrs. Sowerby's temper did not improve much while I was in her husband's employ. The wretched woman would persist in calling me Hopples, Copples, Wopples—anything, in fact, but my proper name. I tried to enlighten her on the matter, but in vain, and at length gave up the attempt in despair. The slights, the insults that I suffered from her would fill a volume ; I need not recapitulate them now.

I was heartily glad when the day dawned on which I had determined to leave Salisbury. I got my carpet-bag ready and went down to the shop, where Mr. Sowerby was serving a customer. When I explained my intentions he was quite surprised.

"Why, Christopher," he exclaimed, opening his goggle eyes to their widest extent, "I thought you were well satisfied with your place. I am sure I did not treat you harshly, and Mrs. Sowerby has been as a mother to you."

"Aye," said I bitterly, "a step-mother ; and very much like the same to you, Mr. Sowerby."

The allusion struck home, he groaned aloud, handed me my money—a profusion of small silver—and I left the shop.

"Now," thought I, as I sauntered up the street, "I am going to trudge all the way up to London on foot. It's a long journey, I haven't had a good meal for the last month, so my first and most imperative duty is to visit a chop-house and get something to eat."

There was one opposite the market-place which I had seen much frequented, so thither I bent my steps, and ordered a beefsteak and etceteras. While waiting my turn to be served, a pale young fellow, dressed like a perfect dandy, came in. I thought I recognised his face, but could not remember where I had seen him before. While pondering on the subject, he suddenly observed me.

"Why, Popples, my buck !" said he, coming forward with extended hand and a gay smile, "who the devil expected to meet you away down in Wiltshire ? How are you getting along ? I'm doing famously you see ; new rig, just from the tailor's. Well, now, demme, you do look shabby ! What's up, old fellow ? Anything gone amiss with you ? In a word, do you want any tin ? I've a five pound note here at your service."

I had no difficulty now in recognising him as an actor who had figured on the boards of a minor London theatre when I was in the habit of visiting the galleries and green-room. His name was Smith, but on the play-bills he always called himself Alfred FitzClarence, as more aristocratic, and, indeed, generally went by that appellation. He was a frank, friendly fellow, full of good humour, and inclined to take the world easy, no matter what might happen.

We sat down together. I shared my beefsteak with him, and told my story. He reciprocated by informing me that he was down visiting some relatives who lived in Salisbury, that he was going to return to London by the evening coach, and that he would give me enough to pay my fare, if I would consent to accompany him. It is needless to say that I accepted his offer thankfully.

We adjourned to a public-house opposite, where we jointly partook of some cold brandy and water, and smoked a pipe.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Popples," said Alfred Fitzclarence, crossing one leg over the other, the better to enjoy his smoke. "If the gov'nor, your dad, kicks hard at your leaving that miserable Sowerby, I'll speak to our manager about engaging you. It is very easy to try some light rôle at first, and afterwards increase the dose. I wouldn't be surprised to see you *doing* Macbeth or King Lear yet before a crowded house. Capital sort of life!—jolly to a nicety!—not much tin, perhaps, to begin with, but enough, for all that, to buy cigars and dress tip-top. What do you say?"

"Just the thing I'd like," said I with delight, "if my father refuses to do anything for me."

We left that evening for London together, and a pleasant journey we had up. Fitzclarence brought one or two bottles of brandy with him as a solace by the way. When we

reached the "Blue Dolphin," I regret to say that both of us were mellow. My jovial companion left me in a hack, with directions to the driver, and went off to his own lodgings. I fell asleep on my road homeward, and when I awoke it was the next day, and I was lying in my own bed with one of my younger brothers watching beside me.

"So—so, you're back again, eh, young man?" said Mr. David Popples, my respectable father, sternly, as I made my appearance before him. "Come here," leading the way into our back parlour, "and tell me all about it."

I followed him very humbly, and related my experiences with Mr. Sowerby, chemist and druggist, of Salisbury. He listened very coolly to my recital, and wound up the interview by saying—

"Just as I expected, sir! You'll never do any good, so I don't want you here to contaminate your brothers and sisters. Take this, and seek your own fortune; I'll have nothing more to do with you."

He placed a purse containing fifty guineas on the table and walked off.

"Not so bad," thought I, jingling the coins in my hand. "I can have a fair start, any way, and then look out for myself."

I acknowledge that my father's somewhat harsh conduct had very little effect on me. I whistled as cheerily on my way towards Fitzclarence's lodgings as ever I did in my life. There is an excitement in the fact of being disowned that is pleasing enough if one has fifty guineas in one's pocket.

When I told Alfred the result of my interview, he chuckled heartily, and forthwith conducted me to his manager. I do not know how many little lanes and alleys we traversed on our way to that gentleman's house. We were admitted by an ugly servant-girl, and ushered into the dingiest of little parlours, hung with dramatic prints and

theatrical sketches coarsely done oil.

Mr. Alpheus Trump, the manager, made his appearance in a Guernsey shirt, yellow satin drawers, and dancing pumps. He had a meerschau in his mouth, at which he was puffing violently.

"How d'ye do, Fitz? Back again from the country, eh?"

I was formally introduced, and accepted as a member of the company, at a pound per week.

"We will have rehearsal to-morrow at one; Fitz. will bring you. But what am I saying?" continued the manager, striking his forehead with his clenched hand, and throwing himself into a tragic attitude (he was great at tragedy, was Mr. Trump). "I have not yet selected a part for you. Let me see—to-morrow we give 'The Demon of the Black Castle,' the next night a repetition 'by general request.' Thursday—you can be ready by Thursday, Mr. Popples, when we represent 'The Mohawk Prophet.' A grand play that, sir, an imposing drama, indeed! Yes, you'll be the Spirit of the Pale-faced Warrior. No dialogue, sir, but a multiplicity of moves and contortions which you can learn from Fitz, there. He'll show you—he knows all about it."

I was very well satisfied with the arrangement. There happened to be a vacant room in the house where Fitz. lodged, so I secured it, removed my things, hired a little furniture from a broker, and made myself quite at home.

My appearance on Thursday night as "The Spirit of the Pale-faced Warrior," was a perfect ovation, notwithstanding that a vicious urchin in the left-hand gallery hissed two or three times, and threw an orange at my head. I was congratulated by Mr. Trump himself (who exhorted me impressively to persevere in the noble profession) and by several of the members of the company. "The Black Prophet," had an unprece-

dented run for three nights, during which the receipts at the ticket-box were something enormous. Fitz. and I got along very well together.

Among the actresses attached to Mr. Trump's company was a Miss Euphrasia McQuizzle, a young Irish lady. She was not to be deemed pretty, inasmuch as she had a pug-nose, and for some cause, to me unknown, she wore a wig. We became very intimate, Miss McQuizzle and I—a kind of platonic friendship, in fact, existed between us. I very often escorted her home at night, after the performance had concluded, and in justice to her I must say that she was grateful for the attention. On several occasions she invited me in, produced a suspicious-looking black bottle from her corner cupboard, and regaled me with the cordial it contained—gin, in fact. I can lay my hand on my heart and declare solemnly that I never had any idea of "popping the question," to Miss McQuizzle; but the demon of jealousy will magnify one's most innocent actions far beyond their due proportions, and convert them into deadly crimes. One of the male members of Mr. Trump's company had long nursed a secret passion for the fair Euphrasia. He had hesitated to make it known until my intimacy with the lady awakened both his alarm and indignation.

"I say, Popples," began Fitz. one evening, when we were enjoying a glass of punch in his little room, "Do you know that Tomkins is in a jealous fury with you regarding McQuizzle?"

"No!" said I, incredulously.

"Fact, 'pon honour! He swears he'll blow your brains out the next time you accompany her home."

"Let him," said I, assuming a nonchalance that I did not feel. "Two can play at that game."

Mind you, gentlemen, it is devilish disagreeable to have such a threat uttered regarding oneself. Blowing a fellow's brains out may do very

well in a tragedy, but when it comes to real life the effect is quite startling. I pretended to hold Tomkins in contempt before Fitz. notwithstanding which I resolved to be more cautious for the future in my intercourse with Miss McQuizzle. Tomkins was a heavy man, and a notorious bruiser, two facts which strongly contributed to form my decision. I trust that no one will be found to impeach my courage for such a reason—remember that “prudence is the better part of valour.”

During the next week I pertinaciously avoided Miss McQuizzle. It was in vain that she ogled me in the green-room, and sighed, and smiled her most alluring smiles. I always had some business to call me away the very moment the curtain fell; for I felt that Tomkins's green eyes were glaring vindictively on me, and I did not doubt that he had a pistol concealed in his breast where-with to put his dire threat into execution the first opportunity.

Mr. Trump, our manager, at this time began to prepare for the production a new tragedy of his own composition, and in which Tomkins and I were both assigned leading parts. When I say that in the first act alone there were five murders, a suicide, and an execution, you can form some idea of the thrilling nature of this dramatic gem. It was entitled “The Pink Hand, or the Esquimaux and the Admiral,” and Mr. Trump proudly resolved to spare no expense in putting it on the stage. He got eighteen square feet of canvas *done* by a sign-painter out of work to represent a naval engagement on the coast of Iceland; he bought a new blanket as an appropriate piece of attire for the Esquimaux, your humble servant, he hired a midshipman's second-hand uniform, to be worn by the Admiral (Tomkins), and he secured two tin sconces at half-price, for the purpose of further illuminating the stage.

To secure our entire proficiency we had double the number of rehearsals, and a greater length of time given for preparation. The night arrived at last. Mr. Trump was in a perfect fever of excitement. Placards with letters three feet long, and a wood-cut representing the death-struggle between Multigumpus, the Esquimaux, and the English Admiral, had been freely distributed during the day; and to lend an additional *éclat* to the representation, the orchestre had been strengthened (at enormous expense, the bill said) by the addition of a blind fiddler, and the accommodation increased by borrowing two benches and a chair from the public-house opposite the theatre.

Mr. Trump was, as I have said, in a fever, he ran furiously hither and thither, bullied the prompter, and in his anxiety to be ready, had us all assembled ready for action, behind the scenes, at half-past seven, though the curtain was not to rise until eight.

I looked superb in my blanket and accessories. Tomkins, on the contrary, presented a ridiculous figure with his battered cocked hat and midshipman's uniform. The clothes that he wore had been originally made for a boy of fifteen, and he was a hearty, stout fellow. The consequence was, that when buttoned up he could hardly move, his face was almost purple, and his eyes starting from their sockets. Euphrasia McQuizzle, as luck would have it, took it into her wise head to practise her fascinations again on me, hoping thereby to secure my escort after the performance. Smarting from the stings of jealousy, and, moreover, in a state of bad humour, which I suppose was induced by his uncomfortable position, the Admiral brought matters to a crisis at once. He walked over to me, and before I could put myself in a posture of defence, with one blow of his ponderous fist, knocked me into a cor-

ner. As I fell I heard a tremendous tear. The exertion incident to the assault had burst his tightly-fitting uniform, and a great portion of it was already in ribands. Evidently not caring for consequences, he made a rush at me. A scene of wonderful confusion followed. The ladies screamed, the other actors caught hold of my assailant, and a struggle ensued. The manager now made his appearance from behind a side scene, where he had witnessed the occurrence, and infuriated by the destruction of the Admiral's costume (for the value of which he was responsible), he made a blind rush at that valiant individual, planting both fists with terrific effect on his purple physiognomy.

The effect of this onslaught was indescribable. In five minutes more all the male members of the company, at least, plunged headlong upon top of me in the corner, where I still lay; and there we fought for about half-an hour like perfect madmen. I do not know how much longer the *mêlée* continued, for I managed to extricate myself at the end of that time and left them still at it. With both my eyes blackened, my face cut in several places, and still wearing my Esquimaux costume, I managed to reach my lodgings.

"The Pink Hand, or the Esquimaux and the Admiral," was not acted that night. Fitz. returned home, in an awful condition, at nine o'clock. Next day I was in receipt of a furious letter from the irate manager, dismissing me from the company as one of the immediate causes of the catastrophe, and informing me that the sum of seventeen and sixpence standing to my credit in his books would be withheld in part payment of the damages he had sustained. From what I had seen of his pugilistic propensities, I avoided any remonstrance at the injustice, and allowed him to keep the money.

So my experiences of the stage

were brought to a sudden conclusion. What was I to do now? I consulted with Fitz. who was fertile with expedients. He suggested several plans, which not suiting me, I declined them, and acted on one of my own. I would emigrate. I would go to Australia, a new country, where, if fortune was favourable, I might soon lay the foundation of colossal wealth, and possibly become famous. I had enough left, out of the fifty guineas that my father had given me, to pay my way to Liverpool and secure a cheap passage out. I was tired of London—of England—and wanted to leave it.

I packed my trunk, and bid adieu the great metropolis. In less than a fortnight I found myself a third-class passenger, cooped up with ninety others, on board of an old tub, by courtesy called a ship, the "Queen Anne."

I spare you the details of that tedious voyage. How we sailed here and drifted there, and rolled everywhere in a way that made us all frightened; how we were becalmed, and then caught in storms and in fogs, and ran short of provisions, and lost our mate overboard, and how half of us were down with the scurvy before we reached the end of our voyage—to tell all this, I say, would trespass too much on your patience. It was fully seven months before we safely cast anchor in Port Philip, and I found myself, with three shillings in my pocket, safe on *terra firma* once more.

The question again arose: What was I to do? I searched every street, every shop, for employment as a clerk; I went lower still and sought a situation as light porter, anything in a store, and I ended by working as common labourer around the wharves. The pittance I earned hardly sufficed to keep body and soul together, but I toiled on for weeks, for months, hoping against conviction that something good would turn up. Tired at last of the



struggle, and jaded and worn by the hardships I had encountered, I thought of returning to England. This was at the expiration of a year and a half. A merchant in whose wharf I had often worked kindly procured a stewardship for me on board of a vessel bound for Liverpool.

Back to London once more, I searched out Fitz.'s lodgings, but he had left them some time before, and the new tenant was ignorant of his whereabouts. For a shilling I got a bed that night in an obscure tavern near the docks, and a breakfast next morning. While smoking a pipe in the bar afterwards, a sailor, who had bought a paper, kindly lent it to me for perusal. A familiar name caught my eye as it glanced down the column—Scadgers! The paragraph ran thus:

**"DIED.**

"On the 10th instant, at his residence, Blank Street, Theophilus Scadgers, Esquire, barrister-at-law, aged 62 years."

Good heavens! my old enemy dead! Where was Arabella? Was she married, or did she yet romantically hold to her attachment for poor Christopher Popples? My resolution was soon formed. I would wait for a few days until after the funeral, and then present myself before her. Who can tell what might happen? I knew old Scadgers died wealthy, and—and—in short my prospects began to brighten considerably, in anticipation, at least.

When the delay that I had imposed on myself had expired, I made my way to Blank Street, and found the same brass plate bearing the same inscription on the same door as when I had been, years before, in the habit of seeing it. On requesting a personal interview with Miss Scadgers, I was refused by the

servant, probably on account of my shabby attire. But I persisted, and sent in my name, written with a lead pencil on a slip of paper.

Bella came out to meet me at once, evincing the greatest pleasure, and conducted me into the drawing-room. The dear girl looked pale and thin, but I thought the mourning dress became her wonderfully. Perhaps one's judgment changes by force of circumstances; I never liked black before.

When the servant had left us alone, I recounted my adventures since the night that old Scadgers had surprised us in the garden, and she, on the other hand, detailed the miseries she had suffered on my account. I found that by her father's death she had fallen in for a snug sum, and a little property. As our old affection still remained green in our hearts, I proposed to her on the spot, and was accepted. On account of her recent bereavement, however, it was deemed necessary to postpone our marriage for a length of time.

The news of my successful suit reached home before me, so that, when I did present myself I was received with open arms by my respected father, David Popples. Not only that, but he assisted at our wedding, in conjunction with my mother and my seven brothers and sisters, all of whom got mellow on champagne, and sick with sugar-plums and bridecake.

I have led a happy life ever since, and am the father of a numerous family. If any of you, gentlemen, doubt my word, the next time you visit London (I'll be going back myself to-morrow) call at No. 47, Blank Street, and cut a roast joint with your obedient servant and Mrs. Christopher Popples.

## CONGAL.

THE land of the minstrel, and of the minstrel's harp, can point with pride to a profusion of shorter pieces of the highest degree of poetic excellence,—the brain-produce of its sons and daughters. The repertory of Irish national poetry is rich in lays of war, of love, of pathos, of domestic sympathies, of adventure, and of the word-painting of Nature's most lovely or most striking aspects. But in lengthy poetic pieces of sustained interest, and of high merit, Irish literature is poor, and would be still poorer, but for the excitement in the general mind caused some sixty years since by the appearance of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "The Lady of the Lake," and "Marmion."

If Moore, as is said, contemplated a national epic, let his country rejoice that the design was dropped. His efforts to build the lofty rhyme of a heroic poem, would be as painful to witness as the struggles of a heavily-armed and weak, but brave youth, contending with a lawless and fierce foeman.

That portion of the Irish reading public who are interested in their country's literature have long sighed but in vain, for the appearance of a national epic. Were the country blessed with the poet, its past history could easily furnish a choice of suitable subjects, the defeat of the invading foreigners, and the unpatriotic Leinster King at Clontarff, being perhaps the most appropriate. The estimable archæologist, the late John Dalton, attempted that theme more than half a century since, but though "Dermid," is a poem of much merit, and contains several fine descriptive passages, it fell short of the writer's object, and his country's wishes. Nor have the efforts of other poets

and poetesses succeeded in raising "O'Donoghue of the Lakes" to the lofty platform on which repose in majesty, Godfrey of Bulloigne, the wandering Prince of Troy, and the exiled King of Ithaca. Well, we are not worse off than our neighbours. Neither has King Arthur nor King Alfred conferred undying fame on his bard, nor have the literary world decided on calling Barbour's "Bruce," nor "The Lord of the Isles," an epic poem.

Yet has this last-named poem much to recommend it for the obtaining of the proud distinction. A great object is to be attained,—the delivery from foreign domination; there are appalling obstacles in the way, and all these are removed by the patriotic energy of Bruce; the patient, unrequited affection of the noble-minded and amiable Edith, is at last recompensed, and the same heroic patriotism and the same chain of events bring about both the desired results.

A brave and patriotic people is freed from bondage under an external power. Can such a consummation be considered of less importance than the landing on, and the recovery of a little island by its rightful lord, or the slaying of a noble and patriotic prince by an infuriate and unfeeling foeman?

The plot of Scott's poem is skillfully conducted, the characters of the personages are finely developed and contrasted, the descriptions of scenery are most characteristic, pleasing, and picturesque, and the style of the narrative portion is most appropriate. The description of the Battle of Bannockburn is in vigour and picturesqueness scarcely inferior to that of the Fight of Flodden, and the cool-headed and not over-friendly

Jeffrey acknowledged that that was not surpassed by the creation of any poet from Homer to Southey. Still, the world has hesitated to call "The Lord of the Isles" an epic poem.

Let it be granted that, with some exceptions, the proper subject of an epic is the attaining of some important and very desirable object, chiefly through the removal of great obstacles by the exertions of an unselfish and patriotic hero, it will be seen that the essential qualities of the "Iliad," the "Odyssey," the "Æneid," the "Jerusalem," the "Henriade," the "Lusiad," and "The Lord of the Isles," differ not in kind but in degree, the hero of the "Iliad" possessing fewer of the estimable qualities of a true man than the chief character of any of the other poems.

It was well for the fame of the acknowledged epics, that they were composed before the dawning of the nineteenth century. That they are worthy of their fame, no scholar hesitates for a moment to acknowledge, but certainly not one of them, if first presented to the world in the year of grace 1872, would acquire the universal fame which its appearance at an earlier and more propitious era secured for it. The reading public, accustomed to the hurried and exciting succession of events in the fictional literature of the day, would never endure the apparently purposeless episodes, or the interference of angels or demons in the concerns of the personages of the tale. And if these were happily omitted in the nineteenth-century epic, the ease-loving students, remarking the absence of elements belonging to the great poems read in their youth, would at once decide on the non-epical character of the new attempt.

Results would still be more unpropitious if the author of the poem happened to be a resident in Ire-

land, or if his book were printed and published in that country. All the the inconveniences of provincialism would cling to it. A book written, printed, and published in Ireland, on a mere local Irish subject, would get merited praise from the rulers of public opinion in the British capital. "The man had written on a subject with which he was well acquainted, and therefore his work was worthy of consideration ;" but a national poem, a history of the British Empire, a profound treatise on mental or moral philosophy, composed and published by the Liffey's banks, must be possessed of rare merit to seize forcibly on the attention of the *litterati* of London and Edinburgh, and the lettered people of the empire generally, to whom their word is law.

An untried poet of Ireland, intent on claiming the pleased attention of all intelligent English-speaking people through the world, would require that triple cuirass mentioned by Horace, to ward off the spear-casts and sword-strokes, which he might look for receiving at the hands of nearly every journalist from Truro to Dornoch, but the author of CONGAL<sup>1</sup> is in better case. For more than thirty years several of his shorter poems have been in the highest estimation with every reader of good taste, and his later pieces have fully sustained his ancient credit. To the body of our readers it will, we hope, be sufficient merely to mention "The Forging of the Anchor," "The Welshmen of Tyrawley," "The Lament of Deirdré," "The Fairy Thorn," "The Tain Quest," "The Healing of Conall Carnach," and "The Cromlech on Howth," to recall verses instinct with poetic vigour, raciness, picturesqueness, a rough sweetness in parts like that of cinnamon, the weird spell of superstitious eld, a subjugation of the most commonplace ob-

<sup>1</sup> "Congal: a Poem in Five Books." Ponsonby. London: Bell and Daldy.

By Samuel Ferguson. Dublin: Edward

jects and expressions to the empire of poetic rhythm, and in places a sweet charm equalled only by that of the Music Spirit's Lay in "The Light of the Harem." Let any of our readers who wish again to enjoy vigorous and picturesque action painted to the life in poetic language, read again and again "The Forging of the Anchor." If he wishes to subject his whole being to an enthralling magic spell, let him again peruse "The Fairy Thorn."

It has been long the wish of every lover of our national poetry that Mr. Ferguson would produce a poem of some length, illustrating one or other of the troubled epochs in the ancient history of the country. They were aware of the comprehensive grasp of his intellect, of his wealth of poetic imagery, and the ease with which he could harmonise modes of native thought and native expression with the march of heroic verse. They are at length gratified, and one important event in early Irish history is presented to public attention, invested with all the attractions which powerful and romantic interest, truth of local colour, and poetry of the highest order, can impart.

We cannot better introduce the subject-matter of the poem than by using the author's own words in the preface :—

"The leading incidents of this poem are derived from the Irish Bardic romance called *Cath Muighe Rath*, or 'The Battle of Moyra,' with its introductory 'Pre-tale' of the *Fleadh Duin na n-Gedh*, or 'Banquet of Dunangay. When these pieces were first given to the public through the patriotic labours of the Irish Archæological Society, in 1842, they made a strong and lasting impression on my imagination. They seemed to possess in a remarkable degree that largeness of purpose, unity, and continuity of action, which are the principal elements of Epic poetry, and solicited me irresistibly to the endeavour to render

them into some compatible form of English verse. . . . Along with the events entitled to be deemed historical, a larger preponderating amount of romance and of the machinery of mediæval Irish fiction exists, both in the original and in this adaptation. Of the persons of the drama, Congal himself, Sweeny, his intended brother-in-law, Domnal, his antagonist, and some of the warriors on that part, Eochaid, King of the Scottish Dalriads, and Domnal Brec, his son, are characters having ascertained places in authentic history. Of the rest, some were probably real personages, whose names have been traditionally preserved, but the greater number may reasonably be referred to the invention of the Bards who composed the Irish original."

Matters introductory to the action of the poem may be related in a few lines. Hugh, son of Ainmire, of the Royal line of the O'Nialls, and monarch of Ireland, making an incursion into Wicklow to avenge the death of his son, Caomusca, was slain in his camp at Dunbolg, near Hollywood, by Brandubh, King of Leinster. He was succeeded by Suivne Meann, to the prejudice of his own son, Domnal ; but this prince was, after a lapse of some years, promoted to the rank of his ancestors by the death of Suivne, who was slain while engaged at chess before his royal Caisiol of Aileach (N.W. Londonderry), by the hand of Congal Claen, King of that part of Ulster, including Down and Antrim, but for the time deprived of his territory. Domnal becoming Ard Righ by the fortunate spear-thrust of Congal, restored him part of his territory, but not all, and the action of the poem commences with an amicable visit of the aggrieved prince to the Royal fortress of Dun na n-Gaedh (Fortress of Darts), on the Boyne. He was to be reinstalled in his full possessions by the grateful monarch, at the ensuing festival, to which the other provin-

cial kings were invited to do him of cattle, or a while king of Ulster, still greater honour. as in- taken, or on a high peak of

The action of the poem is simple. The scope is evident from the beginning. The reader's attention is (Sunny) much information is procurable from collateral portions of the poem, and from the copious body of notes, concerning the romantic history of the country, from the founding of the Ulster Palace, near Armagh—(say 300 A.C.)—to the date of the battle. Connected with this, glimpses are afforded of the relations in which the *Ard Righ* (Supreme Monarch) and the provincial kings stood to each other, and the relations of these last to their own chiefs and people, the prevalent standard of morality, and the change for the better effected by the early missionaries. Careful attention is given to the use and abuses of the Bardic institution, the efforts made by more than one king, either to suppress the system, and get rid of its professors altogether, or at least "moderate the inherent rancour" of its abuse. If disposed to expostulate on any point with the living bard, we would say that he has too gently handled his arrogant and grasping predecessors in the gentle art.

Still, we never forget for a moment that the personages before us, their dress, their modes of speech, of thinking, and feeling, all belong to the seventh century, and illustrate the social and political state of ancient Erin at that period. The Pagan Bardic spirit is not yet crushed, and as far as it is in its power, it wages implacable war on Christianity. No evil occurs without being heralded by dire omens, or phantasms of the baleful beings of the Celtic mythology.

The heroes go to battle in their chariots, as Homer's men did near seventeen centuries before their day, and as small use is made of the leaf-shaped swords as was made before the gates of Troy. Generally the foeman is brought down by a powerful cast of the heavy spear, and the eager combatants think it not beneath their fame to take each other in the death grip, and endeavour to end the struggle by a crushing fall. These Gaelic men would no more hesitate to fling a destructive stone than Ajax or Hector, but either from the circumstance of being Christians, or belonging to a more genial and gentle people than either

Students of Pope's versions of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" need scarcely be reminded of the number of lines, which in polished phrases, convey only the most vague and impalpable ideas, even as a glaze in some cases removes the crispness and distinctness of portions of a painting, and makes smaller diversities and contrasts disappear. We no more see the adjacent hues enhance each other by contrast. Cowper, indeed, preserves the original ideas, but the narrative is not much elevated above a prosaic level. In "Congal" we are as sensible of the distinctness of the ideas as we are in Cowper's version of either poem of Homer, and of the genuine relations of harmony or contrast in which they stand to each other, but they are exalted or ennobled by the

for as Ardan was coming w. Congal the same day up the vision came. Mains of the bands so loving that the style of his poem unctiously reflects that of the old masters of Gaelic song. Hence the ancient idioms—many of them still preserved by our people—are found dispersed through the work, devoid of their common-place character, and thoroughly harmonising with the poetic spirit of the phrases with which they are incorporated.

It is not easy to explain why some who are in the habit of reviewing novels and romances, give a skeleton outline of the story, even when they wish to recommend it to the public. The treatment is calculated to prevent all but determined library supporters from taking any further trouble about it. The labour needed to give a good outline of the plot of "Congal" would be but small, but we shall not subject ourselves even to that light drudgery. If any reader of our remarks and extracts acquire a knowledge of the framework of the poem, "happy man be his dole!" it is no object of ours to help him to that full information.

Though the action of the poem results in the triumph of patriotism, the tragic element enters largely into the latter portion of the composition, and the reader is required to bestow his sympathy on very faulty personages—a saddening contrast to the gaiety and light-heartedness with which the epic opens.

The hosting here of Congal Claen, 'twas  
loud-lark-carolling May,

When Congal, as the lark elate, and radiant  
as the day,

Rode forth from steep Rath-Keltar gate,  
nor marvel that the King

Should share the solace of the skies and  
gladness of the spring;

For from her high sun-harbouring bower  
the fortress gate above,

The loveliest lady of the North looked  
down on him with love.

"Adieu, sweet heart, a short adieu; in  
seven days hence," he cried,

"Expect me at your portals back to claim  
my promised bride.

My heart at last has full content, my love's  
acceptance heals

At Malodhar Macha steals,  
Domnal's false arbitrament, my tributes

Till I find my land,  
nor sovereign Domnal's self on

Of pray, Lafinda's hand.

The reapers, youths, for Dunangay; this  
Threpectable truce, remains no more, but

; but a' back and wed."

On we rises 'oyal cavalcade, a goodly  
sig's mini

As west, of that the Land of Light they  
sweet, very lea,

Each ship art; h of every steed upcasting  
high which

The ge, ed, surf in thymy tufts that  
scented, as wind;

While crossing at the coursers' heads with  
intersecting bounds,

As swift as skimming swallows played the  
joyous, barking hounds.

Rath-Keltar was the great earthen fort at Downpatrick, then the residence of Suivné (Sweeney), Congal's intended brother-in-law. "The Land of Light" was the fertile tract of Lecale to the south. The chief who gave his name to the fortress lived shortly before the commencement of the Christian era. His appearance is thus sketched in that spoiled, though still greatest and most valuable of all our native epics, the *Tain Bo Cuailgne* (Cattleraid of Cooley). The reader cannot fail to mark the mixture of the grotesque, the picturesque, and the terrible, in the picture.

"There has come another troop upon the smooth plain of Meath," quoth Mac Roth, "and their armament is sparkling like fire in their rapid movement. A noise of thunder is the sound of their rapid marching. And a huge, generous, terrible warrior is the champion of that band. He has a great nose, and like an apple the ball of his eye. His hair is red, strong, half-grey, and a grey-black cloak is on him. And an iron bodkin is fastened in his cloak over his breast, that reaches from one shoulder to the other. And he has on a shaggy, curiously woven shirt (tunic). A grey shield and a huge spear in his hand, and his death-

dealing sword of seven plates of iron has thirty rivets in it, and is in-laid over its side and back."

The Gaelic equivalent for the boudoir was the *Grianan* (Sunny chamber).

Kellach, uncle to Congal, ruled the upland territory of heath, and rock, among the Mourne mountains, and his chief bard Ardan being on the look out for the young king's approach, met the cavalcade, hailed the chief, and laid *geasa* (injunctions not to be gainsayed) on him to visit his uncle in his highland fortress. This visit was as unpropitious to Congal's future as the forced one of Fergus, son of Roy, to Barach, when he had the sons of Usnach under his protection. The bards who had suffered proscription at Drumceat (*c* and *g* always sounded hard in Gaelic names), a fortress near Limavady, in a council presided over by Aodh (Hugh), father of the present King Domnall, had obtained an asylum with Kellach, and in the lays which succeeded the feast they poured out all the obloquy in their power on Domnall, and on the living hierarchy of the kingdom. Congal himself could scarce be called a Christian, and though in the presence of his uncle and the bards he exhibited outward loyalty to the Ard Righ, his soul was deeply imbittered against him and his Archbishop, and the clergy generally, and the more readily disposed to take offence at any imaginary neglect or affront to be offered at Dunangay.

From the bardic effusions consequent on that dinner in Mourne, the reader becomes aware of the ample scale by which the minstrels of ancient Erin adjusted the proportions of the men and things of which they treated. *Borcha*, the mythic *Buachail* who minded the

cattle of an ~~ere~~while king of Ulster, taking his station on a high peak of Mourne, Ben Borchu, looked after his charge with ease wherever they might be, from the Giant's Causeway to Dundalk. But he was not allowed to exercise his praiseworthy occupations in peace. The meddling *Goban Saor* (Free Craftsman), should come to build a treasure-keep for Fionn MacCumhail, and had nearly concealed the very pinnacle of Craggy Bingian with his gigantic layers of stone, when the good herd, finding his patience exhausted by such presumption, as Kellach's bard feelingly sung,—

Came by night, and with his staff,  
Scattered the one half of the work, but left  
the other half  
Entire, that like a bristling crest on war-  
rior's helmet set,  
Looks towards Orgallia<sup>1</sup> and the west with  
front defiant yet,  
"In shade whereof," the poet said, "as  
from the sultry beam  
Of May-day noon withdrawn I lay, I slept,  
and dreamed a dream.  
Above me on the ancient seat, obscuring  
half the skies,  
I saw the giant-herdsman sit, his mist-grey  
meteor eyes  
Searching the north. 'Gigantic youth,  
what dost thou there?' I cried;  
'I keep the score of Ulster's kine,' the  
great Neate-herd replied.  
'To keep the score of Ulster's kine, O  
Borchu,' answered I,  
'There needs not now since Scallan's;  
day a herd-seat half so high.'  
He turned, and gazing south and west,  
where once the dun droves ranged  
Orgallia, saw the alien brands, and all his  
aspect changed.  
He rose in wrath, and called his dogs, and  
down the mountain strode,  
And at his parting with his staff such buffet  
he bestowed  
On Finn's rock-rampart, that the earth re-  
bounded at the stroke;  
For, lo! the bolt of heaven had fallen  
hard by, and I awoke  
'Mid rolling thunder and the smoke of  
shattered crags, but still  
Could hear his whistle and his call from  
hill to distant hill."

Comfort soon came to the bard,

<sup>1</sup> The district including Louth, Armagh, and Monaghan, and considered by Congal his own territory, if every one was to have his right.

<sup>2</sup> Congal's father, whom of course the patriotic Borchu lamented, especially as his son had unjustly lost his land.

for as Ardan was conducting Congal the same day up the hill, a vision came on his eyes of the mighty Borchá, looking well pleased south and west, and counting the mighty herds which would claim his care for the rightful Prince of Orgial and future Ard Rígh, viz., Congal, then in presence.

To impress the prince with the superiority of the Bardic to the Christian institution, and inspire him with dislike and contempt for Christian professors, Ardan sets in opposition St. Domangart (Slieve Donard is named from this solitary) and Red Irial, the pagan poet. The reader will do well to bear in mind the separate faculties of the three great ranks of the higher sons of song—

The power to charm, the power to blight,  
the power to prophesy,  
But to the second grade but few, and to  
the last but one  
May in a generation rise, and Aidan's  
mighty son<sup>1</sup>  
Had to the second degree attained, and  
with his song could rhyme  
Crops to decay, and men to death.

This terrible spell was called the *Aeir*, and thus Ardan related to Congal, as he pointed to the cliffs occupied erewhile by hermit and bard, how the latter had worked his wicked will :

Raise thine eyes to yonder mountain head,  
That twixt us and the eastern sky uplifts  
its glittering cone.  
There, where thou seest the cairn at top,  
dwelt in his cave of stone  
Their hermit, Domangart ; ten years the  
tempests from the sea  
On one side dashed him, and on one the  
wet west blanched him, he  
Daily or from his driving cloud or from his  
altar bare,  
Loosed 'gainst the nation's ancient gods his  
searching shafts of prayer ;  
And daily from the rocky crest of Bingian  
here hard by,  
Alone, like him, and raised, like him,  
midway twixt earth and sky,

The red Bard Irial, in reply, launched from  
his rival chair  
Athward the empty fields of space, the  
deadlier poet's *Aeir* ;  
Till when the struggle had endured the  
tenth year, in his pride  
Of prayer and fasting, Domangart sank  
'neath the *Aeir* and died.

The relator of this legend was a respectable member of the Bardic body ; but as we listen to his lay, a vision rises before us of one of Achab's minstrels, singing in presence of that wicked king, his queen, and court ; how Elias fell into the trench which surrounded the altar, struck dead by the spell of one of the priests of Baal.

We are here treated to a sublime piece of imagery—that of the two solitaries launching from their lofty positions their shafts of power at each other across the immense void.

This Hill of Donard was first called Slieve Slanga, from a son of the mythic Partholan, whose grave, and the mournful fate of whose colony, were sung by one of Kellach's bards on that evening.

Then sang he how the sudden pest with  
half the fair and brave  
Of Erin filled Ben Edar's<sup>2</sup> cairns and Tamlacht's nation-grave.  
Forgotten, Partholan himself lies 'neath his  
royal mound  
On green Moynalty, hushed at eve by  
ocean's drowsy sound,  
And clangorous song of flocks by night,  
when through the wintry air  
The wide-winged wild geese to their pools  
by Liffey's side repair.

The great and fertile plain of Bregia, including Meath and Dublin, and extending from the Boyne to Bray, and overlooked by Howth, has more than once exercised Mr. Ferguson's genius. If it were our wish to raise before our eyes a beautiful but most depressing scene, we have but to suppose a solitary on Howth, the sole survivor of the colony of Partholan, listening to the dull sound of the waves, and gazing over the

<sup>1</sup> Irial.

<sup>2</sup> Howth. The name may be translated Edar's Hill or Hill of Oaks. Tamlacht (now spelled Tallacht) means plague monument.



wide extent of Bregia left to utter solitude, its late life-enjoying dwellers now silent beneath the plague-mounds, at Tamlacht, the sunlight streaming on meadow and wood, a desolate stillness in possession of the boundless plain, and no evidence of life but what is afforded by the stealthy paces of fox or wolf tracking their game, or the myriads of birds darkening the green turf of Moy-nalta, or flinging a wide shade over it, as with confused cries they soar at some signal or alarm up into the still air.

Congal performed the remainder of the journey in a mood the reverse of complacent, but the hearty reception given him by the King sent away his ill temper. Nothing could promise better for good humour and good feeling than the commencement of the feast. Bishop Ronan Finn having pronounced the grace and given his blessing,—

King Domnal sat, and smiling courteous, spoke,  
 "My love to all, both King and prince;  
 high chiefs and humble folk  
 Of Erin, welcome!"<sup>1</sup>

Eggs of wild geese were laid on silver plates before the guests, but alas! through some cause or oversight, which our living bard does not choose to explain, the egg which Congal found before him rested on a wooden platter. The offence was certainly unintentional, but when matters are propitiously disposed, a very slight cause will produce a mighty effect. The sight of the harmless wooden trencher resulted in a startling and disastrous explosion.

As a pilgrim lone and poor, without a guide who goes  
 Through an Alp's gap, where hang aloof the silence-balanced snows,  
 Deeming himself alone with God, will break the aerial poise  
 With quavering hymn; the shaken bulks sliding with dreadful noise  
 Sheer from their rock-shelved slippery lofts, descend in ruinous sweep,  
 And spill their loud ice-cataracts down all the rattling steep.

And as the heaping up of snows in mountain sides apart  
 By winds of many wintry years, so heaped in Congal's heart,  
 Wrong lay on wrong, and now at last in wrath's resistless flood,  
 The long-pent mischief burst its bounds. Up at the board he stood,  
 And spurned the table with his foot, and from his shoulders drew  
 The festal robe, and at his feet the robe and viands threw.

The wrathful man poured a torrent of reproaches on King Domnal, while reminding him of the obligations to himself for having slain his predecessor, and thus opened for him access to the throne of Erin.

Relying on thy promise to have my kingdom back,  
 I left thee at Troy Rury,<sup>2</sup> nor turned I on my track  
 Till I came to broad-stoned Aileach,<sup>3</sup>  
 There on the sunny sward  
 Before the fort sat Sweeny Menn amid his royal guard,  
 He and his nobles chess-playing. Right through the middle band  
 I went, and no man's license asked, Garr Congail in my hand;  
 And out through Sweeny's body where he sat against the wall,  
 'Twas I that sent Garr Congail in presence of them all;  
 And out through Sweeny's body till the stone gave back the blow,  
 'Twas I that day at Aileach made keen Garr-Congail go."

Continuing to upbraid Domnal

<sup>1</sup> This address is entirely in the spirit of the Bardic compositions. King Guaire thus welcomed the pestilent troop of Bard Seannchan and his followers when they invaded him at his palace of Gort. Having kissed their chiefs, he thus made his welcome, "My regards to you all: my regards to your nobles and ignobles; I have great welcome for you all, both professors and poets, both scientific men and students, both men and women, both hounds and servants. My respects to you all on every side."

<sup>2</sup> *Traigh Ruathre*, Roderick's Strand, somewhere on the coast of Down.

<sup>3</sup> *Aileach*, Stone of Groans, locality mentioned above. *Garr Congail* or *Gear Congail*, the short or sharp one (javelin) of Congal (*Congail* Gen. case of *Congal*). *Sweeny*, nearest approach to the pronunciation of *Suibne*.

with his non-fulfilment of his engagements, and his present affront in presence of the chief dignitaries of the kingdom, he thus concluded his indignant tirade :—

But thou kepst not thy promise, but in  
this didst break the same.  
That thou yieldedst not Tir Conal nor Tir  
Owen<sup>1</sup> to my claim ;  
And the nine centres of Oriall to Malodhar  
Macha, he,  
Who now sits at thy shoulder, thou gavest,  
and not to me.  
And him to-day thou givest my royal place  
and seat,  
And viands on a silver dish thou givest  
him to eat,  
And me, upon a wooden dish, mean food,  
which I disdain,  
Wherefore upon this quarrel, O King," said  
Congal Claen,  
"I here denounce thee battle.

Therewith he left the hall,  
And with him in tumultuous wise went  
Ulster one and all,  
And leaped in haste upon their steeds, and  
northward rode amain,  
Till 'twixt them and the men of Meath  
they left the fords of Slane.

Delicate hands, weights, and measures, are required to adjust the balance of right and wrong in the case of the Ard-Righ and his subordinate King. Domnal encouraged Congal to slay the reigning king ; he then did not fulfil his promise to his ready-handed partisan. He may also be made responsible for the wickedness of his feast-providers, who forcibly took his stock of wild-geese eggs from the little-eating macerated Erc, anchorite of Slane. In the romance which furnishes the substance of CONGAL, the mistake and its dismal consequences are all assumed as the natural results of the wrong inflicted on the solitary. So far blame may be attributed to Domnal. But why did a heroic soul, such as Congal undoubtedly was, assassinate the defenceless Suibhne Meann,

or countenance the flinging of the incensed hermit into the Boyne, by his friend and companion, Suibhne of Rath Keltar ?<sup>2</sup>

His uncle, Kellach, was rejoiced at the prospect of war to be made on the Ard-Righ. He gladly devoted his sons to a share in their cousins' fortune, and prepared, though helpless of limbs, to be carried into the van of war. Congal and his people, proceeding northwards through his uncle's highland territory, received a greeting from the mighty Neate-herd, Borchu, but were unable to decide whether it was favourable or the reverse.

When, lo, a rushing sound,  
As of innumerable herds a-droving all  
around,  
Was heard, and presently was heard to fill  
the mountain hall  
With hollow clamour far and wide, a  
whistle and a call.  
"Borchu," cried Congal, "if 'tis thou art  
drover of the night,  
Be patient ; thou shalt have again ere long  
the oversight  
Of all thy herds." A sound, as though the  
mountain's shingly side  
Shook down a sheet of rattling <sup>ne</sup>  
through night's expanse replied <sup>to</sup> ,

Before collecting his auxiliaries to the feast of death, Congal must needs see his lovely betrothed. He finds her at an occupation and in a state of soul-felt peace, sadly contrasting with the disturbed state of his mind, his resentment, his uncertainty as to the result of his proceedings, and probably self-reproach for provoking civil war.

The Princess with her women-train without  
the fort he found,  
Beside a limpid running stream upon the  
primrose ground,  
In two ranks seated opposite, with soft  
alternate stroke  
Of bare, white counter-thrusting feet, fulling  
a splendid cloak  
Fresh from the loom ; incessant rolled ath-  
wart the fluted board,

<sup>1</sup> *Tir Owen* (Eoghain), Tyrone, land of Eogan. *Tir Conaul* land of Conall, Tyrconnel or Donegal. These were two sons of the Great Niall, who once entertained in his court nine royal hostages.

<sup>2</sup> This sacrilegious chief was afterwards severely punished for the crime. In the great concluding fight he was seized with a fit of cowardice, and shamefully fled from the field of battle. Being deprived of the ordinary gravity of the human body, he continued to be swept over hill and dale, rock and river, without power of arresting his course.

The thick web fretted, while two maids,  
 with arms uplifted, poured  
 Pure water on it diligently, and to their  
 moving feet,  
 In answering verse they sang a chaunt of  
 cadence clear and sweet.  
 Princess Lafinda stood beside, her feet in  
 dainty shoes  
 Laced softly, and her graceful limbs in  
 robes of radiant hues  
 Clad delicately, keeping the time; on boss  
 of rushes made,  
 Old nurse Levarcham near them sat be-  
 neath the hawthorn shade.  
 A grave, experienced woman she, of  
 reverend years, to whom  
 Well-known were both the ends of life, the  
 cradle and the tomb.  
 The merry maidens, when they spied the  
 warlike King in view,  
 Beneath their robes in modest haste their  
 gleaming feet withdrew,  
 And, laughing, all surceased their task;  
 Lafinda blushing stood,  
 Elate with conscious joy to see so soon  
 again renewed  
 A converse, ah, how sweet! compared with  
 that of nurse or maid;  
 But soon her joy met cruel check.

The poor princess is sadly affected  
 with the turn things have taken, but  
 her gentle admonitions are incapable  
 of turning the determined man from  
 his purpose of seeking aid from his  
 kinsfolk in Alba (West Scotland),  
 and even from the Kings of Britain  
 (Wales), and Saxonland, and return-  
 ing at their head to give battle to his  
 own sovereign.

From *Bcalfarsad* (ford-mouth,  
 Belfast), he sails that night to Dun-  
 money (*Dun-Moine*, fortress in the  
 marsh, or fortress on the brae), the  
 stronghold of his grandfather, Eo-  
 chaid Buie, somewhere in Argyll-  
 shire. He is only too ready to spare  
 him all his disposable men, headed  
 by his sons, Domnal, Sweeny, Aodh,  
 and Congal; these chiefs all have  
 separate establishments, and each  
 insists on their relative spending the  
 first night with himself. At their  
 father's suggestion, the wife of every  
 chief advances her husband's claim  
 to the honour, by dwelling on his  
 peculiar merits, and well do the ladies

acquit themselves. Domnal Breac  
 (freckled), according to his life's part-  
 ner, would in one day pass from his  
 hand the bulk of *Slabh Moine* itself  
 in beaten gold, if it were at his dis-  
 posal;—Congal Meann (illustrious)  
 had the luckiest and most capable  
 hand for appropriating spoil (obtained  
 from Mr. Skene's Picts, it may be  
 supposed), and the wisest, and most  
 just, and most prudent mode of dis-  
 tributing it when secured; Suibhne  
 devoted all his gold and gems to the  
 ornamenting of the methers used by  
 the hundred guests in his hall every  
 day. All his remaining stores were  
 spent in providing food and drink  
 for his own people, and every one  
 that honoured him by being his  
 guest. Of the four speeches we pre-  
 fer that of the wife of Hugh of the  
 Green Mantle.

Aed Green-Clock's fair-faced, blooming  
 wife spoke last. "Let Congal feast  
 With whom his own free-will inclines. In  
 breast of Aed, at least,  
 'Twill breed no grudge nor envy. Aed's  
 pleasure is the same  
 Feasting or feasted by his friends." So  
 spoke the prudent dame.  
 Then said the King, "Good reasons have  
 you given, my daughters dear,  
 But Royal Congal for to-day feasts with  
 his grandsire here;  
 And here let Domnal come with gifts, and  
 Congal Menn with prey,  
 And Sweeny with his hundred guests in-  
 vited yesterday;  
 And here come Aed Green-Mantle, with  
 his free, ungrudging mind,  
 Better than cups, and cattle spoil, and  
 hundred guests combined!  
 So there the banquet board was spread.  
 Across the tables wide,  
 Gazing, the fit on Drostan fell. He stood  
 and prophesied:—  
 "I see a field of carnage, I see eagles in  
 the air,  
 Grey wolves from all the mountains: sons  
 of Eochaidh Buie, beware!  
 A fair grey warrior see I there; before  
 him east and west  
 A mighty host lies scattered."

Eochaid,<sup>1</sup> King of Britain, gave a  
 warm reception to the seeker for un-  
 holy aid, but at the same time ex-

<sup>1</sup> This name is neither pleasant to the eye nor to the ear, its pronunciation being  
*Yucky* as near as our letters can present it. Yet it is identical in sense with the French  
*Chevalier*, the German *Ritter*, and the English *Knicht*.

plained an annoying doubt by which the minds of his queen and himself were beset. Their adventurous son, Conan Rodd, had quitted them several years ago, and a day or so since three noble youths presented themselves, each bearing on his cheek the mole which distinguished their son, and each answering with readiness any question respecting the circumstances known but to him and themselves. They had therefore resolved to subject each one's pretensions to the trial of the *Maen Amber*, or rocking-stone, which would not move at the instance of a liar, even if he possessed the strength of a thousand men. Congal requested permission further to test each one's qualifications by a question, and this was readily granted.

The first youth, returning from the trial of the *Maen*, complacently boasted of the ease with which he swayed the mighty mass. Congal, sitting at the gate, requested him, before he entered, to mention what sort of gate would be set to his royal fort on becoming king. "One covered with plates of yellow gold." "That is the answer of a proud churl," said Congal. "Thou art not Conan Rodd."

The second, returning, asserted he was the genuine prince, though the *Menhir* was stirred only a little, and that with difficulty. To Congal's question he replied that his gate should be,—

Steel-studded, cross-barred, bolted down  
on native heart of oak.

"Thou art not a churl, like the other, but neither art thou prince," said Congal.

Last came a hero, ruddiest and tallest of the three,  
Saying, "Although the *Amber-stone* moved not at all for me.  
I not the less am Conan Rodd." Then Congal Claen once more  
Put him his question, like as put to other youth before.

The hero answered, "Were I King in Britain's Dragon-den,  
The gate planks of my house should be the boardly breasts of men.  
For kinglier sight by sea or land doth no man's sight await  
Thou faces bright, in time of need, of good men in the gate."  
"Embrace me, prince," cried Congal, "thou art the royal son,  
And thou shalt lead my British aids," and so the thing was done.  
Thence Congal sailed to Frank-land, and to Saxon-land afar,  
Aids from the ocean-roaming kings engaging for the war;  
Wherewith and with his British aids and allied Alban power,  
For Erin from Loch Linné side he sailed in evil hour.

Succeeding to his utmost wishes, and nearing the coast of Antrim, at the head of a mighty armament, he is nevertheless seized with remorse for his patricidal deed, and exclaims,

"Ah, much-loved native hills!" he said,  
"I grieve that thus I come,  
Not charged with cups, or cattle-spoil, or carrying captives home,  
Nor bearing boasts of friends relieved, or enemies confused,  
As other ship-returning kings have heretofore been used;  
But laden deep with death and woe, of all my race the first  
To bring the hireling stranger in, I come in hour accurst."  
Exclaimed an aged mariner, who by the main-mast stood,  
"O'er all the Dalaradian<sup>1</sup> hills there hangs a cloud of blood;  
Gore drops fall from its edges" "Peace, fool!" the King returned,  
"Twas but the early morning mist that in the sun-rise burned."

The barques touch the land, the fighting-men hasten down the sides, and the warriors along the shore are ready to give them a cordial reception, for here they were in Congal's proper possessions, his own royal residence, Rathmore, being situate near the present site of Antrim town. But while everything augurs joy and success, a wide-spread, baleful-looking cloud shuts out the blue ether and the sunlight.

<sup>1</sup> Dalriada (Reuda's Portion) occupied the northern half of the present county of Antrim. Dalaradia consisted of the southern portion of the same county and the whole of the county of Down.

"Awe'd in the gathering gloom, the hosts  
stood silent, till there came  
A clap of thunder, and therewith a sheet of  
levin flame  
Dropt in white curtain, straight from  
heaven, between them and the ships.  
And when the pale daylight returned after  
that keen eclipse,  
smoke and smouldering flame, the ships  
stood burning; o'er their sides  
the sailors leaped, while moaning deep,  
sudden the reflux tides  
Gave all their dry keels to the wind; the  
wind whose waftings fair  
Had borne them thither through the deep,  
thence bore them off through air.  
In fire and smoke through all the host, like  
flakes of driving snow,  
The embers fell, and all their cheeks  
scorched with the fervid glow."

The aged, but indomitable warrior, Kellach, endeavoured with some success to reconcile the allies to the catastrophe. It was only what many great adventurers had voluntarily effected to show their determination for the conquest of the country in which they had landed.

Nearly as dread an omen met the senses of the unhappy invader when his diversified legions betook themselves to repose on the ensuing night, the camp being on the side of that ridge which sends one stream to Lough Neagh, and the other to the outlet at Larne.

They filled the woody-sided vale, but no sweet sleep their eyes  
Refreshed that night, for all the night,  
around their echoing camp,  
Was heard continuous from the hills, a  
sound as of the tramp  
Of giant footsteps, but so thick the white  
mists lay around,  
None saw the walker save the King. He,  
starting at the sound,  
Called to his foot his fierce red hound,  
athwart his shoulders cast  
A shaggy mantle, grasped his spear, and  
through the moonlight passed  
Alone up dark Ben Boli's heights, toward  
which, above the woods,  
With sound as when at close of eve, the  
noise of falling floods  
Is borne to shepherds' ear, remote on stilly  
upland lawn,  
The steps along the mountain side with  
holiow fall came on.  
Fast beat the hero's heart, and close down,  
crouching by his knee,  
Trembled the hound, while through the  
haze, huge as through mists at sea,

The week-long sleepless mariner descies  
some mountain cape,  
Wreck-infamous, rise on his lee,—appeared  
a monstrous shape,  
Striding impatient like a man much  
grieved, who walks alone,  
Considering of a cruel wrong; down from  
his shoulders thrown,  
A mantle skirted stiff with soil splashed  
from the miry ground,  
At every stride against his calves struck  
with as loud rebound  
As makes the mainsail of a ship brought  
up along the blast,  
When with the coil of all its ropes it beats  
the sounding mast.  
So striding vast, the giant pass'd, the King  
held fast his breath,  
Motionless save his throbbing heart, and  
still and chill as death  
Stood listening, while a second time the  
giant took the round  
Of all the camp; but when at length for the  
third time the sound  
Came up, and through the parting haze a  
third time, huge and dim,  
Rose out the shape, the valiant hound  
sprang forth, and challenged him;  
And forth, disdaining that a dog should  
put him so to shame,  
Sprang Congal and essayed to speak,—  
"Dread shadow, stand; proclaim  
What would'st thou, that thou thus all  
night around my camp should'st keep  
Thy troublous vigil, banishing the whole-  
some gift of sleep  
From all our eyes, who, though inured to  
dreadful sounds and sights  
By land and sea, have never yet in all our  
perilous nights,  
Lain in the ward of such a guard?" The  
shape made answer none,  
But with stern wature of its hand, went  
angrier striding on,  
Shaking the earth with heavier steps; then  
Congal on his track  
Sprang fearless. "Answer me, thou churl,"  
he cried; "I bid thee back."  
But while he spoke, the giant's cloak  
around his shoulders grew,  
Like to a black-bulged thunder-cloud, and  
sudden out there flew  
From all its angry swelling folds, with up-  
roar uncontinued,  
Direct against the King's pursuit, a mighty  
blast of wind.  
Loud flapped the mantle tempest-lined,  
while fluttering down the gale,  
As leaves in Autumn, man and hound  
were swept into the vale;  
And heard o'er all the huge uproar, through  
stutled Dalaray  
The giant went with stamp and clash, de-  
parting south away.

Congal seeks information from  
the chiefbard, Ardan, concerning

the terrible and grotesque phantasm. He declares that it can be no other than

A mighty demon of the old time, who  
with much dread and fear  
Once filled the race of Partholan,—Manan-  
nan Mor Mac Lir,  
Son of the Sea.

This mighty son of ocean being  
so powerful and huge of limb,

Mananan, had the overward of the coast  
allotted him,

To stride it round from cape to cape  
daily, and if a fleet

Hove into sight, to shake them, down a  
sea fog from his feet,

Or with a wafture from his cloak, flap forth  
a tempest straight,

Would drive them off a hundred leagues,  
and so he kept his state.

The depressed and irritated king  
learns further from the bard, that  
whoever is admitted to verbal com-  
munication with the mighty shade,  
learns all that is to happen within  
the next revolving year; but if he  
receives no answer to a query asked,  
he dies within the same period.

The indulgent reader will please  
allow us here, for purposes of our  
own, to assume a rather improbable  
hypothesis.

A Gaelic bard, possessed of the  
judgment, good taste, and genius of  
the author of "Congal," composed  
an epic any time between the seventh  
and thirteenth centuries: Alexander  
Pope had a grammatical knowledge  
of the Gaelic tongue, and his Ma-  
jesty George, the first of the name,  
laid his royal commands on him to  
translate the poem into English  
heroic verse, and the writer of this  
notice, using a cloak of darkness,  
was sitting in a corner of the room  
at Twickenham, and enjoying the  
muttered objurgations and grimaces  
of the translator, while devising how  
he could tone down, punice off, or  
get completely rid of many extrava-  
gant, redundant, or grotesque images  
in his original. These things, so re-  
pugnant to the taste of the author  
of "The Rape of the Lock," were  
beauties when contrasted with ex-  
travagancies in which the ancient

Gaelic masters revelled; and if our  
model bard had entirely neglected  
them, his poem would never have  
obtained five minutes' hearing in the  
hall of king or chief. "Congal,"  
taking its era and its original form  
into account, could never be con-  
sidered a national heroic poem if its  
author had feared to retain some  
modes of expression, some images,  
and some imaginative occurrences,  
not in accordance with modern taste.  
Let the reader judge of the freedom  
with which Mr. Ferguson must have  
used the pruning-knife (bill-hook, to  
speak more correctly) when meeting  
with descriptions such as this of the  
water-fall of Ballyshannon, and which  
in the original is full of prosodial  
beauties owing to the poetical capa-  
bilities of the Gaelic language.

"The clear-watered, snowy-foam-  
ed, ever-roaring, parti-coloured, bel-  
lowing, in-salmon-abounding, beau-  
tiful old torrent—the lofty, great,  
clear-lauded, contentious, precipitate,  
loud-roaring, head-strong, rapid; sal-  
mon-full, sea-monster-full, varying,  
in-large-fish-abounding, rapid-flood-  
ed, furious streamed, whirling, in-  
seal-abounding, royal, and prosper-  
ous cataract!"

From this specimen the reader  
may, perhaps, form some conception  
of the turgid, thundering style in  
which the strife of the warriors at  
Moyra, would be described.

Omens of impending woe con-  
tinue to attend "Congal's" move-  
ments southward. A female, gaunt  
and fierce-looking as one of  
Odin's "Choosers of the Slain," is  
seen dabbling the bloody arms,  
dress, and mangled remains of war-  
riors in a stream which crosses the line  
of march. She even raises a severed  
head before the King, and asks him  
if it is his. His good genius, the  
gentle, loving Lafinda, is soon after  
seen approaching in her chariot, her  
nurse by her side. She exhorts her  
misguided lover to stop in his road  
to destruction, but he has advanced  
too far for a safe or honourable re-

treat. He has incurred too heavy obligations to those who surround him. The aged but inveterate Kellach makes observations displeasing to Levarcam, who reproaches and threatens him with divine vengeance. St. Brigid has assumed her form, and now perceiving, by Kellach's reckless reply, that exhortations are vain, she ceases to interfere between the FOREDOOMED through their own fault.

And car and coursers wheeled,  
Her aspect changing awfully, and as she  
swept the field,  
Brigid, they thought, stood plain revealed,  
and steeds and car became  
Bright in her presence as in glow of forge-  
excited flame.  
But with a grey-hound's bound the King  
leaped to the reins, and cried,  
"Daughter of Dutbach, stay thy steeds;  
turn back, restore my bride!"  
But Brigid lashed the spurning steeds,—  
they, by the sharp whip stung,  
O with a foam-dispersing snort the baffled  
hero flung.  
But back again fierce Congal sprung with  
lion's leap and roar,  
Terrific shouting as he ran, "Thou robber  
saint, restore  
My bride." And at the wide-maned  
steeds, where side by side they flew,  
With earth and heaven-defying hand his  
mortal javelin threw.  
But Brigid motioned with her hand, and  
from the chariot seat,  
Glancing oblique, the spear returned inno-  
cuous to his feet.  
The eyes of all the astonished host Garr  
Congail's flight pursued,  
And when they looked again, the car was  
lost within the wood.  
Mute stood the hosts in awe subdued, and  
fear blanched many a cheek.

A council ensues, in which the prudent remarks of some of the awedismayed are rendered of no avail by the unbending resolution of the rest, Conan Rodd's enthusiasm carrying everyone along with him. He has never met any foes other than mere mortals; here, as in the days of Hector and Hercules, the brave man had to try his strength against spiritual powers, and would, of course, win highest renown. "Here I, at last," he repeats—

"In open day behold

Immortal beings visibly commingling as of  
old  
In mortal struggles. Here at length I  
find my youthful dream  
Made real. Here the mighty deeds of  
antique heroes seem  
No longer all inimitable. Here Hercul's  
self might own  
Fit labour for another toil, nor ask the  
task alone.  
Wherefore, with awful joy elate, I stand,  
and bid thee hail,  
Last hero-stage of all the world, illustrious  
Inisfail,  
Land of the lingering gods, green land,  
still sparkling fresh and fair,  
With morning dew of heroism, dried up  
and gone elsewhere."

This must have chimed in most harmoniously with the sentiments of the men of Lochlann, who so much delighted in the struggles of living with dead heroes in their sepulchral caverns for the enchanted swords of the mighty men of old. The bards, of course, improved the occasion by singing the desperate struggles of Nemid's heroes against the Syrians, whose slain warriors were again animated by demons, and renewed the fight next day, till the sages of that early colony of Erin directed the corpses to be fastened to the earth by pointed stakes of hazel. Again, the successful efforts of the sons of Milesius against the mighty magicians, the De Danaans, were chanted. Finally Congal raised the fervour of the troops to the highest pitch by a spirit-stirring speech; thus he concluded it—

"Lo the path to Moyra, where the foe  
Waits us, lies open, forward, sons of Rury,  
forward ho!  
Grandsons of Woden, clans of Hu, before  
us lies renown,  
Safety and strength, and native laws,  
revenge, and Erin's crown,"  
He said, and while with shouts on shouts,  
the echoing heavens were rent,  
The mighty host with force renewed, all  
with a one consent,  
Moved onward, as a great black barque  
compact of many a tree,  
That on her launch from some high branch  
shoots down at once to sea;

So ominously, so all at once, with clash  
and muttering jar,

Swift, dark on Moyra's fated field, rolled  
down the cloud of war.

In his oration, Congal alluded to the oath by the sun and wind, which King Laéré made to the Leinster men, and his punishment by the same powers for breaking his solemn engagement. He repeated a similar oath, that if he won the fight he would restore the bards to their ancient privileges. Though our space is fearfully diminishing, we must find room for King Laéré's entombment; it affords so happy a specimen of our bard's handling of weird subjects.

The much dishonoured Wind and Sun  
slew him, but Laéré still  
Looks for his tribute from the brow of  
Tara's royal hill,  
Where spear in hand, and helm on head,  
they tombed him stern and tall,  
Brass-armed complete, for standing fight  
in Cahir Laéré's wall;  
With his great angry countenance turned  
toward the hated race  
Of Brasil Brec. Suns rise and sink, but  
Laéré from his place  
Turns never; though its frown have  
dropped off from the fleshless brow,  
The gaunt hand still sustains the spear,  
and still the avenging vow  
Upholds him.

Under the impression that the gaze of a dead warrior would unnerve the hands of his country's foes, the Conacians interred their brave king, Owen Bel, in the way by which they expected inroads from the men of Donegal. (The name *Sligo* in the extract belongs to the river, not to the territory.)

The monarch Owen Bel,  
Tombed, armed, and facing to the foe even  
as in fight he fell,  
Upon the Sligo's southern bank, through-  
out a year and day,  
By mere enchantment of his gaze, kept all  
the North at bay.  
Nor could their bravest cross the fords so  
overlooked, until  
They stole King Owen from his cairn, and  
northward by Loch Gill  
Tombed him face downwards, from which  
time the disenchanted fords  
Are won or lost as greater might or less  
impels the swords.

We have brought our extracts and

sketches to the end of the third book. Our readers must resort to the work itself for the mustering of Domnal's troops, the places of the provincial forces on the battle-field, the spirited and appropriate harangues made to the separate tribes by the Ard-Righ, the powerful descriptions of the general fray, and the still more exciting and engrossing single combats. These, with a peaceful episode or two, and the final fate of the invaders, fill the fourth and fifth books; and whether in poem or romance, it has not been our fortune to meet with "single fight or mixed affray" described in more appropriate or more energetic language. The catastrophe is brought about in a simple but most unlooked-for manner, and a scene of saddened resignation, and of an awaking to the importance of the soul's concerns,—a scene of quiet after the feverish tumult caused by cherished resentment and ambition—restores composure to the mind of the reader, after the wild excitement of the heady contest.

A beautiful episode, one of the finest that ever gave repose to feelings disturbed and fevered by a scene of deadly strife, is that of Prince Cuanna, who had become a simpleton through the machinations of his wicked stepmother, second wife of King Ultan Long Hand. But he was a strong, fearless youth, and hearing of the battle in which his father and foster-father were engaged, he seized on such substitutes of arms and armour as came to hand, hastened to the fight, and, by a strong cast of his clumsy missile, ended the battle.

Brought to the presence of Domnal, he tells his tale in a modest, manly fashion, and thus asks for a well-merited recompense:

"And now, O King, the boon I crave is to  
be set at large  
Forthwith from Queen Finguala's thrall,  
and from the shameful charge  
Of women tutors, and to wear a good  
sword by my side.



And have my hound to chase the deer, and  
 have my horse to ride,  
 As other princely youths are wont, and  
 when I'm older grown,  
 To have a fair and pleasant wife and  
 household of my own.  
 But first of all the boon I crave is this,  
 that back again,  
 While *she* sits there, I be not sent to live at  
 Dunamain."

¶ The *she* so emphasised was the  
 stepmother, who, when he was set-  
 ting out for Moyra, denied the pre-  
 sence of arms or armour in the  
 palace, hoping that his destruction  
 would be the surer.

"All that thou would'st," replied the King,  
 "dear Cuanna, shall be done,  
 And furthermore I make a vow, thy  
 wicked stepdame's son  
 Shall never sit in Ultan's place, and if in  
 Dunamain  
 Arms but for one be found, she wears for  
 life the captive's chain."  
 "'Tis good," said Cuanna, and sat down,  
 and from the gravelly soil,  
 Picking the pebbles smooth, began to toss  
 with patient toil  
 The little stones from hand to hand, alter-  
 nate back and palm,  
 Regardless of the presence round, and  
 lapsed in childish calm.

Though allusion has been already  
 made to the mass of information  
 conveyed both in the poem and the  
 notes, concerning the social and  
 political condition of the country  
 during the Pagan and early Chris-  
 tian times, we cannot refrain from  
 referring to the subject again.  
 There are few of the incidents of  
 the romance of Irish history during  
 the eras mentioned, nor of their  
 popular legends, which are not pre-  
 sented in more or less detail. Some

of them, such as the weakness in-  
 flicted on the men of Ulster for a  
 vile piece of cruelty to a woman,  
 and "The Youth of Cuchulainn,"  
 are related in beautiful poetry in  
 the notes.

The framework of "Congal" is  
 simple, every event naturally issuing  
 from its antecedent. The subject-  
 matter is most interesting, and the  
 object to be attained of national im-  
 portance. It is the production of  
 an imagination of the highest order,  
 guided by deep judgment, and in-  
 vested with poetic qualities of an  
 exalted character.

Although we are aware of the  
 scarcity of successful national epics  
 through all the countries of Europe,  
 our hopes are strong with regard to  
 "Congal." We are not aware of  
 any requisite quality of a great  
 heroic poem which it does not pos-  
 sess. We have touched on these  
 already, and the extracts which have  
 been given from the compact, pic-  
 turesque, vigorous, and noble poetry  
 of the piece, must, we venture to  
 say, convince the reading public  
 that Ireland has at last been pre-  
 sented with a noble national epic by  
 one of her sons.

If our judgment be at default and  
 our expectations be disappointed,  
 Ireland will scarcely boast of an  
 epic peculiarly her own, till the  
 morrow after the twenty-four hours  
 of that submersion so long sighed  
 and prayed for, and prophesied by  
 some ill-natured and ill-conditioned  
 philosophers.

## LADY GERALDIN; OR, STOWE PARSONAGE.

## A TALE, IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER I.

## I GO TO AVONMOUTH.

IT was on a beautiful golden morning, towards the ends of July, that a fine cutter yacht of about 120 tons, with the ensign of the R.Y.C. flying, made her way against nearly a head wind, towards the westward. Never was there a better built craft turned out from any yard at Cowes or Gosport; nor have any of the brilliant inventions sent across the Atlantic by our American cousins to astonish the slow minds of their relatives of these "rainy isles," convinced me as yet that western genius has ever surpassed the graceful lines and steady infallible sailing qualities of the "Aurora."

Certainly to a man of my disposition nothing is so charming as yachting. With an excellent sailing captain, and free from the fidgetty eagerness to command which exposes a landsman to so much ridicule and contempt from the subordinates, who are the real masters of the craft, it was my delight to sit or lie stretched on the gleaming-white deck, watching, or to rise up in time to find the "Aurora" at the entrance of one of the beautiful bays of the south-western coast, in the midst of an enchanting scene of blue waters, deep green couches, and cliffs of every variety of rich, harmonious colour.

Being thus a thinker, or dreamer, or whatever of either kind my readers may be pleased to take me for, it was natural that invitations to partake my summer and autumn cruises were so rare as to be considered very complimentary. But it was certainly

a circumstance that did not accord with my generally tranquil and unexcitable disposition, that the "Aurora" was invariably entered at every regatta that offered a first-class race, and carried away prizes which made her appearance at the head of each bay the sequel of much dismay among the local yachters, and of many technical discussions respecting "tonnage," and "time," amongst the stewards and committees presiding over their amusements. But, be it known, as I do not wish to present myself in the first instance as a very inconsistent person—that the emulations and successes of my beautiful "Aurora" were greatly due to the ambition and skill of my skipper and crew, amongst whom the money part of each prize were always distributed.

On the present occasion I was not unaccompanied. The arrival of an old schoolfellow and friend at Portsmouth in a three-decker, of which he was one of the lieutenants, and the great desire which he expressed to spend a part at least of his leave in joining me in my cruise, induced me to break, in his favour, my usual rule; and, accordingly, Alberie Grey, with his belongings in the shape of port-manteau and hat-box, came one afternoon to the "Aurora" in a shore-boat from Portsmouth, and established himself on board in a manner apparently very satisfactory to himself.

"Glad to see you, old fellow!" said I, taking my cigar out of my mouth. "I hope you will make

yourself quite comfortable. We dine at five when we are not ashore. There are plenty of books in the cabin ; and Jones, the skipper, has been all over the world, and has sailed with half the captains in her Majesty's navy. So he has endless yarns ; and I shall be glad if you'll come and talk to me, if you find it slow. I'm so sorry that that fellow in London, who, perhaps, is a great humbug after all, Dr. Vavasour, should have ordered me to keep quiet, and to rest as much as possible. But I hope you'll be comfortable. I have desired Jones to have a boat always ready for you to go ashore when you like it—"

"Oh, I am sure to be comfortable, St. Clare. I am so much obliged to you for asking me !" (Had I asked him?) "And I shall have superlative fun. But I know your old self, and your old habits, and I will plague you as little as possible."

"Thank you," said I with more earnestness than politeness.

Grey turned away without speaking, and went below. I was rather sorry, toward evening, that I had not shown more hospitable warmth towards my guest, and one, too, whom I really liked and valued. So, thinking that he might find the time hang heavy on his hands till we sailed, I ordered the boat to take us ashore to play a game at billiards. I noticed that Grey looked disappointed instead of pleased at this arrangement, and said to myself that men were the most unaccountable creatures in the universe, and wondered why I had bored myself by permitting him to take the cruise with me.

Then I thought I saw a similar expression of vexation on the countenance of Jones and his mates ; and grew rather angry, muttering something unintelligible about being "the captain of my own ship," as I stepped into the boat.

Grey, however, was not by any means a person to "*boulder*," and he soon recovered his cheerfulness, and

entered, or seemed to enter, into the spirit of our game, till it was time to return to the yacht.

I slept till late the next morning, not having given any orders for sailing. Perhaps I should not have risen so soon as I really did, had it not been for an unusual noise on deck, where everything was ordered to be kept as quiet as possible at all times.

When I went up, I found Grey leaning over the taffrail, whistling in a low and continuous manner, and looking very fixedly towards the eastward.

"Good morning, Geraldine !" said he, coming up to shake hands. "I'm afraid I disturbed your slumbers by letting my glass fall on deck. When do you mean to sail, old fellow?"

"Well, really, Al, I don't know ; there's no hurry, you know. I'm due at Avonmouth on the 28th ? This is about the 26th, I think, so——"

"26th ! why, man, it's the 27th, and you told me in your note that Avonmouth Regatta was to take place on the 29th."

"Impossible, Al !" said I, feeling, however, very guilty ; for I, remembered writing the note when I was only just awake and very angry with my man, Ross, a methodical, pragmatical Scotsman, for persisting in removing any particle of dust from my shell-jacket before the fellow really would let me sit down.

"Not only possible, but true," returned Grey ; "here is the note !"

"Well, then, I'm really very sorry. Jones, how's the wind?"

"Eastward, a point or two to the north, sir !" said the skipper.

"Then we are all right ; you can make all the sail you can upon her while we are at breakfast. We shall be at Avonmouth in plenty of time if the wind holds."

"Or rather, if there is any wind at all !" said Alberie. "It is little better than a dead calm now ; and you'll have to bend every inch of canvas, Jones, I can see."

Down we went to breakfast, a meal generally prolonged in a yachting voyage, in which the incidents producing variety are few. We soon found that we were moving through the water, and the discovery seemed to raise the spirits of my friend to a rather surprising degree, seeing that he was not the master of the yacht, nor consequently had any prizes in view to make a punctual appearance at the regattas down the coast a matter of special interest to him.

I soon found, however, that the state of the wind, and the speed of the "*Aurora*" affected the pleasure of the trip in a way I had little expected; for Grey, whom I had always known as the most cheerful and animated of companions, became silent and thoughtful, and so intensely anxious about the weather as to be dull if the breeze died off, and disagreeably fidgety when it freshened.

Little cared Lord Geraldin St Clare whether the beautiful yacht "*Aurora*" sailed at Avonmouth Regatta or not, excepting so far as it pleased Jones and his mates; but the owner of that much admired and much envied craft greatly disliked to see other than pleased and cheerful faces about him, and still more to be bored by constant allusions to matters which were perfectly indifferent to him, such as the weather, the wind, carelessness about dates, and breaking engagements concerning regattas.

Therefore I, who introduce myself as that rather sleepy and forgetful, but well-meaning person, Lord Geraldin St. Clare of the yacht "*Aurora*," began seriously to ponder upon the prudence of putting into Weymouth, if possible, and there receiving letters which would render it imperative on me to immediately go overland to town, and thus rid myself of my disappointed and disappointing guest. But I thought better of this, for I really liked Alberie, and trusted that in a day or two he would at the

same time become more quiet and more amusing.

We stood in, with every rag of canvas set, to Avonmouth Bay late in the evening of that inauspicious 28th of July. Two or three tiny specks of light appeared here and there, quite in the offing: they were on board belated yachts which had got well out to sea. There was every chance of their being able to return to town within a day or two, for it had fallen dead calm. We, on the contrary, had a light wind from the indraught of the channel, what air there was being westerly; so that we made a very fair course for the harbour, and dropped our anchor a couple of hundred yards or so from the pier.

I was on deck at the time, and so was Grey. He had been unusually silent, at least as far as I was concerned, all the afternoon: but he had had a number of unnecessary colloquies with my skipper, which were always followed by some useless and fidgetting alterations in the canvas, or the course of the yacht.

"Well," said I, shaking the ashes of my cigar over the taffrail, "we are too late for the race, at any rate, so we may as well enjoy the scene, which is really beautiful."

In a semicircle round the small inner bay of which the harbour of Avonmouth with its pier or breakwater forms a small portion, richly wooded hills bathe their feet in the sea. Many villas, as I well knew, though it was too dark now to distinguish them, nestled among the hills, and now they were all more or less lighted up, flashing out crimson glints amongst the dark shadows.

Lower down a regular row of lamps illuminated the esplanade, and a double series distinguished the assembly-rooms. All these were reflected in the sea, flinging down inverted columns of light into the still water. Above the abrupt wooded hills, far away from the town, the clear moon was moving round and

grand towards the west, strongly contrasting in its heavenly purity with the crimson lights below.

My friend seemed very insensible to the beauty of this scene. He scarcely replied to my observations upon it, but looked earnestly towards the town. The soft air was filled with the odour of flowers from the villa gardens. Music, which I daresay derived much of its charm from distance, floated over the still, waveless sea, in delightful harmony.

"I am going to the ball, St. Clare," said Grey, at last. "I suppose, as I have had so great a disappointment to-day, you'll let me have a boat, whether you go yourself or not."

"Dear me, Grey! what's the matter? I did not think you were a ball man. I'm tired. I shall turn in; and it's so disturbing to have a fellow and the men stamping about on deck at no end of time in the morning."

"I shall order my traps into the dingy, then, Lord Geraldin, and consider my visit concluded," said Grey.

The tone in which this last speech was uttered convinced me that my friendship with Alberie trembled in the balance. I called for my man, Ross, told him to get all ready for me to dress for a ball, tumbled after him down the companion, and in less time than I ever completed a toilette in my life, issued forth full dressed, and was ready to take the cup of strong coffee my steward gave me as I met Grey in the state-cabin.

"Thank you, St. Clare!" he began,—

"Oh! I've recovered from being 'Lord Geraldin,' then, have I?" said I. "Forgive me, old fellow! I know I'm horridly selfish. If I go to sleep in the ball-room, you won't mind—I am so tired."

Soon we were rowing over the flashing water. Every stroke of the oar flung myriads of silver stars around us from the phosphorescent

sea. And in half-an-hour we entered the ball-room—a place I hold in mortal detestation, as I cannot enter into the pleasure of senseless jumping up and down, or spinning round and round for five or six hours at a stretch, talking insipid platitudes to a succession of "*unideal girls*," as Dr. Johnson used to say. When I find myself compelled to attend a dancing fight, I always seek the shades behind a screen of dowagers, and allow the music and the perfumes to waft me into the land of dreams—a poetical phrase for an empty bench in a secluded corner.

But here my evil genius interfered, in the shape of one of these same dowagers, jewelled, satined, and laced, and with more than a *souffron* of rouge to heighten the effect of all this splendour. She was an old friend of my mother's, and I could not escape her. I felt sorry for a moment that Grey had left me. I wanted to introduce him, but he had disappeared.

I soon discovered the secret of his great desire to come to this ball. How happy those sailor-fellows are! They care so much about everything, and are always interested. I, on the contrary, think that there is nothing in "life's dull round" so pleasant as to discover a retired nook in which to go to sleep. I am always so fatigued!

But to return to Grey. He passed before my dowager and myself, with really the prettiest girl hanging on his arm! Not so very striking, either; that is, she had not that kind of beauty one sees in Rotten Row, or at the opera, or at Lady X's parties. But it was very charming, nevertheless.

She was not very tall, and was rather pale; or, perhaps, one should say, with the Italian, "not pale, but very fair." Her eyes were dark and remarkably expressive. Not of soft, yielding inanity, which is all the expression often to be found in what are called "fine eyes," but intelli-

gent, sensible, animated eyes. They would, I thought, look very sweet and loving, nevertheless, if the heart taught them that lesson; and I had reason to believe, during that evening that such a course of instruction had already commenced.

She had a lovely nose and mouth; not a daring, obtrusive nose, but a pretty English one, and a rosy, smiling, yet well-cut and firm-looking mouth. To match it in beauty, very dark hair, and extremely fair and well-formed shoulders and arms. Her white dress looked cold in tint beside their living fairness. And then, what lovely teeth she had, and what a head! splendidly developed, accurately balanced in all its parts. "*She* must have a mind," thought I, although she has acted foolishly in coming to this ball.

I felt rather out of humour—I do not exactly know why—as my eyes pursued Grey and his partner in their walk round the room, looking so stupidly as if no one else were present but the other. It was so selfish of Grey to leave me a helpless prey to my dowager! But at length, good old soul, I was able to extricate myself from her, by the aid of a second dowager, with such a crinoline! I was compelled to retire, at the risk of being squeezed to death between the two. And then, feeling exceedingly fatigued, and oppressed by the perfumes floating around, I glided amidst a rear-guard, or reserve of similar portly forms, similarly jewelled, satined, and crinolined, and arranged myself in a corner, half behind a curtain, and composed myself to sleep.

## CHAPTER II.

### I AM AWAKENED.

IN the delightful repose of such trifling with the drowsy goddess, I always retain an extraordinary kind of consciousness, am able to hear anything said near me, to see with half-closed eyes, and to remember with a mind too inert to think.

Two persons, who did not see me, ensconced as I was amidst the curtains, stood near me. I was concealed from the world by the dowagers; but these individuals were in a position in which they could *enfilade*, as it were, the corps of veterans, and see beyond them into the centre of the ball-room.

"Did you ever see anything like that? There's Marion Earnescliffe dancing again with Grey! How did he come here?" said one of these men.

"He entered the room with that absurd, conceited, set-up fellow, Lord Geraldin St. Clare; but his yacht was not here this morning to sail. I suppose they came by train," observed the other.

"That affair will never come to anything," resumed his friend. "Grey has not a sixpence in the world besides his pay, and Marion Earnescliffe, I know from good authority, has not above a couple of thousands nor ever will have."

"Oh, but Grey has good interest; his uncle is governor somewhere—at the Cannibal Islands, for anything I know, wherever they may be. But I don't doubt he'll get on."

"I don't intend that match to take place," said the first speaker. "I tell you, Shaw, I have a dislike to that fellow, and I hate the girl; and they shan't marry."

"Why, Forde! you look quite savage! What has Miss Earnescliffe done to incur your displeasure? has she refused you?"

"*Me!*" said the man he called Forde, in a harsh, disagreeable tone, following up the monosyllable with an artificial laugh; "she must be a rare genius to refuse a man who

never made her an offer. As to Guy, he'll never really propose to her; he is only trifling with her; he's a regular male coquette."

"By-the-bye!" exclaimed Shaw, "was it not he who was flirting with your sister at Brighton, last year? By Jove, that's the reason you're so hard upon the fellow, I'll bet a hundred to one in ponies!"

"Stuff! she wouldn't have him; his half-pay would not buy her shoe-strings. But I say again, if he and Marion Earnescliffe think they're going to marry—which I don't believe he does, at any rate—they reckon without their host, I can tell them."

The noisy, irritating band now struck up loudly, and prevented me from hearing more of this conversation; but I derived one benefit from the fragment which had reached my ears. I took an interest in the game that had commenced, and was determined to watch its progress.

I therefore moved forward a little, when I found that the two friends, Forde and Shaw, had withdrawn from the vicinity of my lair, and I saw Grey, in the most open, frank manner in the world, go up to Forde and shake hands with him.

I detected the ready, bland smile, and the too great *empressment* with which his greeting was met. I resolved to put Grey on his guard, and, indeed, found a well of good intentions springing in my heart, which, unhappily, got solidified by some mysterious chemistry into paving stones for a place not mentionable to ears polite.

Grey and Forde, however, walked away together, and retreated to a corner, where they conversed for a short time very earnestly. In the meanwhile, Shaw, faultless in attire, and with a cloud of flaxen curls carefully arranged around his forehead, which was of a very common type, worked his way to the spot where I sat.

"Remember you at Cowes, Lord

Geraldin," said he. "I was with Willes in the 'Salcombe,' a fine cutter; but not, of course, to be compared to the 'Aurora.'"

"I have not the honour," I murmured coldly. I detest accidental acquaintances; and I saw 'tuft-hunter' written legibly on Shaw's face, the only meaning that it expressed.

"Oh, but you must remember—we were going ashore at the same time in the boats. I had the pleasure of picking up your lordship's cap, which fell into the water. I—"

"I'm sure, I am very much obliged to you. I have, unfortunately, a very bad memory—"

"And Grey," interrupted my friend—"Grey's a nice fellow! Do you think that girl pretty with whom he's been dancing so much?—"

"I have not observed—"

"Oh, I mean that girl in white—the clergyman of Stowe's daughter. She's a sad flirt, that's the worst of her. I should not like her for a wife, myself, but *chacun a son gout*. In fact, I think places of this kind, very gay and pleasant, and all that, are not good nurseries for wives."

"As I am not looking out for a wife, I cannot say that that fact in natural history affects me much," said I.

I allowed the fellow to talk, as I thought I might by that means learn a little of the *carte du pays*.

"But," resumed the gossip, "*on dit*, it is diamond-cut-diamond with Miss Earnescliffe and Grey. He goes about everywhere, Forde tells me, breaking hearts. Not very honourable, I should say."

"Mr. Grey is my friend, sir," said I, sternly. "He is not to be undermined in my esteem by a person with whom I have not the slightest acquaintance."

I walked away, but in my tours of observation, later in the evening, I heard Shaw say several times, "My friend, Lord Geraldin remarked," or "My friend, St. Clare, is of opinion," so I suppose he derived, or thought

he derived, some reflected glory from his recent proximity to my unworthy self.

Though I had not chosen to say so, I really thought Miss Earnescliffe beautiful and charming. I watched her now that she was dancing the 'Lancers' with Forde, and I was grieved to see that she looked a little pale and uncomfortable. Forde was plainly making mischief. Just as I was moving towards Grey, in order to ask him to introduce me presently, to Miss Earnescliffe, with no other motive, I protest, but that of setting matters right between them, two yachting men whom I knew, one of them a son of the dowager, who had nestled me for a time soon after my entrance, came up to me and put the little romance in which I intended to play one of the minor characters, for a while, out of my head.

At last one of these individuals said, "I hear it whispered that you have at last selected a Lady Geraldin—a real one this time—about the twentieth who has been named since you came out. Is it true?"

"No," said I: "no one has proposed to me for some months."

My friend laughed. "Well," said he, "I have been watching the very prettiest woman in the room, to-night, and I want you to fall desperately in love with her. I know she would refuse you if you were to make her an offer. It would be a wholesome bitter for you, like a dose of quinine."

"No philosopher ever takes anything for granted," said I. "Now in your remarks you have broken this rule twice. First, in asserting indirectly that my moral constitution requires a bitter or tonic; secondly, that the prettiest girl in the room, whoever she may be, would refuse me."

"Whoever she may be! Have you not seen Miss Earnescliffe? Of course, she's the belle, and it needs no ghost to tell us that your friend

Grey's the happy man. But, on the other hand, it would be great fun to see you, when you depart with your

Silver sails all out of the west, carry off the sailor's black-eyed Susan. Shall I introduce you?"

"No I thank you, I would rather be Grey's bridesman than his rival. I can't say, however, that at present he looks like a successful lover."

Grey now came up to me, thinking, I daresay, that I found the ball, to which I had come for the purpose of gratifying him, rather dull; and I was convinced, by the deadness and pallor of his face, and the expression almost of pain which was such a contrast to the joyous animation with which he had conversed with Miss Earnescliffe, that Forde had whispered some ill-natured remark which had been in part believed.

I took his arm, and we walked down the room. "I admire that young lady with whom you danced the first dance," said I; "there is something better than beauty, with plenty of that too, in her countenance. Lady Carville was speaking to me about her, just now. I think she wished to be introduced to her. But I cannot execute that manoeuvre unless I am myself acquainted with her. Do you think she will dance with me, if you consent to become master of the ceremonies on the occasion."

Grey's countenance lighted up wonderfully. "*You* dance, St. Clare? I never saw you dance in my life! I should like—that is, she would, I am sure, like to be introduced to Lady Carville. I will present you with pleasure."

I really was scarcely conscious of my own identity when I found myself absolutely dancing with Marion Earnescliffe. She was so agreeable, and she said all that she *did* say in so charming a manner, that I did not wonder at Grey's admiration of her, or at the little shade of discontent I had observed on the countenances of certain persons whom I



knew and ought to have danced with, when I led her out.

I remember that we talked a good deal together. I endeavoured, with as much delicacy as I could, to introduce such topics as would oblige her replies to let me a little into the secret of the state of affairs between herself and Grey.

"Have you heard that one of the greatest ornaments of the Avonmouth ball-rooms, Miss Maidstone, is going to be married?" said I.

"Very probably," returned she. "No one is more likely to charm than Miss Maidstone. I only hope her intended husband is worthy of her."

"Now Miss Earnescliffe, *apropos* to her appearance here to-night, do enlighten me as to a case of conscience in minor morals. I have never been so happy as to win the heart of any lady, therefore I have no experience to guide me. Is there not a code proper to engaged persons in ball-rooms and elsewhere? Is it, for instance, allowable for them to enter into slight and temporary flirtations with third parties under such circumstances?"

"There ought to be no question about that," returned Miss Earnescliffe, blushing deeply. "It must always be wrong to give pain, and to hurt the feelings of others for mere amusement."

"But, then, the question suggests itself, What is flirtation?" said I, feeling almost certain that she was actually engaged to Grey.

"That is too obtruse a problem for me to solve," returned she.

"I must, then, suppose a case, by way of getting at an explanation of the word," said I. "Imagine, for example, that I dared to express all the admiration which I, in common with every one else, feel for Miss Earnescliffe, and were to——"

I looked round at this moment, I know not why. There are sudden impulses which one cannot account for, and I beheld Forde, with that detestable sneer on his face, earnest-

ly regarding us; perhaps, indeed, he heard part of our conversation; he turned away and walked slowly towards the spot where Grey stood, regarding us with a pride and pleasure clearly written on his open, honest face.

An uncomfortable feeling crossed my mind at this moment; and I think that Marion must have observed the movements of Forde, and the expression of his face, for she too seemed uneasy; and abruptly changing the conversation, she threw into her manner much more of reserve than before. She had, in fact, met me with a delightful frankness, as the friend of Grey. Now she treated me as the hitherto unknown Lord Geraldine St. Clare.

However, I presented her to Lady Carville, after a short private conversation with that inestimable dowager, in which I set forth, in striking colours, Marion's charm of manner, and my suspicions that she had enemies in the room, whose manoeuvres a little notice from her would probably defeat. Lady Carville loved a little by-play, and liked to act a part in private dramas, always taking the amiable and kind rôle, which she filled with excellent tact. So she paid very distinguished attention to my beautiful *protégée*, which soon dispelled the coldness of Marion's lady friends. They were now as desirous of addressing little pleasant speeches, and exchanging nods and smiles with her, as before they had carefully avoided her. For Lady Carville was known to be a very great lady in a much larger circle than that of Westonsshire. She was a very clever woman, too, and her acquaintance was always an honour. But I am afraid that the glory of the coronet, democratical as the English are supposed to be, eclipsed in their eyes the purer light of the talents which they were, perhaps, not aware that she possessed, and would not have appreciated if they had known it.

But Grey vexed and disappointed me; he did not dance again with Miss Earnescliffe, and he *did* talk a great deal with Mr. Forde. I felt afraid that I had not done all the good I had intended, and at length I felt so bored and so sleepy, that I determined to return to the yacht. With this intention I drew towards the door, amidst the pillars twined with evergreens—among which the coloured lamps looked like gigantic fireflies—which formed the portico, I saw Grey and Forde standing together. They did not see me at first, and I heard the words—

“Lord Geraldin always makes the prettiest girls in the society where he is to be found conspicuous by his attentions. His rank and fortune render them ready and willing to flirt with him, like Marion Earnescliffe to-night, for example; but he is such a notorious——”

Fitztravers, Lady Carville’s son, now spoke to me, but I again caught a few words of Forde’s speech—“indeed, to accept his attentions is ruin to any girl,—his conduct at——”

“Grey, are you ready to go?” said I.

Both started.

“Yes, quite ready,” returned Grey, in a constrained and altered tone.

“If you have any friend here to whom you particularly wish to say adieu, I will wait for you in the cloaking room,” said I.

“There is no one,” returned he, and we descended the great staircase together.

We found our boat on the beach,

which was bright with moonlight, and gently kissed by an unbroken, pearl-like line of tiny surf. In silence we lighted our cigars, and were quickly rowed to the “Aurora.” We walked, just to finish our weeds, up and down the deck, till I stopped and looked towards the town, in which nearly all the lights were extinguished.

“Grey,” said I, “I do not like Mr. Forde.”

“He is a sincere friend,” said Grey, which is more than we can say for everybody.”

“Grey,” said I, once more, after a pause, “did you ever flirt with Forde’s sister, at Brighton.”

“No, not exactly—that is, they know my uncle, who is believed to be wealthy, as he certainly is distinguished, and I suppose they thought there might be a worse *parti* for Bella Forde than my humble self, so they asked me perpetually to dinner. I considered it prudent to decline, at last, though it was pleasant enough to have her brothers and cousins toadying me, and I certainly used to be at Mrs. Forde’s a good deal at one time; but it never went beyond a little badinage, and a good deal of dancing.”

“Well, my good fellow, don’t be offended if I bid you beware of Forde. You allow her family wanted you to marry Miss Forde, which you decidedly did not do, though you confess to a little flirtation. Remember that sometimes,—

“Our pleasant vices,  
Are made the whips to scourge us.”

### CHAPTER III.

#### IN WHICH I MAKE A MORNING VISIT.

ON the following morning Grey asked me to let him have a boat to go ashore early. I proposed to go with him, as I wanted to call on Lady Carville, and meant to bring her son, Fitztravers Carville, back

to dine on board. I must say that Grey was very much the reverse of agreeable at breakfast. I let him have my *Times*, which was a great piece of self-denial on my part. He must have found something very

amusing in one paragraph, as he kept his eyes constantly fixed on it, instead of paying due attention to the leading article, to his meal, or to his entertainer. And thus in silence the breakfast hour passed away, and I really had half a mind to say that the boat was large enough to carry Grey's portmanteau and hat-box, as well as himself, ashore, so vexed was I at his manner, which was meant, I felt certain, by something said by that horrid fellow, Forde.

On landing, I mentioned the dinner-hour to Grey, and asked him if he would go with me to Lady Carville's, as her eldest son had been his captain in his last cruise. To this he replied in the negative, saying that he had promised to play a game at billiards. He looked so grim that I did not choose to ask him with whom he had made the engagement ; so we parted on the beach.

I found Lady Carville charmed to see me. I am always polite to dowagers devoid of marriageable daughters, lavishing upon them those attentions which I am too wary to venture upon with ladies who possess those dangerous treasures. She was quite enthusiastic about Marion Earnescliffe, and she wished Fitz were not engaged to his red-haired Lady Diana Sandys, with her mountains and tumble-down old castle and bare-legged Highlanders, that he might give her this pretty Western Flower for a daughter-in-law. In short, nothing would satisfy her but that she must go and pay a visit to Marion, in which I must accompany her. Her carriage would take us as far as the road would admit, and we could then walk across the fields to Stowe, as Mr. Earnescliffe's parish was called.

Accordingly we set out in the beautiful golden July morning, driving between green flowery banks, and in alleys of arching elms and beeches, obtaining here and there enchanting peeps at the sea, and even once

getting a glimpse of my own "Aurora," with her white awning, and her lovely, graceful lines.

We were obliged to leave the carriage at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from Stowe, as there was apparently no room for it to turn beyond the spot where we now quitted it. I inquired the way of a rustic, and having, with the aid of the footman, translated his reply into English, gave my arm to Lady Carville, and soon reached the gate of the prettiest garden I ever saw ; narrow flower-beds of a long, wavy shape, were perfect kaleidoscopes of various colours ; the turf was as fine as velvet. I thought how the pixies must love it, and how the glowworms would shine out upon it as evening fell : two or three large elms stood at the end of the garden, with a seat beneath them. "Ah," thought I, "it would be pleasant to watch these glowworms with Marion at one's side, if one had never been in love before."

The parsonage was an old, irregular-looking building, not large, of course, but with such charming nooks and corners ; such vases of flowers on tables near the windows—deep bay windows, designed, of course, for the convenience of sermon-writers, but which to me, just now, looked as if they would be suitable to retire to, for the sake of a little chat, with Marion Earnescliffe.

We were shown, in the midst of rapturous expressions of admiration of the old house from Lady Carville, herself the mistress of two or three mansions as large as little towns, into a very charming morning-room, or, perhaps, drawing-room, scented with flowers, and with evidences of taste and refinement in the books, and music, and drawings, it contained.

Soon, in her simple, closely-fitting morning dress, Miss Earnescliffe entered. She looked pale. I thought her eyes had that rather shiny bright-

ness which implied recent weeping. There was something touching and sad in her whole expression, which made me feel bitterly angry with Grey, and indignant to the last degree against Forde. I really think I should have proposed to her at once, by way of consoling her if we had been alone together, and if I had not felt certain of rejection.

"How happy you are, Miss Earnescliffe," said Lady Carville, "to live in this little paradise, and yet so near to the world!"

"Stowe is very charming," said Marion, sadly. "I am sometimes tempted to regret that I ever leave it—except," added she, as if she thought her speech rather ungrateful, "except that if I never left it, I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you here."

Lady Carville was always renowned for her skill in drawing any one out. Marion's natural modesty and reticence gave way before the genial kindness of her visitor, and we were both delighted and surprised at the glimpses of her mind and character which we were permitted to see.

Her father, a gentlemanly and highly-educated man, now joined us, and I, who detest morning visits, was really sorry when it was time to depart.

Just as our new acquaintances accompanied us into the porch, filled with flowering plants, and the very perfection of summer coolness and fragrance, a young, and very good-looking man entered it. His dress was unmistakably clerical.

"Are you sure, Lord Geraldine," said Lady Carville, as she took my arm as we walked down the garden, "are you sure that you were right in thinking that your friend, the lieutenant, has any interest in the heart of my charming Marion? To my mind it looks more like the natural and frequent story of the handsome curate and the beautiful and excellent vicar's daughter.

"No, I am quite sure," said I, "and the sequel will, I am sure, verify what I say."

As Fitz and I waited by the boat, a message came to us to say that Mr. Grey would send for his traps to the yacht in the evening, at the same time putting a note from him into my hand. It contained some frivolous excuse or another—I really forget what it was—for cutting short his visit to the yacht, and remaining on shore.

I must confess that I was vexed, for I knew the real worth of Grey, and that he was not a mere summer friend. But I certainly had believed that he was never actuated by caprice, and that he was too resolute to be misled by those, whose chief gratification seems to lie in breaking either loves or friendships. Being, however, proud and indolent, I took no further pains to recall my *compagnon de voyage*, and resumed in some degree my former habits.

Sailing from bay to bay of the beautiful west, in the fine weather, carrying off a gold cup here, a silver vase or statuette in another place, with enough money added to each to delight my crew, who nearly took me about where they pleased; lying on the cushions on deck, looking at the lovely deep-green waters, or the red or grey cliffs that guarded them, or at a ship of war steaming up or down channel; but still, led by some unaccountable attraction, returning to Avonmouth, and forsaking the gay promenade or drive, threading my way through deep bowery lanes, just to look over the garden hedge of Stowe Parsonage.

I could not quite, even now, make out the mystery of Stowe Parsonage. I could not conceive why that handsome, intellectual-looking fellow, the curate, went there so often, or why Marion seemed so sad, if she were the object of his attentions.

She occasionally went into society, accompanied by a lady who seemed

to act as her *chaperone*, and for the sake of meeting her, I occasionally shook off my indolence, and went to a ball or dinner-party.

Grey was still in the neighbourhood, staying I think, with an old shipmate. He also mingled in the gaieties of Avonmouth; but a change had evidently "come o'er the spirit of his dream." Towards Marion he was coldly civil—nothing more. I used to watch her face as he passed her, perhaps with some other girl with whom he had been dancing, and I saw a pained expression cross it for a moment. Then her self-respect came to her aid, and without even showing the slightest coquetry, she would turn to speak to the person beside her; and enter with ladylike self-possession into the amusements that were going on.

I exerted myself in an unusual manner on this occasion. I was determined that Marion should not feel neglected. I was always ready to dance with her, to take her into supper, or to sit beside her at the dinner-table. I thought that all the world knew so well that I was not a marrying man; that I, of all people, would present myself as a *point d'appui* to a girl situated as she was, and I gave her that sort of support which seems to be so necessary to a young lady who has the air of being deserted.

The close intimacy which seemed to exist between Forde and Grey quite prevented me from speaking confidentially to my old friend Alberie, who, indeed, soon departed from the neighbourhood of Avonmouth, to which place my own visits were only occasional.

I never gossip, nor listen to gossip as an absolute rule, except when, as in the case of the conversations of Forde and Shaw, it is forced upon me. I might have asked any one to tell me all that concerned the Earnescliffes, and should perhaps, have opened some flood-gate of pent-up *causerie*, which was longing

to burst its boundaries. But I liked to amuse myself in my own way, and unravel the mystery that seemed in some manner to surround them, unaided.

I found that they lived in a secluded fashion. Marion went into society chiefly in compliance with the desire of her father; but they gave no parties, nor did they encourage morning visitors. Of course, Mr. St. George, the curate, naturally went to the Vicarage often, and if it had not been for his good looks, and a kind of easy familiarity in his manner toward the father and daughter, observable on the day of my own single visit to Stowe, I should not have thought of him again.

It was on a lovely evening of September that I landed from the "Aurora" on Avonmouth beach. It was early dusk, but the moon threw an indescribable beauty over the scene. I was invited to an evening party at Lady Carville's, but as I stood looking at the tree-tops in the deep lanes silvered with a fairy frothwork, and then turned to contemplate that very solitary orb always destined to pursue her course alone, moving in a grand arch over the still sea, I felt sad, and solitary too, yet not disposed to mix with a gay crowd.

"I will go and look at Marion's home!" thought I, and I crossed the esplanade and struck into those deep lanes, chequered with the light of the planet whose loneliness I pitied, together with my own, and took up a position which was not now unfamiliar to me, near Marion's garden, beneath a tree of broad shadows, and half hidden by the hedge.

All was silent; the glow-worms lay in hundreds on the grass; the air was laden with sweet scents of flowers. Purple shadows and silver moonlight overspread the garden.

At length I heard two voices singing in the drawing-room, the

window of which was open. They were those of a male and a female. They sung a little German air, beginning

Gute Nacht, gute nacht !  
 Urner Tagwerk ist vollbracht ;  
 Golden Herne scheinen wieder  
 Von den Himmel's-zreine nieder,  
 Und des mondes Scheibelacht,  
 Gute nacht, gute nacht !

The air is a sweet and solemn one ; the tune and words harmonised well with the scene. I listened as one in a dream. It was a dream of a day that was dead ! the evening of a day that would never come back to me, and which seemed so far off that ages must have swept past since it had set, brushing off with their dark wings all of youth, and love, and freshness, and hope, from my soul for ever.

Not long after the conclusion of the song, the two figures came out into the garden. I soon saw that they were those of Marion and Mr. St. George, they came along the gravel walk that wound round the grass and the flower-beds, and in a few minutes they would be near me. I hid myself more closely behind the hedge as they approached. They had not seemed to be conversing ; but I am destined to hear that which I ought not to hear. Mr. St. George said,—

"Tell me, dear Marion, is there any hope?"

"I cannot tell—I fear—" replied she, hesitatingly.

"What do you fear? I wish you to speak without reserve, even if it breaks my heart. Is there any prepossession?—"

And then, just at the critical moment, they passed on. They walked round the garden, and at length stood on the stone steps which led into the drawing-room, the bay window of which opened upon them. A red light streamed from the casement of an upper room above the drawing-room.

Standing there, those two persons, both so beautiful, both young, and

invested, to me at least, with a deep interest, sung once more a single verse of the "Good Night!" then shook hands, and Mr. St. George walked to the garden-gate. I heard it close behind him.

And then Marion retired into the house.

In a state of mind which I cannot describe, a state of uncertainty as to whether Marion were really worthy of all the unwonted exertions I had made in her behalf, mingled with other and sadder feelings awakened by the well-known song I had heard, I lingered beside the garden, till the lights disappeared, first from the lower, and then from the upper windows. Then I turned slowly away, and at that instant stealthy footsteps were audible in the lane, in the deep silence. Had there been other and less friendly spies, watching the quiet parsonage?

I was determined, in my self-imposed office of protector of Marion Earnescliffe, to ascertain, if I could, the motives of this nocturnal visitor to the secluded lane.

The footsteps turned in the other direction, and I heard them, guarded as they were, receding to some distance. Then I lost them entirely.

If the spy were returning to the town, I knew that by taking a circuitous route I might, if I walked quickly, just meet with him at the termination of a certain lane, at the entrance of the principal street. So treading a while softly, I turned through some fields, and at length, on emerging from them, by the light of the gas-lamps, I discovered my friend, Mr. Forde, entering Avonmouth by way of this very lane.

Far from appearing as if he had done anything unwarrantable, of which he ought to be ashamed, the fellow stared me in the face.

"Good night, Lord Geraldin!" said he; "I hope you have had a pleasant walk."

"Good night," said I, sharply, and we both passed on.

## LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS OF IRELAND.

FROM A.D. 1189 TO 1870.

(115) A.D. 1852. FRANCIS BLACKBURN.—The Blackburnes, a family of remote antiquity, were settled in the county of Westmeath, in the middle of the seventeenth century. After the restoration of Charles II., they moved west of the Shannon, and established themselves in the county of Roscommon, of which county Andrew Blackburne was High Sheriff in the year 1698. Subsequently they went to reside at Mooretown, in the county Meath, where Charles Blackburne was resident in 1729, sometime previously to which year, he had been married to Ellinor, daughter of Robert Adams, of Hoathstown, and by her was father of George, who dying in 1796, was succeeded by his son Richard, who by his wife, Elizabeth Hopkins (a descendant of the great Bishop of Derry, whose gallant conduct during the memorable siege of that city is so familiar to every reader of Irish history), was father of Francis Blackburne, the subject of this memoir, and who was born at Great Footstown, in the county Meath, on the 11th September, 1782. From his early infancy his education was strictly attended to; the rudiments of classical learning having been imparted to him at the neighbouring school of the Rev. Hugh Nelson, at Dunshaughlin.

The disturbances which preceded the rebellion of 1798 made it incumbent on his family to remove for shelter to the city of Dublin, a removal which was the cause, perhaps, of his being appointed, in after years, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. In Dublin he was sent to the school, then the best in the city, of the Rev. William Whyte, where he prosecuted his studies until the year 1798, when

he entered the University of Dublin. From his entrance, his college course was a brilliant one. Classical, rather than scientific, distinctions were the objects of his ambition. In 1802 he obtained a scholarship, and was awarded in the same year an extraordinary premium for his marvellous proficiency in the classics. He also took the gold medal, and obtained medals both in oratory and history, in the College Historical Society.

In Hilary term, he was called to the Bar, and soon after joined "the Home Circuit," which he travelled for several years before he attained a good professional position. For seventeen years he remained at the the outer Bar, and it was not until the year 1822 that he was raised to the dignity of King's counsel. This distinction, which *longo post tempore venit*, was conferred upon him by the Tory Chancellor, Lord Manners, and was but the prelude to other rewards which were afterwards showered upon him by "Whigs and Tories, Repealers and their foes." Of that promotion, Mr. O'Connell, in his examination before the Parliamentary Committee, in 1825, thus speaks when complaining of the injustice done by the exclusion of Roman Catholics from the silk gowns:—"Let me instance the hardships of my own case, my juniors, many of them men of inferior capacity, are promoted over my head. I do not complain of the promotion of men of ability. There is Mr. Blackburne, he is my junior, certainly high in his profession; but his promotion could never create a jealousy in my mind, as he is one of the best lawyers at the Bar."

As to Mr. Blackburne's political

principles, we have merely to state that the Tories raised him to the rank of Serjeant; that he was afterwards nearly five years Attorney-General to the Whigs, and next Attorney-General for three months to the Tories—that if the Tory Earl of Eglinton appointed him Lord Chancellor of Ireland, his Whig successor, the Earl of Carlisle, appointed him Lord Justice of Appeal in Chancery. The greater weight of the honours, however, with which he was loaded seems to have been heaped upon him by the Tories; the balance therefore preponderates on that side, in addition to which his family had “from the time that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,” been looked up to as high Conservatives, and pre-eminently anti-Catholic. That Mr. Blackburne, whatever his other views were, was deeply imbued with a darkened prejudice against the Church of Rome, can admit of no manner of doubt, inasmuch as he protested against the Catholic Relief Bill, in 1822,<sup>1</sup> and affixed his name to a petition which was presented to the House of Commons against that measure.

In 1823, he was appointed by the Tory Government of the Marquis of Wellesley to act as judge in the counties of Limerick and Clare, for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of the Insurrection Act, which had then lately been enacted, and which, together with another Act for the suppression of the *Habeas Corpus*, were carried through Parliament by the Marquis of Londonderry (better known as Lord Castlereagh).

Those several enactments, it was considered by the legislature, were called for at the time, for the purpose of suppressing the lawless and insurrectionary spirit which had been caused by the sufferings of the people, during the dreadful famine of the year 1822. It need not be told that the magistrate, on whom was the

onus of administering the law enacted by the Insurrection Act, had a burden cast upon him greater than most men could bear, and yet it appears that those difficult and unpopular duties were discharged during the years 1823, 1824, and 1825, by Mr. Blackburne, with a firmness and impartiality which gave entire satisfaction to both parties, Catholic and Protestant, within the counties of Limerick and Clare.

In the year 1826, he was rewarded with a serjeantcy also by the Tory Government; and again, in the month of February, 1830, the Tories conferred further distinctions upon him, by entrusting him with an inquiry into those party riots with which the north of Ireland was then, as in later years, disgraced.

Serjeant Blackburne had hitherto served in the Tory Camp of Lord Liverpool, the Duke of Wellington, and the Marquis of Wellesley, statesmen opposed to the Reform Bill. It now came to his turn to serve in the opposite camp of the Whigs, and under the leadership of other statesmen, of Earl Grey and of the Marquis of Anglesea, who had pledged themselves to carry the Reform of Parliament at all hazards. In the month of November, 1830, the Duke of Wellington, the leader of the party with whom the learned serjeant had theretofore been associated, resigned office. Earl Grey was sent for by His Majesty, King William IV., and immediately proceeded to form a ministry, and, amongst the appointments, Lord Plunket was created Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and Serjeant Blackburne Attorney-General. The selection of Blackburne by the Whigs does not at all prove that he himself had become a Whig, but it rather goes to show that the appointment was made to conciliate the Tories, and we are borne out in that view by the judicial appointments made by the new Ministry on

<sup>1</sup> “Memoranda of Irish Matters,” by Hercules Ellis, Barrister-at-Law, p. 79.



their accession to power. Two vacancies having occurred on the Bench, Messrs. Joy and Doherty, the former Attorney-General, and the latter Solicitor-General, under the late Government, were created, one Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, and the other Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. In thus bestowing places on the servants of the out-going administration, the new Government merely returned the compliment paid to them by the Duke of Wellington, for he had as his Chancellor in Ireland, Sir Anthony Hart, who had been raised to the woolsack by Mr. Canning, in 1827, but who it must be admitted professed himself to be a lawyer and a lawyer only, and of no political views whatsoever. On the whole we are disposed to consider Mr. Blackburne a Conservative, but of so moderate a hue that the kindly but bigoted old Chancellor, Lord **Monners**, did not consider him sufficiently Orange in his principles to make him entitled to a silk gown for seventeen years after his "call," though, on the testimony of Mr. O'Connell, he was the ablest lawyer at the Bar.

The change of ministry in 1830 inspired the Repeal party with the delusive hope that as the Whigs were in office they would abolish the tithes, overturn the Church, and do much that they promised when out of office to do. One of the very first acts of Lord Anglesea, after his arrival in Dublin, was an avowal of his determination to put down agitation, and to suppress illegal associations. But he was met at every step by O'Connell, by whose ingenuity the Repeal Association, if we may so call it before its time, lived on under a multitude of different names. If a proclamation was issued in the morning, putting down the "The Society of the Friends of Ireland," at noon O'Connell dissolved it, and in the evening the same body appeared under another name: "The Anti-Union Association." This as-

sociation was also proclaimed and dissolved, and was immediately succeeded by the "Irish Volunteers for a Repeal of the Union." The agitation for a Home Parliament went on increasing in strength as it went, and Daniel O'Connell was the vivifying spirit of the movement. Untiring in his efforts, in season and out of season, in the House of Commons and on the platform, by his pen as well as his voice, he advocated the great principle which he considered as essential to the well-being of his country, as the Englishman considers the Parliament of Westminster to be essential to the well-being of his.

The great majority of the citizens of Dublin, throwing their whole heart and soul into the movement, determined to support O'Connell in the struggle. They therefore resolved to fête him whom they styled "the man of the people," and it was accordingly arranged, that on the 27th of December, 1830, a great meeting and procession should take place. The bands of music of the several guilds were to meet at Phippsborough, on the north side of the city, and thence they were to march through the principal streets to Mr. O'Connell's residence, in Merrion Square, on the south side. A privy-council was held at the Castle, which was attended by the Lord-Lieutenant, the Lord Chancellor, the Attorney-General (Blackburne) and others, when it was resolved that both meeting and procession should be put down by proclamation. Mr. O'Connell advised the people not to meet, and counselled them to remain quietly in their homes on that eventful day; they did so, but this was the beginning of a long contest between the arch-agitator and the Lord-Lieutenant. If, on the one side, His Excellency was guided by the advice of the Attorney-General, the Repeal party was guided, on the other, by the advice of Mr. O'Connell, a

lawyer equally astute and more ingenious.

The Government now watched every movement of O'Connell: they opened his letters in the post-office, and set spies on his track, and there were found men who belonged to what are called the upper classes, who had actually volunteered to become spies on that occasion to the Government. One of these was a Mr. Anthony Conwell, a law student and a *gentleman in good society* in Dublin, who was on intimate terms with Mr. O'Connell, with Mr. Costello, and the other Repeal agitators; he was in their confidence, and being so, he sat down and wrote the following letter to the Chief Secretary.<sup>1</sup>

*"Ballymillegan, Feb. 1st, 1831.*

"Sir,—I propose that I will become public or private agent of the Government. As a private agent, I consider I would be of more service to the Government than otherwise. I could find out all the private associates in Dublin that Mr. O'Connell is intimate with, and same, daily report, as I have been in the habit of attending private meetings in Dublin, where Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Costello presided, through the medium of words of admittance given to me by those gentlemen and others.

"My opinion is, that it is not Repeal of the Union is wanted. It is anarchy they want. As I am a student of the Kings Inns, I am admissible to any company that may come in my way in this case. Any communication that I may be honoured with will be respectfully received and faithfully attended to. Please direct to me 'Ballymillegan, Moneymore,'—Your most obedient and humble servant.

"ANTHONY CONWELL."

The Chief Secretary immediately sent this infamous production to the Attorney-General, to take his advice as to what action the Government

should take with respect to Mr. Conwell's offer. At the top of which the following remarkable words are written by Mr. Blackburne, and in pencilling.<sup>2</sup>

"The object of Mr. Anthony Conwell, as it seems to me, is to become a spy. He must be accredited in some way, before any use can be made of him, or any confidence reposed in him. For the present, all that can be required of him is to state facts (if he have any to state), if not, all that ought to be done is, to get his name and place of abode, so he may be found, if required again."

Signed, "FRANCIS BLACKBURNE,  
"Attorney-General."

The services tendered by Mr. Conwell were not accepted by the Government, and he does not appear to have favoured the Castle with any further discreditable productions. Mr. O'Connell's next ingenious device for a Repeal meeting was, to issue cards for an enormous breakfast party at the Rotundo,<sup>3</sup> but this was also put down by proclamation. The next, and perhaps the most dreadful of the plans that emanated from the fertile imagination of the arch-agitator, was a counsel to the people to run on the banks. A run followed, the consequences of which were disastrous, in many instances, to the great mercantile houses throughout the country.

Mr. O'Connell now resolved to set the Government at defiance. The several associations which he had started, one and all, had been put down by proclamation. He had, as we have already said, inaugurated a new body, under the title of "The Irish Volunteers for a Repeal of the Union." A privy-council was held, which was, as usual, attended by the Attorney-General, when a proclamation was issued to put down that body. Mr. O'Connell refused to submit,

<sup>1</sup> Vide Major Sirr's Papers in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.

<sup>2</sup> "Madden's United Irishmen," 4th series, last page.

<sup>3</sup> *Annual Register*.

the grounds of his refusal being that the organisation was legal, and that the proclamation was therefore powerless to suppress it, and he pledged his reputation as a lawyer that it was legal. He therefore held the meeting, and was immediately, together with Mr. Lawless, Mr. Steele, Mr. Barrett, and others, arrested, taken before a magistrate, and held to bail on a charge of having violated the provisions of the "Act for the Suppression of Illegal Associations."

The Attorney-General immediately directed a prosecution, and at the opening of Hilary term, in the month of January, 1832, bills of indictment, including counts for a misdemeanour, in violating the Act, and also for unlawful assemblies, at common law, were preferred against them. Thereupon "true bills" were found by the Grand Jury of the city of Dublin, in the Court of King's Bench. On the following day, a letter appeared in the columns of the *Freeman's Journal*, addressed to the Editor, which, though anonymous, was well-known, from its power and its sarcasm, to have been written by Mr. O'Connell himself, and which not alone turned the whole of the proceedings into the most painful ridicule, but accused the Government of being actuated in the case by the basest of motives. At the sitting of the Court that morning, the Attorney-General brought the article in question under the notice of the Chief Justice. The letter was, he said, calculated not alone to prejudice any jury that might go into the box to try the question at issue, but to bring the administration of justice into ridicule and contempt. The Court, having heard counsel on both sides, directed an attachment to issue forthwith against the proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, who was accordingly arrested and lodged in gaol.<sup>1</sup>

The Attorney-General then proceeded with the prosecution, and at every turn was harassed by the learning and ingenuity of Mr. O'Connell, whose first step was to demur to the indictment, and when the day arrived for arguing the questions of law, he withdrew the demurrer, and then pleaded Not Guilty. The term was then nearly over, and the Crown was apparently thrown out of a trial at Bar, or before the full Court. But on the last day of term he withdrew the plea of Not Guilty, and then pleaded Guilty, the consequence was, that all that remained for the Court to do was to pass sentence upon the traversers. But the Judges were then unprepared, and, therefore, deferred doing so until the first day of Easter term, nearly three months off. In the meantime, Lord John Russell, having been defeated in Committee on the Reform Bill, Parliament was, on the 22nd of April, 1831, dissolved, and with that dissolution the Act, under which the traversers were indicted, expired. Sentence then became impossible, and the indictment fell to the ground. The history of a great part of these several proceedings is given by the Attorney-General (Mr. Blackburne), in a letter from him to Mr., afterward, Lord Stanley, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and read by that gentleman in the House of Commons, on the 16th of February, 1832.<sup>2</sup>

The following year, 1833, was remarkable for one of the most formidable conspiracies that had ever existed in this country against the payment of tithes to the Established Church. It was in vain that the Protestant clergy seriously alleged that they were the representatives, as well as the successors of the old Church that existed in Ireland for long centuries before the introduction of Popery by Henry II.<sup>3</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> Annual Register.

<sup>2</sup> Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Brady, a learned dignitary of the Protestant Church, states that the Papal supremacy was acknowledged in Ireland previous to the reign of Henry II., and that Cardinal Papaparo presided at a council of the Irish Church long before the English

people declined to accept the services of those ministers of the Gospel whom they regarded as intrusive. Refusing, therefore, their proffered ministrations, they also refused to pay them for their uninvited advice on matters spiritual.

The Established clergy, reduced to a state bordering on starvation by this conspiracy against the payment of tithes, were constrained to have recourse to legal proceedings. The Rev. Hans Hamilton was then Rector of a parish in the county of Kilkenny, and he also insisted on his tithe, but the people were resolved never to pay him a farthing, no matter what the rights of the Church, real or imaginary, were. A process-server proceeded to the parish to serve the necessary legal documents in the first instance. This functionary was protected by the police on his mission. Angry crowds collected along his line of route—a fight ensued, blood flowed on all sides, and before an hour eleven constables and many civilians were laid dead on the field of Carrickshock.<sup>1</sup>

Intense was the excitement that followed this dreadful carnage, many arrests were made, and many informations sworn, but the chiefs of the movement were never made amenable to the law. Some were committed for the approaching assizes at Kilkenny; but strange to say, out of thirteen one only, a young man named Kennedy, was put on his trial. The Attorney-General (Mr. Blackburne) appeared as leading counsel for the Crown, and Mr. O'Connell for the accused. From the opening of the case it was manifest that no conviction could be obtained. The prisoner at the bar, who, however, had not the same con-

fidence that his counsel had, frequently interrupted Mr. O'Connell with an imploring whisper, "Do you think will they convict me." At length the Judge commenced his charge to the jury, the prisoner becoming bewildered as his lordship advanced, leant over the dock, and, as the story goes, had the rashness to say, loud enough for the jury to hear, "Oh, Counsellor, do you think will they hang me?" "Whist," said O'Connell, with a leer, "make your mind *aisy* on that point; for if they hang you, I promise you that I'll make it a dear hanging to them." This consolation, administered in a stage whisper, not only disturbed the gravity of the Attorney-General, but threw the whole court into shouts of laughter. After the close of the charge, the jury retired, and immediately returned a verdict of Not Guilty. The prisoner was then about to be put on his trial on another count, but the Attorney-General entered a *nolle prosequi* on the part of the Crown, declaring, at the same time, that he never would be a party to putting a person in jeopardy twice for the same transaction.

The Carrickshock riot was not the only one in which blood was shed during the tithe war. Prosecutions followed prosecutions with great rapidity, and in every case Catholic jurors were kept out of the box. "It was then," we are informed on the authority of Lord John Russell, "the general practice of the Crown to set aside all Catholics and Liberal Protestants. In one case Mr. Blackburne set aside 43 persons, of whom 36 were Catholics, and 7 were Protestants, and all of them respectable men," and yet we are informed that when he

invasion. Vide "Facts and Fictions," by the Rev. W. Maziere Brady, D.D. That St. Fursa acknowledged the supremacy of the Roman Church in the sixth century appears by his outburst of piety on approaching for the first time the city of Rome. Vide Life of St. Fursa in "Colgani Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ," vol. i. I forget the page, but the reader will find it under Vita S. Fursæi, 16th January.

<sup>1</sup> "Mitchell's Hist. of Ireland," vol. ii., Hansard.

<sup>2</sup> Hansard, Speech of Lord Russell, 19th February, 1843. Also Memoranda of Irish Matters, by Mr. Hercules Ellis, Barrister-at-Law.

had a jury made to his hand, that he conducted the prosecutions in a spirit of forbearance, which was extolled by the journals hostile to him at the time.

In the month of October, 1834, an opportunity was afforded to the Attorney-General to retire from active professional life to the quiet repose of the Bench. Mr. Justice Jebb having died, a vacancy occurred in the Court of King's Bench, and Blackburne was, as a matter of course, offered the seat—his patent was actually made out, and it only awaited the royal signature to complete the appointment; but Lord Melbourne, feeling that the loss of so able a lawyer and at such a time would greatly embarrass the Government, induced him to resign his claim in favour of the Solicitor-General, Mr. Philip Crampton, with a distinct promise that he should be promoted to the first vacant chief's place. Blackburne soon found that he had made a mistake; for at the close of the same year the Whig ministry were thrown out of office, and replaced by Sir Robert Peel, who was entrusted with the task of forming a Tory administration. Lord Haddington then became Lord Lieutenant, Sir Edward Sugden Lord Chancellor, and Mr. Blackburne Attorney-General. Thus, on the morning of the 9th of December, 1834, Blackburne was Attorney-General to the then expiring Whig Government of Earl Grey, and in the evening of the same day he was Attorney-General to the Tory Government of Sir Robert Peel.

On the 7th of April following (1835), a hostile vote on the Irish Church again displaced the Tories, and Lord Melbourne returned to power as Prime Minister. Bitterly resenting Mr. Blackburne's acceptance of office under Sir Robert Peel, Lord Melbourne conceived

that he was released from his promise of the previous October, and Blackburne was not appointed Attorney-General. He then descended to the rank of a practising barrister, and for the next six years confined himself, except on very special cases and on very special fees, to the Court of Chancery.

On the overthrow of the Whigs, in 1841, the Tories returned to power, and Francis Blackburne was once more Attorney-General. In 1842 he was appointed Master of the Rolls, and in the memorable year—1846—he became Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. In 1848 the young Irishers, encouraged by the Revolution in France, openly preached sedition to the people; then followed the trials of William Smith O'Brien and Thomas Francis Meagher—the disagreement in both cases of the juries—the trial of John Mitchel—his transportation, and the subsequent attempt at insurrection in the Ballinacorney Cabbage Garden, which was put down by a few policemen.

Contemptible as this attempt was, the Government thought it advisable to issue a special commission to try the leaders—O'Brien, Meagher, McManus, and O'Donoghue, for high-treason. The trials took place at Clonmel, in the autumn of 1848, the judges being Blackburne, Chief-Justice, and Doherty, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas.<sup>1</sup>

The system of jury-packing, for which Sir Robert Peel was so loudly condemned by Lord John Russell when out of office, was now, that he was in office, adopted by him to secure a verdict. One hundred Roman Catholics were somehow or other struck off the panel. Mr. Whiteside, Q.C., leading counsel for William Smith O'Brien, is reported to have denounced the exclusion of Catholics from the jury-

<sup>1</sup> Vide the Report of the Trial in the "Freemen's Journal" and "Saunders's News-Letter," August, 1848.

box. "It made little difference to him whether his client were tried by a jury thus constituted, or taken out and shot through the head on the high road. No less than one hundred Roman Catholics had been struck off the panel, and so few left on, that Mr. O'Brien's right to challenge was now little better than a farce."<sup>1</sup>

Counsel for the Crown having spoken in favour of the jury as constituted, Chief-Justice Blackburne overruled the prisoner's objection; the trial of Smith O'Brien proceeded, and resulted in a verdict of guilty. Sentence of death was then passed upon him "to be hanged by the neck until dead, and his body to be divided into four quarters, in such manner as her Majesty should be pleased to direct." This barbarous old sentence of the law was afterwards commuted to that of transportation, which was immediately carried into effect.

Thomas Francis Meagher was next placed at the bar, and was also tried for high-treason before the Chief-Justice, and the Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, and found guilty. When asked whether he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he thus replied:—

"My Lords, it is my intention to say only a few words. I desire that the last act of a proceeding which has occupied so much of the public time shall be of short duration. Nor have I the indelicate wish to close the dreary ceremony of a State prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear that hereafter, when I shall be no more, the country which I have tried to serve would think ill of me, I might indeed, avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. The country will judge of those sentiments and that con-

duct in a light far different from that in which the jury by which I have been convicted have viewed them; and, by the country, the sentence which you, my lords, are about to pronounce, will be remembered only as the severe and solemn attestation of my rectitude and truth.

"Whatever be the language in which that sentence be spoken, I know my fate will meet with sympathy, and that my memory will be honoured. In speaking thus, accuse me not, my lords, of an indecorous presumption. To the efforts I have made, in a just and noble cause, I ascribe no vain importance, nor do I claim for those efforts any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever happen so, that they who have tried to serve their country, no matter how weak the efforts may have been, are sure to receive the thanks and blessings of its people.

"With my country, then, I leave my memory—my sentiments—my acts—proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime of which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment towards them. Influenced, as they must have been, by the charge of Chief-Justice Blackburne, they could have found no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations on it, I feel sincerely, would ill befit the solemnity of the scene; but earnestly beseech of you, my lord, you who preside on that bench, when the passions and prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your conscience and ask of it, was your charge, as it ought to have been, impartial, and indifferent between the subject and the Crown?

"My Lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it might seal my fate. But

<sup>1</sup> Mitchell's History of Ireland, vol. ii.

I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost. I am here to regret nothing I have done,—to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave with no lying lip the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it; even here—here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their foot-prints in the dust; here on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave, in an unanointed soil open to receive me—even here, encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked still consoles, animates, and enraptures me. No, I do not despair of my old country, her peace, her glory, her liberty! For that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up,—to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world—to restore her to her native power and her ancient constitution,—this has been my ambition, and my ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains this crime, and justifies it. Judged by that history I am no criminal,—you (addressing Mr. McManus) are no criminal—you (addressing Mr. O'Donoghue) are no criminal: I deserve no punishment—we deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt; is sanctified as a duty, will be ennobled as a sacrifice!

“With these sentiments, my lords, I await the sentence of the Court. Having done what I felt to be my duty—having spoken what I felt to be truth, as I have done on every other occasion of my short career, I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death—the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sym-

pathies—whose factions I have sought to still—whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim—whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a proof of the love I bear her, the sincerity with which I thought, and spoke, and struggled for freedom—the life of a young heart, and with that life all the hopes, the honour, the endearments of a happy and an honourable home. Pronounce, then, my lords, the sentence which the law directs—I am prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart and perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal—a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness as well as of justice will preside, and where, my lords, many—many of the judgments of this world will be reversed.”

Why the charge of the learned Chief-Justice was thus impugned for partiality we have been unable to discover. His lordship appears to have dispassionately considered and weighed, in his lengthened charge, every scrap of evidence that was given in the case. Sentence of death was then passed on that fearless but misguided young man, and that sentence was afterwards, on the recommendation, as we are informed, of Chief-Justice Blackburne, commuted to transportation. Meagher, O'Brien, and the other chiefs of the Young Ireland movement were immediately transported to the distant shores of Van Dieman's land, there to waste the best years of their lives in brooding over the countless misfortunes which had long thickened over their unhappy country.

The Commission, when its work was done, was closed, and the Chief-Justices left Clonmel and returned to preside in their respective courts in Dublin. Disaffection still continued, and the people beheld with dismay every institution of their country but the poor-house and the emigrant

ship withering away. Although the the harvest of 1848 had been more abundant than that of the immediately preceding years, multitudes still perished from hunger, owing to the free-trade policy of Lord John Russell, which imposed no restriction on exportation of corn from the Irish ports, and gave no premium for its importation. The Relief Committees, the Society of Friends, and the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, were uniting in their work of charity; and heading many subscriptions to these societies was the constant name of Francis Blackburne, C.J.

With the close of the summer of 1849 many of the relief committees were dissolved, and the people had once more to thank the Great Dispenser of all good gifts for the blessings of a bountiful harvest. Early in the month of August in that year the Queen, for the first time, visited her kingdom of Ireland. She had then been many years on the throne, and she had visited Scotland over and over again, but owing to constant political agitation, the Irish shores she had never seen. On this, her first visit, all classes of society, the peer and the beggar, rushed towards the city, to welcome that sovereign whose spotless character had long been admired by them. Around her throne, and in her palace of Dublin Castle, were collected, at her levee, her faithful subjects in great numbers. There were Archbishops and Bishops of the Protestant and Catholic Churches, and there were the heads of the Presbyterian Faith. There was the Chief Rabbi of the Jews, carrying in his hand a vellum roll of the Law and the Prophets. Beside her, on that day, stood the keeper of her conscience, Lord Chancellor Brady, Chief-Justice Blackburne, and the whole of the judicial bench, the great military chieftains, and the hereditary aristocracy of the country.

In the year 1850, Lord John Russell, never popular with the high

Protestant party, had the mortification of seeing the entire of the Catholic members of both Houses of Parliament estranged from him, owing to his letter, "impertinent and intrusive," to the Bishop of Durham, in which, having characterised the services of the Catholic Church as "the mummeries of superstition," he openly insulted the Pope for having established the Catholic hierarchy in England, as his predecessor, Gregory the Great, had done, when the sovereigns of England also differed in faith from that of the see of Rome. By the law, as it stood in 1850, it was illegal for the prelates of the Catholic Church to take their titles from existing sees. To evade this obstacle, his Holiness created new sees, such as Westminster, Southwark, &c., and from these cities were the titles of the new hierarchy taken. To cure this defect in the law, an Act of Parliament was passed, entitled "The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," to which Lord John Russell lent his entire support. This sundered all connexion between the Government and the Catholic members of Parliament, who formed themselves into a knot, styled by the English Press as the "Papal Brigade," pledged to repeal the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," and to oppose every Government until that end was obtained. A Catholic paper called the *Catholic Telegraph*, was established to complete the organisation. Early in February, 1852, the Government introduced a harmless but necessary Act, the "Militia Bill;" it was opposed by the Conservatives; the Papal Brigade, determined to worry the Government, voted against them, and they were thrown out. Lord Derby succeeded to office; the Earl of Eglington was appointed Lord-Lieutenant, and Francis Blackburne Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

During his short term of office, there were but few cases of public interest in this court. The Chancery Regulation Act, had then been two



years in operation, and the great battles amongst suitors were fought in the Master's offices. Questions of infancy and lunacy were, however, mostly reserved by the Chancellor for hearing before himself. His lordship made it his special business to inquire, both personally and through his secretary, into everything connected with the management of lunatics under the charge of the Court. The private asylums near Dublin he frequently unexpectedly visited. A curious anecdote of Sir Edward Sugden's visit to a private lunatic asylum is related by Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, in a work of great research, by that learned author, which has just issued from the press. Although a little out of place, we have no hesitation in bringing it before our readers.

"The records of lunacy at Finglas are for the most part of a dreary character, and hardly one incident remains to be told calculated to relieve their gloom. Stories are, no doubt, related of men who, like the once famous Mr. O'Callaghan, of Cork, imagined that the base of their trunk was a fragile sheet of glass, and never sat down for fear of smashing it; but he must be heartless who would laugh at such delusions. A really good story, however, was once told by Daniel O'Connell to his private secretary, Mr. Daunt, concerning a Lord Chancellor of the day, who was fond of investigating into the management of lunatic asylums. He made an agreement with Sir Philip Crampton, the Surgeon-General, to visit, without any previous intimation, a lunatic asylum at Finglas. Some wag wrote word to the asylum that a patient would be sent there in a carriage that day, who was a smart little man that thought himself one of the judges, or some great person of that sort, and who was to be detained by them. The doctor was out when the Chancellor arrived.

He appeared to be very talkative, but the keepers humoured him and answered all his questions. He asked if the Surgeon-General had come; the keeper answered 'No, but that he was expected immediately.' 'Well,' said he, 'I shall inspect some of the rooms until he arrives.' 'O sir,' said the keeper, "we could not permit that at all." 'Then I shall walk for awhile in the garden,' said his lordship, 'while I am waiting for him.' 'We cannot let you go there either,' said the keeper. 'What!' said he, 'don't you know I am the Lord Chancellor?' 'Sir,' said the keeper, 'we have four more Lord Chancellors here already!' He got into a great fury, and they were beginning to think of a strait-waistcoat for him, when fortunately Sir Philip Crampton arrived. 'Has the Lord Chancellor come yet,' said he. The man burst out laughing, and said: 'Yes, sir—we have him safe; but he is by far the most violent patient we have.'"<sup>1</sup>

Lord Chancellor Blackburne's term of office was short indeed, the Papal Brigade, seeing that it was an utter impossibility that they, or any of them, banded as they were in the interests of the Papacy, could obtain office under Lord Derby, resolved to upset the Government coach, and throw out the Ministers; this they did, in the month of December, 1852. Lord Eglinton then left Ireland, and was succeeded by the Earl of St. Germans. Francis Blackburne then ceased to be Lord Chancellor, and Maziere Brady returned to his seat on the woolsack, which he had occupied on the first day of the same year, 1852.

Mr. Blackburne spent the next four years in private life. In 1856, however, he was once more invited, and by the Whig, Lord Palmerston, to take his seat on the Bench. In that year the Court of Appeal in Chancery

<sup>1</sup> "Irish Wits and Worthies," by J. W. FitzPatrick, Esq., J.P., Author of "The Sham Squire," page 282. Ed. 1872.

was constituted, and Mr. Blackburne became the first Lord Justice of Appeal.

In 1866, the Tories, who again returned to office, pressed the Chancellorship once more on Mr. Blackburne. At first he declined the responsibility, but the confidence so long reposed in him by the Catholic party made his acceptance a matter greatly to be desired by the Government. At length he accepted—unwillingly accepted—the appointment, and he was once more Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. In the following March, 1867, the infirmities of old age compelled him to resign. He had filled during his long life more offices than any other lawyer on record. For many years Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin, he took great interest in everything appertaining to the success of that seat of learning, where he received his early education. He was also a member of the Senate of the Queen's University. Though devoted to the principles of the Reformation, he was associated with Lord Derby (then Mr. Stanley) in preparing the Tithe Rent Charge and the Church Temporalities Acts.<sup>1</sup> His advice was frequently asked by the Government during troubled times, and as often acted upon. He never was an advocate for stern measures, his voice being always heard on the side of moderation and mercy; while at the Bar the chief characteristic of his style was brevity—in cross-examination he was very skilful, never using that overpowering loudness of tone and violence of language which sometimes succeed in breaking down a dishonest witness. Mr. Blackburne rather used his dexterity in leading on a witness, by cautiously and calmly putting questions calculated to commit him, and bringing him, from point to point, to the statement at which he

wished to arrive. As law officer for the Crown, he did his duty conscientiously, but never erred on the side of severity. On the bench he was all that could be desired in an Equity and Common-Law Judge; his decisions were clear and logical, and his judgments calm, dignified, and excelling in the quality of discrimination. His death occurred on the 17th September, 1867, at Kathfarnam Castle, near Dublin, he being then in his 86th year. His last moments were soothed by lamenting friends. He was regretted by the occupants of the Bench, who long looked upon him as its brightest light, and by the members of the Bar for the solicitude he continually showed for their interest and well-being, not less than by the other branch of the profession, by whom he deserves to be remembered as the chief agent in instituting the examinations for attorney's apprentices.

During the year and five months that Mr. Blackburne presided in the Court of Chancery there were two appeals to the House of Lords taken from his decretal orders; of these, one was affirmed and one reversed.

Mr. Blackburne was married in 1809, to Jane, daughter of William Martley, Esq., M.D. of Ballymullen, co. Meath, and by her left issue six sons and three daughters<sup>2</sup>.

REPORTERS for the Court of Chancery *tempore* Francis Blackburne, Messrs. Michael R. Westropp, William Hickson, J. Blackham, and George Barton, Barristers-at-law, were the several reporters for this Court in the Irish Chancery Reports and Irish Jurist, during the year 1852, and Messrs. Edward T. Bewley, and Oliver J. Burke, Barristers-at-law, in the Irish Chancery Reports and Irish Jurist, in the year 1866.

OLIVER J. BURKE. 4

<sup>1</sup> "Irish Law Times," vol. i. p. 552.      <sup>2</sup> Burke's Landed Gentry.

## THE "FALSE WOMAN'S VOW."

COULD the pulse of my heart,  
In its solitude grieving—  
Could it tell but a part,  
Of the love you're deceiving?

Could the hours of my anguish  
Find a tongue to unfold,  
The truth which must languish  
For ever untold?

Could I speak to you now,  
As I've spoken before ;  
When you whispered the vow  
That is sacred no more,

I would ask of your lips,  
Where their promise has flown ;  
Whilst another's eclipse,  
All you loved in my own.

I would ask you to think,  
Did they e'er cling to mine ;  
Does your memory shrink,  
From those moments divine?

Does your memory shrink,  
From the vows you've spoken ?  
I would ask you to think,  
Are they broken—all broken ?

Should we e'er meet again,  
Would you deem me a stranger ?  
Would you smile on me then,  
Would you think there was danger ?

Would you list to the tone  
Of the voice you knew well ;  
When the tear-drop alone  
Told each other's farewell ?

As we sat by the lake,  
With the mountains in view,  
'That I'll love for your sake,  
For the memory of you,

With your hand clasped in mine,  
As we sat side by side ;  
And those moments divine,  
Have they ebbed like the tide ?

Had our eyes never met,  
As they have to my sorrow ;  
My sun had not set  
Without hopes for to-morrow.

But no more : we've parted  
To meet, perhaps, never—  
And one brokenhearted  
For ever—for ever !

O. J. B.

## THE BELLE OF BELGRAVIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERNEY COURT," ETC.

## PRELUDE.

"You think her pretty?"

"Pretty! She is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen!" returned George Moreton, with quiet fervour.

"How enthusiastic!" remarked his companion with a sarcastic smile.

Moreton seemed to hesitate a moment, then laying his hand on the other's shoulder, but looking straight before him, as though seeking to penetrate the dim vista of future years, "William Atherton," he said, "I am a poor man; I know I am a plain man, plain in my looks, plain in my manners. I may, per-

haps, never marry; but if ever I marry at all, my wife will be Mabel Deane."

His companion laughed outright.

"Very true, my dear fellow," he returned, as if trying to suppress his humour. "Your manners are very plain, your looks—well, tolerably so. All that, however, we might obviate. But your fortune, my poor friend!—what is your income, three hundred a year? Well, I admire the gushing hopefulness of exuberant youth. I trust I may live long enough to see George Moreton, Esquire, espouse the *Belle of Belgravia*."

## CHAPTER I.

## LADY BLATHERTON'S BALL.

Coote's band struck up the opening strains of the Hilda Valse, which was at that time the fashionable valse of the season; and the younger portion of the gay and aristocratic company, assembled in the drawing-room of Lady Blatherton, in Eaton Square, made preparations to enjoy the fascinating dance.

A young man, quiet and grave in his demeanour, stepped across the room to where two young ladies were seated on a couch, fanning themselves, and indulging in one of those confidential and critical little causeries, which young ladies delight in.

"Oh, my dear, what grave and solemn personage is this!" whis-

pered one of the young ladies to her companion, with a merry flash of her bright eyes, as the young man approached.

"Mr. Moreton," quickly returned the other young lady, with a smile. "He is coming to ask me to dance, I suppose. Well, I am engaged, that is one mercy."

"Dear me, is that Mr. Moreton? I thought he was a Quaker, or at least a melancholy missionary, contemplating——"

"Ah, Mr. Moreton!" exclaimed the other girl, turning her soft, violet eyes full on the gentleman's face. Indeed, both the fair hypocrites were now looking as gravely and respectfully at him as though they had

never criticised him in their lives. "Ah, Mr. Moreton! you have scarcely spoken to me this evening.

"It is my misfortune, not my fault," George Moreton answered, with a smile. "I have sought the opportunity, Miss Deane; but, of course, I cannot have a chance when I find you all the evening engrossed with noblemen, baronets, and so forth."

He laid a bitter emphasis on the word *baronets*. Miss Mabel Deane laughed playfully in his face, and asked him if he had been there long.

Just then the dancing commenced, and as couple after couple whirled by to the graceful strains of the Hilda, a gentleman came up and claimed the hand of the dark-eyed damsel who was sitting by Mabel's side, and led her off into the vortex.

"May I have the pleasure *this* time?" said Moreton.

The girl hesitated a moment.

"How vexing!" she said, and her pretty face really looked very sorry. "I am engaged to Sir Harry Vernon, and here he comes now. The next one, if you like."

The young man bowed and drew back, while Sir Harry, a good-natured, but very simple and self-satisfied young fellow, with carrotty hair parted in the centre, offered his arm, and in a moment more was whirling round with the rest.

"Confound the idiot!" muttered George, pulling his whiskers angrily, for the girl, in passing, had given Moreton a glance over the baronet's shoulder, which drove him almost frantic.

"Hulloa, Moreton! you don't seem over-pleased!" said a voice at his elbow. "What is the matter? Won't she dance with you?"

And George's friend, William Atherton, allowed that sarcastic smile to play across his handsome face, which, accompanied by his cynical speeches, had earned him

the reputation amongst the ladies of being "a dreadfully satirical young man."

"Don't be a fool, Atherton," returned his friend, snappishly.

"No, my dear fellow, I won't. I don't think much of her myself. Indeed, I can't see what you fellows see in her to make such donkeys of yourselves. The girl is graceful enough, I admit; she has fine eyes, good teeth, and dresses with excellent taste."

"She is the most lovely girl in the room," interrupted the other with enthusiasm.

"Hum! There are some decidedly pretty girls in the room, too, old fellow," returned the other, glancing round the gay assembly. "For my part I like the look of that dark-eyed girl. She is more in my style."

"Which?"

"The one in pink, waltzing with that fellow who looks as if he had a stiff neck, and was afraid his head might come off in the struggle?"

"Pshaw!" ejaculated George, indignantly; "do you compare her with Mabel?"

"Of course not, my boy, if the comparison vexes you. Mabel has, undoubtedly, good sense; she prefers a baronet with plenty of money (if he is a fool), to a young fellow who is not a baronet, and has no money, and who, except where she is concerned, is certainly no fool."

The waltz wound up with its usual flourish. Then there was a rustling of dresses, a chattering of voices, and laughter. And that celebrated baritone, Herr Bruno Fürst, sat down to the piano, and favoured the company with an Italian song.

"What humbug all this routine of society is!" whispered Atherton to his friend; "and what dolts we are to weary our lives in the pursuit of this empty humdrum which is called pleasure, but which means simply—Fashion!"

"I think so too," returned George, moodily. "And sometimes I make up my mind to shake off its trammels, eschew society and its temptations, and devote my life to business and the acquisition of wealth."

"I would. Society won't miss you, particularly if you continue in the state of unmitigated gloom in which you have indulged since the Mabel-Deane mania came over you. By the way, talking of business, have you heard the rumours that were afloat this afternoon in the City?"

"No, what rumours?"

"They say that Overend, Gurney and Co.—"

But at this juncture the band struck up the prelude to the next dance.

"Excuse me, Atherton!" interrupted Moreton hastily; and with a flushed face, and a parting nod, he hastened across the room to claim the hand of Mabel Deane.

And then, when his arm encircled the fair girl's waist, when her soft breath fanned his cheek, and her eyes glanced up now and then so tenderly into his, where were all his fine resolves to abandon society and its manifold temptations which beset mankind.

This plain man of business actually found himself quoting Tennyson in his partner's ear, and during those brief interludes between the figures of the quadrille, if an eavesdropper had been near, he might have heard these two whispering earnestly in little sentences about "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" and "King Cophetua," and so forth.

"And may I have the galop at the *finale*?" said this unstable young man, presently, during a pause.

"Yes, if we stay so long," the girl replied. "But uncle is tired; I can see he is getting uneasy, and wants to go home."

However, they had that galop

together, and then George Moreton was amongst the group of eager gentlemen who saw the girl safely under the charge of her *chaperone*, that worthy matron, her mamma, and her uncle, John Staples, Esq., so well known as a Director of the Great Finsbury Finance Company, Limited.

Oh, that gentle pressure of the hand as they said "Good night!" and that friendly nod which the girl gave him (as well as her other admirers, for that matter), when the carriage drove away. And then what a blank, dismal, stale, and uninteresting affair did the finish of that grand ball seem to George Moreton! how plain-looking and ungraceful the women! what unmitigated bores the men!

"What a confounded fool I am!" muttered the young fellow to himself, as he descended the flight of steps from Lady Blatherton's mansion. "Dreams, dreams! and yet——"

"Wait a moment, Moreton, I am coming part of your way. You may as well give me the advantage of your agreeable society."

And William Atherton by his side.

"What shall we talk about? Mabel Deane? Old Staples seemed very uneasy in his mind to-night, though he tried to make the best of it. The news in the City is not very reassuring, I suspect."

"You have heard that the Consolidated Bank have taken over the obligations of the Bank of London?"

"Yes; and as I was about to tell you this evening, there are some nasty rumours that Overend, Gurney and Co. are confoundedly shaky. I wonder how the Finsbury Finance will bear the strain?"

"Poor girl, if anything should go wrong with her uncle," said Moreton, somewhat irrelevantly.

"Mabel again," laughed his friend. "Really you are mad about the girl. You think her pretty?"

"Pretty! She is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen," returned George Moreton, with quiet fervour.

"How enthusiastic!" remarked his companion, with a sarcastic smile.

Moreton seemed to hesitate a moment, then laying his hand on the other's shoulder, but looking straight before him as though seeking to penetrate the dim vista of future years. "William Atherton," he said, "I am a poor man; I know I am a plain man, plain in my looks, plain in my manners. I may, perhaps, never marry; but if ever I marry at all, my wife will be Mabel Deane."

His companion laughed outright.

"Very true, my dear fellow," he returned, as if trying to suppress his humour; "your manners are very plain, your looks—well, tolerably so. All that we might tolerate. But your fortune, my poor friend! What is your income, three hundred a year? Well, I admire the gushing hopefulness of exuberant youth. I trust I may live long enough to see George Moreton, Esquire, espouse the Belle of Belgravia."

Was the hope an omen of the Future? Little could William Atherton know what the destiny of that Future was. Little could poor George Moreton foresee into what a vortex he was about to be hurled.

## CHAPTER II.

### GEORGE MORETON'S DREAM.

LOVE, like hot suppers, pleasant enough in itself, has a tendency to make a man restless and uncomfortable at night.

When George Moreton reached his quiet apartments at Bayswater at a very early hour in the morning, and found himself presently snugly ensconced between the sheets, he began to suffer from this species of sentimental indigestion, and found that sleep was not likely to come to him immediately, on account of those visions of female grace and loveliness which kept flitting before him in his excited imagination.

"Confound the moon!" he muttered presently, and turned on his pillow in fretful pettishness.

Which remark the reader may take to be very irrelevant to the subject of his thoughts, and as indicative indeed that love was already undergoing that metamorphosis which cynics attribute to it, and becoming madness. The ejaculation may, however, be better explained by the fact that the young man, before getting into bed, had forgotten to draw down the window-

blind, the consequence being that the glorious queen of night poured in a stream of dazzling light between the dimity curtains clear into the young lover's face.

Should he get out and rectify the inadvertence? He felt very comfortable and warm as he was, and he thought he would rather remain so.

So the only alternative was, to do as most young fellows in the same romantic frame of mind would have done—to remain where he was, and defying the moonbeams, stare the lunar orb full in the face.

How grand she looked, sailing through the silvery clouds, and being, indeed, monarch of her celestial domains, attended by a bright star, which George, though no astronomer; conjectured must be Jupiter, and fancifully surmised might be her Majesty's Gold Stick or Master of the Horse..

Then, as he continued staring at the moon and mapping out the mountains and craters upon it, he began to wonder whether Mabel Deane was looking at the same

object just then; also, was she thinking of him or of that good-looking young baronet with the carrotty hair, parted in the middle—Sir Harry Vernon?

There was something about the girl's eyes—oh, those soft and tender eyes! when she waved her hand to him at parting, that made him rather commiserate the baronet than not; though he mentally cursed him for his presumption, at the same time. And he began whistling that last galop which he and Mabel had had together, with such hearty elation and joy, that the crusty old gentleman who slept in the next room, presently reminded him of his unseasonable harmony by tapping angrily at the party-wall with the heel of one of his Wellington boots.

"But what can she care about a poor devil like me, who am not even good-looking!" he sighed with sudden dejection. "And what would old Staples say, even if she *did* care?" he added, which was, perhaps, still more to the point.

This more financial and matter-of-fact part of the question caused him briefly to review his own past life, his present position and future prospects. How he as a boy, the son of respectable parents, in a country town, had first lost his mother; and two years after, his father, a well-to-do solicitor, had died, leaving a small fortune to a relative, in trust for the orphan; and how that trust having been faithfully fulfilled, George had received a good education, been articled to a London solicitor, and how, when he became one-and-twenty, and his articles had expired, he, not liking the law, had on the strength of his little fortune of three hundred a year, gone rambling over a good part of Europe, remained a couple of years in an accountant's office in New York, and had finally, about two years ago, when seven-and-twenty years of age, returned to London,

and led an idle but not dissipated life. He had the *entrée* to good society, on the strength of his independent means, the reputation he had acquired from having contributed a novel to a magazine, and the personal liking of a few fashionable young men whose acquaintance he had made, amongst whom was William Atherton. Thus it was he had first encountered Mabel Deane.

George sighed at this epoch of his meditations. He felt that his prospects in regard to that young lady were not very hopeful. He could not but feel that even if the girl, who was the reputed beauty of the season, were to regard him favourably, of which he had not much reason to hope, her uncle, the wealthy City man, the Chairman of the Finsbury Finance Company, was but little likely to be equally complaisant.

Just then he heard Big Ben, of Westminster, boom, in the still morning air, the hour of five. Soon after he forgot everything, and fell asleep; and into a happy, but grotesque dream.

Such a dream! He thought he was in some fair palace, with gardens and long gravelled walks, stretching out to the horizon. There were quaint-looking trees scattered about over the beautiful park-like lands; some of them cut into the quaint forms of peacocks, after the fashion of Queen Anne's time. There were noble terraces, and fountains playing, and the palace itself was made of white marble and glass, which glistened like silver in the moonlight.

He heard soft music in the distance, and while he looked there came from a sort of grotto to the left, a procession of gayly-dressed men and maidens, laughing and dancing towards a flight of steps which led towards the palace-doors.

They passed. He followed, and the music became more distinct. As he entered the portico he found himself in the midst of the company. Such handsome and aristocratic-



looking men ; some of them peering disdainfully at him through eye-glasses ! Such lovely girls, smiling at him with sparkling eyes and gleaming teeth, from amidst a cloud of gauze and lace, and rustling silks—blue, pink, white, and mauve ! And fragrant flowers, and many-coloured lamps !

And the whole structure seemed to expand, and increase in brilliancy and magnificence. It was a glorious hall, well packed with company ; clusters of chandeliers over-head ; at the far end of the saloon an immense orchestra, which was thundering out the most lively and soul-stirring strains. The air was laden with an intoxicating perfume of roses ; and above all arose the sound of trampling feet, the gay chattering of a thousand tongues, and peals of musical laughter.

All at once, as if by magic, the whole assembly burst into a universal dance. The band was playing the sweet and graceful cadences of the Hilda Valse ; and he, without knowing how it commenced, or how it came about, found himself whirling amidst the joyous throng.

And his partner ! The girl whom he held so close to his heart, whose head rested so lightly against his shoulder ; whose hair swept out, whose warm breath fanned his cheek ! He knew she was Mabel, the Belle of Belgravia !

Oh, what a mad dance was that ! There they went, these two, looking unspeakable love into each other's eyes. Their gloved hands pressing tenderly ; his whiskers touching the girl's fair cheek, and their parted lips almost ready to meet.

And round and round they glided, the music rising and falling in a varied strain. He grew giddy and breathless, and she also. The whole gorgeous concourse seemed to merge mysteriously into THEMSELVES. They were conscious of nothing but their own wild love, and the soft light that beamed from each other's eyes.

Quicker and quicker they went, driven about by the maddening music which swelled from the Elfin band, till just as unconsciousness came upon them, a crystal gate swung open, and Moreton (without perceiving the process of the sudden change) found himself in a large conservatory, with Mabel leaning lovingly upon his arm.

How strange did the change appear ! Here were flowers and grim-looking fern trees, with a pale and ghastly starlight shining between the leaves ; and the cool night-air soothed the throbbing of his temples, so different from the hot, parched atmosphere of the ball-room they had just left.

While he was wondering at all this, he seemed to feel the girl clutch, terrified, at his arm, and her voice, which was whispering love into his ear, trembled, and burst into a fearful shriek.

A shudder of dread caused his blood to freeze, his heart to stop its regular pulsations. What object of horrors was it, that creeping—creeping, like a snake—seemed to emerge from amidst the forest of ferns.

It was a SOMETHING, a BEING of LIGHT, but at first without form. Gradually, as it moved, it became round and defined in shape. It was the moon—only the moon had taken the place of a human head on an otherwise headless trunk of a human form.

The girl at his side ran from him with another piercing cry of dismay. But he could not move : he could not lift his foot from the ground, while the dread object approached, dancing a goblin fandango, nearer and nearer yet.

The perspiration stood on his brow, and he gasped for breath. Still the unnatural monster came nearer, and there was another change. What seemed to be a moving moon took the features of a man. A great, big head on a little body, with eyes, and teeth, and mouth, and nose, all,

as it were, running one into the other, and staring him full in the face with a diabolical grin.

That face, that ghastly face, that drove the girl away. *It was the face of Sir Harry Vernon*, only distorted and devilish in aspect now!

He felt fingers pressing his throat; tight and tighter in their clasp. He was choking; a gurgling sound came from his mouth, and—he awoke!

“Curse the moon!” ejaculated George, as he sprang, rubbing his eyes, from the bed, only he used a stronger phrase, which, however, meant much the same thing.

But when he stared wildly about him, there was no moon to curse, for it was quite daylight now, and a man in the streets was ringing the bell of the house opposite, and crying “Milk, oh!”

“Eh! what a horrid dream!” muttered the young man, with a feeling of intense relief that, after all, it was a dream only.

He looked at his watch; it was nine o'clock. So dressing himself leisurely, he went down stairs to breakfast.

A very comfortable sort of person was Mr. George Moreton to enjoy himself in those days; and seated cosily, in his dressing-gown and slippers, before a blazing fire, he proceeded to enjoy his breakfast and the *Times*, a copy of which his worthy landlady was instructed to have laid on the table ready for him every morning.

“Births, marriages, and deaths! pshaw!”

George Moreton did not stop at these, for he knew how little he had to do with the two former, and the latter always seems of no consequence to a young man.

But what his eye did rather eagerly seek was the money article. Truth to tell, he was rather anxious about the Finsbury Finance Company; for he knew that upon the stability of that hitherto flourishing association

depended not only the fortunes of the fair Mabel Deane but his own. It was only two or three months ago that, upon the strong recommendation of John Staples, Esq., the Chairman, that Moreton had withdrawn a very large slice of his fortune from the Government Three per cent. Consols, and invested the same in the Finsbury Finance New Issue of Ordinary Shares.

“Consols! Well, my dear fellow, of course Consols are very safe,” John Staples had observed, as he stood one morning warming his back at the fire of his own splendidly-furnished mansion in Belgrave Square.

“That is what my poor father’s trustee used to tell me,” Moreton returned.

“Perfectly so, my dear Moreton; perfectly so, of course,” said his friend, with hesitation. John Staples seemed by his manner to think there *might* be a question of security in regard to Consols, after all.

“Besides, interest at about three-and-a-half per cent. is preposterous, in the present state of commercial enterprise; utterly preposterous.”

“It is small. I have sometimes thought of trying to invest on mortgage.”

“Four per cent.; five per cent., perhaps, if you are lucky.”

“I should be quite satisfied with five per cent.,” George answered, with a laugh.

The great financier smiled—a patronising, half-pitying smile.

“You are moderate, my dear sir. Few people are satisfied with less than ten per cent. now. Many of our best and soundest banks pay fifteen or twenty per cent. Some of our financial and discount companies pay much more. Look at the London Discount Foncier, the Grand Financial Loan, the—the—well, look even at the Finsbury Finance; not, however, that I like to advise.”

“I am exceedingly obliged to you, Mr. Staples, I am sure,” answered Moreton, grateful that the uncle of

Mabel Deane should feel an interest in him.

Mr. Staples shrugged his shoulders and looked benignant.

"Of this, my dear sir, you may be assured, if I *do* give advice, I give the best I can, and the best my general knowledge of commercial affairs will allow me to give. I should like to give you a lift if it lay in my way, certainly; for you are a different sort of fellow—excuse my saying so—from the ordinary young men of the day. So I said to my niece, Mabel, and she thought so too."

Indeed, John Staples appeared to take considerable interest in Moreton; he had done so ever since he had heard at the club that George Moreton had a few thousands at his command. And with the desire, no doubt, of giving his young friend the benefit of his experience and sound

advice, had invited him two or three times lately to Belgrave Square. For was it not, indeed, a pity and a shame that anybody for whom John Staples, chairman of the Finsbury Finance Company, felt a friendship, should have money which realised only three-and-a-half per cent., when he, John Staples, had it in his power to point out a way of obtaining so much more.

On these occasions George had seen Mabel Deane pretty often. That young lady had played to him, sung to him, looked at him with her irresistible eyes, and most probably didn't think or didn't care anything more about him.

So George Moreton had invested a good deal of his fortune in the newly-issued ordinary shares of the Finsbury Finance Company.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE FINANCIAL PANIC.

THE ordinary shares of the Finsbury Finance Company, which had only a fortnight ago stood at "1 prem.," and had, at one time, actually stood as high as "8 prem.," were now, as George Moreton perceived by reference to the share-list in the *Times*, "as low as 1½ dis." And he who had only a little while ago, looked upon the Finsbury Finance as a mine of wealth, by delving in which he might acquire those riches which would raise him more to the level of Mabel Deane; now perceived the ground upon which he had built his fanciful castles giving way beneath his feet; and likely to involve him in poverty if not in ruin.

"I must go to the City and sell these infernal shares!" he muttered savagely, as he flung the *Times* to the further end of the room.

He went into the City that morning. People were busy as usual, running about, some with memo-

randum-books in their hands, some with the greatest ease and nonchalance; probably these latter were they who had got no money to perplex and worry them. But the noisy streets looked just the same as usual. Nothing that a stranger could detect (except, indeed, that some whom he might meet seemed anxious and careworn in the face) revealed the presence of the volcano that was about to burst. Where were the warnings of the Great Financial Panic of 1866?

"Hulloa! Who would have thought of seeing you here? I fancied you never ventured this side of Temple Bar."

It was some stock-broking friend, who knew Moreton at the Club, who accosted him thus.

"I have some confounded shares I want to get rid of," George returned.

"What in?"

"Finsbury Finance."

"Rather fishy, I'm afraid; they've gone up a half per cent., though, since yesterday."

"Would you sell?"

"Well, I don't know; they may improve."

"Perhaps I had better wait a day or two?"

"Humph! I met old Staples just now. He seems jolly enough. He says that Overend, Gurney, and Co. are in bad favour only on account of the rumours that the old firm have been negotiating to sell their estates. Excuse me, old boy: I am rather in a hurry. See you to-night? Ta, ta!"

He thought he would wait a day or two. If, since yesterday the prospects of the Finance Company had improved, was it not likely a reaction in its favour had set in, and they would improve still more?

He went home. In the evening he went round to the Club thinking to find John Staples, the chairman, there. The porter informed him that Mr. Staples had not been there that day. So he went home uneasy in his mind, hoping that the prospects of the next day would be brighter.

The next day was the day of the crash. Overend and Gurney's were closed. Long will that terrible day remain in the memory of those who had balances at their bankers. Lombard-street was a scene of utter turmoil and confusion. The Bank of England raised its rate of discount to 10 per cent. People were rushing into the private and joint-stock banks, eager only to get their cheques cashed before the gold was all drained from the coffers; and to these claims the bankers responded with a promptitude and energy worthy of the reputation for pluck and honour achieved by British men of business. Instead of closing their doors against their timid, and, financially speaking, suicidal customers on the very stroke of the usual hour, they inspired confidence in the hearts of the wavering, by retaining their staff

of cashiers scooping up bullion across the counter late into the hours of night. Drafts upon their name might come in by hundreds; but there was the gold ready to meet all demands. Who can say but the bankers themselves and their active advisers, what a strain upon their resources all this required, at this most anxious moment, to maintain their integrity and meet their claims? A book might well be written on the Heroism of Commercial Life!

Most of the great firms came out of the struggle, strong and stainless. But the panic of 1866 was a terrible blow to Limited Liability; many of the companies, hitherto of repute, were swept clean away. Still more were so disabled as to require a speedy winding-up. But the effect upon the whole commercial community was mistrust, leading to stagnation; an effect which only years of gradual revival could remove.

A crowd of official liquidators and attorneys, no doubt, made a good thing out of the winding-up of those bubble companies, as well as of some sound but unfortunate concerns—almost as profitable to them, perhaps, as it had been a few years or a few months earlier to the promoters, the financial agents (and possibly the very same attorneys), to float the schemes. These were perhaps nearly the only persons who did profit. The rest of the community came to regard limited liability as an evil to be avoided as they would the plague. And yet limited liability, properly conducted, though an innovation in commercial life, is a grand thing.

Of those who suffered little need be here said. This book is not the record of Joint-Stock enterprise and failure. It is but the history of an ordinary man and a lovely girl, whose character will be unfolded as the chronicle wears on.

Let it suffice that, among the other *débris* of the smash, the Finsbury Finance Company, which had indeed

gone up like a rocket, had come down like a stick.

People, when they heard of it, were astounded, and would hardly believe the reports, which the newspapers confirmed as too true.

What had the directors to say? Well, the directors had very little to say. They were almost as much astounded as the unlucky shareholders themselves. The thing ought to have answered, because other things similar to it had answered. And if it hadn't succeeded, all they could say was other things had succeeded no better than they. They had not looked very much into the business or the accounts. Mr. John Staples, who was a personal friend of some of them, and whose reputation as a financier all the world knew, had told them that the Finsbury Finance was a good thing. So, upon his recommendation they had accepted seats at the Board, and, of course, the usual attendance-fees. For the rest—well, of course, they were very sorry; for were they not, as holders of shares, and in lost reputation, still greater sufferers than the public itself. They would very much like to know what Mr. John Staples, as chairman and managing man, had himself to say.

Here was all the mischief. It appeared that John Staples was actually the whole soul of the concern, and the other directors were puppets who signed cheques and did what he instructed them.

But the worst of the affair was, that John Staples, Esq., chairman and managing director, had managed so well that, now the crisis had come, he was nowhere to be found. Messengers were despatched, to find him, in all directions. He had not been to Belgrave Square for the last forty-eight hours. He had, however, left word that a pressing telegram had called him to Birmingham, where the Company had a branch establishment.

A telegram was sent after him to Birmingham, and two of the excited directors went after the telegram, to recal him instantly to town. A telegram was despatched from Birmingham to say that the chairman had not been there. Five hours after the arrival of the telegram, and nearly at midnight, the two directors returned, with lengthened faces and gloomy looks, to confirm the ominous news.

It was not, however, till a few days had elapsed, that the fact was thoroughly ascertained, that defalcations in the company's accounts had occurred to the extent of twenty thousand pounds, that John Staples was a swindler and defaulter, and that he was certainly now *non est inventus*.

It was suspected by the detectives, who were put upon his track, that instead of going to Birmingham, he had taken the express to Liverpool; and in disguise had gone by one of the steamers leaving that port, no one knew where.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE RESULTS OF THE CRASH.

GEORGE MORETON was a ruined man; but his first thoughts were not for himself, but for the girl with whom he had become so passionately enamoured, and who was still more irretrievably ruined than he.

Many were the secret inquiries he made about the prospects and movements of Mabel Deane. Yet he could not venture to call upon her

at Belgrave Square for fear of hurting her feelings.

Soon he heard of a sale about to take place, and that Mabel, with her worthy aunt, contemplated living somewhere in the country. How he did try to find out what part of the country it was into which she was about to retire!

There is one advantage, even from

a cynical point of view, in being sympathetic. In thinking for the misfortunes of others, we are apt to pay less attention to our own. It is certain George Moreton did not feel half so much the fact that he was now a very poor man, as he did that Mabel Deane was a very poor young woman. Of course, he was very sorry for their misfortunes, and very sorry at the family disgrace which had overtaken the girl. Still there was some consolation that they were now more equalised; that they had something in common. Besides Moreton felt a sort of glow, when he reflected, that if all her fashionable friends deserted and cut her now, he would show her that his respect and love (he had scarcely let her see that he had loved her before) had increased, now that she was in misfortune.

He met his friend, William Atherton, in Regent Street, on one of these early days.

"By Jove, old fellow, I was sorry to hear of your mishap in regard to that infernal Finance Company!" that young man exclaimed, as he gave the other a friendly grasp of the hand.

"A bad job, certainly," returned Moreton, knocking the ashes from his cigar.

"You have not lost all you possess, I hope?"

"No! Thank God I have a thousand left."

"What a scoundrel that fellow must have been! I have not, and I don't profess to have much opinion of anybody, but I hardly thought him such a scamp."

"Mr. Staples? Well, yes—I suppose so," returned George, deprecatingly, and staring at the smoke issuing from his cigar.

"Confoundedly unlucky for the girl! Ruin her chances of making a match."

"Poor thing! I am more sorry for her sake, Atherton, than I am for my own. I love that girl!"

Atherton laughed, "Take my advice, old fellow, and love some other girl with a little money, to make up your own losses, as quickly as you can."

"I shall never love another girl as I love her," Moreton answered gravely.

"What a constant swain!" cried his volatile friend, gaily. "Well, Mabel is a fine girl, I confess. In fact," he added in the same light tone, "I don't mind letting you into the secret, old fellow, that I was rather taken with her myself, and at one time thought of making her Mrs. William Atherton—I beg her pardon, Lady Atherton, I mean, for, of course, there is the title for her when my father dies. I rather suspect, though, the young lady was aiming at higher game."

"What nonsense you do talk!"

"Oh, you needn't be jealous now. I, myself, am as poor as a church mouse, and the time I speak of was when Miss Mabel was the reputed heiress to her worthy uncle's wealth. Under present circumstances, I devoutly wish the young lady a more eligible match. Nay, she may marry you, Moreton, and welcome, for aught I care. I dare say she will have you some day, if she can't manage to secure a better catch. Women are like houses at an auction, knocked down to the highest bidder, only it is the fools who buy them, who are commonly sold."

"These are not really your sentiments, Atherton. You make yourself out far more selfish and cynical than you are."

"Perhaps you are right, my boy. You see I am an easy-going sort of a person, with very little cash at my command, as you are aware. I have the *entrée* of society by virtue of my excellent father's name. I love pleasure, comfort, and ease uncommonly; and not always having the means to purchase them, do the best I can with my wits. So my character being valuable, I try to impress the world

a favourable way: If a man goes about saying, What a good fellow am I! the world naturally considers him a consummate humbug. But if he takes every occasion to tell the world he is a humbug, a cynic, a libertine, a cheat, the discriminating world laughs at him; says he's not so bad as he seems, and receives him to their bosoms with open arms. It is policy, Moreton—policy! Anyhow, I wish success to your suit with the fair Mabel Deane."

The two friends shook hands and parted, Atherton to flit about some drawing-room in May Fair; Moreton to return homewards to dream his dreams.

Somehow, George Moreton found it an exceedingly difficult matter to make up his mind to call at Miss Deane's house. He was afraid of intruding upon her grief and mortification. He was fearful she had heard that he was one of the sufferers by the failure of the Finsbury Finance, and might regard his presence as a reproach.

If a physiognomist had examined George Moreton's face, no doubt he would have pronounced him a grave and determined man. Yet, on two or three occasions, did this young man get as far as the corner of Belgrave-square with the intention of knocking at the door where Mabel resided, and asking if she were at home. As often did he become irresolute at the door-step; stare up at the windows, in hopes of catching a glimpse of her fair form, and then turn dejectedly away.

At length, by a superhuman effort, he conquered his hesitation, and found himself, with a fluttering heart, in the drawing-room of that, to him, sacred house. How he had got there, perhaps he himself could not have told: the passing of the portico, the ascending of the noble staircase, all seemed a dream. And here he was waiting in that drawing-room, the blinds of which were pulled down, and the furniture disarranged, and

covered up, as though it were about to be removed.

Presently he heard the rustle of a dress on the stairs and a light step, and then Mabel entered the room, looking pale, though lovely as ever, with a glad smile and a frankly-extended hand to welcome him.

"You, then, Mr. Moreton, have not forgotten us in our misfortune, like our other grand friends," she said, in a quiet, grave tone. Then raising her eyes to his as they shook hands, she added, simply, "I thank you!"

"Miss Deane," said George, earnestly, "I hope you do not think so badly of me as to suppose, for one moment, that I could forget you."

"Every one else has done so, Mr. Moreton, since my uncle has been called a swindler. You would be surprised what remarkably bad memories some of our old acquaintances have suffered from of late. My poor mamma and I were driving through the park, for a little fresh air, the other day, when Lady Margrave, and some others, passed us as nearly as I am to you. Would you believe it, they none of them remembered our faces in the least?"

The girl spoke quietly, without the least trace of sarcasm and bitterness in her voice, but with a sad and dreary smile.

"When you have seen as much of the hollow world as I have, Miss Deane, you will learn to despise it," said George.

"I do despise it, though I have not your experience of its fickle ways. Not that you can claim such an advanced age," she added, with a smile, "as quite to look down paternally upon us poor young maidens."

How the heart of George Moreton did bound with ineffable delight at these playful words. He was such a grave, jog-trot sort of person, so unlike the ordinary young beaux in society, and people had been so apt to treat him as rather an elderly

person, that he had come to regard himself almost in the same light; and here the young girl of eighteen, whom he adored, had skilfully brought him down, as it were, to her own age.

"I am much older than you, Miss Deane," he said; "and if I could advise with you, or do anything for you, believe me I should be very glad."

"I do believe you, Mr. Moreton, and I thank you sincerely for your kindness," the girl answered, frankly and with a grateful look. "Ha! I had almost forgotten," she added, "that you, too, are one of the victims of my uncle's misfortunes! I wonder I am not ashamed to look you in the face."

"Do not reproach yourself, I entreat, with what is no fault of yours. What I have lost in the affair is a mere bagatelle."

"You are very good to us to treat it lightly. Others are not so considerate. Poor mamma feels it dreadfully. Since Lady Margrave and her friends cut us so pointedly the other day we have not been much out of doors, and what with that, and anxiety for our future—we shall be very poor now—I fear her health will fail."

"Pray, take care of that, and take care of your own also," said George, eagerly.

"Oh, I feel strong as a young lion. I do not fear for myself," the girl answered, smiling. And as she rested her fair round arm upon the table, she certainly did not look much like a lion.

"You will not remain in this house, I suppose?" Moreton inquired presently. He was particularly anxious to know something of the young girl's future residence.

"We are going to live in the country in a few days. You see we are all alone now. Besides, there we can live quietly, and our shame will not follow us, perhaps."

"Are you going with relations?"

"With a brother of mamma's. I have never seen him, but he wrote very kindly to us.

"Is it very far away?" said Moreton, hesitating, and feeling somehow that he was blushing up to the eyes.

"About five-and-forty miles from London—near Brighton, in fact. Do you know a little village called East Barnsley?"

"N—no, I can't say I do," George answered reluctantly. "I very often run down to Brighton, though," he added quickly. He was fearful that if he didn't put in some such saving clause, he would not be able to find some excuse to pay a flying visit one day to East Barnsley.

Just then Mabel's mother came into the room, and the presence of that worthy dame put an end to anything like romance, and Moreton soon afterwards took leave.

"Miss Deane informs me that you are going to live at East Barnsley," he said, as he rose to go.

"Yes,, my brother has kindly invited us to make his house our home for the present," that lady replied.

"I have sometimes business at Brighton," said George again, blushing awkwardly; "and as East Barnsley is close by, I will take the liberty, if you will allow me, to call."

"Do sir, we shall be very glad—shall we not, Mabel dear?"

"Yes," said Mabel, with downcast eyes: then raising them to his with a bright flash, she added, "The sight of an old face will recall to us the memory of those happy, happy days!"

Day-dreams again for George Moreton! How light the air seemed to him as he tripped towards his club that afternoon! How bright the sky; how cheery, and good-humoured, and happy all the passengers he met as he passed along the streets! Would he have felt so joyous and light-hearted, if he had



met John Staples in the street, who had told him that the Finsbury Finance was still a flourishing concern; that there had been no panic, and that everything for all of them was going on as prosperously as before. Very likely not; for men in love are men in love, all the world over. And if a grave man of riper years is in love with a young girl, is there any difference between his love and that of a boy still in his teens? His love is stronger, perhaps, and he is quieter, and does not parade the wounds his poor heart has suffered, with quite the gushing enjoyment of the love-stricken lad; but after all, they are still very much the same.

I dare say the gentlemen at the club thought George Moreton very dull company that afternoon. They could not get him to talk, though he had usually as much to say upon literature and politics as though the world of letters (of course, he had written that novel for an old-fashioned three-and-sixpenny magazine) and the national weal depended upon the expression of his opinions. He sat there in an arm-chair, with a newspaper turned topsyturvy, and staring in the fire, caring naught for politics nor art, and filled only with his reveries of love.

And the sagacious old gentlemen who watched him, and knew anything about his private affairs, thought he was brooding despondently upon the loss of his money, and the wreck of the unlucky Finsbury Finance.

"Moreton seems sadly cut up about that company," said one.

"Poor devil! I am sorry for him too," was the reply.

That night, when Moreton got home, his dreams of bliss still haunted him, but he began now to be haunted with thoughts of a less flattering kind. He came to look his position in life more fully in the face. He loved Mabel Deane very tenderly, no doubt, and Mabel

Deane that afternoon had seemed very friendly, and kind and grateful to him. But there was no mistake about the fact that the bulk of his small fortune had gone, and that for the future he would have to work for his livelihood, perhaps—oh ecstatic thought! to work for *hers* also. What should he do? What had he got to fall back upon? He mentally calculated that he had still a thousand or twelve hundred pounds at his command. And then he thought of those years he had passed as an accountant in America.

Of late years he had been playing with life. He would now look beyond the present day—he would no longer trust to others to make his fortune by any bubble scheme; he would set to, become a thorough man of business, and make a fortune.

He would work quietly and steadily to that great end. Have done with the world of fashion and the giddy fools who trod its path. Each day as it passed away should see something added to his worldly wealth, if it were only a single coin. And then when his means were enough,—and even fortunes were sometimes amassed by hard work, economy and a shrewd head in two or three years,—he would throw himself and all he had at the feet of Mabel Deane. She would then know that it was for her he had slaved and toiled and saved, for her and her dear love.

Not another day should be frittered away. To-morrow should be the beginning of a new era in his life. He would look about him in the City, and seek for something to which he could turn his hand, and when his hand was on the plough he would not take it off till the work was done. That was his vow, and the next morning it was kept. He went into the City, and consulted with some friends. He would be an accountant; have an office of his own, and work his way upwards step by step.

A day or two later he called in the evening at Belgrave Square. The blinds were down, the house

was closed, and Mabel Deane was gone.

## CHAPTER V.

### GEORGE MORETON PREPARES TO MAKE HIS FORTUNE.

It was up-hill work, at first, to George Moreton, this new start in life. A morning's walk through the highways of the City enabled him to settle upon a little office wherein he would begin. A second floor, in Moorgate Street, was the place he chose; because the position for his business was good, the street, for London, quiet, and the rent not very dear. There were two rooms, or, rather, one large room and a closet. On the door of the former he had painted his name, on the latter the word "private," and on the door-post, down stairs, in large black characters, "George Moreton, Public Accountant."

Then he collected together all the remnants of his little fortune, and opened, for the present, a current account at a neighbouring bank. The experience he had acquired in the American house had prepared him well for the work he had chosen, and when he had purchased pens and ink, and so forth, he was ready to begin.

All these preliminaries were easy enough. The greatest difficulty was to obtain any work to do. However, Moreton went quietly and methodically to business. He advertised in the papers; he hunted up every friend and acquaintance at all likely to be able to put work in his way.

He was not long before some tradesman, who had let his books get into a muddle, and who was fearful that things with him were not quite as they should be, was glad to place his accounts in Moreton's hands, in order to obtain a balance-sheet.

This was a beginning, at all events, and George set himself to the task

with energy, care, and a resolution to do his best. The tradesman was well satisfied with the job, particularly as the profit-and-loss account showed more favourably than he had anticipated. He recommended Moreton to some one else, and other work from similar sources gradually flowed in.

Then some railway director, whom Moreton used to know at the Club, had quarrelled with his brother directors on the board. So he came to Moreton with a bundle of papers, and having explained his views to George Moreton, that gentleman forthwith proceeded to draw up a pamphlet showing that the other directors had been carrying on a fiscal policy that would soon bring the Company to utter ruin; that items which properly belonged to revenue had been charged to capital; that proper allowance for wear and tear had not been made in the account for rolling stock, inasmuch as sound companies allowed 10.99 for depreciation, this unfortunate company allowed only 10.98, and so forth to the end.

The director then had this pamphlet printed and distributed broadcast amongst the alarmed shareholders. The result being the other directors got turned out at a general meeting; a new board was provisionally formed, with George Moreton's director at the head. And now it became, of course, necessary to show that things were going on swimmingly; so the director brought Moreton another bundle of papers, and again explained what he required, and our public accountant manipulated his figures so well that he now made it apparent, if the re-

venue was charged to the capital, and the rolling stock showed any per-centage of depreciation, or none at all, it was all perfectly right and proper under the new direction, and that everything, in fact, was now all as it should be.

Such is the delightful pliability of figures, that in the hands of a skilful operator he can prove opposite results from the same data. Anyhow, the transaction put money in the pocket of Moreton, the director was pleased, the shareholders were satisfied, and the public generally thought they had at length obtained railway reform.

But the most profitable transaction that Moreton secured at this stage of his career was in relation to the winding-up of the Finsbury Finance Company. This proved an uncommonly good thing.

Some of the unfortunate creditors of that association filed petitions in Chancery to have the company wound-up; some one else opposed, though why he opposed, except to increase the expenses, and to make the unlucky shareholders and contributors lose a little more, it would puzzle the Vice-Chancellor or the Lords Justices' themselves to say.

As luck would have it, however, Moreton had good interest in a certain quarter, so he got appointed official liquidator to the company's estate, and an uncommonly lucrative operation did the young man, assisted by the solicitor and others, make of it, as the increasing debits in his banker's pass-book would show.

The spring wore on, and early summer came, and the bright days of June found George Moreton prospering in his new vocation, working early in the morning, and even sometimes late into the night. Day by day saw his little accumulation of wealth and securities growing more and more. Money-making was pleasant, especially with such an object as his, for which money should be made.

About this time he took a still more profitable branch of business, which, although not strictly pertaining to accountancy, is very often transacted in accountants' firms. He "did" a few quiet and good things in the way of bills.

In these transactions his West-end connexions stood him in good stead. As soon as ever it got whispered about that George Moreton had a little money to lend at a reasonable rate; or rather, that George Moreton, as an accountant, knew some capitalist who would do this, there were plenty of young swells who knew George Moreton, and who hunted him up in quite a friendly way, to see if they could not borrow some.

Moreton did not relish to have anything to do with "risky" bills; he preferred moderate profits and safe returns. Besides, he did not wish to risk his reputation. There is a bad sound attaches to the name of *money-lender*, though why a man should not make as much profit by merchandising his money as people who want money are willing to give, providing he does it straightforwardly and honourably, it is rather puzzling to say. A man who sells cotton or corn on credit for the most that his customers will give is an upright man of business, who may become a merchant prince. A man who does precisely the same thing with his money is a being to whom society commonly gives a very unflattering name. I suspect it is because society borrows, and doesn't like to pay.

So Moreton preferred to discount safe accommodation-bills at twenty or thirty per cent, rather than doubtful ones at forty or sixty.

"I am an accountant, not a money-lender," he would say, when anyone of his acquaintance in financial difficulties came Citywards to seek him. "Still, if you bring me a good bill that will be taken up without bother when it comes due, I daresay I can get it done for you at a very moderate rate. I am not

one of those harpies who wish to squeeze out of you sixty or a hundred per cent, because when the paper comes to maturity you cannot pay."

All, in fact, was fish that come to the net of George Moreton; provided he did not risk the safety of his tackle, or that he could land his catch, without the transaction giving him very dirty hands.

And all these months Moreton was haunted by the vision of the fair face of Mabel Deane. At night he would dream of her, in day that face would come between his eyes and the pages of the ledgers he was balancing; of the long columns of figures he was casting up. Sometimes he would have to stop in his task, and then he would sit silently gnawing his quill, and lost in his reveries of *her*. Some sound in the street outside would recall him to the realities of life, and then he would drive the phantom from his mind with a sigh, and resume his work.

Till at last the bright hot days of June came on. Moorgate-street seemed hot and close; the people who flitted along the London streets, round by the Bank, seemed jaded and worn: they would take off their hats and wipe the perspiration from their foreheads. The red-faced old Irish woman with her apple-stall, seemed choked by the clouds of dust, and even her apples appeared dried and parched by the excessive heat.

Then, when Moreton went from his office to the Bank, or into the quiet restaurant to dine, when he turned into some little bye-court where there was a green tree and a mouldering churchyard, perhaps relics of a time when London was different from now, how the sight of those green leaves, and the sudden tranquillity, heightened by the distant rolling of the vehicles in the main streets, would make the weary plodder long for a little rest, for a sight of the green

country lanes, for a sniff of the balmy air, fragrant with new-mown hay,—who but the weary plodders of daily life in that great City can say?

Moreton felt the daily routine of his life growing irksome—he must rest, if only for a couple of days. Besides, if his body languished for the health-giving breezes, did not his soul long for a glimpse or even tidings of the girl for whom he toiled, the girl who was the object of his dreams.

He purchased a "Bradshaw," and turned to the tables of the London, Brighton, and South Coast. Yes, he would take a couple of days, and run down to the queen of watering-places, and stop for an hour or two, and take East Barnsley on his way home.

He stopped, writing letters and so forth, later that night than usual, and gave instructions to the small boy who sat in the outer office, as an apology for a clerk, that he should not be in town the next morning, and that he might not return for a couple of days.

With a small travelling valise in his hand, how free and hopeful he felt as he set his foot on the platform at London Bridge. The ride down, free from thought, free from care, the bracing breeze blowing over the Sussex downs, restored quite a colour to his pale cheeks, and strength and vigour to his jaded frame.

O Brighton! dear old Brighton! has not the great genius of modern romance, upon whose shoulders must surely have fallen the mantle of Shakespeare, described thee, and written a just panygeric upon thy beauties and merits, in one of those glorious novels of his, to read which must make the heart of any of us beat with sympathy and love, though pity and full of sadness for his fellow-men?

It was not the season now; so Moreton found but few visitors pacing the Parade, or seated on

the beach. Besides, it was afternoon when he arrived ; the time when the hot red brick pavements are deserted. What a change from the grimy dust and the feverish heat of the metropolis was this, even in the height of the mid-day glare !

Along the King's Road all the gaily-dressed shops and spacious hotels, which would have certainly looked very much like Regent Street in town were it not for the green balconies, the bay windows, and the bolder built houses above them, there were not many equestrians about, though here and there came a fly crammed with the early season visitors ; and along the beach, amidst a forest of boats, and sails, and fishing-nets, two or three loud voiced boatmen were shouting out invitations to visitors to have a blow seaward in the "Skylark" or the "Lady Sale."

To the left, half-a-mile away, was the old Chain-pier, of which Thack-

eray has discoursed so kindly. To the right workmen were then busily driving in piles upon which, later that year, was to be constructed the new West-pier and Promenade ; while still further away was Brunswick Terrace, with its pleasant green, and Hove, and Cliftonville.

But the sea—the grand old sea stretching out in front, away and away further than the eye can reach, with its constant moan as it comes inwards, its white foam as it bursts on the shingle, and the crash as it rushes backwards once more.

With a wild delight at his liberty, George Moreton stood entranced, gazing on the glorious scene, his eyes fixed on the rippling ocean, which flashed like a flaming sword in the sunshine upon the little yachts and pleasure-boats dancing on its bosom. He was lost to everything but a dreamy sense of rapture and visions of Mabel Deane.

## CHAPTER VI.

### EAST BARNSELEY.

EAST BARNSELEY is a pretty little village, lying two miles and a quarter off the high road to London, sheltered from the north by the lofty slopes of the Sussex downs. It is a village of not much importance, though it has a quadrangular sort of a place in the centre, with a few quaint and irregularly-built cottages that have been turned into shops, and which serves as the market-place. There is the butcher's at one corner, the baker's being the post-office, at the other, while standing a little way back from the lane, which the finger-post vauntingly points out as the way to London, and which the villagers themselves are pleased to call the London Road, stands the "Barnsley Arms." 'Tis a queer little place enough, is the "Barnsley Arms." There is a trough in front, out of which any

stray horse which may be ridiculous enough to go there, may drink as much water as he pleases, that is if there is any water there for him to drink, which there generally is not. There is also a rough bench and a seat with a little red-curtained window at the back, at which you may drink your tankard of ale and smoke your pipe and welcome. Though why the place was called the "Barnsley Arms," seeing that Barnsley was never of importance enough to have any arms—(indeed, disparaging and malicious people used sometimes to say that Barnsley was "one-eyed," also) it would puzzle even John Banks, who has "had the place, man, boy, nigh fifty year," himself to say. If any inquiring mind had ventured to interrogate Johnny on the subject, he would probably have scratched his chin, stared up at the

sign-board, and at that other fine tablet, announcing that pure London ale could be purchased here, then shaking his head and answered that he supposed the "Barnsley Arms" meant something or other, though what it was he could not presume to state, inasmuch as it had been up there in his father's time, and as he'd heard tell, in his gran'father's afore him. So there the matter rested.

East Barnsley was blessed with a blacksmith's shop, from which the sparks could be seen at night lighting up the old place cheerfully; and the clang of the anvils and the roar of the forge made that spot of this dull village almost lively by day. It had also, in the public place, an old worn-out pump, the handle of which made an incessant creaking, as though it were groaning at being worried in its old age, and asking the public to let it retire from business into private life.

East Barnsley had also a church and vicarage, a quaint, old-fashioned red-brick structure, that looked like a money-box with an Egyptian pyramid for its steeple. It was over-grown with ivy, however, and the grave-stones in the churchyard were sheltered from the southern sun by ancient elms; so the little place looked pretty enough in its rurality, if not handsome in its architecture. It was also certainly very innocent, if not attractive in its services, for no one had ever thought of accusing their good old vicar of High-Church proclivities, nor yet of Rationalism—indeed, old Billy Smith, the carpenter, used to lead the singing there on a clarionet, though the Radicals of the place had latterly been talking about buying a harmonium.

The East-Barnsley folks could not, however, claim the entire merit of having their church to themselves, inasmuch as it properly belonged to the united parishes of East and West Barnsley; though as West Barnsley consisted of only two

cottages, inhabited by two old women (one of whom was a reputed witch), a cow, and several chickens, the people of East Barnsley had the control of the church discipline, and the election of local dignities much in their own hands. So, of course, as may be supposed, when a question of this character arose, having no extraneous opponents to quarrel with, the East-Barnsley people quarrelled among themselves.

But what was most the pride and wonder of these simple villagers—though the innovation was not looked upon altogether with approval by the more straight-laced and rigid of the community—was the recent establishment, in the school-room, of the Weekly Penny Readings. Old Willis, the retired draper, who, thirty years ago, used to fancy he had a talent for elocution, and ought to have been an actor, and who still occasionally paid a flying visit to the Brighton Theatre when the London stars were there, had now an opportunity of spouting to his heart's content; and when he appeared in the reading desk on a Monday evening, attired in frilled shirt, he almost thought himself young again, and that his life had not been wasted in the linendrapery line, after all. His youthful son, Tom, who learnt recitation from the "Enfield's Speaker" at the school, had also an opportunity for display. And, whereas Willis senior would flatter himself that he looked young, Willis junior would flatter himself, on these occasions, that he was growing actually a man, and, indeed, looked rather old.

Thus the performers were satisfied in all respects; the audience were equally so, for they really considered the performance as uncommonly good; and if there were any dissentients who, priding themselves upon a critical judgment, wondered how Willis could make such a fool of himself, or yet let his boy Tom, even these were satisfied in a way,

for they solaced themselves by reflecting how much better they could do these things themselves—if they only took the trouble to try.

It was into the recesses of this benighted community that Mabel Deane, fresh from the gaieties and refinement of Belgravia was constrained to retire. The Reverend Septimus Staples, the vicar, was, in fact, the brother of John Staples, the defaulter, and of Elizabeth Deane, the mother of Mabel.

Elizabeth—"Bessie," the two brothers used to call her—had been a very pretty girl in her young days, really the belle of Barnsley, just the same as Mabel had been for a few months the belle of Belgravia, in hers. She had married a handsome lieutenant without a penny beyond his pay, and had gone out to India with him, where Mabel was born, and he died two years afterwards.

The widow and her child had then returned to England, and had lived in retirement at Brixton, upon a small allowance which the lieutenant's family remitted her quarterly from Scotland, till the return of her brother John from Australia, and his great success as promoter and director of London companies had enabled her to live for a brief season in grander style.

John Staples had been the ne'er-do-well of the family. His brother, Septimus, knew that, when quite a youth, he had forged their father's name to an acceptance, and that it had almost ruined and broken the heart of the old man to meet it, and save his eldest son from transportation. People of another generation, at Barnsley, had often prognosticated that John Staples would go to the bad, and end his days disreputably. Whatever might be the ultimate result, he had, meantime, gone over to Australia to avoid his numerous creditors; had there acquired a few thousands, came back to his native country with the reputation of a capitalist and a shrewd man of busi-

ness; had lived in the metropolis at a rate far beyond his means, considerable as they were, and the reader knows the rest.

Meanwhile, all these years, Septimus Staples, the younger brother, had been leading a quiet, unobtrusive, and useful life in his own native village, unmindful of the ambitions of a city life, and anxious only to do his duty to God and his fellow-man. When informed of his brother's infamy, the first thing he had done was to go down on his knees and beseech His Master to forgive that erring brother his many sins; the next was to write a letter brimming over with love, to ask his sister and her child to come to Barnsley and make the Vicarage their home.

Poor Mabel found the change in her life by no means a congenial one. The quiet and seclusion of a little village was not at all that she would have chosen. And what a difference from the balls, the concerts, the flower-shows, the pic-nics, and assemblies, to which she had been accustomed, and which she had considered almost a necessary of life!

There was one other thing that made the poor girl despond. If the truth must be confessed—and in these pages, whatever else may be the consequence, the truth *must* be confessed—Mabel Deane was ambitious. She knew she was pretty and fascinating, though that is nothing, because all girls know that of themselves; at least, if they don't know it, they *believe* it, which amounts to about the same thing. She dearly loved those balls and concerts, and fine dresses, and jewels; she would like to have a carriage and a pair of beautiful roan horses; she would like a *recherche* little villa at Richmond, and a town mansion in May Fair.

Now, what was the use of being beautiful or accomplished, and clever, if these qualities could not purchase the possessions upon which her heart

was set? In a London drawing-room, where she could bring her fascinations to play upon the hearts of men whom it would be profitable to win, she had a fair chance of a triumph; but what hope was there in a little out-of-the-way, benighted village? Was it not like being buried alive?

Her worthy old uncle, the Vicar, was very kind to her; and, from the first hour of their arrival at Barnsley had striven to make both her and her mamma as happy and cheerful as it was possible in such a dreary, old-fashioned, monotonous place, as the Vicarage. He took her always to the Penny Readings, and very proud the venerable, silver-haired old gentleman appeared when his lovely niece walked into the room, leaning on one arm, and his sister upon the other. Sometimes, too, there would be a school-feast, or some other harmless rural dissipation, and then the Vicar always took care that his "pretty little Mabel," as he called her, should be the heroine of the occasion.

But what were these things to her? Weariness; uninteresting, stupid boredom! The only society she ever had now-a-days was that of the curate, who was a blushing, timid, and self-abasing idiot; the little doctor, who was as loquacious and self-satisfied as the curate was the reverse, but was quite as much of a stupid as he. There were also two or three farmers, and farmers sons, who visited the Vicarage, the latter young fellows rather often since Mabel had lived there. But these she found simply intolerable, and their loud, jovial voices and boisterous laugh, disgusting.

Yet Mabel grew fond of her uncle, and, in her way, grateful for his kindness. Her heart must have been hard indeed if she could have helped liking him. In various ways the girl tried to show her gratitude. She would sit on an ottoman at his feet and read to him; she would fetch

his slippers when he came in from visiting his flock, and his hat and gloves when he was going away; she would even sing to him of an evening sometimes, at that ramshackle, crazy old piano, which had once been the property of the vicar's young wife, ere she had died in her early youth, long years ago. It was a sad trial to the girl's endurance and good nature to sing at that piano, which jingled and jangled and went flat, and some of the keys would emit no sound at all. The old gentleman was pleased with it, however. Probably it carried him back through the long vista of the past, and reminded him of his young wife as she used to be. So Mabel would attack the groaning instrument with desperation, and even bring herself to smile good-naturedly after it was over. Her voice was sweet and soft enough in an old ballad, and ringing through the rooms of the ancient house, made the place quite cheerful. I don't wonder at the Vicar liking to hear her, even were it not for the associations she conjured up in his memory.

Try what he would, however, the Vicar could not make Mabel's new condition otherwise than intolerable to her. She pined for her old style of life in Belgravia; for the gay and brilliant contests in the drawing-room, in which she was *par excellence* the reigning queen; where she was the envy of her vanquished rivals among her own sex, and the admiration of the other. Bitterly did she deplore the change. In her heart she cursed the hard fate which had cast her from her own natural element into a state where life was stagnation. No words of pity or commiseration, or in mitigation of his guilt, had she for the defaulting chairman of the Finsbury Finance Company, whom she regarded only in the light of the author of her ruin. The heart of the Vicar was sometimes hurt by the ebullition of anger and denunciation which burst from the



girl's lips when the misdeeds of his erring brother were named.

Possibly some of my readers may deem Mabel Deane rather a bad girl. Not so; she was merely not a very good one. The standard she had set up, if she had set up any standard, which is exceedingly doubtful, was not high. She would have done injury to no one wilfully; but she would not have made much self-sacrifice to do them any good. She was rather good-natured than not; but she was selfish, ambitious, and fond of admiration. If she had been in love—and she had never been in love yet—I do not know whether love could enter her heart—she would have thrown over the man she loved if he had been poor, for one she did not love if he had been rich. Not that she was much worse than many of her sex in this respect, however, who frequently do much the same thing. It might be unwise in the long-run to prefer wealth to affection, but it certainly is no great crime, and merits neither hanging nor transportation.

"Poor young man, he seems very uneasy in the society of ladies! Is he always so?" She had remarked one day, when the Reverend Thomas Winterbottom, the nervous young curate, had been first introduced to her.

The Vicar smiled good-humouredly at the remark.

"He is engaged to be married, my dear," he replied. "And as he has been courting for the last three years a very pretty and sensible young girl, he ought certainly to be accustomed to female society by this time. I suppose my pretty Mabel's fascinating London ways have rather frightened him."

"I thought him a very mild-spoken and respectful young man," said Mrs. Deane, who was busy knitting.

"Oh, he is certainly quite that," said Mabel; "but is not his income rather small to support a wife?"

"Only eighty pounds a-year.

"Has he no private income?" inquired Mabel, elevating her eyebrows in astonishment.

"Not a penny-piece, my dear."

"Dear me, the girl must want a husband badly," Mabel returned, with composure. "I should not like to get married like that."

Better marry a poor man where love is than a rich one without it, my child," the Vicar said gravely.

"They say that when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window."

"My poor little Sophie confided her fate to me, my dear, when I was in but very little better circumstances than Mr. Winterbottom, yet our love for each other bore us through all our trials."

"Your father married me, Mabel, without a penny beyond his allowance as a marching lieutenant of the line," added Mrs. Deane, looking up from her knitting and over the rim of her spectacles; "and no man could have been kinder when I was laid up with the yellow fever in Bombay, and I will say that. Not but what I had several good chances when I was a girl."

"But if you had had more money, perhaps you might have loved each other more," returned the girl doubtfully.

"That would have been impossible!" cried the old man earnestly. Our trust in each other, and our mutual reliance in our little trials made us cling closer together, till it pleased God to take my darling from me; and He knows that I would gladly have given all worldly wealth to have kept her by my side."

"Not but what I think Mabel is right, Septimus. Money is certainly a good thing," interposed Mrs. Deane with decision. "And sorry would I be to see child of mine marry beneath her."

"Do not alarm yourself, mamma," said the girl quietly; "no child of yours will ever think of doing such a ridiculous thing."

The Vicar shook his head, sadly.

"I have seen much misery in the world, my dear, by ill-assorted marriages," he said; "I have seen girls sell themselves for riches and position who have died broken-hearted women through their mistake. Believe me, Mabel, a crust of bread, with honesty of heart, is better than a coronet purchased by infamy."

"Still I cannot help thinking, uncle," said the girl, laughing, "that love, without plenty, is like treacle without that fine crust of bread you talk about. It may be very sweet, but I fear it is very unsubstantial."

Then seeing the old gentleman gaze at her almost sternly,

"Was ever poor girl plagued as I am!" she exclaimed, pouting. "Here's one lecturing me to marry

so and so, the other certainly not to marry him; and, after all, there is no one at all likely to lead me into temptation either way. There, don't be angry with me, you silly man," she added, playfully, kissing the Vicar's cheek. "I think I will never marry any one, and then I can't do wrong. Or, if you wish it, I'll try and cut out the future Mrs. Winterbottom, and settle quietly down with that simple and unassuming young man, upon an income of nothing a-year, and what there's left we'll give to the Dorcas Society, that he takes such an interest in."

So the Vicar smiled and was pacified. For when Mabel pressed her rosy lips thus to his forehead, what more could be said?



## A WILD-FLOWER SHOW.

TAME flower shows we have all undergone with various degrees of complacency, ranging from the stoical fortitude with which we gave our arm to that portly and commonplace, yet withal gorgeously-arrayed, old lady, from whom we have expectations, to the smiling alacrity with which we steered through the tents the swelling crinoline of the fascinating damsel who holds our heart, though a mercenary parent forbids our owning her hand.

These tame flower shows I, to my sorrow, have surveyed under all varieties of place and circumstance. I have seen them amid the glories of aristocratic Arcadia, and when beset by the vulgar holiday-makers, at the annual gala, with balloons and brass-band contests of our country town; I have seen them when, to use the well-known words of an eloquent prelate, "the gay dancing of painted butterflies in the summer's sun did every justice to the exertions of 'the distressed needlewomen;'" and, more frequently, I have seen them when the rain was dripping through the dismal marquees, and when the saw-dusted turf was like a poultice under foot, and the muslin sails flapped limply round the yards of steel and wire.

But I must confess that, even under the most favourable circumstances, I do not greatly enjoy these floral and horticultural exhibitions. It is true that I may frequently see splendid specimens of exotic blooms, lent by the owners of princely gardens, or sent as advertisements by extensive nurserymen; but somehow I cannot enjoy the sight. Not only is there the ceaseless "move on" and unrest, but I seem to feel as if those delicate plants were out of

place amid the crowd, and looked reproachfully on those who had combined to drag them from their retirement, and to set them as a spectacle before a promiscuous public.

As for the prize cut-flowers and fruit, albeit it indicates utter tastelessness, I must confess that I had much rather not see them; for the grace of nature seems to be completely cultivated out of them in the process of their taming. These picotees and carnations, with their regularly-creased frills, stuck in rows on their green tin boxes, are reduced to the level of mere floral rosettes. The dahlias are "quilled" till they look as if they had been got up by an experienced laundress, while the roses are apoplectic and aldermanic in their full-blown rotundity—all, I admit, most wonderful, but to my unsophisticated thinking, chiefly wonderful as showing how man can dis-improve the handiwork of Mother Nature.

Where a display of fruit is added to that of flowers, the exhibition becomes positively provocative of evil deeds. I do not object to the grandeur of the crested pine-apples—to the bunches of grapes that recall the clusters of Eschol—or to the carmine bloom on the cheeks of those delicate peaches; but we do protest against having such inducements to break the eighth and tenth commandments put under our very noses in those close and stuffy marquees. It is said that in the Hamburg Workhouse those who have been idle in the morning are suspended in a great basket over the dinner table, so that they may see and smell the viands provided for the industrious, but may not taste

them. Now, no doubt this is a very admirable punishment for lazy paupers, but it is rather too bad to inflict a worse discipline on those whose idleness is their misfortune, and who have paid their money for the benefit of the associated gardeners.

As for those huge, coarse-haired gooseberries, and those giant staves of rhubarb (a rank growth surely never meant to be eaten by civilised men, unless in famine times, and yet passing itself off as a kind of fruit, and nestling under pastry which should cover young green gooseberries and currants), those peas of prodigious poddiness, those turnips scoured to unnatural pallor, and carrots polished up into equally unnatural brilliance, I conceive they can have interest only for green-grocers and costermongers.

If we are told that it is the very object of these exhibitions to increase the size of fruits and vegetables, just as races are maintained for the improvement of the breed of horses, I say, "For mercy's sake, don't make these things any bigger: already carrots and turnips are becoming only fit food for cattle; already gooseberries are getting like plums, and strawberries like tomatoes, and they will become hopelessly coarse if they are induced to develope themselves any further."

But rising now from the material to the the moral standpoint, I do not see that these great exhibitions subserve any good social purpose. They certainly cannot be counted healthy recreations—they are much too loungy and too crowded for that; nor do they stimulate any generous feelings in the minds of the owners of gardens, or in their gardeners. Too often, if the owners of gardens take interest in the competition for prizes, they are envious of rival producers of flowers and fruit; and so their garden, instead of being a place of restful enjoyment, stirs up feelings of bitterness about trifles which are

utterly unworthy of a second thought. The queen cluster in the vinery is watched with anxiety only that it may eclipse and discrown the representative of some rival palace of glass. Or if the owner leaves the competition to the gardener, then he is obliged to cull his flowers or pluck his fruits with trepidation and circumspection, lest he should take something which the said gardener is raising for exhibition. Amongst the gardeners themselves, while a little generous emulation, for the credit of their masters' and their own skill, is healthy and desirable, yet the strife for money prizes or valuable medals and cups inspires them with a mercenary and hireling regard for Flora and Pomona, which is most certainly bad.

Socially, then, I submit that these great flower shows—galas, with £ 300 in prizes, are a mistake, and do mischief. The village show—limited to a parish, or to a group of three or four neighbouring parishes, where the squire lends a few choice flowers as an ornamental back-bone for the central table, and where the squire's gardener does not compete, but leaves the *bona-fide* cottagers to contend not for a few shillings, which are spent in the pot-house, but for substantial prizes such as spades and rakes, stamped with the name of the show, or pictures and clocks—articles which may be used with honest pride, or may be left as humble heir-looms to decorate the cottage home—these village shows certainly do good. They are simple and modest, and unpretending like the flowers themselves, and they encourage the hard-worked labourer to give a few extra hours a week to his own little plot, especially where prizes are given, as they should always be, not only for the largest produce (which may be the result of accident), but also for the best-kept garden or the most simple orchard.

Such unpretending shows do not attract a great crowd of strangers,

with the concomitant drinking and disturbances, and therefore I say to those who promote them in their own neighbourhood, go on by every means in so doing, but be specially watchful lest your ambition to outdo some neighbouring show betray you into the common mistake of letting your exhibition become too large to be useful. The writer was lately present at a flower-show in a mere village, which had gone on swelling itself year after year till the prizes were some hundreds of pounds, and the hire of the marquees alone cost £50. Of course, to meet such outlay it was necessary to puff it over the whole country-side with flaring posters on every wall—special trains ran from all neighbouring towns—and on the day itself the field where the tents were pitched was filled with a mob of all sorts of folk. It is true that it was a fine day after much wet, the scheme paid financially, but professional growers from a distance carried off the prizes, the villagers were swamped in the crowd, their part in the show attracted little notice when put beside the competitors' for great prizes, while the whole village was demoralised by an invasion of roughs for ten miles round. But I have wandered from the subject which suggested my title, and it has betrayed me into these remarks. The inducement to put pen to paper was on this wise.

The other day the writer was passing through a large provincial town, lounging along in that leisurely and observant mood which is incidental to waiting for a train three or four hours in a strange place. For lack of other interest, he was making the most of the cheap amusement of staring into all the shop-windows, which it would be vulgar to be seen doing in his own market town; and was reading, with unwonted precision, the bills that were posted on the blank walls. In the course of his sauntering his eye lighted on a small hand-bill headed,

"A Wild-Flower Show!" The idea was new to me, and so I was well pleased to find that the said exhibition was then actually open in the school-room of one of the neighbouring churches. Briskening up my pace, and by dint of a few inquiries, I soon made my way to the place of exhibition. The charge for admission was only a penny, and it was left to every one's honour to pay it, as the money-box took care of itself on a chair by the door.

The schoolroom was not a particularly good one, and by no means in a first-rate neighbourhood. It was one which apparently would hold about a couple of hundred scholars. Its managers had, however, made the most of it. The walls were not white-washed, but green-washed; a pale green hue, which had a very soothing effect on the eye. I afterwards ascertained, what may be mentioned here, that this green-wash had been adopted from the suggestion of one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, who had proved by experiment that the spirits, and consequently the health of children in factories or schools were much better when the walls were coloured pale green or blueish white, than when they were the usual dull and neutral tints of buff or grey. I had the curiosity to ask what the green-wash was made of, and found that it consisted simply of whiting, green verditer, and a little ochre, and that the cost was a mere trifle in advance of common white-wash.

But besides its cheerfulness, the green-washed walls have this other advantage, that framed pictures, which in this school wisely took the place of maps, are shown to much greater advantage. I must confess that maps, which are the usual garnishing of school-walls, though they may cover a good deal of the space, which perhaps is rather damp-stained or dirty, yet certainly are suggestive, to my mind, only of dismal and

rather wearisome lessons in geography. I think it is much better to let the maps be rolled up and kept in the cupboard till they are required for the lesson, and to put on the walls some simple but cheerful pictures, each having some pleasant thought palpably contained in it.

But to return, once more, to the Wild-Flower Show. When I entered the schoolroom I found that the doors, windows, and pillars were wreathed with evergreens; a table ran down the centre, and on it the nosegays of wild-flowers were displayed; while on the other tables there were competitive groups of grasses, ferns, and wild roses, for which prizes had been offered to the scholars. And I must say that I have seldom seen a prettier sight. Here was unsophisticated Nature, not art and man's device; and I was confirmed in my preference for the flowers as they grow in the hedges—rows over those which are selected and crossed and drilled and quilled by the scientific gardeners.

There was, moreover, a simplicity supply about the vessels which contained the nosegays, very different from the green regulation stands and boxes. For instance, one beautifully-arranged nosegay of wild-flowers was in an earthenware pan used by the poor for washing, partially concealed by a cotton handkerchief, over which some fern-leaves drooped. Another posy stood in a cracked ewer, and others in various jugs and crockery-ware, telling plainly that they had come from humble cottage homes.

The grasses had a table to themselves, and they proved that these wild-flower shows (for I found that this was the fourth that had been held in this school) educated the eye and taste of the young folk. The ferns competition, it appeared, was an addition to the show for the first time, but there were some small but tidy collections, which no doubt

will be improved on in the future, when the scholars have had time to learn something more of the rather intricate varieties of this tribe of plants. Few could doubt that such a wild-flower show would do much social good; if they did doubt, they ought to have been with me as I passed amongst the orderly but cheerful group of working lads and lasses, who belonged to the school, and to have observed the interest with which they inspected the flowers, and have listened to their criticism on the award of the judge, a skilful nurseryman of the neighbourhood.

It was even more interesting to overhear the remarks of the scholars' parents, who were present in large numbers—how they never seed so grand a sight; how Jim had walked twelve miles the night before to get a special fern; how our Tom had worried ever so till the father went wi' him to get some flowers on the river bank; how my master never came home to his dinner, but came over to the school from his work to help Polly to sort out her grasses and set them up right; and how our lad had said that he had got the prize last year, and so the other scholars said it was no use their trying if he tried, and so he had just sent some posies to show what he could do, and to deck the tables, but not for competition.

Being anxious to learn at what cost this wild-flower show, which seemed so simple a way of giving much pleasure and doing much good, was managed, I made bold to find out the secretary and to ask him, and obtained the following particulars. The schedule of prizes was simple enough, no more than this:—

- I. The best Nosegay of Wild Flowers :—
- 1st. Prize.—A Flower-vase.
- 2nd Prize.—Glass Sugar-basin and Cream-jug.
- 3rd Prize.—Book on Wild Flowers.

The prizes to be awarded for variety of specimens and the taste of arrangement.

- II. The most tasteful Bunch of Grasses:
  - 1st. Prize.—A Framed Picture.
  - 2nd Prize.—Small China vase.
- III. The best Bunch of Wild Roses only:
  - 1st Prize.—A Porous Water-bottle.
  - 2nd Prize.—A knife.
- IV. For the best Specimen of different Ferns:
  - 1st Prize.—Book on British Ferns.
  - 2nd Prize.—An Ornamental ink-stand.
- V. The best design of Word TRY done in Leaves, Flowers, Mosses, and fastened on Card or Board.
  - 1st Prize.—A Framed picture.
  - 2nd Prize.—Glass Sugar-basin and Cream-jug.

The cost of these prizes was about thirty shillings, the printing and distributing bills cost ten shillings more, while the receipts at the door—the charge for admission being threepence from two to six o'clock, and one penny afterwards, all the school being free, amounted to £2 10s. so that there was a small balance in hand.

I trust that this imperfect photograph of one of the pleasantest sights I have stumbled upon for a long time, may induce any of my readers who have to do with schools to make the experiment of a Wild-Flower Show. The early autumn, when the leaves are just turning, and when the glossy wild-berries are spangling the hedges, would be a season when most beautiful effects might be easily produced.

In districts where artistic manufactures prevail, such as china-painting, or print-designing, I cannot conceive any better method of educating the eye in the principles of true beauty of form and colour. And, everywhere, it is no insignificant boon to make rambles through the fields more interesting and attractive, by fostering in the young an observant and intelligent regard for the wild-flowers which our all-bounteous Creator has given—

To minister delights to man,

To beautify the earth;  
Springing in valleys green and low,  
And on the mountain high;  
And in the silent wilderness  
Where no man passeth by.

The children of the poor have few toys enough, and it is our wisdom, as well as our duty to help them to draw as much delight as they may from all sources of sinless pleasure. And when their attention is thus called to them, their young and untutored natures will find a joy in flowers, more true, perhaps, than other more favoured ones draw from them, and more keen because they have fewer distracting interests. This thought is thus expressed in some verses, written by the late Lady Noel Byron, on hearing of prizes being given to the children employed in a cotton mill for the best nosegay of wild-flowers, and as they are not much known, we may be allowed to make them the pendant of our paper:—

Who loves the wild-flower best—  
The sailor who has never seen  
For many weeks the living green  
Of earth's familiar breast?

Perchance 'tis he who hath  
In fever on his bed reclined,  
And meets the healing fragrant wind,  
And primrose on his path?

Or is he still more glad—  
Who issuing from the prison's gloom,  
Imagines all the flowers that bloom  
In heightened colours clad?

No! there is yet a joy more pure,  
Less tinged with regret or fear—  
Where memory mingles not a tear—  
Oh! may that joy endure.

'Tis when the factory child  
Strives for the kindly-offered prize,  
And gathers for the judge's eye  
A garland fresh and wild.

In that sweet garland blend  
Our Heavenly Father's smile of love,  
And the best pledge—how dear above—  
That man shall be man's friend!

IRISH UNIVERSITY EDUCATION REFORM.<sup>1</sup>

AN intelligent observer might have noticed how general opinion, three years ago, floated dubiously around the Irish Land question, and hesitated to pronounce itself upon it. There was a fixed, honest, and earnest purpose to do justice to the Irish tenant farmer; but there was much uncertainty as to the nature of his claims and with respect to his true status; there was the difficulty of getting rid of prejudices in order to comprehend his position; above all, his cause was injured in the eyes of moderate and thoughtful persons by extravagant and offensive pretensions, impossible to reconcile with the rights of property. A few months, however, of patient inquiry sufficed to explain the facts relating to the whole system of Irish land tenure, and to lay bare the grievances of the Irish occupier; and the Legislature, fully, if slowly, enlightened, passed, with little opposition, a great reform, which went far beyond what practical statesmen and politicians had thought expedient a short time before. As it was with the Land question of Ireland it is with that of Irish University Reform; and if time be allowed for public opinion to mature itself on the second subject, as it was to ripen upon the first, the settlement of both, we may reasonably expect, will present phenomena of the same character. The facts of the University system of Ireland, the anomalies and harsh inequalities in it, and the manner in which it hurts the feelings of a portion of the community at least, are very imperfectly known to Englishmen; and the sentiments of Irishmen are widely divided on this, as on many

other subjects. Moreover, theories which, however plausible and even sound they may be in the abstract, fail to meet the real circumstances of the case, or to afford a fair solution of the problem, have exercised an unfortunate influence in this respect on the popular judgment; and the inadmissible demands of the heads of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland have provoked jealousy on the other side, and have caused Protestant susceptibilities to affect the calm consideration of the question. We cannot, therefore, wonder that the public mind is a good deal perplexed in this matter, nor yet that this fluctuation of view is faithfully reflected in the House of Commons, though time, thought, and a candid endeavour to discover the truth will, we are assured, lead Parliament before long to sound conclusions. We purpose, in order to promote this object, to examine briefly the present condition of University education in Ireland, to point out where it conflicts with justice or fails to satisfy legitimate claims, and to indicate what, in our judgment, should be the principles of a true reform. We do this the rather that the only plan for improving the University system of Ireland which has, as yet, been before Parliament is essentially partial and inadequate, and, independently of other objections, falls so short of meeting the fair requirements of large classes of Irishmen that it almost appears to them a cunning device to maintain existing anomalies by the expedient of an illusory compromise. We should, indeed, think poorly of British statesmanship were Parliament to

<sup>1</sup> The opinions in this paper, embodying the views of an able and impartial writer in the *Times*, does not necessarily commit the Editor of this Magazine.



accept Mr. Fawcett's Bill as approaching even in the remotest degree a settlement of the complicated question of University Education in Ireland.

What, then, is the University system of Ireland, and what the grievances connected with it? The only institutions worthy of the name of Universities in the sister island—that is, capable of granting degrees of various kinds recognised by law—are the University of Dublin, or Trinity College, and the comparatively modern Queen's University, with its colleges of Cork, Belfast, and Galway. Trinity College deserves our attention first, as being the more ancient seat of learning, and the one more especially identified with the history, the glories, and the traditions of the higher education of the country. Trinity College, founded in 1591, and, therefore, fairly deserving the name of "old" given it by its reverent sons, may be briefly described as a University which has become merged, so to speak, in a College, though originally designed for a more extensive purpose. There can be little doubt that the institution, established three centuries ago by Burleigh "for the general advancement of piety and learning," was intended gradually to become in Ireland what Oxford and Cambridge have been with us, and to expand into a number of societies, united under a common government. This conception, however, was never realised; and the University of Dublin, though in theory distinct, has never practically been more than a second appellation of the community in which it has really been absorbed, or perhaps we should say a more sounding title. Trinity College, in its general organisation, its discipline, and its internal administration, resembles in several important particulars the chief colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, if we could think of these as

standing alone, without numerous rivals or equals; but in some respects it has little in common with our mediæval centres of learning. The Society is virtually under clerical government, for a Provost and seven Senior Fellows have the control and direction of almost everything, the duties of education devolving on a body of some 20 Junior Fellows; and all these functionaries, with rare exceptions, must be clergymen of the late Established Church of Ireland, or at least be in Anglican orders. Trinity College, too, has its exhibitions, its scholarships, its professorships, and its staff of officials, including its Parliamentary representatives, much in the same way as Oxford and Cambridge; and its ordinary life and academic usages, the aspect and the costume of its members, its Library, its Chapel, its Examination Hall, and even its Gardens and Quadrangles, remind an observer, with some differences, of scenes familiar to many of our readers along the banks of the Isis and the Cam. The college, however, must be distinguished from its elder sisters in some respects; and in several particulars it certainly has an affinity with the University of London. It has from 1200 to 1300 students; but 230 only are in full residence; some 500, though outside the walls, enjoying, as regularly living in Dublin, all the advantages of the University teaching; and the remainder being wholly non-resident, and connected with the University only by attendance at the periodical examinations preliminary to obtaining degrees. It is this rarity of resident members and great number of non-residents which forms one of the most vital differences between Trinity College and Oxford and Cambridge; and in this way the institution of the Tudors has become assimilated in some particulars of importance to the London University. Being, too, in the centre of a great

city, Trinity College men are more under the influence of political sentiment than the members of the old Universities of England; and for this reason, also, among others, they do not possess the distinctive breeding—the peculiar academic manner and tone—conspicuous in Oxford and Cambridge society. As regards the education of Trinity College, it is, perhaps, rather too eclectic, and, especially in its classical school, rather wanting in thoroughness and solidity; and, owing to causes we shall note hereafter, the institution has scarcely produced its due proportion of men eminent in literature, philosophy, and even science. Nevertheless, it is a noble centre of instruction; its teaching follows the true principle, that the forming the intellect, and not the acquiring of mere knowledge, should be the great object; and its sons certainly hold their own in the competition of professional life and other trials of mental rivalry.

But though Trinity College is, in many respects, a flourishing seat of education and learning, it is not without defects and abuses, regarding it merely as a structure established on a basis essentially narrow, and without reference to its national aspect. Its government is emphatically a close oligarchy, the Governors, the Provost, and Senior Fellows being absolute, and practically beyond control; and this oligarchy, like others of its kind, has not been devoid of self-seeking, of illiberality, and of a timid Conservatism, occasionally mischievous in its tendencies. The revenues of the College are not very large—about £64,000 or £65,000 a year—made up of public and private endowments, and of different varieties of fees; but in bygone times the College estates were recklessly mismanaged and leased away; it is said that residence is discouraged through arrangements not very easy to understand with respect to College

accommodation; and the fees chargeable to non-residents are certainly high for a poor country. The efficiency of the University has thus been impaired, and its governing body and their subordinates enjoy, on the other hand, a monopoly of wealth, privileges, power, and offices, in many respects attended with evil. The Senior Fellows receive incomes of from £1200 to £1500 a year, sums for which they appear to give little return—extravagant, we should say, in amount—and which, aggregated in a few hands, unduly lessen the University prizes, and improperly limit their distribution. As the regular incomes of the Junior Fellows from College sources are ridiculously small, they are accordingly obliged to devote themselves to teaching, in order to obtain a competence; and the result is that their best years are frittered away in the work of tutors, earning from £300 to 700 a year, and that few, if any of them, have the leisure required for fruitful study. This, unquestionably, is the true cause of the comparative inferiority of Trinity College, considered merely as a literary centre; it has been, not altogether unjustly, called derisively “the silent sister,” because it has forced its best intellects to spend their prime in the drudgery of ushers. The principal abuse, however, we think, in the internal administration of the College is that all the Fellows grow old in office and fall behind the scholarship of the age, to the obvious discouragement in every way of younger men, and to the general detriment of high education. We can hardly conceive a worse impediment to University development than this; and when we add that a great many of the professorships and similar appointments have become appanages of the Fellows, and that Trinity College is not free from an intolerable anomaly common in Ireland—the retention of offices by worn-out men who do their work by deputy for

years—we shall understand that the management of the place is certainly very far from perfect. In fact, monopoly and exclusive privilege have left their mark on this institution as upon others of a similar kind, and we see the results, not only in abuses connected with its ruling powers, but also in the administration of the wealth of the College, so far as regards its inferior members. Apart from its special defects, Trinity College has not, and cannot acquire under existing circumstances, a national character, repelling, as it does, Roman Catholics from its precincts.

The Queen's University, with its three subject colleges, is widely different in most respects from the ancient Elizabethan foundation, raised "beside Dublin," in the sixteenth century. The work partly of the late Sir Robert Peel, and in part of the succeeding Government, it is a purely modern creation; and it was unquestionably founded to supplement the want of the higher Roman Catholic education, which, owing to the peculiarities of Trinity College, was felt even in the last generation. It represents for university education the principle of compromise between sects embodied in our legislation for the primary education of the Irish people; and, as in the case of the national system, it insists on secular instruction only, simply facilitating religious teaching; and it thus tries to attract to its sphere the members of all religious communions. The University is distinct from the Colleges; it is governed by a mixed Senate, selected by the Crown and its Convocation; it holds its meetings at Dublin Castle, and its principal functions seems to be to grant degrees to the College students. The Colleges, situated, as we have seen, in the cities of Cork, Belfast, and Galway, are handsome, and even noble structures; they are maintained by the State at large expense, and their President and Professors are

competent scholars, notwithstanding all that has been said against them. As regards the education given in the Colleges, it is hardly equal to that of Trinity, being more showy but less thorough; but it is by no means worthless. In fact, taking competitive examinations as a test, the Queen's University stands very high; and, though this test is far from decisive, it certainly is of some value. Its administration is generally supposed to be reasonably good, and few of the anomalies probably exist which affect the older foundation in Dublin. The Queen's University and Colleges may be said to have done good service in imparting knowledge to a portion of the youth of the middle classes—to the higher they are almost unknown—and, though their enemies say that their partial success is due to a system of honours and prizes which hardly falls short of wholesale bribery, it is untrue that they are mere failures. Yet, like Trinity College, these institutions are in no sense of National character; and they do not fall in with the wishes and wants of a part at least of that large section of the people for which they were chiefly designed. The principle which, modified and tempered, has made the primary education of Ireland, in the proper meaning of the word, National, has not succeeded when carried out, under different conditions, in the higher education; and the attempt to create a University system, in the hope that compulsory secular teaching, and merely voluntary religious instruction, would be satisfactory to all communions, has practically excluded a great number of Irish Roman Catholics from the intended benefit. We may be convinced that in this they are wrong; we may censure the "blind obedience" to the injunctions of the hierarchy of Rome, which has produced or increased this sentiment; but the fact remains; and if it is true that institutions are made for men,

and men not merely made for institutions, it cannot be disregarded by statesmen. The Roman Catholic students of the Queen's University are not nearly a fourth of the whole body, although, considering the class of youths who are usually educated in that institution, they ought perhaps to be a majority; and there can be no doubt that Roman Catholic parents dislike generally what they are told is a "godless," a "secular," and an "indifferent" system. The establishment of the "Catholic University," which, though unable to confer a degree, is largely endowed by private subscription, is a conclusive proof of this; and, in view of the facts, it is simply untrue that the Queen's University is really National.

Trinity College, therefore, and the Queen's University do not form a satisfactory system of University life for Ireland, and Mr. Gladstone is correct in saying that the Roman Catholics have a real grievance as regards the higher education of Ireland. The next question is, how it is proposed to remedy this alleged wrong; and for this purpose we shall briefly examine some of the projected schemes of reform. The first plan which deserves notice is the now well-known Bill of Professor Fawcett, put forward plausibly and with high pretensions, but which, we trust, will not obtain the sanction of a Parliament pledged to carry out justice in its Irish legislation. Mr. Fawcett's Bill proposes only to deal with the *status* of Trinity College; and, therefore, it might be enough to say, that the real problem being the reform of the entire University system of Ireland, such a measure obviously is inadequate; but as, were Mr. Fawcett to succeed, it would, probably, be impossible to effect a change in Trinity for a considerable time, we shall glance at his intended project. Mr. Fawcett's objects would seem to be to deprive Trinity College of its sectarian cha-

racter and to make its government more liberal than it is; and for this purpose he seeks to throw open all offices and honours connected with the place to its members generally, irrespective of creed, and at the same time to partition the government between two Committees or Boards, the first charged with the supervision of the University studies and kindred subjects, and in part elected by a *quasi*-popular suffrage; and the second designed, we conceive, chiefly to administer the revenues and such matters, but almost without an elective element. To attain the first end, Mr. Fawcett proposes to abolish religious tests of all kinds, as conditions of University prizes, so that the Provost, the Fellows, the Foundation Scholars—in a word, the authorities of the institution,—who must now be Episcopalian Protestants, and, in many instances, must be in Orders, may be of any faith or communion; and since it follows that these appointments may in all cases be held by laymen, he aims at subverting, at least in theory, the present exclusively clerical government of the place. To attain the second end Mr. Fawcett would assign "the control of all studies in the College and the granting of all graces for degrees" to a "Council" composed "of the Provost and the seven Senior Fellows," of "four Junior Fellows," elected from the Juniors of "four Professors" elected from their own body, and of "four Masters" elected by the "Senate," or elder Graduates of the University; and he would leave all other "powers and privileges," of which the management of the funds would be the chief, to what he calls "An Hebdomadal Board," consisting of the "Provost and Senior Fellows" and "of five Junior Fellows to be chosen" by the Juniors. Under these arrangements power obviously would centre in the Provost and Fellows, in the general government of the institu-

tion, the checks on these functionaries being very slight; the Provost and the Senior and the Junior Fellows would command a majority in the Council and would direct the intellectual life of the place; the Provost and the Seniors alone would preponderate at the Hebdomadal Board, and have the management of everything else, and, as an ordinary rule, the College would be controlled and guided by the Provost and the Seniors, as it is under the existing system. Mr. Fawcett, we should add, does not contemplate the University and the College as things apart; he lays down no principles of internal reform; he touches no abuse of administration; and he does not interfere with the present distribution of the emoluments of the College authorities.

Such, in mere outline, is Mr. Fawcett's Bill, and as a reform of Trinity College it is, we think, little more than illusory. We will assume that the abolition of tests would gradually open University offices to persons of all religious communions, though the process would necessarily be very slow, and, in our opinion, the College would retain its sectarian character for many years. But even though the place should put off its exclusive Protestantism in its higher orders, though the Provost, Fellows, and other authorities might ultimately be Christians of any creed, or even not be Christians at all, it does not follow that such a change would remove, or even essentially lessen the objections to which the institution is open. Mr. Fawcett's Bill leaves the chief power in the Provost and the seven Senior Fellows, the share allotted to other functionaries being really of very small importance; and can we suppose that such an oligarchy, even though, possibly, mixed in creed, would exert itself to redress abuses? But even were Mr. Fawcett's Bill to produce results not to be expected, and to remedy anomalies

and abuses in the general administration of Trinity College, it would not, we may confidently assert, remove in any appreciable degree the objection, or satisfy the demands of the class alienated at present from it. If the College, under the proposed change, would continue, as we believe it would, essentially Protestant for many years—if the studies, the tone, and the associations of the place would remain Protestant as they are now, unquestionably it would still be shunned by the far from inconsiderable section of Roman Catholics who now avoid it; and the fact that a Roman Catholic or two had been admitted to the governing body would, it stands to reason, make no difference. On the other hand, if against all probability the College should really become unsectarian, if the governing body and the authorities should represent fairly the admixture of creeds, and if, almost as a necessary consequence, secular instruction alone could be made compulsory, and religious would become merely optional, the example of the Queen's University ought to prove that, even under these conditions, the institution would fail to command the sympathy of Roman Catholics to a great extent, and would not gain their loyal allegiance. In a word, whatever its consequences might be, Mr. Fawcett's measure would never make Trinity College a National University; it would never meet the fair demands of the Roman Catholics in this respect; and it does not even approach a settlement of the University question of Ireland.

Dismissing, then, Mr. Fawcett's reform, let us rapidly glance at other schemes put forward as solutions of the problem. As the Roman Catholics of Ireland certainly have the principal grievance in this matter, most of the plans for suggested changes treat the subject from a Roman Catholic point of view, and it is to them we would chiefly direct attention. The Roman Catholic

Irish bishops propose two alternative projects, giving, however, a decided preference to the first ; and it would be unfair to deny that they are supported by a large mass of Catholic lay opinion, though this unanimity is, possibly, less real and earnest than it appears to be. The first demand of the hierarchy is that the State shall endow the "Catholic University," putting it on an equality with Trinity College, and shall, of course, enable it to grant degrees and give it a University *status*, the course of education and the governing body being left wholly under episcopal control. This scheme, founded on the "levelling up" principle, in high favour with the Conservative party as lately as 1868, would leave Trinity College and the Queen's University exactly in their present condition, but would create a new University in Ireland, exclusively of a sectarian character, and though maintained at the public expense, ruled by bishops of the Church of Rome. Whatever may be thought of the proposition—apart from obvious objections to it—it is enough to say that it has no chance of obtaining the approbation of Parliament, and that it is at issue with our recent Irish legislation—the Disestablishment of the Church being a solemn declaration by the legislature that it will not favour one creed alone—and, accordingly we may dismiss it at once, without further considering its merits. The second scheme deserves more attention, and contains germs of a sound reform, though it puts forward claims which cannot be sanctioned, and it is unnecessarily revolutionary and wild. According to this, as we understand it, Trinity College and the Queen's University and Colleges would lose their University character, and be levelled to the rank of mere colleges, made equal to the "Catholic University ;" but a great National University would be formed to which these institutions should be subject,

and which might affiliate to itself any institutions of a collegiate character. The National University would alone possess the privilege of conferring degrees ; it would be endowed, as far as was needful, from the funds of Trinity College and the Queen's University ; and its governing body, composed of men selected and nominated by the Crown, would appoint, at least to a certain extent, the authorities of the subject institutions, and, in part, distribute their honours and prizes. Under this system Trinity College and the Queen's and the "Catholic University" would stand on nearly the same footing, controlled by a common central power ; but as, under conditions like these, there would practically still be a deficiency in the higher Roman Catholic education, one or two new Roman Catholic Colleges should be annexed to the National University, in addition to their "Catholic" prototype—these, as we suppose, having been endowed out of the funds of Trinity College and the Queen's, so that perfect equality should be attained. The Roman Catholic Colleges so created "should be conducted upon purely Catholic principles" and be, in the strictest sense, sectarian ; and except as far as they might be affected by affiliation to the National University, they should be under unmixed Roman Catholic Government. The Roman Catholic hierarchy, moreover, claim complete control and supervision over the course of studies in these colleges ; they insist on having a veto on the books ; and they demand, besides, that "the Catholic element shall be adequately represented upon the Senate or other supreme body of the National University" by persons in whom they can place confidence.

It is not difficult to distinguish what is really good in this project from extravagant and inadmissible claims. Trinity College and the Queen's University and Colleges

might, without injustice, lose the monopoly as Universities which they now enjoy, and be reduced to the rank of Colleges, as the "Catholic University" is at present; for it is emphatically within the province of the State to determine at any time the depositories of the privilege of conferring degrees, badges to which it attaches a legal value. We believe, too, that in a National University, supreme over co-ordinate Colleges, and controlling them in the last resort, will be found almost the only means of securing that fair equality which should be aimed at in this matter; and Parliament clearly has a right to appropriate to an institution of the kind such public endowments of Trinity College and the Queen's University as might be considered necessary for the purpose. This is the more legitimate because Trinity College can be easily deprived of its University character without injury to its real excellencies, and because the Queen's is a mere modern creation, not to say that the general principle has been often recognised in our legislation. Nor do we deny that in a system of exclusively Roman Catholic Colleges affiliated to a National University we see possibly the best expedient for procuring the benefits of high education for those Roman Catholics who dislike Trinity College and the Queen's University; and certainly, the members of such institutions ought to be eligible, on the grounds of simple justice, to all offices and emoluments belonging to the National University and open to members of any other Colleges. But though Trinity College and the Queen's University might be fairly transformed within these limits, it would be iniquitous in a high degree to appropriate their private endowments, or to touch the funds which it might be held they justly earn as centres of teaching; and it would be very unwise, we think, to resume any of their public endowments, except

such as were absolutely required for the maintenance of the National University, or wilfully to impair their efficiency. It would be objectionable, too, from every point of view, that the governing body of the National University should be composed wholly of nominees of the Crown, though the Crown ought to be represented in it; and though it undoubtedly should contain a reasonable number of Roman Catholic persons, it should be independent of Episcopal dictation. The demand, too, of endowing *de novo* exclusively Roman Catholic Colleges, however plausible it may appear, cannot reasonably be entertained, for it conflicts with our recent Irish legislation, and would not be sanctioned by any Parliament; and though Colleges of this class should of course be under Roman Catholic control, the studies in them, from the very nature of the case, would be in part regulated by the National University, as in the instance of all its subject Colleges. Subject, however, to limitations like these, the proposed scheme does contain elements of a sound University reform for Ireland; and the general principles of such a reform may, we think, be indicated in a few sentences. Trinity College and the Queen's University and Colleges should lose their University privileges, and, in common with other Collegiate institutions, of which several would be Roman Catholic, should be placed under a National University, care, however, being taken to injure their efficient working as little as possible, and not recklessly to divert their endowments. To the National University should belong the sole right of conferring degrees and other strictly University privileges; and it ought to have the means of granting offices, and prizes, and honours of different kinds to all members of the affiliated Colleges, to be the rewards of general competition. The governing body of the University should, in part, be

nominated by the Crown ; but, in order to avoid the mischiefs of exclusive appointments of this kind, and to fashion it upon a sound principle, it should be, in the main, composed of the leading authorities of the subject Colleges, so as to connect it harmoniously with these institutions, and to encourage their free and complete development, precautions being taken at the same time to satisfy just Roman Catholic scruples. And though, under the proposed scheme, the affiliated Roman Catholic Colleges would not as such be endowed by the State, their members would have a right to contend for the rewards given by the National University, which should be fixed on a liberal scale ; they would have the same liberty as their fellows ; and if they did not possess equality in wealth—a disproportion that would certainly diminish—they would be equal in every privilege of education.

It is on principles like these, we venture to hope, that the University question of Ireland will ultimately be settled by the Legislature. The plan, of which we have sketched the outline, will, as in the case of the Land Act, be condemned by the extremes of party, but that is the best argument for it. It will be denounced by those who desire to maintain Trinity College and the Queen's University in their actual position without change ; by those who, in defiance of fact, deny the the Roman Catholics of Ireland have any grievance in this matter, and disregard the plain rights of conscience ; by those who imagine that a Bill like Mr. Fawcett's, which even with respect to Trinity College is almost illusory, can be accepted as a fair compromise. It will also be condemned by those who insist on the title of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Ireland to keep education in their hands ; by those who dislike, merely because they exist, Trinity College and the Queen's University ; by those who claim for

Roman Catholic places of learning what they did not claim for the Roman Catholic Church ; but notwithstanding both classes of objectors, we believe it is fair solution of the problem. Under the scheme we suggest all the institutions which would embrace the higher education of Ireland would be placed on a perfectly equal footing as regards any University privilege ; they would be left as far as possible free, and allowed to grow and develop naturally ; but they would be controlled by a central governing body, superior to, but in harmony with, them, and aiding and completing their functions while exercising supreme authority. If Trinity College and the Queen's University lost some dignity by this arrangement, and were, in part, deprived of their wealth, they would gain stability and moral strength ; and Trinity, thoroughly, as we hope, reformed, would more than ever retain her place at the head of the seats of Irish learning. On the other hand, if it be objected that the plan would fail to secure equality because the new Roman Catholic Colleges would not be maintained at the public cost, we reply that in this we merely follow the analogy of our legislation in 1869, which completely satisfied the Roman Catholics of Ireland, though we did not give a shilling to their Church. We must add, too, that Collegiate equality, under a common and superintending University, is compatible with great inequalities of wealth—Balliol and Oriel would smile if it were alleged that they were not equal to Jesus and Queen's, although, we believe, they are much less rich ; and it is fair to say, when the cry is raised, that Trinity College and the Queen's University should be disendowed like the Irish State Church, and their funds thrown into a University stock, that the cases are different, the former institution being successful, the latter a failure.



## STONEHENGE.

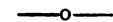
EARTH-RIBS, that circle like a mural crown,  
 On the broad summit of the sweeping plain,—  
 Whence, when, and how, lost in the depth of time !  
 What Titan wrenched them from their stony bed,  
 Bore them on his vast shoulders nearer heaven,  
 And ranged them with his mighty fingers here ?  
 Or did the arch-wizard of the potent spell,  
 Merlin the wonderful, with magic touch,  
 Raise, lighten, and transport them o'er the sea ?  
 Standing beneath their shadow, vainly men  
 Interrogate the monstrous trilithons,—  
 Majestic, unresponsive, mystical !  
 No slightest mark, or word, or whisper tells,  
 They were a stately temple to the gods,  
 Before He came who taught there is but One.  
 That Druid priests had pagan rites within,  
 When Roman conquerors surprised the land,  
 And found the victim on the altar-stone.  
 That, in a thousand years the Norman rule  
 Held witan-gemot on the neighbouring hill,  
 While these stupendous witnesses looked on  
 That later, castle, tower, and temple rose,  
 Had their full life of centuries, and died,  
 Leaving these changeless monuments behind.  
 Grand, everlasting monoliths ; that stand,  
 The ages through, in grey magnificence,—  
 What are our little lifetimes unto you ?  
 We hear your fame, we take a pilgrimage,—  
 Wonder and awe enthral us,— and we make  
 Room for the generations yet to come !  
 Tremendous fane ! whose simple majesty  
 Helped the rough Briton to adore his gods,  
 Before old Sarum, now extinct, was born  
 Sleep on for ever in the boundless waste,  
 Surrounded by the dead, who could unfold  
 All the deep mystery of your living day !  
 Sublimest purpose, like to that which raised,  
 Within your sight, the spire that pricks the sky,  
 Impelled the myriad hands that placed you here.  
 Sleep on for ever in the boundless plain !—  
 A grand, immovable memorial  
 Of faith that soars, and strength that overcomes !

*Glastonbury.*

T. MAYHEW.

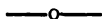
## THE PHILOSOPHER.

## A NOVEL.



## BOOK V.

## THE ULTIMA THULE.



## CHAPTER III.

A DIVINE LIGHT RE-ILLUMINED (*continued*).

"DEAD! My play-fellow of old! The gentle being whose destiny apparently was but to have dispensed peace and love around, and to have reposed, during her sojourn here, in naught but an atmosphere of the utmost tranquillity! Elsie Dawes dead! Why has this happened?" I replied, profoundly affected by this intelligence, and moved more than I cared to show.

"Why!" replied De Quincey—"Ay! Wherefore and Whither, mighty spectres, that ever and anon seem fashioning themselves into definite shapes from out the eternal mists that enshroud them, and as often withdraw into obscurity? Fearfully, and yet eagerly, do we scan their presentment, in the hope of perceiving somewhat of their true lineaments, though whether we shall be enchanted or appalled we know not. For myself, I seek rather to look where a third weird form presents itself, whose name is Whence. There is a consciousness within me at times, derived not altogether from my experiences of the Present; and then there mingles with the usual quiet flow of my thoughts a mighty palpitation, as it were, of perceptions struggling to disclose themselves, and of glorious troops of phantom memories pressing forward to the sphere of distinct appearance; but ere the trembling haze of my soul's

horizon has resolved itself even into a mirage, all disappears from view, and my wonted serenity again resumes its sway. You would know the secret springs that have moved the piteous fate of Elsie Dawes? I, alas! cannot reveal them."

"But you can inform me of those that are most proximate, and that have already emerged from the abodes of the Unknown."

"A dream-life, unprotected by the forewarnings of awakened sight. Trustful Innocence unarmed against necessary and inevitable danger. In a word, Goodness, and all else that was beautiful, save and except the crowning perfection—Philosophy."

"And what was there to render the absence of this charm so fatal?"

"An existence bounded by the material world. Guile bedecked with roses, and jocund with bright laughter. Beauty shorn of its tenderest grace—Goodness; and Philosophy, ever present indeed, but fain to crawl halting on the ground, in the absence of the wings, Virtue and transcendent Love, by which alone it can scale the empyrean. Thomas Littlemore the betrayer—Elsie Dawes the betrayed! Behold, how the Idyl has ripened into the Tragedy!"

He then recounted in detail what had taken place since my enforced seclusion, and signified his intention

of assisting me to his utmost in clearing up the mysteries that evidently existed in the whole surroundings of my fate; and as, on hearing that Lily was safe at Morton Manor, I could by no means restrain my impatience to see her, we finally determined to set out for Leighbury that very night, and to proceed to Morton Manor early on the morrow.

It was a bright, fragrant morning as the hostelry of the "Four Angels" welcomed our approach by an imaginary blare of the trumpets, still blown, as of old, by the cherubs with perennial vigour. A thousand tints of clearest, brightest hues were advancing over the city, gilding its quaint spires and gables, glancing from the mullioned casements of its whilom mansions, stealing fitfully into bye-lanes and corners, and surrounding with splendour the majestic tower of the cathedral. Not a soul was yet in the streets, and the noise of our approach seemed the irruption of Care and Turmoil into the profound quiet of the realms of Peace itself. Truly, we were not silent, for at the last stage we had secured the services of an ex-post-boy, who it seemed had for years enjoyed the reputation of being the wildest spirit on the road, and who had, in the absence of other help, volunteered once more to don boots and spurs, and to conduct us into Leighbury to the "Four Angels," where he informed us he himself was permanently located. Whether from excitement at the revival of old associations, or from a desire to justify the records of his ancient prowess, I know not, but he certainly spared no efforts to shorten our journey's duration, and, on entering the town, we must have caused no slight alarm in the mind of many a worthy citizen by the tremendous clatter that he made. I need hardly add that the veteran post-boy turned out to be none other than Pearly Tom himself.

As we came in view of the "Four Angels," we discerned a man standing in front of the inn, with his hands placed behind his back, and gazing fixedly at the sky. The rattle and thunder of our impetuous approach, coming suddenly upon his ears, evidently startled him not a little, for he turned sharply round, gazed earnestly at us for a moment, and then holding up his hands as if dismayed, he would have abruptly withdrawn into the house had not our carriage already reached the door, and Pearly Tom, by some miraculous feat of address, reined up his horses upon their haunches at the same moment that he fairly sprang from the saddle into the arms of the man we had observed.

"God Lord, it's Pearly Tom!" ejaculated the man.

"Yes, Jacob. Back again. Couldn't remain long away from old quarters; so, opportunity serving, I volunteered to act post-boy again, and have managed to get here in pretty good style, eh?"

"What a reckless fellow you are, Tom!" responded Jacob Momus. "Why, you quite frightened me as you came dashing along! My thoughts immediately turned to that night, many long years ago, when I had gone out to look at the sky, and when you came upon me by surprise. You remember?"

"Ay do I," echoed Pearly Tom. "And the beautiful lady and the child. Ah!"

This latter exclamation was caused by De Quincey and I opening the door of the post-chaise and stepping out. As soon as they saw me, both Momus and Pearly Tom looked in blank amaze at each other; and the former stepped forward, and addressing us very solemnly and earnestly, said,—

"Your names, gentlemen, if you please?"

"Thomas De Quincey," said my companion, smiling.

"Richard Arcles," said I.

Again Momus and Pearly Tom looked at each other, but this time it was with an aspect of a little afright. Suddenly, however, a thought seemed to flash across the post-boy's mind. His countenanced brightened, and snatching his cap from his head, he tossed it high into the air and shouted,—

"Hooray, Jacob! Why, the Squire's not dead, after all! Blest if he don't look as hearty as I do!"

And thereupon he began to execute a series of most astounding capers round about me, cracking his whip, and hurrahing at the top of his voice, till the heads of the townsfolk began to appear at all the neighbouring windows.

Nor was Momus less pleased to see me. After cogitating for a moment over Pearly Tom's announcement, the truth seemed to dawn upon him, and, giving vent to his feelings in a prolonged whistle of relief, he remained with his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, and staring at me with might and main.

I have before mentioned that the episode of my birth and my mother's death, was one that my father had never dwelt upon with me; and hence, although I had from time to time heard passing allusions to the subject made, yet I had never happened to acquire any more detailed knowledge of the events in question than was comprised in the understanding that I had been born at some country inn while my parents were travelling together. Thus I little knew the strange tie by which my appearance that morning at the door of the "Four Angels," was associated with deep-seated reveries in the mind of Jacob Momus, and with profound hollows and whirling eddies amidst the flash and foam of Pearly Tom's thoughts.

"Gentlemen, both," said De Quincey, "I am delighted to find that the corporeal continuity of my friend here is a source of such satisfaction to you; but I may remind

you that the perpetuation of your pleasure is rapidly becoming a matter that pertains to the scales of doubt. We have travelled all night, and are as hungry as Eadx Rerum himself."

At another time I should have smiled at the gravity with which De Quincey spoke, and its petrifying effect upon Pearly Tom; but I felt strangely assailed by melancholy; and revolving many matters of sadness in my mind, I said, pensively, speaking rather to myself than to Momus—"Why is it that such a personal interest in my welfare is manifested?"

"Why?" repeated Momus—"Didn't Pearly Tom and I know you, squire, before you knew yourself? It's a many long years ago—" Here he abruptly paused, and a most portentous expression of solemnity overspread his countenance as he turned slowly towards the post-boy, and stretching forth his right hand with its forefinger upheld in an attitude of great exactness and attention, he added—

"Tom, what's to-day?"

"We'nsday," laconically answered his companion, with an air of some anxiety and trepidation.

"That's right, Tom!" rejoined Momus, and then methodically placing his hands behind his back, he leant forward, fixing an earnest gaze on the post-boy's bewildered countenance, and asked, "And now Tom, what's the day of the month?"

The postilion was silent for a moment, and evidently sought to divine Jacob's motive for asking these questions. Suddenly his swarthy face assumed a pale hue, and starting backwards, he gasped out—

"Good Lord! it's the very day, and early in the morning too! This ain't mere chance! What's coming next, Jacob?"

Momus gravely shook his head from side to side for answer, and then looking at me, he said—

"To-day's the anniversary of your birth, squire; or, rather, it's the anniversary of the first daylight you ever saw. I remember looking at you just inside that very window up there."

My eye followed the direction he indicated, and with indescribable emotion I regarded the spot where the first dawn of heaven had greeted me on my arrival in this sphere. I thought of the gentle face that lay pictured amongst the treasures of my boyhood's memories; I summoned from its resting-place the image of my loved father; I heard again the soft refrain of sorrow that echoed of old in sad cadences from the walls of my childhood's home. The shapes of reverie began to flit by me in a phantom-train, when De Quincey's hand, laid upon my shoulder, roused me, and turning, I caught a glance which showed me that he had fully followed the train of my thoughts.

"Whence—wherefore—whither!" said he, in a low voice. "Exorcise them, Arcles, and rouse yourself to action. Something tells me that the presentiments of our friends here do not begin and end in wild and baseless superstition."

As he spoke a sense of relief seemed to take possession of me, and the blood began to course tumultuously through my veins. I replied to him by a look, and then said to Momus—

"You are right as to the date of my birth, and, as you see, report which killed me has not prevented my resurrection. I will have a long talk with you after breakfast. Meantime, let us go indoors."

Thereupon we entered the house, and speedily established ourselves in the best parlour, after refreshing ourselves from the fatigues of the journey by a complete toilet. The snow-white cloth upon the table, and the plentiful supply of mutton-chops, bacon, eggs, and coffee that had been laid out for us were addi-

tionally appetising, and we took our places fully prepared to do ample justice to the fare thus set before us. Fate, however, had not determined that we should be enabled to test our landlord's reputation by any personal experience of his care; for just as I was on the point of raising the first cup of coffee to my lips, some one entered the room, and, looking up, I saw the waiter.

He was very stout and rather short, with a brisk step and a countenance that would have been as pleasant and joyous as could be met with in a day's march, were it not for a slightly unsettled wavering expression of the eyes as though their owner had not entirely made up his mind to be merry, and were about to retract before irretrievably committing himself.

Crash went my cup as it fell from my hand upon the table, and up sprang De Quincey as its untasted contents deluged him with a shower hotter than was agreeable. The waiter came to a dead stop, and silently regarded us, still maintaining his happy expression, but manifesting a trifle more uncertainty.

De Quincey looked first at me and then at the waiter. Then, bursting into a fit of laughter, he exclaimed—

"A very pretty duo, 'pon my life! That stare of yours, Arcles, would do credit to the finest basilisk that ever breathed, while as for the radiance of our friend yonder, it would make Memnon sing at the top of his voice. Hot Mocha, though, is not a correct libation, nor am I a propitious clod of earth to receive it."

"What's your name?" said I, rising and advancing to the waiter.

"Mr. Nann," returned he, still beaming.

"How long have you been here?"

"As long as I can remember."

"And how long is that?"

"Not many months."

"What!" I exclaimed, while De

Quincey laughed afresh, "Not many months! Why, you must be more than fifty years of age, especially if you're the man I feel sure you are!"

"I beg pardon, sir, but I can't remember anything except for a few months past. Everybody knows it, and many people come here on purpose to see me. I've often heard 'em say they think a good deal more of me than they do of the inn itself."

This he said with a chuckle of the most complete self-satisfaction, and smiled benignly at my look of astonishment and uneasiness, for I was fairly taken aback.

"Are you a native of this place?" I asked.

"I don't know, sir. Most people say I'm not."

"What part of the country do you come from?" pursued I.

"I haven't the least notion, sir; nor has anybody else either, for the matter of that."

I was about to ask some further questions, when confused sounds were heard proceeding from the gateway of the inn, and we could distinguish a female voice exclaiming—

"Thank Heaven, Mr. De Quincey's arrived. I must see him at once!"

Again my heart seemed to stand still, as it had done when I first saw the waiter, and new flood-gates of remembrance were thrown widely open in my soul.

"Matters seem ripening," said De Quincey, observing my agitation. "If I mistake not that is the voice of my friend Morton's housekeeper, though what she can want with me at this early hour and unforeseen place, or what possible pother she can raise in your mind, Arcles, is a mystery I can't, for the life of me, fathom."

Any further remarks from either of us were put a stop to by the extraordinary behaviour of the waiter. No sooner had he heard the voice of which De Quincey spoke, than all

advance fled from his face, and was succeeded by an expression of cruel perplexity. He seemed to be intently listening, and while one hand was raised partly aloft to enjoin silence, he passed the other backwards and forwards across his brow, as though to clear away some mist that obscured his view. He also moved his head uneasily to and fro, and cast rapid, searching looks around, as if fearful of what might be lurking near, and yet seeking anxiously for some expected object. Ever and anon, too, he muttered to himself in tones so thick and indistinct that we could understand nothing of what he said, save and except the words, "I can't remember," which were frequently repeated.

In another minute the door opened, and Mr. Morton's housekeeper appeared. She seemed much hurried and disturbed, and seeing De Quincey, advanced quickly towards him without so much as observing Mr. Nann or myself.

"Well, Mrs. Bolster," said De Quincey, "what brings you here so early!"

"Eureka!" I shouted involuntarily, as the name brought back to me associations that enabled me to identify the reminiscences that had so troubled me in the appearance of the waiter, and the sound of the housekeeper's voice. Rickerston and its worthies dawned upon my mind, and I knew myself to be in the presence of Mr. Jeremy Bolster and his wife.

At the sound of my voice Mrs. Bolster started, and, at once recognising me, would have spoken, had she not instantaneously caught sight of Mr. Nann, the waiter, who, still absorbed by the confused chaos his wife's voice had evoked, was endeavouring to collect his thoughts, and had not heard De Quincey's remarks.

She uttered a loud shriek of the wildest surprise, pleasure, and dis-

may, and, overcome by the tumult of her emotions, would have fallen to the ground had not De Quincey caught her in his arms.

Mr. Nann looked up quickly and saw his wife. In a second he was by her side, gazing earnestly in her face, and then turning to De Quincey and I alternately, he said, in hurried, vehement accents,

"I remember that face! I remember it! Whose is it? Tell me—tell me quickly!"

I would have replied, but Mrs. Bolster, recovering from the first shock of her surprise, interrupted me, and throwing her arms round the neck of her husband, she exclaimed—

"It's your own wife, Jerry dear! The wife you left to bide all alone, but who is too delighted to see you to say anything like blaming you. Speak to me, husband! speak to me! Ah! what is that? Help, help, gentlemen, he is dying!"

As she spoke, the unhappy man staggered backwards from her embrace, and only saved himself from falling by grasping at the table which stood behind him. There he remained, trembling violently in every limb, and waving us all back with his disengaged hand.

"Mercy!" he ejaculated in a voice hoarse and broken with agitation. "I saw—quite by accident—I'll be silent as a dead man. God! not there! So dark and cold! Hark, how cruel the water is! So deep to fall—so deep!"

"We're friends, Jerry; we're friends! I've come to take care of you and love you, and not to hurt you!" cried his wife, in an extremity of anguish.

"I have no friends," answered the whilom Mr. Nann, in a calmer tone, his shivering and affright giving place to an aspect of the most profound dejection. "I have lost all authority and influence. Everybody mocks me, and I'm only a burden to 'em all. Let me go quietly. There! She's asleep so peacefully—Hush!"

So saying he looked cautiously around him, and began stealing on tiptoe towards the door. Hardly, however, had he taken a couple of steps when he paused, and putting his hand into the breast of his coat, he drew forth a little tin box.

"Shall I leave this with her?" he said whispering. "Maybe it'll protect her! But let me kiss it first."

Thereupon he gently opened the box and took out a little lock of golden hair which he pressed sadly and fondly to his lips. As he did so, a sudden light beamed across his face, the box and lock of hair fell from his hands, the glances from his eyes became clear and direct, and in an ecstasy of joy he raised his arms towards heaven and exclaimed, "God be praised!"

In another moment husband and wife were locked in each other's arms.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE CUP DASHED FROM LIPS EXPECTANT.

As soon as a little quietness and serenity were restored, we called upon Mr. Jeremy Bolster to explain the circumstances that had led to so strange a scene. He thereupon recounted to us the history of what had taken place in the vestry of Rickarston Church, and how, in his

fear of my cousin's vengeance, he had taken the resolution of disappearing from his home. He then related how he had been appointed as verger of Leighbury Cathedral, and how one night he had noticed a stranger enter the will-registry, and had been tempted to follow him,

until when in the subterranean vaults he had suddenly found himself confronted by the stranger whom he had seen to be tampering in some way with the wills. He also narrated how he had recognised the stranger to be none other than the Rev. Charles Viking, and how he remembered nothing more thereafter until he found himself on the steps of the underground aqueduct.

Mrs. Bolster, also explained how she had taken service with Mr. Morton, after leaving Rickerston; and how Littlemore and Elsie, and Lily, had successively arrived, and how the unhappy barber's daughter had been buried the preceding day at Rickerston. She stated that Ned Harner and Martin Dawes had started for London immediately after the funeral, and that Mr. Morton, fearing some mischief, had followed them as soon as he heard of their departure. She furthermore accounted for her own opportune arrival at the "Four Angels," by explaining that she had a little before daybreak received a note left by a messenger, informing her that Mr. Morton had been thrown from his horse, and that he had been carried insensible to the "Four Angels," in Leighbury. She had at once made all haste to arrive there, and had learnt that no such accident was known of, but that De Quincey and myself had come.

These recitals, it may well be imagined, caused us no little perturbation of various kinds. The prospect of Mr. Bolster's disclosures proving the key to some deep-laid scheme, of which I had been the victim, seemed to foreshadow the possibility of my regaining my estates; while on the other hand the departure of Ned and Martin for London, and Mr. Morton's reported accident in following them, made us fear lest more disasters were in store, if, indeed, no direct agency of Littlemore or Charles were at work. Accordingly, De Quincey and I thoroughly

discussed the pros and cons of the whole matter, and we eventually agreed that the best plan would be for us to proceed first to Morton Manor to join Lily, then to search for Mr. Morton, and finally to collect the proofs of Charles's plot.

In a few minutes more, the carriage which had brought Mrs. Bolster to Leighbury, was on its way back to Morton Manor, with De Quincey and myself in the interior, and Bolster and his wife in the rumble.

My companion was sufficiently considerate to remain silent, and to allow me to occupy myself with my own thoughts. What a world they formed, and what charms they lent to everything around! Love was their burthen, and Lily Trevor their charm. I recalled her tender, wistful glances, her expressive features, her graceful form, the heart-stirring modulations of her voice, her wise counsel, her sweet sympathy, her lofty aspirations, and the ineffable emotions of her soul. I recognised her winsome smile in the dancing sunbeams, and her whisper in each passing breeze. I painted many a picture of the happy hours in store for us, how we should recount to each other the adventures that had chequered our absence, how we should map out our course for the future, and, above all, how we should wreath each other with the bright and fragrant garlands of flowers that Love had woven so idly and so long. My heart was light, and all the world faded from me except her I loved.

The journey was long, unutterably long. Each fresh mile seemed wearier than the preceding, and though our horses were urged forward at their utmost speed, the clatter of their hoofs seemed to me but the drowsy ticking of a clock. The trees on either side of the road stalked past us at intervals with reluctant, hesitating step, and as each fresh turn in the road was reached,



the vista thus opened out appeared to be not only interminable, but positively to be a recommencement of our journey.

I looked in the direction thus indicated, and, with indescribable emotion, I discerned, slowly rising above the tree-tops, the chimneys and gable-ends of an old country mansion. Situated upon a rising knoll, its roof had just caught the morning sunbeams, and was traced by lines of alternate shadow and light upon the distant background of hill and dale, revealed in charming beauty and tranquillity through the clear atmosphere. It was surrounded by dense masses of foliage, whose graceful form and flowing outline invited the eye to repose, while the thousand tints of purest colour afforded an infinite variety of artistic contemplation. A huge wall surrounded the grounds that spread in front of the mansion, and was more than half-hidden by drooping shrubs and thick-hanging ivy, except where a pair of massive wrought-iron gates afforded an entrance through which might be perceived the windings of the drive that led to the door of the

main hall. As we drew near, too, I could distinguish the various windows, and I looked longingly at each one in turn, in the hope that perchance I might catch a distant glimpse of the form I so longed to see.

No sign, however, of such immediate joy was visible, and we arrived at the gates without observing aught that might compel my soul to harmonise with the bright world outside.

The gates were standing open, and we dashed up the drive, scattering the gravel on all sides by the horses' hoofs, scaring the birds from their coverts by the rattle and rumble of our wheels, and sprinkling a shower of dew-drops around as the carriage flung aside the long branches that drooped across the path.

We reached the hall, and as we drew up the door was flung open by old John, who had evidently heard our approach. In another moment I had leaped from the carriage, and said,—

“Where shall I find Miss Trevor?”

“She’s disappeared, and gone right away,” he replied.



## THE BATTLE OF THE BAKERS.

THE battle of the journeymen bakers and their masters has now been waged for some time, and the public have looked on as patient spectators. Not so, exactly; for the battle is a sort of triangular duel, in which the journeymen bakers, their masters, and the public are the principals,—the last being not the least interested.

Let us examine the main features of this panary war.

The journeymen bakers have numerous grievances to bring against the masters; whilst the masters, on their part, shirking the direct responsibility of their deeds, politely throw the *onus* of blame upon that many-shouldered Atlas—Society. The journeymen complain—and righteously so—that the hours of labour are beyond human endurance; that, as boys, they are introduced to work which is beyond their physical powers; that they thus become prematurely weak and old, liable to the attacks of every kind of disease, and,—

Like ripest fruit, fall earliest to the ground.

These allegations have not been entered without justification, or without attracting attention. In fact, so gigantic are the evils connected with the business of baking, that the Legislature itself has, in its wisdom, deigned to interfere, and made the subject-matter of Parliamentary investigation.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good." In this instance, however, it appears more than probable that the storm of censure which blows will be productive of unmitigated good, not only to the journeymen bakers, but to every consumer of a wheaten, or what ought to be a wheaten, loaf.

Moreover, according to nursery

ethics, we are all bound, in our lifetime, to eat a peck of dirt. Doubtless this is a consolatory reflection, and calculated, on the principle of "what must be, must be," to reconcile us to those anti-cathartic conditions which we may not evade whilst treading our earthly path. From the investigation, however, to which we have alluded, it would appear that the peck of dirt has multiplied into the bushel, and the bushel into any measure of magnitude you choose to conceive. The dirt, too, which we are compelled to eat now-a-days, is by no means an aromatic dirt, but is, in the intensest degree, an exceedingly bad quality of dirt. How beautiful is a new loaf, smoking and steaming from the oven! How delicious are those little rolls, with the rich fresh butter melting and dissolving into them, becoming an essential part! What a substantial ornament do they not form to the breakfast-table! And that *fine* bread, for which we pay an extra price, how it seems to satisfy all the intuitive demands of a hungry stomach! Nay, how it excites even a plethoric stomach! Yet how are they prepared? and where are they prepared? We pass over the question of ingredients. We leave this to Dr. Hassall, and the committee of the *Lancet*. It is not the question of adulteration that we would deal with here; it is simply with the filthy and disgusting places, and the no less filthy and disgusting manner, in which our bread is made.

But, first, let us glance at the baker himself. In London, including confectioners, there are supposed to be nearly fourteen thousand. Of these, upwards of two thousand two hundred are between the ages of fifteen and twenty; that is to say,

labouring as men, before their constitution has become thoroughly settled—before their strength has been properly developed, and whilst they are sensitive to all the influences of hard work, want of sleep, and close confinement. Take a London journeyman baker; it will be found, as a rule, that his work begins about eleven at night. At that hour he “makes the dough,”—a heavy, laborious process, which takes him from half to three quarters of an hour, according to the batch, or the labour bestowed upon it. When this is prepared, he lies down to rest,—but where? Not on a bed; not on a couch; not in a hammock; not even on a heap of straw. He lies down upon the kneading-board, which is also the covering of the trough in which the dough is made; and with one sack under him, and another rolled up as a pillow, he sleeps a feverish sleep, in this unpleasantly condition, for a couple of short hours. When he wakes up, for about five hours he is engaged in rapid and continuous toil,—throwing out the dough, “sealing it off,” mauling it, putting it into the oven, preparing and making rolls and fancy bread, taking the batch brought out of the oven into the shop. When this portion of the work is done, the distribution of the bread begins. Now it is that he is seen emerging from his subterranean den out upon the pavement of the street. Pale as the cap on his head, emaciated, with sunken eyes, and not unfrequently a hectic cough, with his vestments covered with dirty flour and dough,—there he is, a miserable scarecrow antithesis of the Jolly Miller,—carrying baskets, or wheeling hand-carts,—labouring, in fact, in open day, as hard as he had been labouring during the night. The occupation of taking round the loaves continues till late in the afternoon, and then he retires back to the dark, ill-ventilated shop, to go through some fresh drudgery, or to seize a few

moments of hurried slumber, till the hour of eleven warns him again to begin anew another four-and-twenty hours of almost uninterrupted toil. Can flesh and blood stand all this? and that too, in a heated atmosphere, varying from seventy-five to upwards of ninety degrees? Nevertheless, such is the life of a poor plodder at the dough-trough. No wonder, then, that he has been sowing the seeds of disease; and that when he presents himself to the secretary of a life insurance society, he should be summarily rejected, or only accepted at a very high premium.

Let us for a few moments go round with the inspectors, and examine one or two of the bakehouses in which these men not only toil, but sleep; and let it, moreover, be premised, that, although the worst features may be found at the east of London, Tyburnia and Belgravia are not exempt in too many instances, from the charge which is about to be preferred against the bakehouses of the metropolis.

As a rule, the locality in which the bread of London is made, is known as the coal-hole and the front kitchen; the back kitchen being the place where the small store of flour is kept, together with other things—no matter what—in daily use. The oven, or ovens, are usually under the street; but in many instances the arrangement is reversed—the ovens being towards the back of the house, and the space under the street appropriated partly to the flour, and partly to the manual portions of the work. According to the number of the sacks disposed of, is, of course, the number of ovens constructed; some master-bakers having only one, others two, and others, again, three at work.

Here we are beneath the roof of a very fair bakehouse. It is eight feet high, and the oven under the parlour. Cobwebs, however, are

numerous, and in some parts hang in heavy masses: dust and dirt prevail everywhere. Ventilation is extremely imperfect, and the apertures are small. There seems to have been some conscience about the proprietor, or at least an eye to profit and loss, for the drains have lately been made with pipes and furnished with traps, and another oven under the shop has been disused, because the place was so infested with ants and vermin, which used to run over the dough and loaves in swarms, so that the bread became spoiled. Now we will step over the way, and inspect another bakehouse. It has recently been improved, but for many years all sorts of filth from the drains stagnated in one corner of the room, whilst sulphur pervaded the house, and affected the health of the inmates. We must not remain here long, otherwise we shall be sick with disgust. The rafters are black, and hung with cobwebs; and many animals are crawling about the troughs, and on the walls. There are, moreover, accumulations of dirty flour, dust, and ashes on the floor; whilst large holes in the walls have been perforated by rats. The temperature of the air out of doors, at the present moment, is fifty degrees; in the bakehouse, where two of the men are working, it is eighty-five degrees; this is again increased to five more degrees, that is to say, to ninety, when the men open the oven door to take out batches, and put fresh ones in.

Shall we extend our exploration? No; this, it appears to us, is enough to show the condition and the temperature of the bakehouses. We are sorry to say, without any material reservation, "*Ex uno disce omnes.*"

Having, then, satisfied ourselves, or, perhaps, should it not be "dissatisfied ourselves?" as to the locality in which our bread is kneaded and baked, and proved that there cannot be the slightest doubt as to

our realising the fatalistic old proverb about the peck of dirt, let us examine, if we can so unsavoury a subject, the man himself. We have caught a glimpse of him in full daylight above ground, wheeling his hand-cart, or carrying his basket; and we have observed his dingy look, his unwashed, dust-be-smear'd habiliments. How should it be otherwise? He rarely changes his linen. The state of his body when he goes to work may, therefore, be well imagined. We will not again descend into the bakehouse, but peering down through the area, where that gleam of light flashes across the street, we can as well see him at his trough. He is labouring hard, struggling with a heavy mass of dough, pulling it backwards and forwards; now digging his arms up to the elbows in the sticky compost, now turning it over, now pressing it together, now tearing it apart, until every portion of it has been penetrated by the leaven. Can such ponderous labour—a labour straining every muscle of the body—be carried on, and in so close and heated an atmosphere, without producing profuse perspiration? By no means. The body is a perpetual wellspring of perspiration, which streams out of every pore, and hangs in large bead-drops on the brow and the chest. Let us hear the testimony of some capable of proffering a statement upon this subject. One witness says:—"The place of work being so hot, of course, the men are always in a state of perspiration. As a rule, I think the journeymen bakers pay attention to cleanliness. Being so constantly in great heat, they are so much reduced, that they do not perspire as men who are unaccustomed to the work. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that many men do perspire very much; and that, considering that their hands are covered with the dough in making it, they cannot wipe it off from the face, and it must often get into the dough, es-

pecially in hot weather." Another baker throws the following light upon the mysteries of the cavernous bakehouse:—"In all the small shops in which I have worked, it is the universal custom for the man who stirs the sponge to wash his arms in a pail of water, and leave it standing until the next dough is made; it is then thrown in amongst the dough."

We leave it to the housewives and mistresses of households to take these rose-water (?) facts into consideration.

We have not, however, yet gone the full length of our tether; "though bad begins, yet worse remains behind." It is rumoured, and the rumour is not without a good foundation, that the men—"an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination"—feeling the fatigue of reaching over the trough too great (especially when youths), take off their nether habiliments, their shoes and stockings, and plunge right into the trough, and knead the dough with their bare feet, like the treaders of the wine-press. On this subject, however, our witnesses have been rather chary of information; still one of them is reluctantly brought to confession: "I must confess," he says, "that I have occasionally, in former times, unknown to my master, done it myself. If it is ever done, it is done in making fancy bread, the dough for which requires to be very stiff, and is consequently hard to work." Hear this, O ye lovers of cottage loaves, bricks, twists, and other sorts of fancy bread!

We bid adieu, however, to these sickening facts. As our object in unmasking, for the benefit of the public, the manner and the places in which the "staple" of life is prepared, is not to disgust them without offering at the same time a cure, we will revert at once to the new system of bread-making by machinery, which is intended to super-

sede this old-fashioned and disgusting process of manipulation.

The chief evils of which the journeymen bakers have to complain are, the inhaling the flour-dust, as well as the carbonic acid gas given off by fermentation. To these, of course, might be added those evils which we have expatiated upon,—laborious exertions and long hours of toil. Nor should we omit those debilitating influences—want of ventilation, and a high temperature. All these causes combined have unmistakably rendered the baker sensitive, more peculiarly than other men, to "those ills which flesh is heir to." Nor is the Demon of Destruction at work amongst them in England alone. It is historically recorded that, during the Plague of Venice, bakers, and other persons in similar employments, suffered the most severely; during the Plague of Marseilles, in 1720, it is authentically stated that *all* the bakers died; whilst again at Hamburg, during an epidemic of rheumatic fever, one-half of the bakers fell victims, one-fourteenth of the cabinet-makers, and one-fifteenth of the tailors being cut off.

Does it not seem, then, very like constructive suicide to perpetuate a system which thus decimates its members, especially when it can be proved that no *necessity*, no fate, drives them to this fearful consumption? On behalf of the journeymen bakers of England, on behalf of the purity of the bread which we should eat, let us plead for that which ought long ago to have been introduced into the making of bread—machinery. It is strange that whilst mechanical ingenuity has been employed upon the fabrication of silks, and woollens, and cottons; in ploughing, in reaping, and threshing, and in ten thousand departments of human industry, Bread-making should have remained where it was five hundred years ago, and that we should not have actually im-

proved a step upon the mode of our ancestors. Strange that, whilst our mental energies have been directed to the development of engineering science, and we have our miles of tunnels, colossal aqueducts, and mighty bridges, spanning the sea itself—whilst we have our “Great Easterns” and “Warriors,” and railroads innumerable—whilst we have our miraculous telegraphs, and communicate instantaneously with the most distant part of the world by means of our speaking wire,—the preparation of “the staff of life” should still be made according to an antiquated system, and left in the hands of petty capitalists, who have not the means, if they had the will, to resist the temptations thrown in their way by competition, and who cannot lend themselves to any new invention, or encourage the efforts of scientific investigation. What is the consequence to the public? The poor baker feels himself necessitated to undersell his neighbour, and in order to be able to undersell his neighbour he is compelled to adulterate his flour, and to use all kinds of cheap and unwholesome ingredients; so that if Mind is ever at work in this country in the making of bread, it is unfortunately directed to the deception of society and the injury of the national health.

Within the last decade, however, two enterprising men have come forward and endeavoured to break through these fetters of tradition, to set at nought the prejudices of veteran master-bakers, and to prove to the British public that their real interests lie in the adoption of mechanical appliances to the production of bread, thereby exalting what is now but a cook's business into a manufacture. We allude to Mr. Stevens and Dr. Daugleish.

The dough-making machine of Mr. Stevens has been at work something like five years, and consists of the following parts,—the mixer, the feeder and duster, the scoop. The

advantages resulting from the use of this machine are—cleanliness, prevention of all waste, health for the journeyman, saving of time.

It must be confessed that these are a quaterne of benefits. By the new mechanical process—from the setting of the sponge, the breaking it up, and the kneading the dough, to the moulding the bread previous to its being put into the oven—the hand does not touch it. By the ordinary process of mixing and kneading, a great deal of flour lies about the bakehouse as dust. This is admitted by all scientific men to be the finest particles of the flour, and consequently the most nourishing. When the work is done, the sweepings are put into a sack, and sold to the breeders of pigs. This occasions a considerable loss. Now all this is prevented by the machine; there is no such waste, since the trough is covered down. But there is another advantage to be gained from Mr. Stevens' process; a greater number of loaves can be made from the same quantity of flour. The dough thus mixed yields, on an average, three four-pound loaves more per sack of flour than hand-made dough,—that is, about a loaf and a half more than is due to the saving of waste above mentioned. This arises from the more perfect amalgamating of the dough, every particle of flour being brought into contact with the ferment and the water, of which the more perfect mixing causes it to take up a greater quantity, whereas in hand-mixed dough numberless particles of the flour can be discovered quite dry. The machine-made bread also gives a thin top and bottom crust, besides which there are no crumbs. Whilst, moreover, there is this public, there is also a personal gain—the health of the journeyman is preserved by Mr. Stevens' system. It relieves him from the very severe and arduous labour of mixing and kneading, the work of turning the machine being

comparatively light ; it confines the particles of flour which would otherwise fly about the room, and be inhaled by the journeymen ; and it effectually prevents the escape of the carbonic acid gas, which is fatal to them.

We will now revert to the Daugleish system.

In a paper on his new system of aerated bread-manufacture, read by Dr. Daugleish before the Society of Arts on the 26th of April, 1860, the subject was briefly but clearly stated. "My system," he observes, "does away entirely with fermentation, and with all those chemical changes in the constituents of the flour which are consequent upon it. It evades the loss consequent upon the decomposition of the portion of starch or glucose consumed in the process of fermentation, estimated at from three to six per cent. This loss may be estimated at about £1,500,000 sterling in the total quantity of bread made annually in the United Kingdom. It reduces the time requisite to prepare a batch of dough for the oven from a period of four, eight, or twelve hours, to less than thirty minutes ; its results are absolutely certain and uniform ; it does away with the necessity for the use of alum with poor flour, and the temptation which bakers are under to use it with all. It has the recommendation of absolute and entire cleanliness, the human hand not touching the dough or the bread from the beginning of the process to the end ; even in weighing the dough, if a piece must be added to turn the scale, it is added by the use of a knife and fork. The journeymen are relieved from the circumstance most destructive to their health—that of inhaling the flour dust in the process of kneading. Their place of work, also in my process, would always be above ground, and well ventilated ; and their hours of work would never be more than the usual hours in ordinary occupa-

tions, with the recognised hours for meals. It will produce a healthier condition of the baking trade, and thereby diminish, to a great extent, the inducements which lead to the extensive system of fraud practised upon the public by the production of adulterated and inferior bread. It will effect an immense saving in the material from another source, namely, by preventing the escape of at least ten per cent. in the nutritive portion of the grain, hitherto lost as human food, by the method of grinding and dressing necessary in the preparation of flour for making white bread by fermentation. Together with the preservation of this large proportion of the entire quantity of wheat converted into flour, there is also the important result of the preparation preserved, the cere-aline being a most powerful agent in promoting the easy and healthy digestion of the food. This agent is retained uninjured by the aerated bread process, but is destroyed by the process of panary fermentation."

After the explanation we have given, almost *currente calamo*, after all this demonstrative evidence, what is to be said in favour of hand-made bread ? We have shown that it is a filthy process ; we have shown that it is an unhealthy process ; we have shown that it is not an economical process ; whereas, on the contrary, manufactured bread possesses all these three virtues. Those, then, who patronise the latter process are trebly fortified in their practice. When we consider the vast amount of bread that is made for the whole nation, and the immoderate proportion of waste which takes place under the old system, it follows that if this vast proportion of waste can be saved, so much is saved for the nation ; that bread will consequently be by so much more plentiful ; and that it will therefore be so much cheaper for the poor. But the most potent argument in favour of machine-made

bread is, after all, as we have stated, the question of health, not only for the maker, but for the consumer. If we could arrive at the true statistics, we should be startled to find how large a proportion of our ailments is due to the bread indigestive which we daily eat. This is not a question to be treated *couleur de rose*. Many facts which have risen to the surface during this investigation have not been at all savoury; nevertheless, it was neces-

sary to tell the truth, and to open the eyes of the public. Who, then, is for clean and pure bread? Who will raise the standard against adulteration and inferior "qualities?" Let us eschew altogether the old system, and adhere to the new; with a little encouragement we shall find that a new order of things has arisen, and that that which is now a national bane, will become what it ought in reality to be, a "Staff of Life."





## "A RIVER 'THOUGHT."

ROYAL Shannon, pride of rivers,  
 Ere thou reach the Western wave,  
 Many scenes of wondrous legend,  
 Do thy seaward waters lave.

From Loch Allen to Atlantic,  
 Mighty is thy current's flow ;  
 Ever onward, ever restless,  
 Changeful, like all things below.

Now thy stilly stream's expanded,  
 Mirror-like, from shore to shore ;  
 Now thy river-night uplifting,  
 Fills the turbid torrent's roar.

Echo'd back by some hoar ruin,  
 Monument of days bygone,  
 Landmark of our island story  
 In its crumbling wood and stone.

Once the seat of chieftains' stronghold,  
 Lonely warden of the flood,  
 Grimly holding the green summit,  
 Relic of an age of blood.

Where the might of wrathful foemen  
 Urged on then the battle barge,  
 Fiercely spreading on their foray,  
 Quick as eagle-flight their charge.

Where they fought—those men red-handed  
 Where they fell—in days of yore ;  
 Giving name of war and bloodshed,  
 To thy tranquil river's shore.

While the sluggish purple eddies,  
 Darkling with the tide of life,  
 Flow'd unconscious of man's madness,  
 By the unholy field of strife.

Some mysterious voice is speaking,  
 Hear the sound from silv'ry spray ;  
 'Tis the aged river's murmurs,  
 Thus the accents seem to say—

"Vain the mem'ry of man's glory,  
 All his meed of pride and might ;  
 Pass the shadows of his seeking,  
 As the vanished dream of night.

"Weak's the bravest warrior's arm,  
 Vain the boast of ancient name ;  
 Years can quell his vaunted prowess,  
 Cloud his high renown with shame.

"Time is waging certain battle,  
 Stone and iron feel his rust ;  
 While the fleeting pride of mortals,  
 Speaks not from the silent dust."

M. C.

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## ADIEU TO KING ARTHUR!

EVERY work of any pretension, when attended by success, is sure to be followed by a crowd of imitations or parodies. This was signally the case with the cycle of heroic poems produced in the second half of the twelfth century, on the subject of the brave prince for whose possession the south-west of England and the south of Scotland are not yet tired of contending. In the number of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for August, 1871 will be found the store-house from which these Norman-French pieces were obtained, viz., the chronicles of the British kings by Geoffrey of Monmouth, and the traditionary legends of Wales and Armorica. Taking these materials in hand, Walter Map and Robert de Borron, with some assistance from brother bards of their era, shaped out the poetic romances of "Joseph of Arimathea," "Merlin the Enchanter," "The Life and Death of King Arthur;" and in time these inartificial narratives were encumbered with the unedifying loves of Lancelot and Queen Guenevere, of Tristan and Yseult, and the falsehood of these ladies to their wedded lords.

All these compositions were in Norman-French, the only language used in speaking or writing by the English Court and nobility, when Walter Map and his coadjutors wrote their lays (temp. Henrici II., Ricardi I., et Johannis), and for a century later. The chronicle written

in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, ended at the accession of Henry II., A.D. 1154, and there is no evidence of any work of consequence being composed in that language at a later date. The transition of this speech into early English was not materially owing to the introduction of French into the country, for the natives lived apart from their conquerors, and would not learn nor use their tongue. It is probable that the Anglo-Saxon preserved to our time in books was not heard from the mouths of the common people when such books were written, no more than the Roman people observed all the inflexions and terminations belonging to nouns, pronouns, and verbs, which meet the eyes of students in Virgil or Cicero. The populace of any country are not partial to these nice verbal distinctions. If a language when at its best and purest, is not stereotyped, so to say, in the written works of good grammatical writers, it will come to lose its sharp verbal outlines, and inevitably suffer a degradation. A student fresh from the study of the MSS. in Trinity College or the Royal Irish Academy, would suffer some mortification in a casual discourse with a Badenoch Highlander. Instead of the six different terminations to a verb in any given tense, the brave shepherd or hunter could afford him only that of the third person singular.

If the Anglo-Saxon had been

granted sufficient time, after its use in the speech and composition of men of letters had ceased, we might not be surprised to find it in the form of the English metrical poems of the early part of the thirteenth century; but the interval between these two epochs was too short for the purpose. The Saxon Chronicle, the last work known to have been composed in the old tongue, was concluded in the early part of the reign of Henry II., whose accession dates 1154. Some thirty years later, the Worcester priest, Layamon, produced his translation of *THE BRUT* (the Chronicle of the British Kings) of Wace. Let any average reader compare the specimens subjoined, viz., of pure Anglo-Saxon, and of its supposed condition about the year 1180, and imagine if he can, that the change was brought about in thirty, fifty, or even eighty years.

#### ANGLO-SAXON.

Swa him Gaæthele wæs  
Fram cneo mægum,  
Thæt hi æt Campe oft  
With lathra gehwæne  
Land geal godon.

So to them it destined was  
From their mighty kindred,  
That they at Camp oft  
'Gainst robbers on each side  
Their land wholly cleared.

#### LAYAMON'S BRUT, Circa, 1180.

Tha the masse wes isungen,  
Of chirecken heo thrungen;  
The king mid his folke  
To his mete verde.

When the mass was sung,  
Out of kirk they thronged;  
The king mid his folk  
To his meat fared.

One of these specimens is unintelligible to a mere English scholar of our days. Only a trifling degree of attention is required to make out the sense of the other.

If we suppose a less grammatical and more simple dialect to have prevailed among the middle and lower ranks than was in use by the nobles and clergy, from the death of

Alfred to the accession of John Lackland, 1199, the contrast can be easily accounted for. The language of Layamon's *Brut*, and the still more intelligible language of the earliest English metrical romances, which had their birth about this time, A.D. 1200, was the natural issue of a process which had been silently at work for centuries, instead of the result of a hasty and violent change occupying from thirty to eighty years.

These early metrical tales, which probably had their birth in the end of the twelfth century, and attained their most perfect form within the fourteenth, during Chaucer's literary reign, exhibit no admixture of French words or French construction, a proof that the change from Anglo-Saxon to the tongue spoken in the youth of Chaucer, was not effected by the irruption of the foreign speech in use at the Court and the castles of the nobles. The after gradual enlargement of the English element in the commonweal, and the consequent closer communion between the Norman nobility and the English gentry and merchants, led to the gradual prevalence of French words and French phraseology in what finally became the common parlance of Court, and camp, and cottage. The charters granted to cities in the reign of John had a direct tendency to bring about the same result. Previously the Norman noble and his dependents kept aloof from the subjected Saxons, whether thanes or franklins, and these in their turn showed no desire of closer acquaintance. Such cities as existed were comparatively poor. They were in the power of the noble proprietor, who exacted military and other duties from the citizens as if they were mere vassals on a country estate. Once the charters were obtained, the denizens of a city became in a manner free men, who possessed the privilege of selecting their own chief. Nor-

mans and English were only too ready to obtain the much-coveted privileges ; and forming the same society they interchanged their vocabularies and their phraseology, and thus while the English tongue became the one channel of communication, it gradually received acquisitions from its foreign visitor, now a friendly neighbour.

We return to our proper subject, the metrical English romance, of which no extinct specimens can be traced with certainty to the twelfth century. It speaks much for the innate vigour and prevalence of the people's speech and the independent spirit of the bards, that though their poems were either translations of French pieces, or at least, founded on the same subjects, there is no admixture of foreign idiom or nomenclature to be found in them. On this subject some sentences from G. L. Craik's "History of English Literature," are worthy of consideration :

"The first examples of English metrical romance are translations from the French. If any such were produced before the close of the twelfth century (of which we have no evidence), they were probably designed for the entertainment of the mere commonalty to whom the French language was unknown. In the thirteenth century were composed the earliest of those we now possess in their original form. In the fourteenth the English took the place of the French metrical romance with all classes, and this was the era alike of its highest ascendancy and of its most abundant and felicitous production. In the fifteenth it had to contend with another rival in the prose romance, but it did not altogether cease to be read and written till after the commencement of the sixteenth. . . . Of the undoubted produce of the thirteenth century in this kind of writing, we have very little except the romances of, 'Kyng Horn,' 'Sir Tristrem,' 'Havelock (the Dane),' 'Sir Ga-

waine,' and a few others. It is probable, indeed, that many of the manuscripts of later date are substantially transcripts from earlier ones ; but in such cases, even when the general form of the poems as first written are tolerably well preserved, the language is always more or less modernised."

We now introduce to the reader's notice one of these metrical tales, copied about 1428, and perhaps from an older MS. The subject-matter is that of which the subjects of all the sovereigns from Henry II. to Henry VII. seem never to have tired,—ARTHUR, the Arthur of Walter Calenus and Geoffrey of Monmouth. The brave old versifiers of that time were honest men than their representatives in our days, who taking a historical or traditional incident, change or modify the circumstances, and invest the whole with such romantic or fanciful surroundings that the original writer would find it no easy matter to recognise his own handywork. Renouncing such a knavish system as that, the poet of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, taking the chronicle of the British kings in hand, arranged it in lines, merely distinguished by rhyme or alliteration, and conscientiously recorded the facts as he found them. Thus did the author of the poem above-mentioned, sadly abridging in parts the achievements of Arthur as recorded by Geoffrey of Monmouth.

In 1864, Mr. Furnivall, the able "Restorer of Decayed Intelligences," edited for the Early English Society the poem in question, having discovered it in the *Liber Rubens Bathoniæ* belonging to the library of the Marquis of Bath. There is no new light shed on the life of the patriotic king in the piece, nor is it distinguished by poetic excellence ; but the Society do not wish to neglect any ancient poems connected with the Arthurian cycle. Though the poet passed over several of the

exploits of Arthur recorded in "The British History," he would not omit the wonderful circumstances connected with his parentage, which placed him on a line with the invincible Hercules, and which curious readers will have no trouble to find in the *Pantheon*. Thus is stated his genealogy :

Vther pendragon was hys fader,  
And Ygerne was hys moder.  
Pendragon is in Walysch  
"Dragones heed" on Englysch.

Bretones gaf hym that name,  
Vther Pendragon the same,  
For that skyle (reason) fer and nere  
Euer more hyt to bere.

The trouvères and their English imitators never dreamed of visiting the sins of the parents on their children. A modern French novelist cannot turn out from his mental manufactory a very interesting lady without including frailty among her perfections; an illegitimate youth was the hero, by predilection, of the Norman-French romancers. Thus sung our bard of his much favoured champion.

Whan Vther Pendragon was deed,  
Arthour anon was y-crowned.  
He was courteys, large, and Gent  
To alle puple verament,  
Beaute, myght, amyable, chere  
To alle men ferre and neere.  
Hys port his gyftes gentyll  
Maked him y-loved wyll.  
Ech mon was glad of hys presence,  
And drade to do hym dysplesance.  
A stronger man of his honde  
Was neuer founde on any londe,  
As courteys as any Mayde;—  
Thus writeth of hym that hym a-sayde.  
At Cayrlyon wythout fable  
He let make the Rounde table;  
And why that he maked hyt thus,  
This was the resoun y-wyss,  
That no man schulde sytt above other,  
Ne have indignacioun of hys brother;  
And all hadde oo (one) seruyse  
For no pryde scholde aryse  
For any degree of syttyng,  
Other (or) for any seruyng.  
Thus he kept the table Rounde  
Whyle he leuyd on the grounde.

After he hadde conquered Skotland,  
Yrland, and Gotland,  
Than leuyd he at the best  
Twelve yeeris on alle reste,  
Without werre tyll at the laste  
He thought to make a nywe conquese.

So far is the poet from enlarging on the facts which he found in the "Latin Chronicle" of Geoffrey, or its Norman-French version by Wace, or the Early English translation of this last by Layamon, that he omits several very surprising things found in them. Among these may be mentioned the slaughter of four hundred and odd Saxons in one battle by Arthur, and three successive defeats, till the survivors were all as quiet as mice; and then his experience with the Picts and Scots in the sixty islands of Lake *Lumond*. In Arthur's time, as Geoffrey relates, sixty rivers emptied themselves in that loch, and, along with the sixty islands there were also sixty rocks, and sixty nests of eagles. In this wonderful group of islands, King Arthur would have put every individual Pict and Scot to death, including Guillamurius, King of Ireland, who had come to their relief, had not a deputation of bishops and inferior clergy presented themselves before him on their bended knees, and besought him to let the remnant of these troublesome marauders enjoy life a little longer in that remote corner of the kingdom. Arthur graciously granted the request; and the campaign being happily ended, he kept the high solemnity of Christmas at York, and rebuilt, in all haste, the churches lately demolished by the Pagans.

Being naturally indignant with the meddling King of Ireland, he next invaded that country. Guillamurius<sup>1</sup> in vain collected his fighting-men; nearly naked, and without arms they fled at the first brunt of battle. So sailing round the isle in triumph, he

<sup>1</sup> Probably a mistake of the Good Geoffrey for *Golla Mhuir*, Gilmour, Marys Servant, a name cognate with Gildea, Gilcrist, Gelfillan, God's Servant, Christ's Servant, Patrick's Servant, St. Fillan's Servant.

steered to Iceland and captured it. Such was now the terror of his name, that *Doldavins*, King of Gothland, and *Gunfasius*, King of the Orkneys, submitted without a blow. Better spirit could scarcely be expected in sovereigns bearing such names.

Norway was next subdued, and after Norway came the turn of Dacia, which of course lay, or was supposed to lie, in Geoffry's days, somewhere in Scandinavia. Aquitaine next submitted, and then Arthur fixed his thoughts on the conquest of France entire. The author of the poem improves on the narrative in this place. Geoffrey gave not a day's rest to his hero after the conquest of the Western Isles, Gottland, Norway, Dacia, and Aquitaine, till he put him in presence of the great chief, Frolo, before the walls of Paris; whereas, the poet prepared him for the dread struggle by a rest of twelve years at Caerleon, on Usk. The strife with that renowned Prætor was one of the most trying ever held by the British king, and was related in really stirring lines by his bard:

Arthur and Frolo fowght in feld;  
There deyde many under scheld.  
Frolo into Parys fly,  
Wyth strenkthe kept hyt wysely.  
Arthur byseged that syte and towne  
Tyll theire vytayl was y-doone.  
Frolo that worthy knyght  
Proferyd wyth Arthur for to fyght,  
Vnder this wyse and condicioun,—  
“Ho hadde the Maystrie have the crown,  
And no mo men but they two,”  
The day was sett to-geder they go.  
Fayr hyt was to byholde  
In such two knyghtes bolde.  
There was no word y-spoke,  
But eche hadde other by the throte.  
They smote wyth trounchoun and with  
swerd  
That hyt seye were aferd.  
(They that saw it were afraid.)  
Frolo fought with hys ax as men dude se,  
He hytt Arthur so sore that he felle on  
kne.  
He ros up raply, and smot hym full sore,  
He dude hym to grent a souey therefore.  
(He made him to grunt a sough therefore.)  
Thus they hyw (hew) on helmes hye,  
And schatered on wyth scheldes;  
The peeples by-gan to crye,  
That stood on the felde.

Ther ne wist no man as y can lere,  
Who of ham two was the better there.  
Arthur was chafed and wexed wroth;  
He hente (took out) brounsteele and to  
Trollo goth (goeth).  
Brounsteele was hevy (heavy) and also  
kene,  
Fram the schulder to the syde went by-  
twene  
Off Frolo, and than he fell to the ground,  
Ryght as he moste deed in lyte stounde.  
Frensch men made doell (lament) and  
wept full faste,  
Their crowne of fraunce there they loste.  
Then went Arthour in to paryse,  
And toke the castell and the towne at his  
avyse.  
Worshup be God of hys grete grace,  
That thus geueth fortune, and worshup to  
the reme (realm).  
Thanke ye hym all that beth on this place,  
And seyeth a Pater Noster wythout any  
beeme (noise).

PATER NOSTER.

Arthur having thus valiantly won Paris, turns his attention towards the conquest of France entire. He overruns the country with ease, distributes sundry provinces among his faithful knights, and returns to Caerlyon to spend the Christmas in a joyous and befitting manner.

At this point of the king's life, another poet of a superior order, who probably used his pen in the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century, commenced his poem of “Morte Arthure,” using the same authority as the writer from whom we have been quoting, and both writers departing little from “Geoffrey's Chronicle.” The poem just quoted has been discovered in the Thornton MS., in the library of Lincoln Cathedral, the book itself being a diversified collection in English and Latin, and known to have been copied by Robert Thorntor, archdeacon of Bedford, in the diocese of Lincoln, about the middle of the fifteenth century. The “Morte Arthure” was first published in 1847, Mr. J. O. Halliwell being editor. It was again edited by Rev. Mr. Perry, and published in 1865. And Mr. Edmond Brock has had the pleasure of seeing his edition issued in 1865, and again in 1871, under the patron-

age of the Early English Text Society. The lines are longer than those in the Marquis of Bath's copy; there is no attempt at rhyme, alliteration ruling throughout, and there is a decided superiority to the other poem in poetic phraseology and vigour of expression. However, long quotations are not desirable, as many words would be strange to the general reader, and even those which have continued the same as to substance, are in many instances disguised by the old forms of spelling. River is spelled *reuare*, runs *rynnys*, self *selwyne*, royal *ryalle*, served *seruyde*, under *undyre*.

The poem was not written till the Normans and English had got time to take kindly to each other, and foreign words had edged themselves into the society of native ones. Thus we find *duesperes* doing duty for douze pairs, and *erecheuesques* for archevesques (archbishops). Even in the other poem we find *fitz* placed before Welsh patronymics instead of *ap* or *map*; thus Fitz-Reis, Fitz-David, Fitz-Gryffeth.

A few lines are quoted from the introductory portion of the longer poem to mark its orthography and metre, premising that *Comlyche* means comely, *ylke* every, *lenge* abide, *lefe* leave, *tende* tenth, *semblant* splendour, *selcouthe* strange, *whas* was, *manys* mans, *one* on, &c.

Bot on the chrystenmesday daye, when  
they were alle semblyde,  
That comlyche conquerour commaunde  
him selwyne,  
That ylke a lorde sulde lenge, and no lefe  
take,  
To (till) the tende day fully ware takynge  
to the ende.  
Thus one ryalle araye he helde his Rounde  
Table  
With semblant, and solace, and selcouthe  
metes.  
Whas neuer syche noblay in no manys  
tyme  
Mad in mydwynter in tha waste marchys.

The brave king, having prepared for feasting and rest after his long spell of fighting, found he could no more command happiness for ten

days than "Seged, king of Ethiopia," and thus he was disturbed as the Bath MS. relates.

The thrydde day following  
Then coom new tiding,  
The while they sete at the mete  
Messgers were in y-lete.  
Well arayed in sooth they come,  
Y— send from Cite of Rome.  
Wyth lettres from the Emperoures,  
Whose name was Lucies.

Thus ran the contents of the mis-  
sive:

Lucius, the grete Emperour,  
To his enemy Arthour :  
We wondereth of thy wodeness (folly),  
And also of thy madnesse.  
How darst thou any wise  
Against the Emperour thus aryse,  
And ryde on Remes (realmes) on eche wey,  
And make kynges to the (thee) obey.  
Thu (thou) art wood (mad) on the Nolle  
(head) ;  
Thu hast scley (slain) owre cosyn Frolle.  
Thu schalt be tawzt (taught) at a schost  
day  
For to make such aray.  
Oure cosyn, Julius Cesar,  
Somme tyme conquered thar.  
To Rome thu owest hys trybut,  
We chargeth the to paye vs hyt ;  
We commandeth the on haste  
To pay our trybut faste.  
Thu hast scley Frolle in Fraunce,  
That hadde vnder vs there gouernaunce.  
We commandeth the in haste soone,  
That thu come to us at Rome,  
To underfang oure ordynaunce  
For thy disobedyauce.  
As thu wold not iezze thy lif,  
Tullfylle thys wythoute stryff.

The British lords were so enraged at the tone of this letter that they would have slain the ambassadors out of hand, but Arthur sternly interfered :

"That (he said) were agenst all kynde,  
A messenger to lete or bynde,  
I charge all men here  
For to make ham good chere."  
And after Mete, sanz fayl,  
With hys lordes he had counsayl,  
And all assented thereto,  
Arthour to Rome scholde go,  
And they no wolde in his trauaylle  
With strenkth and good neuer fayle.  
Then Arthour wroot to Rome a Jettre,  
Was (whose) sentence was somm-what  
byttere,  
And sayde in this manere  
As ye may hure here.

In the Thornton poem the lords look so truculent, and the king so terrible, that the ambassadors cower to the earth. Arthur reproaching them for cowardice, one answers that they found it impossible to bear the terror inspired by his looks.

Thou arte the lordlyeste *lade* [man] that  
euer I one [on] luyde (looked),  
By luykynge with-owtynne lesse [lie] a lyone  
the [thou] semys.

Arthur bids them be of good courage. No harm should be done to ambassadors by a Christian king. He gives his officers charge to see to the comfort of the Romans, and they are sumptuously fed and lodged. At the feast "*Barcheue-dys* (boar's heads) that were bryghte burnyste with syluer" were served with venison fatted and wilde, "pacockes and plouers in platers of golde," "pygges of porke-despyne (porcupines), that pastured never," "grette swannes in silueryne chargeours," hams and brawn, geese and bustards, "with brestes of barowes (swine) that bryghte ware to schewe," cranes and curlews craftily roasted, &c. The beverages were claret, *Rynisch* wine and Rochelle wines of Venice and Crete.

In the Thornton MS. the Council held by Arthur and his knights is treated of at large, and the speeches of the petty kings and knights given at full length. "Every voice was for war," and at the end of seven days the answer to Lucius's demand was given by word of mouth. In the Bath MS. the king sends this written despatch:—

Knoweth well, ye of Romayne,  
I am Kyng Arthour of Bretayne;  
Fraunce y haue conquered hyt,  
I shall defende and kep hyt yut [yet].  
I come to Rome as y am tryw  
To take my trybut to me dywe,  
But noon [none] there for to paye,  
By my werke ye schall asay;  
For the Emperour Constantyne  
That was the soon [son] of Elyne [St.  
Helena],  
That was a Breton of this lond,  
Conquered Rome wyth his bond.  
And so ye oweth me trybut;

Y charge yow that ye pay me hyt.  
Also Maximian, kyng of Bretagne,  
Conquered al France and Almayne [Ger-  
many],  
Lombarde, Rome, and Ytalye;  
By youre bokis ye may a-spye,  
Y am their Eyr [heir] and theyre lynage,  
I aske you my trywage.

The British king dismisses the ambassadors with courteous words and gifts; but in the Thornton MS. a most unseemly proceeding ensues. The chief of the embassy must travel to Sandwich in seven days ("sexty myle on a day.") He must go along Watling Street (surely Sandwich was not seven times sixty miles from Caerlyon-on-Usk), and when night falls, tie his horse to a bush or tree, and there abide till morning. If he is found on the eighth day within the seas of Britain he shall be hung, and his "body left for dogs to know."

This is a feature in the poem entirely at variance with the chivalric and hospitable spirit which pervades the heroic tales of the middle ages. It excites little surprise that the dismayed senator thus answers—

"Sir," sais the senatour, "So Crist mot  
me helpe,  
Might I with wirchipe wyne awaye ones  
[once],  
I sude neuer fore Emperour that on erthe  
lenges,  
Este [after] vnto Arthure ayere [go] one  
[on] syche nedys [business]."

The senator and his people having reached Rome in safety, deliver their answer; and while the Emperor expresses his surprise at the impudence and arrogance of the petty prince, they tell him that Arthur is just the man to make good his boast.

He seyde he wolde hyder come,  
And take trywage of all Rome.  
We dowteth last he wol do soo,  
For he ys myghty ynow ther too.

But before the minstrel proceeds to describe the mighty preparations for war, he exhorts his hearers to say devoutly *Pater Noster* and *Ave Mary*, which they are accordingly supposed to do, their mentor leading off the devotions.

The great armament of Xerxes



was scarcely superior in number and appointments to that set on foot by Lucius. He fixed on Germany for the battle-field, got a watch-tower erected on Mount St. Gothard, appointed giants and mighty warriors to watch the passes of the mountains, and established another watch-tower on Mount St. Bernard.

All the Orient is summoned to the aid of Rome. Inde and "Ermonye (Armenia), through which Eufrates rynnys," Arrabye, Damaske and Ramyat, Crete and Cappydos, Baby-lone and Baldak (Bagdad?), Perce, Pamphyle, and Prêter John's countrie, and even Amazonia is summoned to send her fair warriors.

The flour of the fayre folke of Amazonne's lands.

Among the warriors we find mention of those of Pullé and Pruyslande. Were Polonia and Prussia known to British men of the thirteenth century under their modern names?

The country about Rome being all occupied with the mighty array (where did they get provisions sufficient), the emperor appointed sixty giants to be his body-guards. These arrogant beings, boasting demons for their sires and witches for their dams, disdained to bestride war horses as was natural. Their beasts were mighty camels with towers on their backs.

Arthur is not dilatory on his side. He gathers in his tributary kings with their forces, appoints his queen *Waynour* (Guinevere) regent in his absence, gives her sole privilege of hunting in the season, and settles on his nephew Modred to be her lieutenant and champion guardian. She beseeches him to let her accompany him—so does Modred; and when the queen meets refusal she falls into a swoon. The original Guinevere was not the determinedly unfaithful wife described by the later manipulators of the Arthurian legends.

The Bretons and their allies arrive in safety at Barfleete, and there the chivalrous king hears a news which throws him into the deepest affliction. A giant, beside whom any giant of romance would appear to present some humane characteristics, has carried off the Duchess of Brittany, the lovely and virtuous Helena, and she is at the time crushed out of life by the hellish being, who dwells on the isolated mount off the coast. The monster is five cubits high, of huge proportions, beastly aspect, and strength beyond conception. His kirtle is fringed with the beards of kings, whom he has slain, and he is very anxious to secure Arthur's beard to complete the baleful ornament.

The king finds the giant stretched out before a huge fire, picking a man's thigh-bone, upbraids him with his evil life, and calls him to combat. Before the fight commences, the bard of the Lincoln MS. devotes several lines to the descriptive details of the monster's organs, and members, and outward show, which for rough vigorous handling could hardly be surpassed. At the hero's defiance he springs up, and seizing his club, comes down with a crushing blow which any other knight would have avoided by springing aside. Not so the prototype of "Jack the Giant Killer."

The Kyng castes vp his schelde, and  
couers hym faire,  
And with his burlyche<sup>1</sup> brande a box he  
hym reches,  
Ffulle butte in the frunt the fromonde<sup>2</sup> he  
hittes,  
That the burnyscht blade to the brayne  
rynnez.  
He [the giant] feyede<sup>3</sup> hys fiznamyte with  
his foule bondes,  
And frappes faste at hys [Arthur's] face  
fersely ther— aftyre.  
The kyng chaungez hys fote, eschewes a  
lyttile;  
Ne had he eschappede that choppe chende<sup>4</sup>  
had euylle.  
He folowes in fersely, and fastenesse a dint,  
Hye upe one the haunche with his hard  
wapyne,

<sup>1</sup> *Burlyche*, noble. <sup>2</sup> *fromonde*, monster (?). <sup>3</sup> *seyede*, wiped. <sup>4</sup> *chende*, fared.

That he hilled<sup>1</sup> the swerde halfe a fote large  
The hott blode of the hulke<sup>2</sup> vnto the hylte  
wynnez.

Then he romyede<sup>3</sup> and raredes and rudydly  
he strykez

Ffalle at Arthure, and one the erthe hyttez  
A swerde lengthe with in the swarthe he  
swappex<sup>4</sup> at ones,

That nere swounex<sup>5</sup> the kyng for swoughe<sup>6</sup>  
of hys dynttez.

Bot yit the kynge sweperly full swythe<sup>7</sup> he  
by swenker,

Swappex in with the swerde that it the  
swange<sup>8</sup> brystedde,<sup>9</sup>

Thane he castez the clubb, and the kyng  
hentez;<sup>10</sup>

On the creeste of the cragg he caughte  
hyme in armez,

And enclosez hym clenly to cruschene hys  
rybbes;

So harde haldez he that hende, that nere  
hys herte brystez.

Wrothely thai wrythyne, and wrystille to-  
gederz,

Welters and walows<sup>11</sup> ouer within thase  
buskez,<sup>12</sup>

Tumbelles, and turnes faste, and terez  
thaires wedez.<sup>13</sup>

Un-tenderly fro the toppe thai tiltine to-  
gederz,

Whilome Arthure ouer, and other-while  
undyre.

Ffro the heghe<sup>14</sup> of the hylle unto the harde  
roche

They feyne<sup>15</sup> neuer are;<sup>16</sup> they falle at the  
fode merkes.

But Arthure with ane anlace<sup>17</sup> egerly smyttez  
And hyttez euer in the hulke vp to the  
hiltz.

The theeffe at the dede thrawe so throlly<sup>18</sup>  
hym thryngex,<sup>19</sup>

That three rybbys in hys syde he thrystex  
in sundere.

The monster being done to death,  
with every justice, poetical and  
otherwise, we give the conclusion in  
the more intelligible text of the  
Bath MS.

Tham he mad Bedewere  
To smyte of hys heed there;  
To the [h]ost he dude hyt ryng,  
And theron was gret wondryng.  
Hyt was so [h]oryble and so greet  
More than any horse heed

Than had Hoel [Helens Lord] joye ynowh,  
For that Arthour so hym sclowh;  
And for a perpetual memorie  
He made a chapell of Seynt Marye  
In the hulle vpon the pleyne,  
Wyth-inne that the tumber of Eleyne;  
And that name wythoute nay  
Hyt bereth yut in-to this day.  
Now ys an ende of this thyng,  
And Arthour hath nyw tydyng.

There is evident in these two poems a much more religious spirit than in any of the Arthuryan legends as left by the Norman trouvères. In the Bath MS. the writer either exhorts his audience to kneel and say a *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria* at times for the weal and success of the Christian warriors, or insinuates that his good characters performed the duty in person. Now, when the ravager is slain, the gratitude of the erewhile wretched neighbours of the giant of Mont St. Michel is fervently rendered to God and the champion who was made the instrument of their deliverance.

Before the comlyche kyng they knelyd  
alle at ones.

"Welcom oure liege lord; to<sup>20</sup> lang has  
thou duellyde,"<sup>21</sup>

Gouvernour vndyr Gode graytheate and  
noble,

To whame grace es graunted and gyffene  
at his wille.

Thow has in thy realtee<sup>22</sup> reuengyde thy  
pople;

Thurgh helpe of thy hande thyme samyae  
are struyede,

That has thy renkes<sup>23</sup> ouerroane and reft  
theme their childyre;

Whas<sup>24</sup> neuer reume<sup>25</sup> owte of araye so  
redyly releuede."

Thane the conquerour cristenly carpez<sup>26</sup> to  
hys pople,

"Thankes Gode;" quod he, "of this grace,  
and no gome<sup>27</sup> elles;

Ffor it was neuer manas dede bot myghte  
of Hym selfene,

Or myraale of hys Modyre,<sup>28</sup> that mylde  
es<sup>29</sup> till<sup>30</sup> alle."

<sup>1</sup> hilled, hid,

<sup>2</sup> hulke, large, awkward

<sup>3</sup> romyede, rarede, roared.

<sup>4</sup> swappex, smites.

<sup>5</sup> swounes, swoons.

<sup>6</sup> swoughe, wind-blast.

<sup>7</sup> sweperly, swythe, swiftly.

<sup>8</sup> swange, loins.

<sup>9</sup> brystadde, broke, bursted.

<sup>10</sup> hent, seize.

<sup>11</sup> welter and walows,  
rolls and tumbles.

<sup>12</sup> buskez, bushes.

<sup>13</sup> teres tharres wedes, tears  
their clothes.

<sup>14</sup> heghe, height.

<sup>15</sup> feyne, cease.

<sup>16</sup> are, ere.

<sup>17</sup> anlace, a kind of dagger.

<sup>18</sup> throlly, vehemently.

<sup>19</sup> thryngex, squeezes.

<sup>20</sup> to, too.

<sup>21</sup> duellyde, tarried awry.

<sup>22</sup> realtee, royalty.

<sup>23</sup> renke, man.

<sup>24</sup> whas, was.

<sup>25</sup> reume, realm.

<sup>26</sup> carpez, speaks.

<sup>27</sup> gome (homo), man.

<sup>28</sup> Modyre, mother (the  
Blessed Virgin.)

<sup>29</sup> es, is.

<sup>30</sup> till, to, as in modern  
Scotch.

The good king orders all the giant's property to be distributed among the poor, and then,—

He comande hys cosyne with knyghtlyche wordez

To make a kirk on the cragg, ther the corse lenges,

And a couent there-in, Criste for to serfe,  
In mynde of that martyre, that in the monte rystez.

But messengers arrive in hot haste from the Lord Marischal of France, to acquaint King Arthur with the ravages which the Emperor of Rome and his allies, the Soldan, the giants, and the rest are making on the country. Immediately Sir Boyce, Sir Gawaine, Sir Gryme, Sir Beryl, and Bedwere the cupbearer, are despatched to stay the Roman from his unchristian proceedings. And "now they graithe (get ready) them to go, theis galyarde knyghttes, all gleterande in gold, appone grete stedes," and gaining a hill near the hostile-encampment, they behold all its bravery enlivened by the blasts of trumpets made out of *olyphantes* horns,—the only time perhaps, in which the ivory tusk of the elephant was made to discourse sweet music. Thus were their eyes entertained:—

Palaises proudliche pyghte,<sup>1</sup> that palyd<sup>2</sup> ware ryche,

Of palle and of purpure with precyous stones,

Pensels,<sup>3</sup> and pomelle<sup>4</sup> of ryche prince armez,

Fighte in the playne mede, the pople to schewe.

An entertainment has just been prepared for the great Emperor and—

They saw hyme, and the sowdane, and senatours many

Seke<sup>5</sup> to warde a sale<sup>6</sup> with sextene kynges,  
Syland<sup>7</sup> softly in, swetely by them selfene,  
To sowpe with that souerayne ffulle selcouthe<sup>8</sup> metes.

Our readers are already acquainted with the unceremonious mode in which King *Estmere* and his brother Adler intruded on the dinner-hour

of Sir Bremyr the King of Spain. (See *Percy's Reliques*.)

King Estmere stabled his steed  
So fair at the proud hall board,  
The froth that came from his bridle-bit  
Lit on Sir Bremyr's beard.

Even as unceremoniously did Sir Gawaine and his brother knights beard Sir Lucius in his dining-hall in presence of the *Soudane* and the other proud allies, and forbade him in his king's name to do further deeds of wastryffe. The Emperor, much incensed, utters mortal defiance to the Briton king, and says that he would, only for the reverence due to heralds and public messengers, inflict instant death on the proud speaker. Gawayne utters the wish dearest to his heart, *i.e.*, that he might have Sir Lucius before him in *Graith*, and be allowed to do his worst on him. Sir Gayous, the uncle of the Emperor, being much incensed at Sir Gawayne for his lack of respect, bitterly upbraids him, and the next moment his head is swept off by the sword of the hot-headed Briton.

The Norman trouvères imparted a spirit of courtesy to their versions of the Breton legends which the originals did not possess. The behaviour of the warriors who figure in the Myvyrian poems and the tales in the *Mabinogion* are by no means of the courteous chivalric cast of that of the same heroes as they passed through the imagination of Robert de Borron or Chretien of Troyes. These minstrels would shudder at the idea of that pearl of courtesy, Sir Gawayne beheading a knight—nay, the very uncle of the Roman Emperor—in that potentate's presence. Traces of the abrupt and rough demeanour of the characters in the ancient British lays reappear in these Early English poems.

Sir Gawaine's rash and unpardon-

<sup>1</sup> *pyghte*, pitched.

<sup>2</sup> *palyd*, paled, encircled.

<sup>3</sup> *pensels*, pennons.

<sup>4</sup> *pomelle*, gilt ball on a flagstaff.

<sup>5</sup> *seke*, proceed.

<sup>6</sup> *sale*, dining-hall.

<sup>7</sup> *syland*, sideling.

<sup>8</sup> *selcouthe*, rare.

able act renders a further delay in the *sale* of the Emperor unadvisable. The British knights fling themselves on their horses, and dash through the Guards. They are pursued, but several of the Romans are slain. Their chiefs return, but some thousands still chase the "lawless men," who finally are relieved by an ambush of their own people. If early audiences were not hearty admirers of descriptions of skirmishes and deeds done in pitched battles, they would soon have wearied of the succession of fights maintained by the retiring Britons and the pursuing Romans, till Arthur's camp was reached. In one of the *mêlées* Sir Boyce was taken prisoner, but again freed by Sir Gawaine and his dauntless followers, and for joy—

Thane the Bretones boldly braggene<sup>1</sup>  
theire trompez,  
And fore blisse of Sir Boyce was broghte  
owtte of bandez,  
Boldly in batelle they bere doune knyghtes;  
With brandez of broune stele they brettene<sup>2</sup>  
maylez,  
They stekede<sup>3</sup> stedys in stoure<sup>4</sup> with stelene  
wapyns,  
And alle stewede<sup>5</sup> with strenghe that stode  
them agaynes.

Sir Idrus aided by "sextene knyghtes," makes a vigorous attack on the opposing chief, the *senatour*—  
Sodanly in a soppe<sup>6</sup> they sett in at ones,  
Foaynes<sup>7</sup> faste at the fore breste with flaw-  
mande swerdes  
And feghttes faste att the fronte freschely  
thare astyre;  
Ffelles<sup>8</sup> sele<sup>9</sup> on the felde appone<sup>10</sup> the fer-  
rere syde,<sup>11</sup>  
Ffey<sup>12</sup> on the faire felde by the fresche  
strandez.

Arthur is gladdened by the safe return of his peerless champions, one only, Sir Ewayne, being seriously hurt. The "cheeffe chaunche-

lere" of Rome and the *senatour* Peter, are brought in prisoners, along with sundry paynim knights, and sent on to Paris to be carefully guarded there.

Next a detachment of Britons proceed to Chartres under the command of Sir Cador and Sir Clegys, but they are waylaid by a large force of Romans. An earl of the party loudly upbraids Arthur for his ambition, but he is boldly answered by Sir Clegys, who prays of his courtesy to indulge him with three courses. The King of Surry (Syria) insinuates that Sir Clegys may perhaps not be in condition to brag of noble ancestry; but he asserts that his forefathers fought at Troy, as honourable a boast in the days of chivalry as "coming over with William the Bastard" is in ours.

Myne armes are of ancestrye<sup>13</sup> enueryde  
with lordes,  
And has in bauere bene borne sene Sir  
Brute<sup>14</sup> tyme  
At the cité of Troy that tyme was en-  
segede;<sup>15</sup>  
Oft scene in asawtte with certayne  
knyghttes.  
Ffro the Borghite<sup>16</sup> broghte vs and alle oure  
bolde elders  
To Bretayne<sup>17</sup> the braddere<sup>18</sup> within chip-  
pe-burdes.<sup>19</sup>

The enemy being in overwhelming numbers, Sir Clegys advises Sir Cador to draw away his men; but he addresses his words to deaf ears.

"Nay," quod Cador, "So me Criste helpe,  
It ware schame that we sholde shone<sup>20</sup> for  
so lytyle.  
Sir Lancelott sall neuer laugh that with  
the kyng lenges,<sup>21</sup>  
That I suld lette my way for lede apone  
erthe.<sup>22</sup>  
I sall be dede and undone ar<sup>23</sup> I here dreche<sup>24</sup>  
Ffor drede of any doggesonne in yone<sup>25</sup> dym-  
schawes.

<sup>1</sup> braggene, blow.

<sup>2</sup> brettende, battered.

<sup>3</sup> steked, pierced.

<sup>4</sup> stource, struggle.

<sup>5</sup> stewed, enclosed.

<sup>6</sup> soppe, crowd.

<sup>7</sup> ffaynes, fences.

<sup>8</sup> ffelles, fell.

<sup>9</sup> sele, many.

<sup>10</sup> appone, upon.

<sup>11</sup> ferrere, farther.

<sup>12</sup> ffey, dead or fated to die.

<sup>13</sup> enueryde, distinguished or connected?

<sup>14</sup> Sir Brute, Brutus, grandson of Eneas.

<sup>15</sup> ensegede, besieged.

<sup>16</sup> borghite, Burgh of Troy?

<sup>17</sup> Britain proper as distinguished from Brittany.

<sup>18</sup> braddere, broader.

<sup>19</sup> chippe-burdes, ship-board.

<sup>20</sup> shone, shun.

<sup>21</sup> lenges, lies, abides.

<sup>22</sup> lede apone erthe, man on earth.

<sup>23</sup> ar, ere.

<sup>24</sup> drache, tarry, abide.

<sup>25</sup> yone, yon Schawes woods.

The King of Lebé (Lybia) does great execution among the British knights, but is at last slain by Sir Cador, and the King of Syria, wishing to avenge his loss, is taken prisoner. The paynims, being left without generals fly, and the British knights return to Arthur to report progress.

Arthur sheds bitter tears on finding that Sir Beryll and thirteen other good knights have perished, and bestows considerable blame on Sir Cador. He defends his conduct with dignity, the king retracts his harsh expressions, gives him due honour, and orders a great feast to be prepared for the gallant survivors.

Sir Lucius resolves, for no reason sufficiently apparent, to betake himself and his forces into Saxony, and there spend his time in feasting and jollity, till Sir Leo and the lords of Lombardy rejoin him; but the wise British king, learning his intention, steals a march, gets into Saxony before him, and invests the city (?) Sir Lucius, approaching, finds the defiles occupied by the Britons, determines not to fly, but sets up his great standard, the Golden Dragon, and he and his nobles, and his pagan allies, fall to eating and drinking as if Arthur was on the west side of Dover Straits. The poet here probably nodded over his work. Arthur's great ensign was the Golden Dragon, and Sir Lucius vaunted the eagle, as any schoolboy could have told him.

We have no space for the various hand-to-hand combats that ensue. However, a word must be bestowed on the giants before spoken of. These make terrible destruction among the western men, the chief destroyer being Golypas, till Arthur comes to the rescue.

He clekys owte colbrande [his sword] full  
clenlyche barneschte,  
Graythes hyme to Golapas that greynde  
moste,<sup>1</sup>  
Kuttes hym euene by the knees clenly in  
sondyre.

"Come dewne," quod the kyng, "and  
karpe to thy ferys."<sup>2</sup>  
Thowe arte to<sup>3</sup> hye by the halfe, I hete<sup>4</sup> the  
in trouthe.

Thow sall be hansomere in hye with the  
helpe of my Lorde."  
With that stelene brande he strake ofe his  
hede;

Steryly in that stoure he strykes another;  
Thus he settes on seuene with his sekyre<sup>5</sup>  
knyghttes,

Whylles sixty ware seruede soo seasede  
they neuer,<sup>6</sup>

And thus at the joynenyge the geauntez are  
dystroyede.

Among the losses sustained by the Britons on that eventful day, must be reckoned the death of Sir Cayous, killed by a felon blow from behind, while he was sternly engaged with a knight in front. In the passing away of the estimable champion the poet had an opportunity of illustrating the three great motives by which the model knight was actuated,—piety to God and the saints, devotedness to the ladies, and love of warlike glory.

He [Sir Cayous] weyndes to the wyce  
kyng, and wynly hym gretes;—

"I am wathely<sup>7</sup> woundide, waresche<sup>8</sup> mone<sup>9</sup>  
I neuer.

Wirke now thy wirchipe as the worlde askes,  
And brynge me to beryelle byd I no more.  
Grete wele my ladye the qwene, yife the  
werlde happyne,

And alle the burliche burdes<sup>10</sup> that to hir  
boure langes,<sup>11</sup>

And my worthily weife that wrethide<sup>12</sup> me  
neuer.

Bid hire fore hir wyrchipe wirk for my  
saulle."

The kynges confessor come with Criste  
in his handes,

Ffor to comforth the knyghte, kend<sup>13</sup> hym  
the wordes.

The knyghte coueride on his knees with a  
kaunt<sup>14</sup> herte,

And caughte his Creatoure that comforthes  
vs alle.

<sup>1</sup> *graynde most*, did most injury.

<sup>2</sup> *carpe to thy ferys*, talk to thy equals.

<sup>3</sup> *to*, too.

<sup>4</sup> *hete*, assure.

<sup>5</sup> *sekyre*, sure, trusty.

<sup>6</sup> *sessyde they neuer*, ceased they never.

<sup>7</sup> *wathely*, wightly, severely.

<sup>8</sup> *waresche*, be healed.

<sup>9</sup> *mone*, shall, must.

<sup>10</sup> *burliche burdes*, beautiful ladies.

<sup>11</sup> *langes*, belongs, abides.

<sup>12</sup> *wrethide*, angered.

<sup>13</sup> *kend*, told.

<sup>14</sup> *kaunt*, courageous.

Maddened by the loss of his trusty knight, King Arthur carries destruction into the ranks of the Romans, well seconded by Sir Gawayne, who cuts a lane through the enemy in order that he may assail the emperor. In the grim stoure Sir Bedwere is slain, but the foe effect little after that great injury. Arthur gets at last to close quarters with Lucius, and slays him, and the victory is secured.

Though the stirring actions of the poem are detailed with remarkable vigour and descriptive power, anything approaching sublimity is never attained, nor even attempted. The most stirring and sensational actions and situations are attended by some trifling or common adjuncts, which, indeed, lend an air of vraisemblance to the narrative, but mightily detracts from any pretension to epic solemnity.

Thus the fight between the emperor and the king is told in as undignified terms as a penny-a-liner would chronicle a combat between a sweep and a dustman:

The emperor thane egerly at Arthure he  
strykes,  
Awkward<sup>1</sup> on the umbrere,<sup>2</sup> and eagerly hym  
hyttes.  
The nakyde swerde at the nese<sup>3</sup> noyes hym  
sare,  
The blode of the bolde kyng over the  
breste rynnyng,  
Beblede<sup>4</sup> at the brode schelde and the  
bryghte mayles.  
Oure bolde kyng bowes the blonke<sup>5</sup> be the  
bryghte brydylle,  
With his burlyche<sup>6</sup> brande a buffete hym  
reches,  
Thourge the brene and the breste with his  
bryghte wapyne;  
O-slante<sup>7</sup> doune fro the slote<sup>8</sup> he slyttes at  
ones.

There can be no question but that the king has got much annoyance, and suffered extremely for the loss of his favourite knights. Nevertheless he should not have permitted

such severity to be used once the resistance ceased. Neither should he have suffered such a disgrace as below related, to be inflicted on noble Roman senators when granting their lives, and commissioning them to convey to Rome the embalmed body of the emperor on his *olyphante*, and the bodies of his chiefs on camels.

Thane the bannerettez of Bretayne broghte  
theme to tentes;  
There barbouris were bowne<sup>9</sup> with basyns  
one lofte;<sup>10</sup>  
With warme watyre I wys they wette  
theme fulle sone.  
They schouen<sup>11</sup> thes schalkes<sup>12</sup> schappely  
ther-aftyre,  
To rekkene thes Romaynes recreaunt and  
yoldene,<sup>13</sup>  
Ffor-thy schoue they theme to schewe for  
skomfite of Rome.

Arthur might now be said to be at the summit of fortune's wheel, and had he been satisfied to settle his conquests, and return to comfort and peace in Britain, might have averted misfortune from himself and his queen, but really the good king was no more exempt from ambition than Julius Cæsar, Alexander, or the first Napoleon. Having given honourable burial to Sir Bedwere at Bayonne, and Sir Cayous at Caen (?), he must reduce the rebellious Duke of Lorraine, after which he will establish good order in Lombardy, and finally chastise the Turks. He lays siege to Metz, and having need of forage, sends Sir Gawaine to seek it.

In this quest the knight just named is attacked by a strange warrior, and a dreadful fight ensues, so much so that each seems to be wounded to death. In this strait the stranger says he has a balsam which he will share with his antagonist, provided he procures a confessor for him. Sir Gawaine readily agrees.

<sup>1</sup> awkward, askew.

<sup>2</sup> umbrere, vizor.

<sup>3</sup> nese, nose.

<sup>4</sup> beblade, made bloody.

<sup>5</sup> blonke, horse.

<sup>6</sup> burlyche, grand.

<sup>7</sup> o-slante, slantingly.

<sup>8</sup> slote, pit of the stomach.

<sup>9</sup> bowyne, ready.

<sup>10</sup> one lofte, aloft.

<sup>11</sup> schouene, shaved.

<sup>12</sup> schalke, man.

<sup>13</sup> yoldene, submissive, yielded.

<sup>14</sup> fforthy, therefore.

<sup>15</sup> schoue, share.

As often happens in romance, the knights forget their urgent needs, and after the fashion of Homer's heroes, question each other on the subject of ancestry. The unknown reveals everything connected with himself. His name is Sir Priamus, of Rome; his father having rebelled, has won a kingdom for himself. He is right in descent from Alexander the Great, and the uncle of his great grandfather was Sir Ector of Troy. He also boasts of family connection with the great Jewish warriors, Joshua and Judas Maccabeus. When Gawaine's turn comes, laying truth on one side, he says he is only a groom of the chambers to the king, burnishes his armour, brushes his doublets, makes himself generally useful, and so pleases his master that he made him a yeoman at Yule and gave him a hundred pounds.

"Ah," said the astonished relative of Sir Hector of Troy, "Giffe his knaues be syche his knyghtes are noble; theres no kynge vndyre Criste may kempe (fight) with him one." Sir Gawaine, pitying his mortification at being worsted by a mere valet, acknowledges the truth, brings him to his foraging party, and they are unarmed in order to their cure.

A vial of gold is taken from the girdle of the strange knight. This vial is full of the flour of the four streams that issue out of paradise, and that flour consists of the substances of the fruit which falls in these streams from the trees: hence its virtue.

Sir Priamus deserts his party, and joins Sir Gawaine and the Britons. Metz is taken, Lorraine subjected, and, after some further triumphs, the king is enjoying existence in the pleasant clime of Tuscany, receiving ambassadors, and indulging in bright anticipations of a coronation by the Pope in one of the great basilicas of Rome. But in the night-watches he is sadly troubled with a vision of Lady Fortune, upon whose silver

chair he is invited to sit after the other eight worthies of the world have been removed from it in succession. These were Alexander, Hector, and Julius Cæsar—Pagans; Joshua, David, and Judas Macchabeus—Hebrews; Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bulloigne, Christians of the future.

After the capricious goddess has first flattered and luxuriously treated the hero, all at once her countenance changed towards him. He is flung from his silver seat, and crushed under her wheel, from which he awakes in an agony of fear. A philosopher warns him that he has seen his best days, encourages him to make his peace with God, and prepare for death. The news of the usurpation of his kingdom by his treacherous nephew, Modred, and of the same wretch forcing Queen Guenevere to share his bed and his throne, comes to his ears immediately after.

Nothing is now to be done but cross the sea in all haste, and punish the traitor. Sir Gawaine, through eagerness and burning desire to avenge the wrongs done to his beloved and revered king, assails the forces of Modred with a handful of men, attacks the arch traitor, and severely wounds him, but is forced back by the multitude, and he finally sinks on a heap of foemen slain by his own hands. There is still enough of the Christian knight left in Modred to inflict remorse on his heart as he contemplates the loyal knight, the faithful adherent of his betrayed uncle now extended powerless. He feels that he cannot avoid his merited fate, and writes to Guenevere to make her escape into Ireland. Instead of following the wicked man's advice, she repairs to Glastonbury and becomes a nun.

Arthur's grief is most poignant on arriving on the field which saw the last of his devoted knight. Modred would have avoided an engagement with his implacable uncle and sove-

reign, but he cannot avoid his doom. On the field of Camlan he was forced to come to blows. Driven to bay, he fought with the reckless hardihood inspired by despair, and after receiving his death-blow from *Caliburn*, Arthur's sword, he inflicted, with all his collected force, a wound from which Arthur felt he was not to recover. The great king, having accomplished his determined object, turned all his care to secure the succession of his nephew Constantine, and the salvation of his own soul. He ordered himself to be conveyed to Glastonbury, but finding himself unable to reach this religious house, he rested at a manor, urgently requested a confessor, and received the last sacraments. The poet, apparently much affected for the death of his hero, thus sketches the woeful obsequies:—

Alle was buskede in blake, birdes [ladies]  
and othire,  
That schewede at the sepulture with  
sylande teres;  
Whas neuer so sorrowfulle a syghte sene in  
theire tyme.  
Thus endes kinge Arthure as auctors  
alegges,  
That was of Ectores blude, the kynge sone  
of Troy,  
And of Sir Pryamous the prynce, praysede  
in erthe.  
Ffro thethene [thence] broghte the Bretons  
alle hys bold eldyrs  
In-to Bretayne the brode as the Bruytte  
[chronicle] tells.

The epitaph provided for the noble king by his bards, ran thus—*Hic jacet Arthurus, Rex quondam, Rexque futurus.* "Here rests ARTHUR, King that was, King that shall be." The good scribe of the "Morte Arthure" did not fail to add his name to the end of his MS., and to invoke a blessing for himself, as was the rule with all our ancient scribes, Saxon and Celtic,—excellent men who have laid the men of letters of all after-ages under such obligations. Worthy fellow-labourers and associates of Robert of Thornton and all of his class, are the acting members of the Early

English Society and every existing body, who are actively employed in preserving, for ourselves and our descendants, the curious or valuable literary relics of our ancestors. The zeal, and diligence, and care of Mr. Furnivall and the other editors of the Early English productions can scarcely be surpassed.

The two poems under notice are distinguished from the Norman-French lays on the same and similar subjects, by the absence of the erotic element, whether innocent or the reverse. In this they show to much advantage when contrasted with the lays of the *trouvères*, to whom criminal intrigues and amorous adventures were so welcome at all times. Another difference is owing to the total neglect of fays, "Ladies of the Lake," and other spiritual beings of their kind, with regard to the healing of the wounded knights and their general well-being. The British champions are faithful and pious, and commend their deeds to heaven; but no special intervention of saint or angel occurs through either poem.

In the original Norman-French poems, Arthur is rather inferior as a mere combatant to Sir Gawaine and Sir Launcelot. In the popular minstrelsy devoted to Robin Hood, that outlaw-chief is not equal to Little John or Will Scarlett at the quarter-staff or broad-sword. Fionn Mac Cumhail yields in skill and strength of arm to his grandson Osgur, and to Diarmuidh of the Beauty Spot. Charlemagne is not so redoubtable in "battle and conflict" as his nephew Orlando. Still these chiefs of national legends excel their knights in dignity, courtesy, beneficence, and magnanimity. In the two poems just considered it is not so. Arthur is scarcely as magnanimous or merciful as he is exhibited by the *trouvères*; but in personal prowess he is unapproachable. None of the national poems end in the happy style of a fireside



tale. Arthur only survives his best knights to perish on the field of Camlan; Orlando perishes at Roncesvalles; Robin Hood is treacherously done to death; the heroes of the Nibelungen Lied end their career most tragically; Fionn Mac Cumhail is assassinated; the peerless Diarmuidh is torn by an enchanted boar; and Osgur, with the rest of the surviving Fians of Erin meet their fate at the fatal fight of Gavra.

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### THE LEGEND OF DUNSTAN.

SAINT DUNSTAN he flourished his amateur tongs,—  
 " 'Tis labour, 'tis labour, that conquers all wrongs."  
 He blew up his furnace to fashion a hinge,—  
 "No man who can work to the devil need cringe."  
 He took up his hammer to work at the bar,  
 When outside the smithy a voice cried "ha! ha!"  
 He muttered a prayer 'gainst the power of evil,  
 And when he looked up, he was faced by the devil.

"You said," cried the devil, "'tis labour that wins;  
 That a man who can work is absolved from his sins:  
 A crowbar I want, and three skeleton keys;—  
 Now prove your own precept by making me these."  
 The saint took the tongs that were hot from the fire,  
 Shouted "Satan avaunt!" and anathemas dire,  
 And crying, "thou falsest of devilish foes!"  
 He seized him, and held him quite fast by the nose.

But if Dunstan had virtue, the devil had power,—  
 "If you won't work my evil," he said, with a glower,  
 "If you won't make my crowbar and skeleton keys  
 You shall work till you do: you may do as you please."  
 So although Dunstan died, and was buried full deep,  
 And churches were built over where he should sleep,  
 The roar of his furnace still answers the search,<sup>1</sup>  
 In the north-eastern corner of Avalon Church.

*Glastonbury.*

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<sup>1</sup> In this hollow corner, if you listen, you will hear a noise exactly like the regular blowing of a forge.

## LADY GERALDIN; OR, STOWE PARSONAGE.

A TALE, IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER IV.

## I WIN AND LOSE.

SAD, doubtful, and mentally weary, I returned on board. After that night the weather suddenly changed, as it so often does near the equinox, from serenity, brilliancy, and calmness, to become squally, uncertain, and wet. There was now little attraction for me on shore. Lady Carville was gone; the balls and parties were over, Marion was never to be seen. As usual, I tried to throw a little excitement into my existence by contending with all sorts of rough weather; but I began to think that I had not quite a right to risk the lives of my crew in so doing; and the bowsprit of the "Aurora" being at length carried away by a clumsy coaster in a heavy gale of wind, as soon as a temporary one could be fitted, and the weather moderated a little, I took her round to Southampton, and laid her up for the winter.

I whiled away the time, between leaving Avonmouth and the commencement of the yachting season, alternately at Paris and Vienna. It was at the latter capital that I saw in the *Times* the appointment of my friend, Alberie Grey, as first-lieutenant of a ship on the African station; and that made me think of Avonmouth, and determined me again to spend the latter part of the ensuing summer on the west coast of England.

Glad to find myself once more afloat in my own beautiful yacht, as soon as the season was sufficiently advanced, I went into the North

Sea, and up as high as the North Cape, before I put my intentions respecting the western regattas into execution.

A sense of nervous anxiety grew upon me as we entered Avonmouth Bay. It was early in an August morning that we rounded the west cape. A light grey mist lay on the cliff and the sea. As the sun rose higher a small space round the yacht was flooded with golden light. Then the illumination spread further and further. One by one the headlands threw off their dewy veils, and shone out in their brightest colours. In the deep-green combs the mists lingered longest; but as we opened them, each became clearer than the last, and finally the inner cone of Avonmouth shone out in such matchless beauty of tint that I ceased to regret the glories of the summer night in the Norwegian fiords.

As we approached the town the masts of twenty or thirty yachts shot up amidst the dark-wooded hills; others were cruising about, their white sails gleaming in the golden light, and others, not intended to take part in the regatta, were moored in the roadstead, with many-coloured flags extended from topmast-head to bow and stern. Banners and streamers were seen fluttering on the hills and round the harbour; gaily-dressed crowds were already assembled on the heights, guns were fired at intervals, and the sound of bells swelled and sunk upon the light air.

Bells have always a saddening

effect upon me. I thought, too, with sorrow, upon my old school-fellow, Grey, and Marion Earnescliffe, and of their broken loves, and of the mystery of the handsome curate, which seemed to imply a want of truth and honour in Marion. This thought recalled other ideas, sadly personal to myself, and I determined, after going ashore, to make certain arrangements for the race, to sail myself in the yacht during its continuance, that I might indulge my recollections in solitude and silence.

It was late in the evening when we re-entered the harbour. The "Aurora" had behaved beautifully, and had made me the very unthankful owner of a magnificent gold cup, and my crew sharers in a handsome sum of money. After we had anchored, I told my man, Ross, to prepare everything for dressing in my cabin.

"Sir?" said the man, in utter astonishment.

"Are you deaf?" returned I. "I wish to dress, immediately; I am going to the Regatta Ball."

"The ball, sir!" said Ross, whom long attendance upon me, and my own indolence combined, to render that greatest of nuisances, a privileged servant.

"You have not been at a ball this twelvemonth!"

"Perhaps not, sirrah; that is no affair of yours. Do as I bid you directly," said I.

And to the ball I went, and soon found myself standing, as I had done a year before, among the pillars which supported the orchestre.

"How do you do, Lord Geraldin; I'm decidedly glad to see you," said Mr. Shaw, who, next to the other monosyllable, Forde, was to me the most objectionable individual in the neighbourhood.

"And I am delighted to renew my acquaintance with Mr. Shaw," returned I, with marked emphasis on the last word but one.

"You will find all your old friends here," continued he, nothing abashed, "except, indeed, poor Grey! poor fellow! he could not stand it—he was obliged to go to sea. Too bad, my lord—really too bad!"

A foolish laugh formed an appropriate conclusion to that which seemed to me the speech of an idiot.

All the curiosity with which it inspired me, however, could not overcome the disgust which I felt for the man who had uttered it. I saw that Shaw wished to elevate himself by an apparent intimacy with me; and, without replying, I left him to join some acquaintances at a distance from the door.

"Have you spoken to Miss Earnescliffe yet?" said one of them, after the first greetings were over. "Poor girl, she looks dreadfully ill; she has been drooping, they say, ever since *some one* left the neighbourhood. It is easy to see that her good spirits are assumed to hide the wound in her heart."

"Ah, you're a sad fellow, St. Clare!" said another. "Poor Grey! he was obliged to go to the Coast of Africa, in order to catch the fever and die. But I hear from Forde, who corresponds with him, that he has consoled himself with the daughter or niece of the governor of Cape Coast Castle, or Sierra Leone—I forget which."

"You speak in riddles," said I, quite confounded by all this raillery. "I will ask Miss Earnescliffe herself to give me the *mot* of the enigma. Here she is!"

"How do you do, Miss Earnescliffe. I am very happy to meet you at Avonmouth once more."

Miss Earnescliffe bowed to me coldly. She did not even offer to shake hands, but passed on with the gentleman with whom she had been dancing, with so reserved an air that I felt hurt and mortified to the greatest degree. I retreated again to my pillar, regretting extremely that I had broken through my usually

retired habits in order to come to the assembly, and half inclined to believe that some unaccountable mistake had led me into a lunatic asylum, instead of a ball-room.

A number of young men were clustered round the columns; they could not see me, nor could I discern the features of some of those who stood nearest to me, as they were hidden by the wreaths that garlanded the portico. As I am taller than most men, I obtained a *coup d'œil* of the ball-room, and the party there assembled, and also was compelled to hear all that was said near me.

The "Dissyllables," as I always mentally called Forde and Shaw, who were fast friends, were standing at no great distance.

"What a conceited fellow St. Clare is!" said Shaw. "He won't talk at all now, though we were so intimate last year."

"I always told you he was as proud as Lucifer himself," returned Forde; "but your intimacy with him was invisible to any eyes but your own."

"I think I shall cut him," said Shaw, with a very self-important air; "he behaved so ill to Mr. Grey about Miss Earnescliffe."

"Grey had too much sense to think of her after what I told him of the style in which Lord Geraldin talked to her, really as a new acquaintance! I let him into a few secrets as to that plausible fellow's doings. If ever he sees a pretty girl he is never satisfied till he makes all the world aware that she is in love with him, and that he laughs at her and deserts her. You see that was just the case with Marion Earnescliffe."

"Ah, yes, she let him flirt with her as much as he pleased, and so she lost Grey."

"'Tis well to be off with the old love  
Before you are on with the new.'"  
said the sententious Mr. Shaw.

"After all, it is not so certain that

Grey ever cared for her. He amused himself by coquetting with her, like St. Clare did. She'll never marry now. There are some ugly stories afloat about Lord Geraldin, which make him a very detrimental person, to hang about a girl as he did about Miss Earnescliffe," resumed Forde.

"And is Grey really going to be married?" said Shaw.

"I should say not, Shallow!" returned Forde, who always bullied Shaw, "seeing that he is, no doubt, already married. I shall go and tell Miss Earnescliffe the pleasant news."

I was rejoiced at that moment to see Colonel Hardwicke, a particular friend of mine, emerge from the crowd near the door, with a gentleman who lived in the neighbourhood; and I went up to talk to him with an alacrity very unusual with me, as I am always so tired, and hate trouble so much, and think *empressement* altogether *snobbish*, and quite un-English.

Colonel Hardwicke was a kind of modern Bayard, "*sans puer et sans reproche*," a man of high and chivalrous honour. I could rely on him as truly as on my own conscience.

Guess, then, dear reader, what were my feelings when I found him cold, reserved, almost contemptuous, in his manner towards me. He hastened on, in spite of my evident desire to detain him, almost as if he were afraid to speak to me.

Affairs were now becoming serious, and I determined that with Colonel Hardwicke, at least, I would have an explanation. For the other actors in this little comedy I did not care, excepting in the case of Marion Earnescliffe. She looked too really ill, and seemed to be the object of too much malice, not to be compassionated, and, if possible, protected.

I followed the example of the rest of the party in adjourning to the refreshment-room.

It was extremely crowded, and in my endeavours to obtain a little con-

versation with Marion, I found myself jammed up against the wall, so that it was impossible to move.

To my great mortification, I found that Forde was standing near her; so that instead of speaking to her, I was obliged to play the listener once more. As I could not avoid it, I reconciled myself to circumstances, which were in reality favourable to my desired study of the *carte du pays*.

"Marriage is quite the order of the day," said Forde, that bird of ill-omen, that Raven, who, like that of Edgar Allan Poe, seemed to be for ever 'at the chamber door' when he was not wanted. "You will be glad to hear, Miss Earnescliffe, that a gentleman who was once a very particular friend of yours, indeed a great favourite, if we may believe the gossiping world of Avonmouth, has become a Benedict, like so many of our acquaintances. I mean Mr. Grey—Alberie Grey, you know."

I could only see one side of Marion's face, the ear, and part of her graceful and well-turned throat—but that was quite sufficient. A crimson flush mantled over them for a moment, then a leaden hue succeeded. The muscles of her throat and face seemed to relax; she trembled, or rather shuddered, and I thought she would have fainted. But she displayed great self-possession, and, in a short time, in a gentle and subdued tone, in which I could trace an infinite sorrow, said—

"I trust Mr. Grey will be happy; no one deserves it better."

"I know you always thought so. We all know that he was a very particular favourite of yours. It was really too bad of a man with such a reputation as Lord Geraldine, to talk and boast everywhere, at the clubs in town, and even in Paris, of the hearts he had won and broken. Grey was the last man in the world to stand——"

The detestable fellow caught my eye. I really thought he would have sunk to the earth, the coward looked so frightened. He could not *approfondir* my measureless contempt for him, otherwise he would have known that he was far beneath my notice.

I bent my head forward and said, "Miss Earnescliffe, do me, I pray you, the honour to dance the next dance with me?"

"Excuse me, Lord Geraldine," said Marion; "I am engaged."

She spoke so very coldly that I could not persevere, but I said,—

"Then allow me to speak one word to you?"

She turned away her head.

Forde and Miss Earnescliffe then left the spot, and continued to hide themselves among the crowd.

That night, two figures, enveloped in cloaks, might be seen in deep conversation, walking up and down the moonlit sands for an hour or more. One of these was Colonel Hardwicke, the other Lord Geraldine St. Clare. The result of their conversation will be seen in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER V.

### A LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

ABOUT noon on the following day I walked down the green lanes leading to the village of Stowe. A leaden weight seemed to press down my heart. I could not rein my thoughts even to admire the beauty of the scene. The sunbeams, now slant-

ing, reddened the trunks of the elms and beeches, the gleaming flashes of crimson from the leaves of the plants or ripe berries glancing out in the hedge bank, the blue sea, and the misty grey shores, showing through gate or woody vista. I

thought how, once before, I had gone on an errand similar to this, on my first Oxford vacation, to the vicarage of my excellent tutor, with whom I had spent a year previously to my going to college—and how it had all ended—in rejection, in the breaking up of the hopes of many months, in a conviction that there was neither truth nor firmness in woman, in a blighted and useless life.

Buried in such thoughts, I reached the vicarage-gate before I was aware of it, and was aroused from my painful reverie by the sound of rapid footsteps on the drive near the gate. There was a glad elasticity in the tread that spoke of happiness, hope, and energy: the sound jarred painfully on my feelings.

The gate was opened for me, and I was addressed by Mr. St. George; his voice was uncomfortably joyous.

"Good morning, Lord Geraldin! You are early astir for a man who has been at a ball till daybreak!"

I did not answer him—I could not speak. I almost fell against the opposite pillar of the gateway, for his hand was laid upon the gate; a firm, well-made hand, and on its little finger was a ring; a strange, painful ring, which I had seen before—or one exactly like it. I had myself bought it at Geneva. I had worn it, and had given it to—to no matter whom—to the daughter of my private tutor, she whom I had adored, and who had coldly rejected me.

"I am afraid you are not well," said St. George.

I had seen but little of this gentleman, but the little I had seen I had liked, only that there was some insoluble mystery respecting his intimacy at Stowe Parsonage.

"Oh, I am quite well," said I, recovering my self-possession. "I am, however, bound on earnest business, and I am glad to have met you; only answer me one question—Miss Earnescliffe—are you—are you engaged to her?"

"No, indeed," said he, smiling; "I am——"

I did not wait to hear more. I felt almost stupefied, yet I had a pervading idea that it would be best to do at once that which I had come to perform; and turning once more to look at the ring, which I was thoroughly convinced had been my own, I said,—

"Then, I will not detain you," and I hastened towards the house.

I asked for Mr. Earnescliffe, and was shown into his study.

"I fear you are ill, Lord Geraldin," said he—"you look so pale; can I offer you any refreshment?"

"No, thank you," said I. "I am a little agitated, perhaps: on an occasion like that which causes my present visit to Stowe, the most courageous man may be excused for feeling rather nervous. I came to request your permission to see your daughter, Miss Marion Earnescliffe, alone for a few moments. I wish to make her—an offer—of my hand."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Earnescliffe, smiling. "I did not know that you and my daughter were sufficiently well acquainted to render such an event probable. But my Marion's mother has long left her an orphan in one sense. I have insisted on her mixing in society, because we have an habitual invalid living with us to whom she is almost too devoted. I thought it essential to Marion's health that she should do so, and have entrusted her to my sister, Mrs. St. George, as her chaperone. So that I know little of what is going in the gay world of Avonmouth. Marion is in the drawing-room. She is not looking well. I could almost wish that your suit might meet with a favourable reception, though she is the joy and comfort of my life. She needs change of scene, perhaps, on a larger scale than I can give it to her."

I saw that Mr. Earnescliffe spoke thus long in order that I might recover myself. Of course, he attri-

buted my agitation to the natural diffidence of a suitor. As I said nothing, he rose and preceded me into the drawing-room. It was vacant.

"Wait a moment," said he. "Marion is, I daresay, with Alice. They little imagine that this is destined to be an eventful morning in our quiet parsonage."

I sat down in silence. He left the room, and soon a light step on the stair made my heart beat quicker than I had imagined it would ever beat again.

Marion entered in a moment. Her face wore a strange look. She had evidently been weeping. Still a kind of joy was visible in its whole expression.

I scarcely know what I said. Something that was quite true, respecting my admiration. I am afraid I said "esteem" as well, and I am quite aware that that is not the right word to use upon such an occasion. But it was of little consequence. She spoke to me openly and plainly. She said that there was no doubt that the grossest misrepresentations had been spread abroad respecting my attentions to her, as well as relating to speeches asserted to have been uttered by me at various times and places. She knew well that those attentions had been offered in order to relieve her from the feeling of being neglected and deserted. She had always done me justice, she said, and yet she had felt it necessary to affect a coldness and reserve towards me, which she did not feel at the ball on the previous evening.

But she did not love me, though she thought most highly of me, and knew quite well that my offer had been made from a desire to set her right with the world, for which she heartily thanked me; but her rejection, she said, was positive and final.

With the perverseness natural to human beings I felt sorry for her decision, and with some warmth I

endeavoured to reverse it; but she was resolute, though I told her that I earnestly desired to devote my life to repairing the evil I had unintentionally caused. And, I added that time might enable her to conquer her prepossession in favour of another man whom I knew to be in every way my superior.

"Never!" said she; and she rose to put an end to our interview.

"One word more," said I: "I am not going to distress you by pressing a suit which I see is hopeless; but, dear Miss Earnescliffe, I beseech you to reply to one question,—perhaps, after all, the answer may not in any way concern me: I saw on the hand of Mr. St. George, whom I have only now learnt is your cousin, the *fac-simile* of a ring which was once mine. It was a ring made at Geneva, of several minute chains blended together. A very small gold cross hangs from the mouth of a dove, suspended by a hair-like chain also of gold. Can you, and will you, tell me the history of that ring?"

"Your honourable and most kind conduct," replied Marion, "merits from me all the confidence that I have to give, though in this instance it amounts to little."

"A cousin of mine, an orphan, a most beautiful and highly-gifted person, has been living with us for some years. That ring was hers,—I think it was the greatest treasure she possessed. She has been a martyr to a complaint in her spine, and has shown a depth of Christian patience in her sufferings, which I trust it will please Heaven to crown with a blessed future even in this world. She is now pronounced likely eventually—it may, however, be long first—to be restored to health. I hope and believe that, touched by five years of almost hopeless waiting on his part, she will ultimately consent to marry that other cousin of mine, Vincent St. George."

"And she gave him that ring?"

"Yes, to-day I saw her give it to him. I feel certain there is some story or mystery attached to it. Her manner was very solemn when she placed it on his finger, and said "It is the last sacrifice!"

"And her name is—"

"Alice Lisle."

"And she said it was the last sacrifice?" said I almost wildly, quite losing my self-possession. "Why did she reject me—me the lover of her earliest youth, the favourite pupil of her deceased father? Why did she crush my life, and then talk of *her* sacrifice? oh, it is bitter—cruel!"

"Lord Geraldin, what can you mean?" said Marion in great astonishment. "Do you know Alice?"

"Oh, Marion!" said I: "you see that I acted rightly in not professing more than admiration for you. I loved—I love her still, that cruel, false Alice!"

"Ah Lord Geraldin! she is not cruel nor false. She is an angel of goodness, I'm sure," she added. "I shall not do wrong in telling you all I know; it seems quite wicked to let Alice be so harshly misunderstood. She has told me that she was beloved by a pupil of her father's, a young man of the highest promise, and that she loved him with a tenderness equal to his own, but that she had, from a motive of right, rejected him."

"What motive could be right," cried I, "which could have caused her to break my heart?"

"She and her father," resumed Marion, "both received letters of the most unkind nature from the family of the young man. She found that if she accepted him it would be the signal for the rupture of all intercourse between his parents and their son, and might be the commencement of much misery to himself. But she determined to keep their letters a secret, and rather to let the blame fall on herself than sow dissension in a hitherto happy family, by letting her lover know the share his

father and mother had in her decision. It was an heroic sacrifice of herself. Soon after the rejection of her lover her father died, just at the time that papa returned from India, and she came to live with us. We knew that symptoms of her terrible disorder had already shown themselves, and it was our duty as well as our happiness to nurse her. She has been a blessing to us all. We have been shown an example of angelic patience, and cheerfulness, and unselfishness, that— But all this is cruel in me."

"No, no! go on, dear Miss Earnescliffe," said I.

"Vincent St. George loved her even when she was so ill. He wanted her to marry him then, and to take her to his home, and to move her, for the medical men said she might yet get well; but I think—I think it was long before she could forget her lover. Once, I believe, she had a little hope. She said once, 'Marion, he has no ties now. His brother is the head of the family, he has not forgotten me—he will not believe that I *could* have refused him from any motive besides his own happiness. He will write to me or come.' But she never once named your name, Lord Geraldin, or that of any member of your family. As I always forbore to carry into her room any *causerie* about my visits to Avonmouth, she has never, from me, heard you spoken of. She only knew that I and—and Mr. Grey had parted for ever."

I lifted my head from my hands, in which my face had been hidden, and said, "Thank you, dear Miss Earnescliffe, for this confidence. It will be for ever sacred with me. Then, you think that she now loves Mr. St. George?"

"I feel sure of it. She would never otherwise have given him that ring."

"And he is—"

"Ah, Lord Geraldin! go and inquire of the poor people in our large



parish, what he is. They will tell you of his ceaseless labours, and all that papa and he have done ! They were a set of smugglers and fishermen,—if you could but appreciate the change !”

“I will leave you now, Miss Earnescliffe,” said I, rising, and speaking as calmly as I could. I have only one word to add, and that is that I pray you not to tell Alice that I have shewn any emotion when she was mentioned, or that I spoke so bitterly of her rejection. Let her think me light-minded—that I cared little about her refusal—anything rather than trouble her newly-found happiness. Only if *it* should not take place—or be broken off—you will write to me, Marion ?”

Marion looked at me almost tenderly.

“Lord Geraldin,” said she, “I see that you and Alice Lisle were worthy of each other.”

But I had not told her how, when I was travelling about, without aim or object, I saw her father's death mentioned in an old newspaper, and how I had hurried home, and gone down to the dear old parsonage, where I had found only strangers. No one could tell me whither Alice had gone. Mr. Earnescliffe had only just returned from India, where he had had a chaplaincy. Of him I had never heard. No one in the village knew the place of Miss Lisle's retreat. She had been very ill, and had gone to some relations. Afterwards, a casual acquaintance from the neighbourhood told me she was dead. And she thought that I had never sought her out—that I had accepted with calmness her rejection. That I was selfish, cold, changeable. Better so, far better than that, with her new hopes and prospects, the idea of an old love should come back accompanied by those of truth, faithfulness, and unchangeable attachment.”

“Yes ; far better so.”

And so I walked slowly back to

Avonmouth, and was soon once more on board the “Aurora.” The noise, the bustle, and the very beauty of the gay scene of the regatta, jarred most painfully on my feelings, and I determined to leave it as soon as possible.

I descended into my cabin, and in a state of mind I cannot attempt to describe, I sat down to write three letters. One was to Alberic Grey ; in this I repeated all that I had heard from Forde ; all the gossip and slander of which I had been the innocent cause, and he, in listening to that delectable mischief-maker, the guilty one. I told him that on hearing of his marriage I had conceived myself bound in honour to make an offer of my hand to Miss Earnescliffe, who had very decidedly declined it. I wrote, it must be confessed, in an extremely caustic style, for I was vexed at having been brought forward in so unpleasant and prominent a manner, and grieved to think that that utter hopelessness and deadness of heart which I myself had felt so long, was to be shared by the beautiful and good Marion.

Secondly, I wrote to Colonel Hardwicke, praying him to make my rejection of Miss Earnescliffe as public as possible, so as to set her right with the world, and to clear my own honour.

Thirdly, I completed a letter which I had, according to my custom, put off to the last moment, to my agent in Jamaica, full of dry details, orders, and calculations ; and after having sealed and directed these three epistles, I sent the boat ashore with them, and gave orders that a part of the crew, who were spending their winnings by the first day's race in the town, should return on board immediately.

Just as the purple shadows of the hills shaded the bay with the golden sunshine of the August afternoon, the “Aurora” spread her silver wings to the light breeze, and which

we found fresher by far when we entered the Channel ; so with all sail set, and the sea dancing merrily un-

der her bows, and a fair wind, we made a good course to the westward.

## CHAPTER VI.

### I AM IN A MIST.

I MUST once more present myself to my readers on board the beautiful "Aurora." Not now lighted by the golden moon, "and all the stars her winking handmaids," nor basking in the beams of the cloudless sun, or dancing gaily over the sparkling sea. On this occasion we were lying on a surface as smooth as a mirror, and enveloped in as thick fog, as can be met with in the mild and misty regions of the west.

We were in Plymouth Sound, and it was the first day of the regatta, which I do not doubt was a very gay affair on shore, in testimony of which the most beautiful peal of bells I ever heard were ringing out—merrily, I suppose ; but their sweet voices came to me with a heavy and muffled sound, as if they endeavoured in vain to penetrate the dense vapour. The hills, the town, the citadel, the breakwater—all were shrouded in its dark folds, which hung over them like a curtain. Only sometimes a light air just stealing over the water, seemed to agitate the mist, and then some shadowy form, magnified to thrice its usual size, showing itself dark and indistinct, towered high above the rock as if it were advancing to overwhelm her—till the air died away and the giant shape seemed to sink back again into the bosom of the mist. Unless the atmosphere became more clear, it was quite plain that the races would not take place, so I lay down quietly in the cabin to await the result.

My skipper, Jones, however was by no means as philosophical as myself ; he continued to pace the deck in an excited manner, varying the exercise by coming to the cabin

door every five minutes to say that he thought the weather was going to clear up.

At last a more energetic expression than usual induced me to go upon deck, and certainly a very singular sight at that moment presented itself. The mist, was in fact, dispersing. It had assumed a reddish yellow hue, and a patch of sea, looking white and woolly, showed itself between the masses of fog. The shape of the cliffs, the batteries, the citadel, became more defined. At length a few yards of the sky were reflected by the sea beneath them, and a curtain of vapour rolled up the wooded flanks of Mount Edgcumbe, resting, however, on the summit of the hill.

The "Aurora," which had appeared but a few minutes before in perfect solitude, now found herself surrounded by a number of yachts from which many boats were already moving, conveying their owners on shore in order to make the final arrangements for the race ; and as the breeze sprung up and dissipated the last remains of the mist, I saw crowds of gaily-dressed spectators already gathering on the heights.

The excitement of my skipper and crew communicated itself in some measure to myself, and I now walked up and down the deck waiting impatiently till the signal for starting should be fired. The day was brilliantly fine—the wind precisely that in which the yacht sailed best, and I felt sure of victory. When at length the long-wished-for sound came booming over the waters, the yachts made an excellent start. The "Aurora," as usual, was soon in the van, a situation which

she maintained for a considerable time. I was in her bows, watching our progress with a kind of got-up and artificial interest, when I chanced to turn my eyes towards Mount Edgecumbe. The mist hung half way down the hill. I looked towards the town—an indistinguishable mass of grey presented itself; the breakwater lay like a huge motionless kraken on the water; the lighthouses were completely shrouded out of sight. The hills on either side soon grew more and more indistinct, and like the unhappy captive who sees the iron walls of his prison closing in upon him, so did I behold the fog close in upon the yacht, till at length we on board could scarcely distinguish each other's faces. The wind, however, had not as yet failed us, and we still stood out to sea, the fog thickening every moment.

Our situation was soon by no means an agreeable one, for when we were well out at sea, and, as we supposed, not far from the signal-boat, the wind lulled all at once, and the mist became so dense that we could not see three yards beyond the "Aurora" in any direction. It was not at all improbable that we might run foul of some of our competitors, and the hesitating replies of the pilot we had on board soon convinced me that he in reality did not know whereabouts we were. I proposed, as the safest plan, to return at once to Plymouth, and leave the 'race' to itself. But he assured me that if we attempted to do so, we should in all likelihood be wrecked against the breakwater. He recommended our standing out to sea, where he thought we should soon get rid of the mist.

This was more easily said than done. We put on every rag of canvas, but we made scarcely any way, and soon lay nearly motionless on the dead, waveless sea. I stood near the helm, wrapped in my pilot coat, my hat dripping wet, and, being of

straw, flapping uncomfortably about my face and ears. I gazed disconsolately into the vapour, wondering silently whether my poor fellows would ever get safe back again, when I thought I saw the mist double itself into a thicker, browner fold, in one particular spot, which gradually darkened.

"Holloa, pilot!" cried I; "you're running us ashore! Don't you see that cliff beetling above us?"

"Cliff, my lord?" said the man, anxiously following the direction of my eye. "Cliff, my lord? mercy on us! it's no cliff at all! it's a ship of war bearing right down upon us!"

"Well, she's far enough off yet. If we can't cross her bows, put her about."

"Starboard the helm! 'bout ship," shouted I, the pilot, and the skipper all at once.

"Hard a starboard!" cried the man at the wheel, in vain; she would not go about. She had scarcely any way on her, and we were quite becalmed under the lee of the vast fabric that towered in menacing grandeur above us.

It was an awful moment. Careless as we may be of life, the one step into the unknown land must be an awful one, even for those for whom Christian faith and hope shine brightest over its broad expanse.

But our suspense was not of long duration; a fearful crash, mingled with cries, shouts, and a wild rustle of water terminated our hopes and fears. I remembered nothing more till I found myself lying in a cabin, of which an enormous gun, looking perseveringly out of a porthole, told me at once the history.

My head was in a fearful state of confusion, and my sight was very dim. Yet there was a familiar tone in the voice that said to me, sadly and kindly,

"How do you find yourself, St. Clare?"

"Very weak," murmured I, "and fearfully stupid."

"You have had a sad accident ; but, thank Heaven ! it's no worse."

"Ah, I remember—the 'Aurora'—the man-of-war—the smash ; but my crew, and that dolt the pilot?—they are lost !——"

"No, my good fellow ! they are all on board. Some of them are slightly hurt, that is all."

"But," said I, raising my hand to my throbbing forehead, "I am very confused ; but your voice—it reminds me of Grey's—Alberic Grey, first lieutenant of the—I forget."

"Lord Geraldin," said the same voice, "I am indeed Alberic Grey ; and I have saved your life at the risk of my own, for the sake of Lady Geraldin."

"Lady Geraldin?" said I, quite bewildered.

"Yes, Lady Geraldin : your wife."

"Oh," replied I, "she may go to the bottom and welcome, so that my poor fellows are safe."

"Good Heavens!" cried Grey, and he rushed wildly out of the cabin.

"I believe he is mad. I have long thought him slightly deranged," said I, languidly, my aching head falling back on the pillow.

In a few minutes Grey re-entered the cabin, called back at my request by a friendly little middy whom I had only just discovered.

Grey stood pale and trembling, his hands clasped, and his sunburnt countenance deadened to a leaden hue, beside the cot.

"Grey," said I, "I wish you would tell me dispassionately, whether you have really quite taken leave of your senses ! What is the matter now ?"

He regarded me with looks of horror. It was a minute or two before he could speak.

"Is she then gone?" said he.

"She ? whom ?"

"Lady Geraldin, your wife !—you say she is lost ?"

"Grey, these freaks of yours are quite unbearable ; of course she is lost ; you saw her go——"

"Oh, Heavens ! had I known she was on board !" cried Grey, wringing his hands, and with accents of despair.

"Dear me !" said I, trying to collect my thoughts ; "I think, perhaps, you have made a mistake. You have been abroad so long—three years—isn't it ? you did not know, that, after my last unlucky attempt at matrimony, committed, thanks to you, at Avonmouth, all the yachting-men have taken to call my poor 'Aurora' my 'Wife,' and 'Lady Geraldin.' As I have no other wife, of course I thought you meant the yacht. I suppose those fellows will call me 'The Widower' now."

"Are you not married, then?" said Grey, with an astonishing change in his voice and manner. "Forde wrote me word that you had proposed—to Marion Earnescliffe, and been accepted. Colonel Hardwicke told him so."

"Colonel Hardwicke, no doubt, told him that I had proposed—and been rejected. Half truths are quite in Mr. Forde's way. But I wrote you word of the fact myself. You ought to have credited me instead of him."

"Alas, alas !" said Grey, in horror. "There must have been some terrible mistake. I received a letter written, certainly, in a hand something like yours, and signed 'Geraldin St. Clare,' commencing 'Dear Smith,' and containing minute directions about remittances, sugar crops, coffee plantations, and negroes. I thought it was some stupid hoax, too silly to be thought of again."

"Then I must have misdirected two letters, one to you, and the other to my agent in Jamaica ; and so that rascal, Smith, knows that I have made an offer, and been rejected. This, too, accounts for his having written by the next mail for clearer directions. In fact, Grey, you have been grossly deceived by Forde. There is no doubt that Marion loves you—has always loved you. And

as to any other slander of Forde's, all the world knows now that she has refused me and all my envied, but scarcely enjoyed, thousands a-year. Still I ought not to tell you all this. As a married man, it would have been more for your happiness, and that of Mrs. Grey, if I had not betrayed poor Marion's constancy to you."

"My Marion! my Marion!" cried Grey, who evidently had not heard one word of the last part of my speech.

"Grey," said I, "remember these are not words that a married man ought to utter respecting a former love."

"Former love? married man? What do *you* mean, Geraldin? are *you* mad?"

"I really cannot argue with you, Grey," said I, quite exhausted with the excitement and the talking. "Are you not married? of course no one would have believed it on Forde's report, though you were known to correspond with him so closely, but a shipmate of yours in the '*Argus*' corroborated all that he said. The lady was asserted to be the niece of the governor of some British settlement in Africa—Cape Coast Castle, perhaps, or——"

"Oh!" said Grey, "I see the matter too clearly now. Do you remember, St. Clare, telling me that

I had made myself enemies by allowing myself to be led into a flirtation with Forde's sister, and then drawing off? That shipmate is, doubtless, the cousin of both. I always detested the fellow. And now, Geraldin, don't talk any more, for you look tired—but listen:—That Governor was my uncle; he is, I grieve to say, now dead. He was rich, and after making a noble provision for his widow, and for my sister, his adopted child, he has left me the bulk of his property. That lady, to whom I have been said to be married, is my sister. She is gone, with our widowed aunt, to the Cape, and is by this time, no doubt, united to Captain de Bohun, now on that station, to whom she has been long engaged. I have got the promotion which——"

"Which Forde asserted you never would get," interrupted I.

"And," continued Grey, "I am now Commander Grey."

"Then," said I, "we will go together to Avonmouth, when you can get leave, and we will see how matters stand with regard to Marion. I had foresworn the place, but, for your sake, will see it again, most likely for the last time. So now go away, my good fellow, and let me sleep. I shall die if this excitement continues."

## CHAPTER VII.

### WHAT THE BELLS SAID TO ME.

It was nearly noon when Grey and I descended the last hill above Avonmouth. We had taken a fly from the station, which was two miles from the town.

A sudden and pressaging pang seized my heart, when the sound of church-bells, ringing gaily out, crept up the hill-side. I saw that a similar terror had made my friend's brown, sunburnt cheeks turn pale.

"Don't be alarmed, Grey," said

I; "there are other women to be married besides Marion Earnescliffe."

"By Jove, Geraldin!" exclaimed he, "you are as white as a sheet!"

What did those bells say to me?

"For ever, ever lost!"

There were but six bells in the tower of the parish church, that rose up, old and lichen-painted, at the head of the wooded valley of

Stowe, and they said no more than this :—

“For ever, ever lost !”

They told me nothing new. I had felt certain of it long ago. I had even intimated that *that* should happen which I now know, with a deep conviction, had happened ; and yet my heart was almost broken.

We walked down the lane leading to the village, leaving our carriage to go on to Avonmouth. Neither of us spoke. By a sort of tacit understanding we turned towards the church. I held my handkerchief to my face, not wishing to be recognised, and, in part, to conceal my agitation. But the building was quite deserted, except by the ringers ; the little path which opened into the vicarage grounds was covered over with plucked garden flowers. Whose feet had lately pressed them ? who was the bride for whom they had been spread ?

We turned away, and pursued the lane leading to the carriage entrance of the house, resolved to wait till some person should pass who could inform us whither the wedding party had dispersed.

A sudden noise of wheels on the drive told us that our doubts would soon be solved. A carriage passed through the gate, a hand drew up one of the windows.

On that hand was my ring.

Leaving Grey in the lane, I hastened to the house, and earnestly requested to see Miss Earnescliffe alone in the garden. I sent in my card, with the word *important* written on it in pencil.

Soon Marion appeared, but how thin, how pale, how changed ! I scarcely recognised her. Still her sweet smile, sad though it was, recalled her former self, and her hand clasped mine with a close pressure that showed that she felt me to be a friend, and that she remembered our last interview.

“Marion,” said I, “I know that that it is all over !”

“All over !” said she, and whether from excitement, sympathy, or the thought of her own broken hopes, poor Marion’s tears fell fast.

She looked such a contrast to her pretty, tasteful bridesmaid’s attire, in her utter misery, that I could not bear to be prudent, and to prepare her, as I ought to have done, for the news I had to tell.

“Don’t cry, dear Miss Earnescliffe,” said I—“I have a rainbow to light up your tears, since you *will* shed them—I have brought a truant to your feet. Not one who has ever been unfaithful to you—not one who has been the husband of another.”

Marion withdrew her hand from mine. I had taken hers from pure kindness and sympathetic feeling.

“Do not mention *that*, Lord Geraldin ?” said she. “I told you before, and tell you still, that I cannot love you—that—”

“Dear Marion,” said I, “it is not a broken heart that I would offer you. It is Alberie Grey, whom I would pray you to pardon for having believed that you had honoured me by accepting my suit. *He* was deceived—you were deceived ; he loves you as tenderly as ever. Let me tell him that you are unchanged too”

Blushing, trembling, confused, Marion listened to a few explanatory words.

“Then I may tell him that you will see him ?”

Marion laid her hand upon my arm. “Not yet, not yet !” she said, “Surely he is not near—I am so altered, too—I look so old, am so thin and worn.”

I smiled. “You are still the same true-hearted Marion,” said I, and without giving her the opportunity of further self-depreciation, I led her to the seat beneath the elm-trees at the end of the garden, and went to rejoin Grey in the lanes.

I told him in a few words what had passed between Marion and myself.

Why did he hesitate and visibly tremble?

"What is the matter now, Alberie?" said I.

"I—I'm sadly changed, I am afraid—I'm so sunburnt, and I have suffered so much. I know I am quite altered—I wonder——"

"Now, don't be a simpleton, there's a good fellow!" said I, looking in his face for the first time since our meeting, with a critical eye. and really he had good reason to say that he was altered; for the burning sun of Africa had dyed his complexion till it was the precise colour of his luxuriant light-brown hair, that fell in such rich clusters round a forehead once white and polished, but now deeply lined and of the same dark colour as the rest of his face. His features, which were extremely regular and handsome, still retained their beauty of outline; but his cheeks were thin and hollow, and the smile that at times lighted up his face displayed his white and well-shaped teeth, which seemed strangely neither to contrast or to harmonise with his dusky complexion.

These observations were made while I almost dragged him through the gate into the garden, and led him up to the rustic seat beneath the elms, after which I thought it advisable to retire.

Since that memorable day I have been a wanderer over land and sea, and have visited most of the regions of the East. But I have not travelled altogether for the selfish purpose of

stillling a deep and life-long grief. Better thoughts came after a time. I have served my country in her councils at home and her embassies abroad. And if I have aided some men when I have had it in my power, it has not been because I loved them, but because they deserved it. Mr. Earnescliffe, a ripe scholar and a man of letters, is a canon of fair and venerable Conister. My good friend Grey is a port-captain of some years standing. Mr. St. George has his uncle's living, but I have no intercourse with them. It would have answered no good purpose; and why should I reopen wounds that time has partly healed? I have on more than one occasion secretly visited Stowe, in the ripe summer days when the corn was yellow and the yachts were flocking into the Regatta at Avonmouth. I have heard the blessings of the poor fishermen and sailor's wives on their good parson and his admirable wife. And I have, in the grey of the evening, looked out from my old hiding-place behind the edge, over the vicarage garden. I have seen the ruddy faces of children among the flowers. I have heard their merry voices. I have seen the happy father and mother walking on the gravel paths in love and trust together. I have seen the moonbeams flashing on *the ring* adorning the hand that clasped the waist of *my* Alice Lisle.

I need not say that, from the day that I had witnessed the destruction of my peerless "Aurora," there has never been another Lady Geraldine.

## BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, the statesman and author, was born in London, in the month of December, 1805, and the family from which he springs is of Jewish descent—the grandfather having been a successful and prosperous Venetian merchant, whose son, and father of the statesman, was the celebrated Isaac Disraeli, author of the “Curiosities of Literature.” “Calamities of Authors,” &c., works which have spread his name throughout the whole civilised world, are familiar to all lovers of quaint learning and graceful humour, and which, by their lively and entertaining nature, have done much to excite others to literary effort. Descended thus from men who have gained success in commerce and literature, the future statesman early evinced, and has evinced throughout life, the characteristics of both his father and grandfather; combining the literary and imaginative faculties of the author with the practical astuteness and business capacity of the merchant. Early in life placed at a desk in a lawyer’s office, Mr. Disraeli showed no predilection for legal business, and seemed rather desirous of following the example of his father, and devoting himself to a literary career. His first attempts in this way were made by writing articles for a newspaper called *The Representative*. This was not long after followed by the novel, “Vivian Grey,” a work of irregular imaginative talent, of little or no plot, but giving views of society and character without much definite or intelligent purpose. Mr. Disraeli’s fresh attempt as a novelist was published when he was only entered upon his 22nd year; other works of the same class soon followed. “The Young Duke,” “The Wondrous Tale of Alroy,” “Con-

tarini Fleming,” the latter containing some highly-finished scenes of passion and Continental description, &c. The success of his first novel, “Vivian Grey,” was very great, and drew much attention; but the young author did not stay in England to enjoy his newly-found reputation, and soon after its publication went abroad for a tour on the Continent, visiting Italy and Greece, as well as many other spots throughout Europe and Asia Minor, remarkable either for their historical associations or their natural beauty.

In 1831 he returned to England, and found the country in a state of considerable agitation in connexion with the Reform Bill, which became law in 1832. The dissolution of the House following immediately, Mr. Disraeli sought a seat in the House of Commons; and at this time the future leader of the “country gentlemen of England” would appear to have been of more Radical “proclivities” than those which have for many years back guided his political career, and he issued an address to the electors of High Wycombe seeking the support of the Radical party, and condemnatory of Whig principles, and in favour of short Parliaments and vote by ballot. He was strongly backed in this contest by Joseph Hume and Daniel O’Connell; but despite the influence he thus brought to bear upon the electors of Wycombe, the Radicals distrusted him, and he lost the election by a small majority. A change of Government taking place in 1834, through the resignation of Earl Grey, Mr. Disraeli again contested Wycombe, and was a second time defeated. The following year, the Tories having been restored to office, Mr. Disraeli fairly threw aside



his Radical robes and assumed those of the Conservative party, renouncing the principles of short Parliaments and vote by ballot, and pledging himself to support the Peel party. Coming forward now on this footing, he stood as a candidate for the borough of Taunton ; but his facile change of principles brought many charges of inconsistency against him, and he was fiercely denounced, by the Radicals, as a renegade and a turncoat ; but Mr. Disraeli attempted to justify the change, by saying that his principles were yet "exactly the same which he had always professed." The electors could not see that, and he was again defeated, Mr. Labouchere, his opponent, being returned as member. In the course of the contest, Mr. Disraeli, in one of his speeches, made some ungenerous and uncomplimentary allusions to Daniel O'Connell, to which the Irish agitator was not slow in retaliating, and with bitter humour said, referring to Mr. Disraeli's Jewish origin, that "he made no doubt that, if his genealogy could be traced, he would be found to be true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief on the cross." This drew forth a challenge to O'Connell's son, for O'Connell himself would never take part in these affairs ; no duel, however, took place, but a highly inflammatory correspondence resulted for some time between O'Connell and Mr. Disraeli, which was concluded by the latter with the significant hint, "We shall meet at Philippi." This prophecy was fulfilled two years after, when they met as members on the floor of the House of Commons.

After his defeat at Taunton, Mr. Disraeli again had recourse to his pen, and, during 1835 and 1836, brought out several works ; 1835 saw the publication of his "Vindication of the English Constitution," dedicated to Lord Lyndhurst, who took a warm interest in the ardent and youthful politician. In this

"Vindication," Mr. Disraeli brings forward many of those ideas regarding English history which were afterwards more fully developed in his political novels of "Coningsby" and "Sybil," works which also contain many thoughtful and satirical pictures of life and society. The "Vindication" was followed by the letters of "Runnymede," being a series of attacks upon the administration of Lord Melbourne.

The death of King William, in 1837, brought on another general election ; this time Mr. Disraeli gained what he had so long striven for, being returned as member for the borough of Maidstone ; and he first took his seat in the House when but thirty-two years of age. He was not long a member, and had not taken time to study the taste and temper of his new audience, before he seized an opportunity of addressing the House. The subject on which he delivered his maiden speech was an Irish question of no great interest, and the new member pitched his speech in too lofty and magniloquent a key, and too dictatorial a tone to give satisfaction to those who were his auditors ; so that he was listened to with impatience, laughed at, derided for his extravagance, and was obliged to sit down. Without being much disconcerted at his apparently egregious failure, he closed his speech with the remark :—"I am not at all surprised at the reception I have experienced ; I have begun many things several times, and have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me"—a prophecy uttered under much discouragement, but one which he has more than amply fulfilled.

The remainder of that session of parliament Mr. Disraeli occupied himself in studying the temper of the members, and making himself familiar with the forms of procedure in the House ; but he was also occasionally on his feet, and delivered

several short and less ambitious speeches than his first one, and always on subjects he thoroughly understood, so that he began to regain some of the ground he had so inadvertently lost, and was being looked upon as one from whom something might yet be expected.

In the election of 1841, Mr. Disraeli exchanged Maidstone for Shrewsbury, which he represented till 1847, and during this time he gradually and surely made himself a position in the House—his talents as a debater, his business-like speeches, his vivacious and sarcastic pungency, and his cool self-possession, won for him many admirers, so that he soon found himself at the head of what was the "Young England" party. His reputation, too, was about this time considerably enhanced by the publication of two of his novels, "Coningsby" and "Sybil," already incidentally referred to, in which politics and fiction were successfully and entertainingly mingled. Old members laughed at the notion of combining politics and fiction in this way, but still the "Young England" party gained a kind of position, though the principles they held were more purely suggestive than anything else. With much that appeared romantic and extravagant, the "Young England" creed touched the hearts of the rising generation of politicians. Men felt that the relations between sovereign and subject, between landlord and tenant, between priest and parishioner, might be "beautified and sweetened." The movement aimed at a revival of ancient customs, and a freer intercourse between the different orders of society, and so far the "Young England" creed was harmless, but it was laughed down as ineffective; yet the spirit which these ancient customs once represented was in some measure awakened, and it may be that the relations between the different orders of society have benefited somewhat by its revival. "There is a day-

spring in the history of this nation," says one of the characters in "Sybil," "which, perhaps, those only who are on the mountain tops can as yet recognise, for even you are in darkness, and I see a dawn. The new generation of the aristocracy of England are not tyrants nor oppressors, Sybil, as you persist in believing. Their intelligence—better than that, their hearts, are open to the responsibility of their position. But the work that is before them is no holiday work. It is not the fever of superficial impulse that can remove the deep-fixed barriers of centuries of crime and ignorance. Enough that their sympathies are awakened: time and thought will bring the rest." From his advocacy of principles such as these, and others similar, one is rather apt to attach a charge of inconsistency to Mr. Disraeli in joining himself at all to a Tory party.

For some time after his entering parliament Mr. Disraeli supported Sir Robert Peel; but in 1844, when that eminent statesman showed a leaning to Free Trade principles, Mr. Disraeli withdrew his support, though continuing to sit on the Conservative benches, and he gradually became the mouthpiece and organ of the Protectionist party, attacking his former leader with a vindictiveness and degree of personal invective which could not but be felt acutely by Sir Robert Peel. These attacks continued for some time, but were ineffectual in preventing the passing of the Free Trade measures, and Mr. Disraeli's strong language only hindered the defeat of his party from appearing as altogether a complete overthrow. The retirement of Sir Robert Peel, a short time afterwards, and the sudden death by apoplexy of Lord George Bentinck, the Protectionist leader, left Mr. Disraeli at the head of a strong opposition—the champion of the hopeless cause of Protection. His comparative measure of success in the Free Trade battle having placed Mr. Dis-

raeli in this position, he now threw aside much of his former sarcastic style of speaking, and set himself to cultivate a higher order of parliamentary eloquence, more consonant with the dignity and honour to which he now aspired—that of being one of the leading statesmen of his country:

The accession to office, in 1852, of Earl Derby, placed Mr. Disraeli in the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer, but he did not retain the place long, and was the cause of the downfall of the ministry by the rejection of the Budget he brought in for 1853. The mere fact, however, of his having been selected for the post of Chancellor, shows well his ability and the versatility of his genius, and says much for the esteem in which he was held by the party to which he belonged.

Mr. Disraeli resumed the leadership of the Opposition—a position he has ever since retained when not in office—and during the Crimean War, under the Coalition Ministry of Lord Aberdeen, a fair measure of support was granted by the Conservative party—at least, there was not much factious opposition to the measures of the Government. In 1858, Lord Derby having once more resumed power, placed Mr. Disraeli again in the position of Chancellor of Exchequer. While in this post he introduced the first Conservative Reform Bill, but it was thrown out on the second reading by a majority of thirty-five. A dissolution at once followed: the Government appealed to the country; but the first step of the new parliament was to take a vote of confidence, and the ministry found themselves in a minority. Resignation was of course unavoidable, and Lord Palmerston succeeded to the reins of office, which he held till his death.

In 1865, Mr. Gladstone succeeded to the post of premier, with a majority in the Commons in his favour of 70; but he had to resign in 1866,

when Earl Derby became Prime Minister once more with Mr. Disraeli as his chief lieutenant. Again Mr. Disraeli essayed his Reform Bill, and this time, in the session of 1867-1868, his Bill, after many amendments and improvements dictated by the Liberal party, was ultimately carried into law. The conduct of Mr. Disraeli in the progress of the discussions upon Reform, proved him to be one of the most dexterous and adroit of politicians; he showed himself to be the humble servant of the House and of the country—was “sweetly” complaisant in yielding to the demands of the Liberal opposition, and occasionally astonished them by going a further length than they either expected or demanded.

In 1868, Lord Derby, having succumbed to broken health, retired from the Premiership, never again to resume its duties. The mantle of office fell upon the shoulders of Mr. Disraeli, and he became Derby's successor, not to the office alone, but to the guidance and control of that policy of which Earl Derby had been so long the leader and principal exponent. Mr. Disraeli's prophecy in his maiden speech was surely now most remarkably fulfilled; and however much our readers may differ with the subject of this notice, in political views, none of them can fail to admire the indomitable pluck and perseverance he has shown; and we cannot help contrasting the beginning of his political career with the position he occupied in 1868. Entering Parliament in 1837, indebted for his seat to no faction, and looking for opportunities of advancing himself to no family connection—how he was then shunned, slighted, repulsed, snubbed, and, as supposed, extinguished, none who are old enough to look back upon the dawn of his public career can have forgotten. How vain the effort to keep him down! A genius ever fertile in resources, an energy which no

temporary failure could destroy, lifted him by degrees, with the assent of the great Tory party, to their leadership first, and then to the high dignity of First Minister of the Crown!

The passing of the Reform Bill necessitated a general election towards the close of 1868, and its results showed so strong a majority for the Liberal party, that Mr. Disraeli did not feel himself justified in attempting to carry on the business of the country; he therefore took the initiative of avoiding a contest in the House by placing his resignation in the hands of Her Majesty, who thereupon called Mr. Gladstone to the Premiership. Since then Mr. Disraeli has continued to head the Opposition in the House of Commons. Two years since he gave evidence that he has not relinquished literary pursuits by the publication of another novel, "*Lothair*," which has received much varied criticism—a reception which the author evidently looked forward to, for in this last work he has a hit at critics, whom he styles as "men who have failed in literature and art." Yet for much of the severe critical animadversion which "*Lothair*" has received, Mr. Disraeli has himself to blame, there being no palliative for introducing and condemning political adversaries, and administering caustic rebukes to them, under a thin and shadowy veil of fiction. But the book attained great temporary popularity, in spite of being denounced in some quarters for its politico-religious views; for many influences, distinct from its literary merits, have contributed to the popularity of what has been

called the "Duchessy." Rumour says that Mr. Disraeli has another work in hand, the name of which the public is soon to hear.

We can hardly presume to sum up the sketch of Mr. Disraeli here given: our readers will best do that for themselves—the facts are there, and by them they must judge of the man, the author, and the statesman; we conclude with appending the following sentences from the *Spectator*, as tending to throw more light upon the singularly versatile ability of the exponent. "If there is a speciality in Mr. Disraeli's intellect, which shines out in every book he wrote, it is his deep concentrated scorn for those parochial grandees, those county magnates, 'acred up to their lips, consolled up to their chins,' his certainty that their one real claim to distinction is their cash. He has said, over and over again, that they are barbarians, men without blue blood, who 'did not conquer the land, and do not defend it,' and who are, as in '*Lothair*,' feeble dandies as to ideas, as their forefathers were feeble dandies as to dress; who 'excel in athletic sports, speak only one language, and never read.'" This is spoken of a Tory,—the leader and chief man in the party composed of the country gentlemen! Again, the *Spectator* says: "The noblest feature in Mr. Disraeli's life is, the cool courage with which, amidst nobles proud of their pedigree, which compared with his are of yesterday, he has maintained that, as one half of Europe worships a Jew and the other half a Jewess, the worshipped must be nobler than the worshippers."

W. T. D.

## A RAMBLE THROUGH AN IRISH ESTATE.

## CHAPTER I.

## INSTRUCT—EMPLOY—DON'T HANG THEM.

NEARLY forty years ago, a curious little book was published by a retired officer, who had undertaken the management of a small mountain property, in the north of Ireland, belonging to some nephews of his who were minors. The book was entitled,—

“INSTRUCT; EMPLOY; DON'T *hang* THEM;”

and purported to show how—by the introduction of skilled industry amongst an “idle, lounging class” of Irish beggars, who lacked the means of self-support, although surrounded by thousands of acres of unreclaimed land—Ireland might be “tranquillised without soldiers, and enriched without English capital.” The title of this book, and some of its contents, recurred to my mind some little time ago, on the occasion of my reading an extract from an article in the London *Examiner* upon the Galway Judgment. In a flippant and airy way the writer of this article pronounced it to be his opinion that “landlordism ought to be got rid of for its own sake.” I meditated on these words. *For its own sake*, perhaps, *yes!* If Irish landlords, who do not live on their estates, and do not care two straws about the welfare of their tenants, could conveniently dispose of their acres at a fair rate, and, investing the proceeds in some Government security, at five per cent., live on at their ease, freed from all responsibility, and from the cares consequent on “bad years,” it would be very pleasant indeed for them, in a selfish point of view. And even some landlords, who are filled with

a conscientious conviction that “property has its duties as well as its rights,”—after having laboured for years, with very little effect, at the amelioration of a backward, stubborn, and only moderately grateful set of people—might hail the prospect of emancipation from the ties with which family settlements had bound them, and gladly avail themselves of some legislative proposition by which they could transfer the capitalised value of their patrimonies to some less heart-breaking security than Irish land. But although to these two classes of persons—those who have no particular wish to “leave the world better than they found it,” and those who conscientiously strive to do so, wherever the path of duty lies—there might be a considerable amount of advantage in their emancipation from the obligations and risks of Irish landlordism, seeing that the former would then have an unfettered income, and the latter might be enabled to transfer the sphere of their usefulness to some more genial and appreciative ground, the question would still remain—“How about the Irish peasantry?” Would it be to *their* advantage to rid them of landlordism? Has the Land Act performed such miracles in their behalf that we may expect to see them, in a few years, under no guidance but that of their cherished priesthood, ranking amongst the most civilised and prosperous agricultural populations in Europe?”

Little can be known of the general condition of the Irish peasantry who would venture to give an affirmative

reply to the last two questions. Never did the typical "small farmer" of the Emerald Isle stand more in need of the fostering supervision of a landlord than he does at this moment, when a turning-point has come in the history of his class. The Act which has given the Irish tenant-farmer a property in the improvements which he makes upon his farm has given a vast stimulus to his energies, but has added nothing to his skill. And let not casual visitors to Ireland judge of the state of the country by the condition of the homesteads around its principal towns, or along some of the leading lines of road or rail: There, they only behold beautiful pictures of what Ireland, as a whole, *might be*. If they want to see the bulk of Ireland *as it is*, they must travel to the western province—they must go to the back settlements of Munster, aye, and of that Ulster concerning the advanced state of which so much has been said; and when they have entered cottage after cottage, and rambled over farm after farm, and watched carefully the habits of the people, and their modes of culture, then, and then only, will they be able fairly to judge for themselves whether landlordism ought to be got rid of, or not, in the interests of the people of Ireland!

And what if, in the course of their peregrinations, they find nothing more striking than the absence of landlordism *in propria persona*? Why this will only give the greater force to the argument that landlordism is Ireland's greatest need. It is not less of landlords, but more of them—that is to say, more of them upon the spot, and more of them doing

their work there—that the country wants; and it is on this account that, when the scribe in the *Examiner* gave vent to the oracular *dictum* that "Landlordism ought to be got rid of," the title of the old forgotten book recurred to my mind, "Instruct; employ; *don't hang them!*" These words, which were spoken of an "idle, lounging class," in a lower sphere, might well be applied, with but slight alteration, to many of their betters. Seek not to banish them! Rather let the fittest employments be provided for them—the management of their estates! And how are they to be induced to undertake this employment *con amore*, and, if necessary, instructed how to perform it?

By the force of example?

A Resident Prince of the blood Royal, performing during the greater part of the year the duties of an Irish Landed Proprietor upon his estate—and (since all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy), receiving during the festive season the resident Irish nobility and gentry at his Court in Dublin, would soon find his example followed, first, for *fashion's* sake, and then—(as the taste grew)—from loftier motives, by hundreds of the "idle, lounging class," who now derive rents from properties of greater or lesser dimensions, which many of them have never laid eyes on.

But I have already hinted that the path of an improving Irish landlord is by no means free from thorns and stumbling-blocks. Some of them will be made apparent in the following account of some rambles through an Irish Estate.

## CHAPTER II.

### A SCOTT IN SEARCH OF IRISH ENLIGHTENMENT.

THREE or four years ago, when legislation on the Irish land question was impending, it was rather the fashion (and a very good fashion it

was) amongst English and Scottish Liberal M.Ps., and sundry candidates for like honours, to travel about Ireland on little land commissions

of their own, in order that they might gain some knowledge of the subject on which they might be expected to express opinions, or at any rate to give votes.

A gentleman engaged on a leading journal connected with Ireland has written, within the last few years, what professes to be a "truthful representation of existing social relations" in this country, after what an Irish author has ironically described as an "erratic and independent personal experience of *more than one month's duration*."

When the "working of the Land Act" has had to be inquired into, within a twelve-month of its becoming law, by a Committee of the House of Lords (which has done a service to both tenant and landlord, let some critics rail as they please), and when flippant writers in "weaklies" pronounce the awful sentence that "landlordism ought to be got rid of," we must be thankful that things are no worse, when we bear in mind that the Irish experience of many English and Scotch M.Ps., and of many writers on Ireland, is even less than that of the gentleman who wrote the papers in question. There are numbers who have not even furnished themselves with the personal experience to be gained by an "erratic" trip of "more than a month's duration!" And in these easy-going days, in which it is not the fashion for folk to burden themselves with any very oppressive weight in the shape of a strong sense of personal responsibility, the greater honour is due to those who devoted a few weeks at a critical time to the study of a question fraught with such importance to the future welfare of a whole people.

In order that I may not run the risk of appearing personal, I shall present to my readers an *imaginary* visitor from the "Land of Cakes," who made his appearance at my abode one summer's morning in

1868, armed with a letter of introduction from my excellent friend, the Editor of the *Irish Reformer*, to whom he had previously made himself known by means of a similar letter from a mutual friend in some Government office.

I shall premise that I am neither a landlord, an agent, nor a clergyman, and that the scene of the following narrative is in a central county of Ulster.

Mr. Macphairson was an early riser, or, perhaps, we were somewhat late breakfasters. At any rate, we were just sitting down to that meal, when a servant handed me a note and a card, and told me that the gentleman was in the library. I hastened to welcome him, and as he had driven four or five miles from the market town, where he had passed the night, and partaken of his morning meal, I had no difficulty in persuading him to take a second edition at ours. When we had exchanged a few preliminary remarks concerning the slowness of some Irish trains, and the speed of some Irish "low-backed cars," we plunged *in medias res*.

"My friend of the *Reformer*," said I, "tells me, Mr. Macphairson, that you wish to see something of our Irish small farms and their occupants."

"Yes," replied my visitor: "there are two things which have puzzled me very much, and which I am anxious to make my mind clear upon by personal observation. One is—the custom of Ulster tenant-right, and the other—the smallness of many of your Irish farms. I wish to find out on what the tenant-right is based, and what makes it so variable; and I wish also to see how your people contrive to exist upon farms, which, to my Scotch eyes, seem to be no bigger than moderate-sized fields. Surely they would be better off as labourers working for their daily pay!"

"Perhaps some of them would be

better off. Others would not; be nearly so well-to-do. But there is one consideration which with them counterbalances all others, which I am sure you will appreciate when I name it to you. The Irish small farmer, no matter how poor he may be, is independent. He is his own master; and so long as he can pay his rent, he is able to feel that his homestead is his own. So is his time. He can work when he likes, and stop when he likes; he needs not to enter into combinations for fewer hours and more pay; he has no fear of losing his employ if he falls sick, and as his children grow up around him he can find them work to do. There is just one thing needed to make the Irish small farmer among the happiest and most prosperous of men in humble life."

"And what may that be?"

"More skill. Nay, I should have added something further. He should be brought up in cleaner and neater habits."

"And does not practical experience make these men skilful farmers? I should have thought that, being brought up from childhood on their father's holdings, they would have known everything relating to their calling."

"Being brought up from childhood on their father's holdings, they unfortunately learn all their father's bad ways and habits. They grow used to seeing the dung-heap in front of the door, and to seeing all the richness of it escaping down a ditch. They grow used to large, straggling fences, and a needless multiplicity of them. They grow used to seeing the same crop put into the same field twice, or even thrice in succession, until the soil becomes sick of it, and renders but a miserable yield. They grow used to laying down stubbles without grass seed, and trusting to any chance grass or weeds that may grow there, for grazing for their cattle."

"And how would you propose to reach their intelligence, and open their eyes to the faultiness of all these usages?"

"The present generation, I am sorry to say, are almost beyond conviction. They will good-humouredly tell you that what was good enough for their fathers and grandfathers is good enough for them, and they will furnish you with every kind of ingenious excuse for their palpably bad farming. If you comment, for instance, on the fact of a grazing field being overrun with ragweed, they will reply, 'Och, shure, and don't we want them to cover in the flax in the flax holes?' It would be useless to try to prove to them that this wholesale reduction of valuable pastureland was rather an expensive way of providing covering for their flax. They would reply with a familiar rejoinder—'Shure, and it shows that the soil's rich, whenever you see ragweeds growing in a field!'"

"Rather an expensive advertisement of the richness of their soil! And are the sons, in these days of education, still growing up with the paternal prejudices sticking to them?"

"I fear that many of them will do so; but of some I have great hopes. Ireland being essentially an agricultural country, my hopes for the future lies in the agricultural instruction of the rising generation. There is a very good agricultural class-book in the national-school series; but here one is at once confronted by difficulties. In the first place, the study of agriculture in the national schools is looked on not as an essential, but as an extra, of which no account is made by the inspector; it is therefore seldom attended to. In the second place, the mere theoretical teaching of improved agriculture, without practical illustration, would be almost useless. Wherever a backward locality is found there should be a model farm, no matter how small, attached to the school



best suited for imparting agricultural instruction. When we have finished breakfast, I propose to take you to see some of the neighbouring farmers. As we proceed upon our walk,

I hope to show you one of these small model allotments, established in connexion with the estate school here."

### CHAPTER III.

#### IRISH EDUCATION.

"AND do all creeds send their children to the estate school?" asked Mr. Macphairson, upon my making mention of the seminary in question.

"Ah! there's the rub! Very few of the Roman Catholics do so. A certain proportion attend, it is true; but amongst those who do not are the very ones who stand most in need of the improvement I speak of. But if the mountain (as the saying is) will not go to Mahomet, why should not Mahomet go to the mountain? If the people prefer to send their children to sectarian schools, why not attach the model farms you speak of to these, as well as to your landlord's schools, which, I presume, are the ones you allude to as those 'best suited for imparting agricultural instruction?'"

"I fear that, to reply to that question, I should have to enter into a controversy that would weary you," said I, as we rose from the table, and proceeded towards the hall-door.

"By no means. It is to hear the views of every class—and especially of those who, like yourself, take an interest in the advancement of this country—that I have taken this trip to Ireland. And, I own, I feel curious to hear your objection. Surely it does not arise from any prejudice on your part against Roman Catholic schools as such?"

"By no means," I replied, as I led the way in the direction of the estate school in question. "In the course of your tour you will pass through districts where the landlords are Roman Catholics. And on the estates of Roman Catholic proprie-

tors you will probably find some Protestant tenants—fewer in number, I admit—because there are fewer Protestant farmers in the west. Now there, as well as here, I should advocate, on two grounds, the attendance of all tenant's children at their landlords' school, in preference to those under clerical management. In the first place, as I said with respect to agricultural instruction, so do I also say respecting moral and religious instruction—(which is always made the pretext for sending children to sectarian schools)—the theoretical without the practical is of little use. The first precept of Christianity is—love your neighbour as yourself. Now will any one venture to assert that the love of Roman Catholics and Protestants for each other has been on the increase in Ireland since the virtual denominationalising of its educational system?"

"From what I have heard and observed, it seems to be rather the other way! Animosities seem to be intensifying, instead of being on the decline. But then I thought your Irish educational system was strictly unsectarian."

"Nominally, it is. That is to say, there are safeguards against the proselytising of children who attend at schools where the teachers are not of their own persuasion. But practically, the system is becoming thoroughly sectarianised, from the fact that the clergy of the different persuasions endeavour, each, to have a national school of his own; and of course the principle of admixture, which alone can habituate the rising generation to grow up without sec-

tarian prejudice, is at once almost entirely put an end to. This is my objection to clerical week-day schools on religious and social grounds. My second objection is, that the landlord, being morally responsible for the temporal welfare of his tenantry, is the fit person to be entrusted with the temporal training of the rising generation, so as to impart to them habits of cleanliness and industry, and to fit them for their future calling, by providing for their instruction in the best principles of agriculture. If the clergyman utilises to the best advantage the hours of instruction in his Sunday-school, he will have performed his part; but when he goes in for instruction in "temporal" matters, he steps beyond his province, just as much as if he were to insist on drilling all the Roman Catholic recruits of the army."

"I think you told me that few of the Roman Catholic tenants on this estate send their children to the landlord's school. Does he take no steps to induce them to do so?"

"He makes his school as good as he can. But unfortunately with them it is not a question of the *best school*. Their Church, stepping out of its province, says:—"Your children must have their week-day instruction at such and such a school; and they have learnt to obey their Church without questioning whether in all that she orders she has the right to command, or whether they are doing their best for their children by acting as they do."

"But what if the parents rationally and conscientiously think that by sending their children to a sectarian school they *are* doing their best for them, from their thereby ensuring to them a daily training in religion—while perhaps the secular portion of the instruction is not so very far behind-hand, after all? Would you not prefer that your own children should have religious instruction daily? And should you

entrust that instruction to a teacher of an adverse creed?"

"I see that, for want of a little ocular demonstration, you are disposed to adopt the fallacy which has led multitudes of sincere people to advocate the denominational system. But here we are at the school! When you have been through it, you will scarcely need a reply from me to your last question."

The school, which was surrounded by flower-borders and a shrubbery, was a two-storey-building, with gabled and latticed windows, and a high-pitched roof. Below, the master had his sitting-room, kitchen, and two bed-rooms. Above, about fifty children, ranging from six to twelve years of age—boys and girls together—were all busy at their lessons in a room hung about with maps and pictures, which, with the exception of a small vestibule for hats and wraps, occupied the whole of the upper storey. One class was writing at the desk; another sitting on a gallery at the end, doing sums set to them by the head teacher on a black board; a third was reading to the assistant; and a fourth, composed of very small totties, was seated in a remote corner, around a table from which a girl was removing some needlework preparatory to giving a spelling lesson from tablets.

We paused to listen to the class which was reading. They were, as it so happened by a curious coincidence, at page 155, of the Second Book of the National Board's series, and at the following passage:—"All are God's family. He knoweth every one of them, as a shepherd knoweth his flock. They pray to Him in different languages, but He understandeth them all. He hearth them all. He taketh care of all. None are so mean that He will not protect them," &c.

"Are you satisfied?" I asked my companion in a whisper.

"I am agreeably astonished," was the reply. "I thought these books

were entirely secular. But perhaps those are all children of your own persuasion."

Before replying, I said to one of the little girls—"Sally McCause, can you say those verses at the end of the lesson?"—"That is one Roman Catholic out of five in this class," I added, in undertone, to my companion.

The child addressed repeated the following lines:—

"Great God, and wilt Thou condescend  
To be my Father and my friend?  
I, a poor child, and Thou so high,  
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky!  
Art Thou my Father?—let me be  
A meek, obedient child to Thee,  
And try, in word and deed and thought,  
To serve and please Thee as I ought.  
Art Thou my Father?—Then at last,  
When all my days on earth are past,  
Send down and take me in Thy love  
To be a better child above."

"Well, I was always under the impression," said my companion to me, when he had complimented little Sally on the manner in which she had recited the verses—"that no religious instruction could be given in National Schools except at stated times, when all not of the same persuasion as the teacher had to leave the room."

"No dogmatic instruction—indeed, no religious instruction, save that contained in the lessons of the Board's own books—can be given to, or in the presence of any children whose parents object; and for all such

special religious instruction there is a stated time. Well, if there is much more of this *religious* instruction which I have just heard, in the books of the Board, I should say that the *dogmatic* instruction might safely be relegated to the Sunday-school. Besides, what can you teach to little things of that age, further than what you are now teaching them altogether in these books? The mysteries of our religion, or of any religion, are beyond their tender years."

"I am delighted to find you," said I, "coming spontaneously to the conclusion at which I have long since arrived. I trust that you will now join me in the further opinion that those who theorise about the separation of children for their more perfect instruction in religion, although they may be very well-meaning, would do well to take more pains in acquainting themselves with facts before they hasten to condemn."

"Well, I should say that if for the sake of teaching more religion than this to children of such tender years, they divide them into what are virtually rival sections, they put themselves into the same category as those who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel!"

We made our bow to the teachers, and to the children who rose *en masse* to salute us as we left the school-room.

## CHAPTER IV.

### IRISH BUILDINGS AND ULSTER TENANT RIGHT.

ON leaving the school I pointed out to Mr. Macphairson its diminutive farm, which was apportioned into three plots, containing respectively clover, corn, and root crop; the latter to be followed by a "stolen crop." We inspected the offices in the rear, consisting of cowhouse, pigging, &c., and barn overhead; then proceeded, through the vegetable garden, out of a back gate, to a road leading to a small hamlet.

"Some of those picturesque cottages seem to have been recently built?" said my companion. "Are they intended for labourers?"

"Well, that was the original intention. And labourers occupy most of them. But if an Irish landlord goes in for providing his labourers with cottages of ordinary comfort, and possessing the smallest pretensions to picturesque appearance, he must look on his expenditure

more in the light of a luxury than as an investment of capital. These cottages, containing kitchen, scullery, two to three sleeping rooms, and back offices, cost at the rate of £100 a-piece. Now, at only 5 per cent., the rent would come to two shillings a-week. A man with a family can't afford to pay such a rent when his wages are only eight shillings.

"But is it not worth an employer's while to give a good labourer a *bonus*, in the shape of a comfortable cottage worth more than double the rent he charges for it. May he not hope to be repaid by the man's increased fidelity to his interests?"

"Well, I should like to hope so, at any rate. It is, I own, a pleasant idea. Although, I regret to say, gratitude does not always follow favours bestowed in this country."

"But surely in the main it does, although there may be individual exceptions. A landlord who acquires the reputation of acting with kindness and liberality towards those who are dependent on him must be the gainer in the long-run."

"He will be the gainer in *this* way," said I: "he will have the good wishes of all around him; and after all, real good wishes, although you cannot buy them with money, are more valuable than much that *can* be bought. And so, as we do not live in this world entirely on the narrow huckstering principle of making the greatest possible pecuniary profit by buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, we must put some of our expenditure down to the score of sentiment. If Irish landlords—aye, and some English ones too—would but reckon among the business of life that of seeing the men who labour for them comfortably housed, and sparing no reasonable outlay to effect that end, what an agreeable social revolution might be wrought!"

"Yes, indeed! and although you say that gratitude is a scarce commodity, there might be some consolation

in the reflection that squires, who go in for handsome and costly stabling and fittings for their horses, do just as much for the vicious nag which kicks out at them, or the unsociable one which will not turn at the sound of their voice, as they do for the pet mare which whines when they enter, and enjoys their caresses."

"True; and I fear that some employers lay out more upon the comfort of their cart-horses than upon that of the men who tend them!"

"It strikes me," said Mr. Macphairson, "that some of the cottages which the people have built for themselves, might, with a little outlay, be made far more comfortable, as well as more pleasing to the eye."

"Yes, indeed," I replied. "And occasionally this is done. Just look at that house among the trees over there, with a gable over each window, and a porch over the door. That was once an ordinary two-roomed thatched cottage. The tenant, being given timber and slates by his landlord, raised it about three feet, and added the porch and gable, with the assistance of a 'handy man,' who was a *bit* of a mason, and a *bit* of a carpenter, and a *bit* of a slater. The whole cost to himself, beyond that of the labour expended on it, was a mere trifle. I believe that he even paid the 'handy man' in horse work, when the ploughing season came round, and when his manure had to be drawn. So, you see that he was enabled thus to utilise to his own profit his own and his horse's time, which would otherwise have been thrown away for want of sufficient work on his own little farm."

"Pray, what may be about the cost of an addition such as that?"

"You may set it down at £10 per room for material, *i.e.*, timber, slates, stone, and lime; and the workmanship is value for nearly as much again."

"So that, in point of fact, a 10-

acre farmer, who builds a four-roomed slated house at his own entire cost, has added some £70 or so to the value of his farm, and has an equitable right to claim that much, with a drawback for deterioration, from the next tenant, exclusively of any other claims he may have for reclamation, drainage, and so forth, done at his own expense."

"Don't jump too hastily to a conclusion. You must bear in mind, in the first place, that slated houses, built without aid from the landlord, are very few and far between. And, secondly, that a great deal of labour is thrown away in this country for want of skilled supervision. Houses are often built, and drains and fences made, which would be an actual expense to an incoming tenant; for he might have to demolish them, so as to replace them with more serviceable substitutes. And yet I allow that the out-going tenant would be only too ready to claim compensation, under the name of "Tenant-right," for the botches which he had made; and he would be very slow to see that, when he had laid out as much in labour and money as some more skilful neighbour, his work was not to be considered as valuable. Thus it is that in some backward parts of Ulster good farming is a very expensive affair; so much is there to pay for a "good will," which conveys no material advantages, and so much does there remain not only to *do*, but also, in the first place, to *undo*, before the enlightened farmer can get his place into proper condition. And it often happens that, in addition to these drawbacks, there is the additional one of *cropped-out* land, so that it would be far more profitable, in many a case, to rent a bare and unreclaimed mountain-side than one of these old farms, so laden with incumbrances. As, however, the mountain-sides are not to be had, people have to be content with what they can get, and to pay a high price for a bad article, owing

to the demand being greater than the supply."

"And do the landlords raise their rents because the demand for land is greater than the supply?"

"Not they! although they might do so with as much reason. If they did there would soon be an outcry; though nobody cries out against the tenant who demands an excessive sum for 'good-will.' If he does, by pitting three or four purchasers against each other, make his victim pay highly, the payment is only once for all—he goes—and there's an end of it, whereas a landlord is always on the spot; and the grievance would be felt on each recurring rent-day. And besides, the landlord would be reluctant to place on the back of his tenant a burden which it would be hard for him to bear. The emigrating outgoer has no such qualms. And after all, who is troubled with compunctions when driving a bargain with some one in his own station in life?"

"How would it do if landlords were to make an estate rule, limiting the price of tenant-right to the value of the improvements virtually made by the tenant?"

"Bless your soul! there would be no earthly use in such a limit. The extra money demanded would be given in spite of all regulations. The out-going man would say to the purchaser, 'Do you want to *have my frown*? Give me what I ask for the place, and you shall have my blessing along with it'."

"Is this, then, the meaning of the term, 'buying the good-will?'"

"Yes. The Irish of all creeds are more or less superstitious; and few have the courage to incur a *frown*; so that this system may, with far more reason, be termed a traffic in blessings and curses, than a traffic in tenants' improvements. I'll be bound, however, that our English and Scottish legislators will not see the matter in this light; and I have my fears that the *abuses* of tenant-

right will be legalised, instead of a real good system, encouraging to skilful and improving tenants, being shaped out of it."

"What a shocking field of weeds and rushes that is, there to the left!"

"You may well say so. When we are at the top of this hill, you will see that the whole farm is in the same condition, and that the cabin upon it is not out of keeping. This is a specimen of the benefits of leases! The holder of this lives in a town a few miles off. He lets the farm out in grazing, and his herd lives in that hovel."

"But why does not the landlord compel him to keep it in proper order?"

"It is one of the fancies of Ulster tenants that their landlord is not to interfere with them so long as they pay their rent punctually. Notwithstanding this 'fancy,' the landlord might alarm this individual by threatening him with a notice to quit if he did not improve, were it not that he is armed with a lease; and I fear that the few leases still in existence about here say nothing about orderly buildings and good cultivation."

"But surely you cannot blame the system of leases for the neglect of some individual drawer-up of a lease?"

"I'm sorry to say that it would be nearly the same thing if the lease contained the most stringent clauses. Ask anybody you like, and they will tell you that an Irish lease holds good always against the landlord, but never against the tenant."

"But if the landlord chose to be firm, and insist?"

"And make himself exceedingly unpopular in consequence!"

"Yet you have just said, that where no lease existed the landlord could use the threat of eviction for bad farming."

"It would be only a threat at best. Few would attempt to carry it out, for the same reasons. But there is this difference. It is easier to serve a notice to quit than to break a lease. The leaseholder knowing this, would feel the more confident."

"Well, I confess I can't see any great distinction in this. And I do think that your Irish landlords are too soft. Perhaps it is because, so long as their rents are paid, they don't like to give themselves trouble. With people who *won't* take pains, nothing would be more salutary than a little coercion. If people act like children or savages, they ought to be treated as such!"

"Perhaps you are right. Perhaps it would be best to use strong measures in one or two cases for the warning of the whole. But I should prefer to work patiently for a long time before extreme measures were resorted to."

"And *how* would you work?"

"By helping those who were ready and willing to help themselves; and thus constituting them examples to the remainder. If, in the long-run, it proved that any considerable number were impervious alike to entreaty or to example, I might then feel disposed to adopt your method. And the justice of such a proceeding would then be more universally acknowledged, when it had become a matter of notoriety that I was more ready to help the painstaking ones than to punish the indolent."

## CHAPTER V.

### WHERE THEY COME FROM AND WHAT THEY COME TO.

"WHAT a multitude of white cottages one sees from this hill-top!" exclaimed Mr. Macphairson; "and to judge from their proximity to

each other, the farms around them must be no bigger than some of our single fields."

"Many of them not nearly so big.

Look at that little nook down there ! What seems to you one small cottage is in reality two. Each has only about six acres of land attached to it. But the soil is good, being on the edge of a bog, and is worth almost as much as twelve acres on the hill—especially when the rent per acre is in both cases the same.”

“And how can a family exist on such a patch?”

“In good years, they are as well off as they would be if they were labouring for some one else. And these small holders generally *do* labour for other people, whenever they are not occupied on their own farms. And as labour is getting annually scarcer, owing to the continuous stream of emigration, they are very welcome to the larger farmers. In bad years, I admit, their case is sometimes a hard one. And when they have large families of small children, they have to put in years of pinching poverty. But then, when the children become old enough to earn for themselves, they bring their wages to the common stock, and things begin to look bright again. And those who emigrate seldom forget their parents. They send home large sums to them from time to time. And then let us consider what the emigrants are often able to do for themselves—and not emigrants only, but those, too, who, after receiving a good education, push on for themselves in business in their own country. Those countless little cottages which you see dotted over the face of the landscape are so many nurseries, from which emerges the bone and sinew of three or four countries. America, England, Scotland, and Ireland herself, each and all of them, owe to those cottages, and such as those, many of their strongest arms and quickest heads. There are few fathers of families living within easy distance of a school who do not make it an object of their ambition that one, at least, of their sons should qualify

himself for learning a trade. Indeed, in many of these cottages which you see before you, trades are actually being carried on. There are blacksmiths and nailors, shoemakers and tailors, to say nothing of carpenters, masons, and saddlers. When one of these trades is backed up by a 12-acre farm to occupy the spare members of the family, you surely can't call that poverty ! And you can't call such a community an ill-to-do community. Of course they can't all have trades—some of them must trust to their farms alone, and these, in consequence, are not so well-off. But they, in their turn, supply the labour market with their 'extra' sons. And if they have one son who shows signs of being a smart fellow, they will keep him at school till he is fourteen or fifteen, and then manage somehow to scrape together £20 or so, and apprentice him to a draper or a grocer in the nearest town ; and, in a few years' time, the barefooted lad of your earlier recollections comes back to visit his parents a dapper commercial traveller, or an owner of a shop on his own account. From that cottage just over the hill, three smart, good-looking lads have gone forth—one to the colonies, two to Scotland. They are all doing well. The other day I was starting on some expedition by rail. At the station I noticed a very well-dressed young man, in a better hat than my own, and a well-fitting pair of gloves. I *thought* I had seen his face before, but *where* I could not remember. Suddenly spying me, he came up to the carriage-door, *hat-in-hand*. It was one of the youths in question, just returning to his lucrative post in Scotland, after a visit to his parents. He looked a perfect gentleman, and I was quite distressed to see him standing bareheaded. And it is surprising what *gentlemen* many of our Irish youths do look when they have been refined by the exercise of their intelligence, and by getting into clean

habits and good clothes. The more is the pity for those who stay at home, and seem to think that, because they *are* at home, *anything* will do!"

"And have you many instances of people doing as well?"

"Many instances? There is one to be heard of in almost every second house you go into in this neighbourhood. The occupant of that cottage just below us served for several years in the army. He came back at the conclusion of his term of engagement with a nice wife, £50 of savings (he had been an officer's servant the greater part of the time), and the rank of full corporal. The eldest son of that house on the hill is a butler in a gentleman's family with £40 a year. His brother is in the same gentleman's stable. The eldest son of the last house we passed as we began to ascend the hill is settled down in Canada on a large farm of his own. He drives a pair of good horses, and, as his mother delights to inform one, has a 'splendid set of silver-mounted harness.' The next house to that on one side, has one son in Canada; the next on the other side, has two there, one of whom writes that he has married a wife who is 'quite a lady' (and, indeed, from her photograph she *looks* one); and when travelling in connection with his business, stops at the best hotels, and 'has his shoes blacked, instead of having to blacken somebody else's!'"

"A remark most expressive of independence! After all, if an Irish landlord is sometimes disposed to lament at the backwardness he sees around him—the unwillingness to improve in farming, or in neat and cleanly habits—he has the consolation of travelling in imagination to Australia, America, England, Scotland, and many an Irish town—picturing to himself numerous flourishing young men, with rising family, taking root in all these localities, and then exclaiming, '*These* are my tenants,

and if I have had a share in promoting *their* prosperity, should I not be well contented?'"

"True, indeed! And yet the present sore will ever rankle, when he sees those immediately around him failing to advance in a corresponding degree to that in which their fellows have done, and when he further feels that he could train up these also, if they were not snatched from his grasp."

"You are again at the old grievance of the divided schools. But here, too, you may take heart. In the very instances of prosperity which you speak of, the training which has turned his people from clodhoppers into gentlemen, has all come after their school-days were over. Surely no influences can come between a landlord and his full-grown tenants."

"Ah, but the training of which you speak arises from association with other cultivated people. A farmer, from the nature of his calling, lacks such association. Therefore it is only in the school that you can have an opportunity of training young farmers."

"Well, but you do train some of them. Those of your own creed, and a few others besides, go to your own school. If your training proves as effective as you expect, these, at least, will rise to a superior elevation. Their example will then work gradually upon those around them. But see—we are passing cottage after cottage, and entering none of them! Pray, show me one of your genuine native interiors: that of this one here, for example."

"That I will, gladly. Pick your steps as you cross this yard. You see, although they have a smart pair of iron gates here, and a whitened wall, they still stick to the old fashion—dunghill in front of the door, and pigs and ducks in and out of the dunghill, and then in and out of the kitchen, until there is general blending of filth everywhere! But I must



be silent. Here we are ! They don't mind the dirt, but they'd feel insulted if you reminded them of it, save in a jocular fashion."

We entered the kitchen, where we found the good wife knitting. Her daughter was cutting up cabbages in a corner for pig's meat. The ducks were helping her.

"Y'er kindly welcome, gentlemen ! Put them ducks out, Nancy, and run for your da."

"Oh, pray, don't disturb him."

"Och, and he's only just gone out to the byre to feed the cows. See, here he is !"

And a tall, handsome man, of about sixty, entered the apartment. He had been to market that day, so he was dressed in his best, viz., knee-breeches and woollen stockings (he had an excellent leg, and was proud of it, so stuck to the *ould style*). His coat must have been his wedding coat, but a very smart coat it was still, although of a cut only to be seen in old pictures, or on the stage—bright blue cloth (the best of broadcloth), with brass buttons—high collar and long tails. A loose collar, and a negligently-tied red scarf, completed his most picturesque get-up—far more becoming than the modern fashions, which everyone of the rising generation thinks he or she must follow now-a-days.

"Pat, will you kindly tell this gentleman your history since you came to this farm."

"Troth, and I will, with all my heart. Ye must know, sir, that we've a right good landlord here, who lives amongst his tenants, and always has work of some kind or another for them to do. Well, when I was a very young man, he had a deal of building going on. I managed to scrape together what bought me a horse and cart, and I used to draw timber regular for the building. Whatever I made, I saved ; I never spent more nor I could help, and made a little go a great way. Ye may guess that, when ye see this

owld coat, which has been my Sunday coat and holiday coat from that day to this, and it's not a bad one now, ye'll allow."

"No, indeed !" we both exclaimed in a breath.

"Well," he continued, "after a bit, I thought I'd buy a wee piece of land for myself, instead of keeping the horse at my father's. I first bought the four acres that this house now stands on. Then, time after time, I got more, paying from £5 to £8 an acre for the good-will of it all round—till now I've got twenty acres. And I've drained it all, and built this house, and bought another farm for my son—20 acres more, and given my two daughters £100 a-piece as their marriage portions, and I've just set up another son in the whiskey business, and that won't pay badly, I'm thinking."

"Why, you must have been a perfect coiner. Where can all the money have come from ?"

"Well, ye see, I made a good bit by *daling*. I bought and sold flax and cattle. When a man has his wits about him, there's always a way for him to make money, whether he lives in town or country."

"You see, we are not such a nation of paupers, after all !" said I to my companion, as we left the cottage.

"No, indeed ; my eyes have been opened considerably. But then to think that with all this, the most comfortably off among them still live the life of paupers. When they have the secret of money-making, their aim seems simply to be to make *more* money. They don't seem to think it worth their while to lay out some of it in making themselves commonly comfortable. It can't be that they are in fear of their rents being raised if they appear to be too well off ?"

"No, it's not that ; for those with leases, and their landlords' lives in them, are just as far behind, and just as piggish in their ways as

the rest—as *some* of the rest, I should have said. I can show you some cottages where taste, order, and comfort reign supreme. And yet—as though to warn one against expecting too much from the force of example—one finds, almost side by side with these tidy ones, others whose occupants are perhaps blood relations of the former, and yet are as slatternly as they can possibly be. And if you compare the various tidy and untidy ones, you will find that it is not a matter of expenditure so much as a matter of habit. Some of the poorest cottages rank amongst the neatest.”

“But even here you have a consolatory feature. If dirt and slovenliness is a matter of habit, so is also cleanliness, and taste, and neatness. It may be, perhaps, the labour of a life-time to bring them all round, but when once brought round, may not you hope that those who come after you will see your good work perpetuated from generation to generation?”

“I believe you are right. There

is a model village not far from this, on another estate. I took some friends to see it one day, and, on entering one of the cottages, was struck with the neatness of everything within. I was struck thereat because, although once this village had been constantly visited by the landlord’s daughters, they, since their father’s death, years ago, had been absent from Ireland. ‘How nice you keep your cottage!’ I said to the old dame. ‘Ah, shure,’ was the reply; ‘the ladies always liked to see it nice, and, absent or present, we would always like to do what plazes them!’”

“And so would these good folk have liked to ‘plaze’ their landlord and his family,” rejoined Mr. Macpheirson; “only they lack the energy needful for making the first step. They run in a groove. In that groove they would run till the end of time. But once you manage to get them into another and better groove—never fear, they will run in that with equal constancy. Persevere then. Never say, die!”



## COMMERCIAL PROGRESS IN CHINA.

ALTHOUGH European nations have carried on a limited trade with the Chinese for more than one hundred years, they were restricted to a single port, and their jealousy of each other prevented their adopting those measures of co-operation that have recently proved so advantageous. China was averse to opening her territory to foreign merchants, and regarded with suspicion all their attempts to gain a foothold upon her soil. On the north, since 1727, the Russians had a single point of commercial exchange, and by the treaty between Russia and China all the trade between the two nations was to be conducted there. Two small cities, one thoroughly Russian, and the other as thoroughly Chinese, were founded, and grew up, side by side, for the purposes of international commerce. The name of the Chinese city (Maimaichin) signifies "place of trade." Along the whole northern frontier of the Celestial Empire there was no other settlement of its name or character. In the south was the single point open to those who came to China by sea, while along the coast-line, facing to the eastward, the ports of the empire were sealed against foreign intrusion. Commerce between China and the outer world was hampered by many restrictions, and only the great profits derived from it served to keep it alive. But once fairly established, the barbarian merchants taught the slow-learning Chinese that the trade brought advantage to all engaged in it. Step by step they pressed forward, to open new ports and extend commercial relations, which were not likely to be discontinued, if only a little time were allowed to show their value.

As the years rolled on, trade with

China increased; the merchants, of all classes, found that foreign gold and silver were desirable things to gather into their possession, and that the teas, and silks, and porcelain of the empire brought a remunerative price from those who came to purchase. For a long time the foreigners trading with China had no direct intercourse with the General Government, but dealt only with the local and provincial authorities. It was not until after the famous "Opium War" that diplomatic relations were opened with the Court of Peking, and a common policy adopted for all parts of the empire, in its dealings with the outer world. Considering the extremely conservative character of the Chinese, their adherence to old forms and customs, their general unwillingness to do differently from their ancestors, and the not over-amicable character of the majority of the foreigners that went there to trade, it is not surprising that many years were required for commercial relations to grow up and become permanent. The wars between China and the Western powers did more than centuries of peace could have done to open the Oriental eyes and teach the oldest nation of the world that its superiority in age had not given it superiority in everything else. Austria's defeat on the field of Sadowa, whose cannons' echoes seem still ringing in our ears, advanced and enlightened her more than a hundred years of peace and victory could have done, at her old rate of progress. The victories of the allied forces in China, culminating in the capture of Peking and dictation of terms by the foreign leaders, opened the way for a free intercourse between the East and

West, and the immense advantages that an unrestricted commerce is sure to bring to an industrious, energetic, and economical people.

With a river-system unsurpassed by that of any other nation of the world, China relied upon navigation by junks, which crept but slowly against the current when urged by strong winds, and lay idle, or were laboriously towed or poled by men, when calms or head-breezes prevailed. Of steam applied to propulsion, she had no knowledge, until steamboats of foreign construction appeared in her waters, and roused the wonder of the oblique-eyed natives by the mystery of their powers. The sensation created when the first steamboat ascended a Chinese river may be better imagined than described. The Chinese very speedily saw the advantages of steam-navigation on the great rivers of the empire, and were quick to patronise the foreign invention when it was fairly established. In 1839, the first steam venture was made in China. An English house placed a boat on the route between Canton and Macao, and advertised it as ready to carry freight and passengers on stated days. For the first six months the passengers averaged about a dozen to each trip—half of them Europeans and the rest natives. The second half-year the number of native patrons increased, and by the end of the second year the boat, on nearly every trip, was filled with Chinese. The trade became so lucrative that another boat was brought from England and placed on the route, which continued to be a source of profit until the business was overdone by opposition lines. As soon as the treaties permitted, steamers were introduced into the coasting-trade of China, and subsequently upon the rivers and other inland waters. The Chinese merchants perceived the importance of rapid and certain transportation for their goods in place of the slow and

unreliable service of their junks, and the advance in rates was overbalanced by the increased facilities and the opportunities of the merchants to make six times as many ventures annually as by the old system. Probably there is no people in the world that can be called a nation of shopkeepers more justly than the Chinese; thousands upon thousands of them are engaged in petty trade, and competition is very keen. Of course, where there is an active traffic the profits are small, and anything that can assist the prompt delivery of merchandise and the speedy transmission of intelligence, money, credits, or the merchant himself, is certain to be brought into full use. For the first few years the steam-vessels in Chinese waters were owned by foreigners, who derived large profits from the native trade; but very soon the Chinese merchants conceived the notion of purchasing steamers and running them on their own account. No accurate statistics are at hand of the number of foreign steamers now in China, but well-informed parties estimate the burden of British coasting and river-vessels at upwards of sixty thousands tons, but that of other nationalities is not so large. Steamboats with a burden of more than ten thousand tons are now owned by Chinese merchants, and about half that quantity is the joint property of Chinese and foreigners. In managing their boats and watching the current expenses, the Chinese are quite equal to the English and Americans, and sometimes display an ability to carry freight upon terms that are ruinous to foreign competition.

Foreign systems of banking and insurance have been adopted, and work successfully. The Chinese had a mode of banking long before the European nations possessed much knowledge of financial matters; and it is claimed that the first circulating notes and bills-of-credit ever issued

had their origin during a monetary pressure at Peking. But they were so unprogressive that, when intercourse was opened with the Western World, they found their own system defective, and was forced to adopt the foreign innovation. Insurance companies were first owned and managed by foreigners at the open ports, and as soon as the plan of securing themselves against loss by fire or other casualties was understood by the Chinese merchants, they began to form companies on their own account, and carry their operations to the interior of the empire, where foreign trade had not penetrated. All the intricacies of the insurance business—even to the formation of fraudulent companies, with imaginary officers, and an explosion at a propitious moment—are fully understood and practised by the Chinese.

By the facilities which the advent of foreigners has introduced to the Chinese, the native trade along the rivers and with the open ports has largely increased. In this respect China has only followed the rule that everywhere prevails where men engage in commercial pursuits. On the rivers and along the coast the steamers and native boats are actively engaged, and the population of the open ports has largely increased in consequence of the attractions offered to the people of all grades and professions. The greatest increase has been in the foreign trade, which, from small beginnings now amounts to more than nine hundred millions of dollars annually. As this is all from the open ports, it naturally follows that the domestic trade, tributary to those ports by means of the numerous canals and rivers, and coming from a population of more than four hundred millions of people, must be enormously large. Where formerly a dozen or more vessels crept into Canton, during each year, there are now hundreds of ships and steamers

traversing the ocean to and from the accessible points of the coast of the great Eastern Empire. Britain has a large share of this commerce with China, and from the little beginning, in 1786, she has increased her maritime service, until she now has a fleet of sailing-ships second to none in the world.

Railways will naturally follow the steamboat, and an English company, it is believed, has been arranging to supply the Chinese with a railway-system to connect the principal cities, and especially to tap the interior districts, where the water-communications are limited. Railways in India, where the population is dense, have been found profitable, and the promoters of the scheme are confident they will prove equally so in China. There is no system of mail-communication in China; the Government transmits intelligence by means of couriers, and when merchants have occasion to communicate with persons at a distance they make use of private expresses. Foreign and native merchants, doing an extensive business, keep swift steamers, which they use as despatch-boats, and sometimes send them, at hundreds or thousands of dollars' expense, to transmit single messages. It has happened that, on a sudden change of markets, two or more houses in Hong-Kong or Shanghai have despatched boats at the same moment; and some interesting and exciting races are recorded in the local histories. Some of the native merchants have expended much money in purchasing and maintaining their despatch-boats, and occasionally, when business is dull, they get up private races, on which respectable amounts of cash are staked.

The barriers of Chinese exclusion were broken down when the treaties of the past fifteen years opened the empire to foreigners, and placed the name of China on the list of diplomatic and treaty powers. The last

stone of the wall that shut the nation from the outer world was overthrown when the court at Peking sent an embassy, headed by a distinguished American, to visit the capitals of the Western nations, and cement the bonds of friendship between the West and the East. It was, perhaps, eminently fitting that an American should be selected as the head of this embassy, and eminently fitting, too, that the ambassador of the oldest nation should first visit the youngest of all the great powers of the world. During the time of his residence at Peking as minister of the United States, Mr. Burlingame interested himself in endeavouring to introduce the telegraph into China, and though meeting with opposition on account of certain superstitions of the Chinese, he was ultimately successful. The Chinese do not understand the working of the telegraph—at least the great majority of them do not—and like many other people elsewhere, with regard to anything incomprehensible, they are inclined to ascribe it to a satanic origin. They believe the erection of poles and the stretching of wires would disturb the current of *Fung Shuey* (good luck), just as some of the residents of Tennessee and Alabama, ten or twelve years ago, believed the telegraph-wires caused a lack of rain. Hence their opposition to the construction of the telegraph; and it remains for the prejudice to be overcome before electric communication in China will be a success.

Some years ago, as the story runs, some Americans erected a line fifteen or twenty miles long, between Shanghai and Woosung, the place where all deep-draught vessels approaching Shanghai are obliged to anchor. The Chinese made no interference, officially or otherwise, with the line during its construction, and allowed it to work for some weeks, which it did very successfully. They did not investigate its opera-

tions, but supposed the foreigners employed active and invisible devils to run along the wires to convey messages. Had these bearers of despatches confined themselves to their own affairs, their highways would not have been disturbed; but, unfortunately, a Chinese died, one day, in a house that was crossed by the telegraph wire, and actually touched by one of the poles. It is not an unusual thing for a Chinese to die—thousands of them do every day; but several friends of the deceased Oriental set a rumour afloat that one of the foreign couriers had descended from the wire, and caused the native's death. A Chinese mob very soon made short work of the telegraph-line.

In this the Chinese only followed the example of the Southerners referred to in the preceding paragraph. When the telegraph line from Cincinnati to New Orleans was built, some of the people along the route supposed it would affect the fall of rain and injure their crops. A drought confirmed them in that opinion, and a great many miles of wire were torn down in consequence.

To avoid all possibility of interference with the proposed line in China, Mr. Burlingame suggested that it be placed out of harm's reach by laying it in the form of a submarine cable along the coast. The Government readily adopted the suggestion, as it would prevent any disturbance by superstitious or ill-disposed persons while the line was being tested; as soon as the people were accustomed to its workings and satisfied of its harmlessness, the construction of land-lines could be ventured. The concession granted by the Government was accepted by an American company, which has been empowered to lay submarine cables, connecting all the treaty ports from Canton to Peking. Quite likely, the submarine telegraph will astonish John Chinaman a great

deal more than a land-line; if intelligence can be flashed instantly along the bottom of the ocean, where there is no apparent communication, he will be compelled to admit that a visible, tangible wire on land is a safe and feasible route of communication. While the cable is in deep water, out of reach of anchors, and only to be touched by the apparatus specially designed for its recovery, it will hardly be liable to the calamity that befell the Shanghai-Weersung line. Nobody will have a local habitation in its vicinity except where it is brought to shore, and even should it be charged with the death of some unfortunate native, the next of kin and the neighbours and friends of the deceased will not be able to wreak their vengeance and protect others from a like misfortune. When John is convinced that the foreign innovation harms nobody, and is an excellent medium of communication, he will be not only willing, but anxious to extend its benefits through the whole length and breadth of the Middle Kingdom, and connect the interior and seaboard cities by means of the electric wire.<sup>1</sup>

The foreign houses established in China will furnish a large patronage for the telegraph when completed, and their example will be an excellent one for the native merchants, and especially those who compete directly with the foreigners. In

California, the Chinese residents make a liberal use of the telegraph; though they do not trouble themselves with an investigation of its workings, they fully appreciate its importance, and when a message is retarded from any cause, they are as ready as their paler-faced competitors to make complaint and demand the reason for delay. In California, all messages must be sent in English, or at all events in English characters. Grammatical precision is not insisted upon; if it were, it is possible many a native-born American would find his telegrams refused by the receiving clerks on account of deficiencies of style. John, in California, is at liberty to send his messages in "pigeon-English," and very funny work he makes of it occasionally. Chin Lung, in Sacramento, telegraphs to Ming Yup, in San Francisco, "You me send one piecee me trunk," which means, in plain language, "Send me my trunk." Mr. Yup complies with the request, and responds by telegraph, "Me you trunkee you sendee." His English is more Californian and less Cantonese than that of his Sacramento friend. Canton throws in the word "piecee" (piece) very often, and the same is the case with the Chinese-English spoken in most of the treaty ports. The inventor of pigeon-English is unknown, and it is well for his name that it has not been handed down; he deserves the execration of all who are com-

<sup>1</sup> The proposed telegraph-line has an aggregate length of nine hundred miles, connecting the following cities:

					<i>Population.</i>	<i>Distance in Miles.</i>
From Canton ...	...	...	...	...	1,000,000	
To Macao ...	...	...	...	...	60,000	70
" Hong-Kong ...	...	...	...	...	250,000	75
" Swatow ...	...	...	...	...	200,000	130
" Amoy ...	...	...	...	...	250,000	115
" Foo-Chow ...	...	...	...	...	1,250,000	120
" Wau-Chu ...	...	...	...	...	300,000	120
" Ningpo ...	...	...	...	...	400,000	125
" Hangtche <sup>n</sup> ...	...	...	...	...	1,200,000	60
" Shanghai ...	...	...	...	...	1,000,000	80
Total ...	...	...	...	...	5,910,000	895

pelled to use the legacy he has left ; and it is proper to say that he has received a great many epithets, the reverse of reverent, from irate English and Americans. It is just as difficult for a Chinese to learn pigeon-English as it would be to learn pure and honest English, and it is about as intelligible as Greek or Sanscrit to a newly-arrived foreigner.

In Shanghae or Hong-Kong, say to your Chinese *ma-foo*, who claims to speak English, "Bring me a glass of water," and he will not understand you. Repeat your order in those words, and he stands dumb and uncomprehending, as though you had spoken the dialect of the moon. But if you say, "You go me catchee bring one piecee glass water ; savey," and his tawny face beams intelligence as he moves to obey the order.

In the phrase, "pigeon-English," the word pigeon means "business," and the expression would be more intelligible if it were *business-English*." Many of the foreigners living in China have formed the habit of using this and other words in their Chinese sense, and sometimes one hears an affair of business called "a pigeon." A gentleman, whom the writer met in China, used to tell, with a great deal of humour, his early experiences with the language. "When I went to Shanghae," said he, "I had an introduction to a prominent merchant, who received me very kindly, and urged me to call often at his office. A day or two later I called, and inquired for him. 'Won't be back for a week or two,' said the clerk ; 'he has gone into the country, about two hundred miles, after a little pigeon.' I asked no questions, but as I bowed myself out, I thought, 'He must be a fool, indeed, and I was all wrong when I supposed him a sensible man. Go two hundred miles into the country after a pigeon, and a little one at that ! He has lost his senses, if he ever possessed any.'"

Of course it will be necessary, in China, to use, in part at least, the language of the country in transmitting telegrams. As the Chinese written language contains thousands of characters—linguists do not agree as to the exact number—it will not be possible to make a separate telegraphic signal for each character. Some of the missionaries and others who have lived long in China have endeavoured to reduce those characters to symbols ; a French *savant* claims to have arranged two hundred symbols, that comprise the written language of China, while Dr. Macgowan—formerly in the service of the East India Telegraph Company—is the author of a system using less than twenty. Both these gentlemen are confident of their ability to apply their inventions to the practical working of the telegraph ; at any rate, they will soon have the opportunity of making the experiment. Most of the business along the coast-line and between the treaty-ports will be transacted in English, by means of the ordinary apparatus, which will also be available for the symbolic methods. Probably it will be more satisfactory to the Chinese to receive despatches, not only in the exact language, but in the handwriting of the sender. This can be done by the Lenoir method—a French invention—and also by that of an Italian, whose name now escapes me. The French method is less cumbersome and works with greater rapidity than the Italian one, and will probably be adopted for autographic telegraphing in China. The principle is the same as that which Mr. Bain attempted to introduce in America, some years ago, but did not find practicable ; its want of success in Mr. Bain's hands was due to the slight demand for autographic despatches rather than to any defects of the system.

Could a native of China, or of any other country in the world, fail



to acknowledge the power and importance of the telegraph, when he receives in a few moments a letter in his own language, and in the familiar chirography of a friend a hundred or a thousand miles away? His wonder and respect would be greatly increased if the intelligence was borne to him beneath the waters and by no visible pathway.

Apart from its value as a financial speculation, the enterprise of supplying a telegraph system to China has a great national importance. In commerce, it will serve to make more intimate the relations of other countries, and will fitly succeed the establishment of a steam-line from California to the Chinese coast, and the completion of that great national

undertaking—the Pacific Railway. Socially, it will awaken sympathies between peoples whose language, customs, and modes of daily life are strange and almost incomprehensible to each other. Politically, it will serve as a bond of peace and good-will, and as time goes by and the nations become more intimate, will render of little moment the diplomat and the warriors who two often accompany him. Evangelically, it will make more welcome the missionaries from a land that first brought the telegraph into practical use, and will facilitate their labours in the proportion that it creates a kindly regard for other countries.



## LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS OF IRELAND]

FROM A.D. 1189 TO 1870.

(116.) A.D. 1857.—**SIR JOSEPH NAPIER** (Baronet).—After the return of Edward the First, king of England, from the Holy Wars, much of his time was engaged with the affairs of Scotland. There were then several competitors for the Scottish throne, and these competitors consented to refer their contentions to the judgment of Edward, supposed to be the wisest monarch of his day. The mediator, however, soon began to play the conqueror, and in the spring of 1296, he marched through the country at the head of a powerful army, compelling all ranks of people to submit to his sway. Amongst the Scottish chieftains who swore allegiance to the English king on that occasion was John de Napier, ancestor of the Napiers of Murchistown, near Edinburgh, a family that has produced more men illustrious in the field of fame than perhaps any other family in the British Isles. To John, Baron Napier, in 1550, the world is indebted for the discovery of logarithms, an invention which has so much abridged calculations in scientific discoveries. A descendant of this celebrated House had settled in the North of Ireland about the middle of the last century. He was father of William, who was father of Joseph, the subject of this memoir. Joseph was born in Belfast, on the 26th December, 1804. His early education was committed to the care of a private tutor, who was no other than the great dramatic writer, James Sheridan Knowles.

In 1819, young Napier entered the University of Dublin, having previously been well grounded in the college course at the Royal School, Enniskillen. In his undergraduate career, he became a dis-

tinguished man, both in classics and in science, and before the termination of his first year, he published a dissertation on Sir Isaac Newton's infinite series, the "Binomial Theorem." In 1825 he graduated as Bachelor of Arts, and immediately commenced to read for a Fellowship. During the intervals of severe study he cultivated his taste for polite literature, and became a constant contributor to the principal periodicals of the day. At this time the College Historical Society had not been revived, and Napier was one of those who engaged to revive that society which had in times past fostered and drawn forth so much of the genius of the Senate, the Pulpit, and the Bar.

The political views which young Napier had acquired in the University of Dublin, were those which were then predominant in that Anti-Catholic and High Tory school. We accordingly find him, when yet a young student, ranged with the well-known enemies of Catholic Emancipation. His first political speech was delivered against that measure, on the 28th of October, 1828, at a meeting of the graduates of the University, held at Morrisson's Hotel.

Mr. Napier had, shortly previous to this time, abandoned the idea of standing for a fellowship, and now, resolved on going to the Bar, he entered his name as a student in one of the Inns of Courts, and became a constant attendant on the lectures of Mr. Amos, the learned author of a work on "Fixtures." He was afterwards a pupil of Mr. Patteson; and on the promotion of that astute lawyer to the Bench, Napier commenced to practice in London as a special pleader. His

friends, however, soon induced him to return to Dublin, where he was admitted to the degree of barrister-at-law, in Easter Term, 1831. In the following year he went the north-east circuit, where he quickly acquired the character of an accurate pleader, a sound lawyer, and an easy, fluent, and classical speaker.

The absurdity of Irish law students being compelled to cross over to London, there to "eat their dinners," excited much angry feeling on both sides of St. George's Channel, in the years 1841, '42, and '43, and was brought under the notice of Parliament in 1843 by the late Sir Valentine Blake, M.P. for the town of Galway. Mr. Napier laboured incessantly towards the establishment of some more enlightened system of legal education than that acquired by the eating of dinners, and his labours have since been crowned with success; though there still remains the old and intolerable nuisance of law students being obliged to keep six terms in England for the purpose of being called to the Irish Bar. The blame, however, of this national degradation must not be entirely (if it all) cast on our friends in England; for it appears that by an order of the Benchers of the Inns of Court in England, and made at the beginning of the fifteenth century, the Irish law students were entirely prevented from ever after attending the English Inns of Court. But then, as in later times, the Irish Bar objected, and brought the matter under the notice of the Irish Parliament, which thus complained to His Majesty King Henry VI., (the complaint being signed by Archbishop Talbot, 49th Lord Chancellor of Ireland:)—"Sovereign Lord . . . . We also beseech of you to consider that, inasmuch as the laws of this land at all times have been used according to the laws used in England, and

the learned men here have learned your said laws in the Inns of Court in England, and they have now been refused to be admitted into the said Inns of Court, contrary to ancient custom that hath been used in times before this, we beseech of you that ordinances may be made there that the liege people of this land that go into England for their said learning; may be received into the Inns of Court as they have been of old times, so that the laws in this land may be continued to be learnt; considering that otherwise, when those who are now learned therein shall be dead, there shall be none in this land who shall know your laws unless it be learnt there, which shall be a great unprofit to you and for us, your poor lieges."<sup>1</sup>

In the year 1843, a case occurred which raised Mr. Napier, already a leader on his circuit, higher still in public estimation, especially as a criminal lawyer. We allude to the case of the *Queen v. Gray*. The prisoner, Samuel Gray, was indicted for firing a pistol at one James Cunningham, with intent to kill him, or do him grievous bodily harm. The offence was declared by the 1st Victoria, chap. 85, to be a felony. When the panel was called over, Mr. Napier and Mr. Whiteside, who were counsel for the prisoner, challenged one of the jurors peremptorily. The Crown demurred to the challenge, insisting, as, indeed, had been frequently decided, that in cases of capital felony alone such a right existed. The right was disallowed, the trial proceeded, and the prisoner was convicted. The point was afterwards argued before the Court of Queen's Bench, upon a motion in arrest of judgment, and the Court ruled in favour of the Crown, Judge Perrin alone dissenting. Mr. Napier advised an appeal to the House of Lords, and on his advice the case

<sup>1</sup> Betham's History of the Constitution of Ireland, p. 353. Close Rolls.

was brought thither, and argued at great length, when the decision of the court below was reversed.

The case of the *Queen v. O'Connell* was argued about the same time before the House of Lords, Mr. Napier appearing as counsel for the Crown against Mr. O'Connell. The facts of the case having already been stated at much length in our life of Lord Campbell (*supra* 113th Chancellor), we shall now merely remark that, both the Crown and Mr. O'Connell struggled to obtain the services of Mr. Napier. He was then on circuit—both briefs were posted on the same day—that of the Crown was delivered by the morning's post at his lodgings on circuit; while that of the traverser, by some accident, was delayed until evening, and the consequence was that he was constrained to accept the Crown brief, and was therefore engaged on the unsuccessful side in the Upper House.

Mr. Napier, on the termination of both these cases, returned to Dublin, and immediately received a silk gown from Sir Edward Sugden, then Lord Chancellor of Ireland. In the following year (1844) he again appeared at the Bar of the House of Lords, but then in an appeal from a court of equity; in the case of *Lord Dungannon v. Smith*. The question came before their lordships on an appeal from a decree of Sir Michael O'Loughlen, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, and which was affirmed *pro forma* by Sir Edward Sugden. It arose on the will of Arthur, Lord Dungannon, dated the 19th June, 1779. It appears that Lord Dungannon, bequeathed certain leasehold interests (held under the Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dro-more) to trustees, upon trust to permit his grandson, A. Trevor, to receive the rents during his life, and after his death to permit the person who would take by descent as heir male of A. Trevor, to receive the

rents until he should attain twenty-one years of age, and then to convey to such person, on so attaining that age; but if there should be no such person who should attain twenty-one, then to permit the persons successively who would take as the heir male of the testator's *son*, to receive the rents until some such person should attain twenty-one, and then to convey to the first such person so attaining that age. Now, the eldest son of Lord Dungannon's grandson attained twenty-one, and survived his father; and it was held by Sir Michael O'Loughlen that the limitations, after the life interest given to the testator's grandson, were void for remoteness.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Napier argued the case on behalf of the appellant, and though he failed to convince the House of Lords that they should alter the judgment of the Irish Court, yet his argument was characterised by Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, Lord Campbell, Justice Patteson, and Baron Parke, as a most able one. Nor were these flattering opinions confined to the great English lawyers. Mr. Holmes, one of the brightest ornaments of the Irish Bar, wrote to Mr. Napier in the following terms:—"I have received from the perusal of your argument great pleasure and much information. I consider that argument not only an able one as applied to the particulars of the case, but also a very clear, satisfactory, and useful exposition of the principles which should govern courts in the construction of wills, and indeed in their decisions generally." Although the decision in this case was adverse to Lord Dungannon, Mr. Napier's argument, nevertheless, led to his being engaged on several appeals before the House of Lords, and on all occasions he received from the English judges the most marked attention.

Mr. Napier had now (we speak of 1847) risen to the highest eminence

<sup>1</sup> Clarke's and Finnelly's Reports; Irish Equity Reports, vol. iv. p. 84.

in his profession, and yet he had never been amongst those who had been rewarded by the strong Protestant Government of Sir Robert Peel with the office of Attorney or Solicitor-General. His friends now solicited him to allow himself to be put in nomination for the University of Dublin at the ensuing election. Not without some considerable hesitation, it is said, he accepted the honour thus offered to him, and he accordingly issued his address. On the 4th of August, 1847, the election commenced; for four days the contest continued. Mr. MacCullagh and Mr. Napier were the unsuccessful candidates, and Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Shaw were returned. Ere many months had elapsed, Mr. Shaw, owing to indisposition, retired from the representation of the University, and Mr. Napier was returned without opposition.

Early in March, 1848, he took his seat in the House of Commons. On the 14th he spoke briefly in a debate on the punishment of death, and in a few days afterwards on the proposition to extend the Income Tax to Ireland. He also spoke against a bill brought into Parliament by the Marquis of Lansdowne to establish diplomatic relations with the Court of Rome. "He warned the House not to abandon the old policy which had produced *peace* and *prosperity*, and *loyalty*, in Ireland." The reader will not fail to remember that these words were

spoken when neither peace, prosperity, nor loyalty, had place in the land. "He implored the House not to irritate the feelings of the Protestants of Ireland by passing a Bill the object of which was almost universally believed to be the government of Ireland through the medium of the Pope."

A vigilant guardian of the Protestant Church, Mr. Napier was ever ready to vindicate her against the assaults made upon her. When Mr. Roche, upon the debate on the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, asserted of the Protestant Establishment, that "that gross and intolerable monopoly stood at the head and front of Ireland's grievances," Mr. Napier stood up as her champion, though he had not intended to have spoken on the matter before the House:—

"But, after the challenge made that night with regard to the Irish Established Church, by the member for Cork (Mr. Roche), he felt called upon, as one of the representatives of that Church, to rise and meet that challenge with as much boldness and firmness as it had been given. He never wished to be ostentatious of his religion, but he trusted he should never be the man to be ashamed of it. He was ready to meet the challenge against that Church upon every ground—upon the ground of its antiquity,<sup>1</sup> the truth of its doctrine, as being *conformable* with Scripture—the correctness of

<sup>1</sup> NOTE.—The conformity of the doctrines of the Protestant Church of Ireland with the Scriptures was the true ground upon which Mr. Napier should have taken his stand on that night in the House of Commons. Those doctrines, set forth in the Bible, as we are told, and contained in the 39 Articles, are assented to by every candidate for Holy Orders before the Bishop lays his hands upon him and tells him that he has "received the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God, and that whosoever sins he shall forgive they are forgiven them"—healing doctrines contained in the service of the Visitation of the Sick—in the Baptismal Service—in the Collect of St. Michael and all Angels—in the very Preface of the Prayer-Book, both as to the fasts of the forty days of Lent and as to the uniformity of Rites and of Tongues in the public worship. When Mr. Napier travelled outside the Scriptures, and endeavoured to shew a conformity between the practices of the present Protestant Church of Ireland and those of the early Church, as he inferentially did, we apprehend he fell into error. The present Protestant Church condemns monks, but the early Church of Ireland was, according to the Rev. Dr. King, a distinguished Protestant historian, over-run with monks. (Vide King's Irish Ecclesiastical History, vol. i.) Look at the ruined convents,

its discipline—the *unbroken succession of its spiritual leaders* from the earlier ages down to the present times; all its long catalogue of bishops, many eminent for their piety and learning, could trace their descent from the days of St. Patrick.

“He (Mr. Napier) upheld the creed of that Church, on which his humble but immortal hope depended. He admitted that others differed with him; but let them show him one point of toleration upon which their liberty was pressed, and he (Mr. Napier) would help to remove their ground of complaint. Nine-tenths of the property of Ireland belonged to Protestants, and support for the Church was a tax on property—no personal tax was exacted in Ireland from any man to pay for a religion of which he did not approve; save and except, indeed, so far as funds were regularly taken from the national exchequer to keep up Maynooth, and for other similar matters. The church was a charge on property, and those who took that property ought not to refuse to pay their creditor what they had engaged to pay him, merely because he differed in religion. But he would go from the south to the north of Ireland, and trace in all its territorial extension the benefits and advantages of Protestantism. He found it foster no sedition or revolutionary spirit; and in Protestant Ulster in particular, prosperity, industry, and every blessing that give temporal and spiritual happiness to man reigned co-extensively with that Protestantism which contained the

germs of everything that could make a people prosper for time and for eternity.”

The important question upon the rate-ir-aid came before the House in March, 1849. It involved a principle of great importance to many parts of Ireland, namely, the justice of making the solvent unions bear the defalcations of those that were insolvent. Against this proposition Mr. Napier contended, in a speech of great research and remarkable ability. He insisted that neither the law of Elizabeth, nor that of 1838, recognised the principle of responsibility beyond the limits of the particular union, much less could the Poor-Law Extension Act be considered to do so. He urged two main objections to the applicability of the measure: first, that it was unjust; and secondly, that it was unwise.

“Was it wise,” he asked, “or generous for this great country, whose resources and power enabled it to throw down the gauntlet to the rest of the world in defiance, to fasten upon a few parties in Ireland the burden of this rate, who had already been almost exclusively taxed under the poor-law for the support of the destitute in their island, which was an integral part of the British empire? The calamity under which Ireland was suffering was providential, and the charge consequent upon relieving her from it ought to be borne by the KINGDOM generally. . . . Upon a matter of this description and magnitude they ought to take a large and comprehensive and wise and generous view of the

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cells, hermitages, and churches with Egyptian doorways of great antiquity,—old long before the English invasion,—in every church an altar, a cross, and an aumbrey. Witness the little church of Innish Goile, belonging to Sir Arthur Guinness, in an island in Lough Corrib, which, according to Sir W. Wilde, is 1300 years old. The Protestant Church has neither altars, nor crosses, nor aumbreys, neither does it believe in prayer for the dead. But prayers are everywhere asked for the dead in ancient Irish churches (we speak of times long before Henry II.). Witness the stone cross of Clonmacnoise, where prayers, A.D. 909, according to Dr. Petrie, are asked for a departed king. Witness, too, the inscriptions on the little churches in the South Islands of Arran. That Irish monks received consecration as Bishops at the hands of the Pope is a fact undeniable. Vide “Wills’ Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Irishmen,” Part I, p. 140.

policy to be pursued. There were three things Ireland wanted in order to promote her welfare. The first was repose, a cessation of political differences, and angry feelings and disputes; secondly, capital; thirdly, the exertion of private individuals for the purposes of agricultural improvement. Any policy that would ensure even one of these three things ought, in his opinion, to meet with favour on the part of the House; and any course of action which was likely to have a contrary effect ought to be discouraged. Now, let him for a moment test these three subjects by the feeling of the people of Ireland; and a large proportion of them were perfectly capable of forming a judgment upon them. The House must be already aware that the majority of the Irish people had expressed opinions unfavourable to the measure, and that in some instances threats had been held out with respect to obedience to the law. His own hope was, that if the bill should pass, its provisions would be quietly obeyed; but at the same time he was of opinion that obedience might be purchased at a very dear price. From the opinion which was known to prevail upon the subject of the measure, he thought that it would tend to weaken the affections of the loyal portion of the people of Ireland towards England, and that it would engender feelings of animosity towards British legislation. . . . . With regard to the questions of capital, if it was considered advisable to make advances of the public money, could they not be made under ordinary circumstances, and not by diminishing the shattered remnant of the capital which remained in the country? The constant system of taxing property in Ireland it was that deterred men who had capital from employing it, and thus private enterprise was paralysed. . . . . With regard to the financial argument in respect of Ireland—if it

were the real sound feeling of England—not that unhealthy feeling which induced a desire to shift a burden from their own to other shoulders—if the sound feeling of this country were that Ireland ought to bear any additional taxation, he would not put forward a mere financial argument against such a feeling, because he was very anxious that there should be good feeling on both sides; ill-feeling on either or both sides could only be injurious to both countries, therefore, he thought it both unwise and ungenerous to press such a measure. There ought, in common justice, to be either local rating and local taxation, or, that failing, then the appeal for aid ought to be made to the imperial treasury.”

Sir Robert Peel followed Mr. Napier, and spoke in terms of high eulogy of his speech—an eulogy all the more valuable, as the right hon. baronet was always chary of his commendation. Mr. Napier was congratulated on every side; and as he passed through the lobby of the house shortly afterwards, he met Sir James Graham, who said, “I congratulate you on your most able and eloquent speech—it was worthy of the best days of old Ireland, the days of Plunket eloquence.”<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Napier again spoke during the same session on the gross mismanagement of unions under the care of the vice-guardians, and entered into a lengthened detail on the subject.

Amongst the ministerial measures of 1849 not the least remarkable was that introduced into Parliament by Lord John Russell for the emancipation of the Jews. The old and universal prejudice that prevailed against the unhappy children of Israel, had not yet entirely subsided in England. They had been admitted into the National Assembly of France; they had been admitted into the legislative councils of other

<sup>1</sup> DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for 1853, page 312.

countries; but into the Parliament of the United Kingdom they were still as inadmissible as they had been into the Wittenagemot of the Anglo-Saxons. Why this dark prejudice prevailed against the Jews in the countries of the Bible and of the Koran, are questions that yet remain to be solved. To that race belonged Moses and the Prophets, the Messiah, and the Apostles. Theirs was the faith of the one God—the God who in an idolatrous and benighted world transmitted the knowledge of Himself and His holy laws from age to age through the channel of that solitary people in the plains of Palestine, and by the waters of the Hebron. Amongst the most determined opponents of the emancipation of the Jews was the right honourable gentleman of whom we now write, and it remained for the statesmen of after-times to strike off the last shackle from the down-trodden children of Israel. It is but just, however, to Mr. Napier to observe that many able and earnest men shared in his views, that it is not easy to fling away the traditions of centuries, and that if we dissent from his conclusions, we must still respect the zeal and honesty of purpose by which they were dictated.

To another ministerial measure, the legalisation of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, did Mr. Napier offer his strenuous opposition. By implication such unions were not alone permitted, but encouraged, by the Levitical law for "Moses wrote if a man die leaving a wife, his brother shall take her to wife." Though this class of marriage is forbidden, by the Greek Church,<sup>1</sup> it is not forbidden, though discouraged, by the Church of Rome.<sup>2</sup> But Mr. Napier deprecated such unions altogether. "He asked the House to consider

what would be the effect of this Bill on the social feelings of the people? Would any female of delicacy tender her affectionate duty towards the children of her sister, when it would subject her to the suspicion of offering it as the condition of her becoming the wife of her sister's husband? How long a period was to elapse between the decease of the wife and the marriage of her sister? Was the coffin of the wife to be the altar before which the marriage of the sister was to be contracted?"<sup>3</sup> The Bill was then read a second time, but was afterwards abandoned.

The next important measure bearing on the internal government of Ireland which emanated from the Ministerial Council, and which was patriotically opposed by Mr. Napier, was a bill introduced on the 18th May, 1850, by Lord John Russell, for the abolition of the Lord Lieutenantancy of Ireland.<sup>4</sup>

The question of the reform of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, was brought under the consideration of the legislature during the session of 1850, when Mr. Heywood, in the House of Commons, moved an address to the Crown, to issue a commission of inquiry into the state of those universities. The motion was supported by the Whig members. Mr. Napier stood forth against the motion, on behalf of Trinity College, Dublin. He declared that by the alterations effected there since 1833 the course of study had been so modelled that it could not be excelled by any university in the world. The commission was, however, granted, and its labours are now before the country.

The sudden death of Sir Robert Peel in the summer of 1850, threw a deep gloom over the country. Mr.

<sup>1</sup> Vide Dr. Pusey's work on "Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister."

<sup>2</sup> Vide Sanchez de Sacramento *Matrimonii*.

<sup>3</sup> Hansard, 20th June, 1849.

<sup>4</sup> Annual Register for 1850, p. 109.



Hume moved the adjournment of the House, paying a feeling tribute of regret to the deceased statesman. Mr. Gladstone, Sir Robert Inglis, and Sir William Somerville, in eloquent speeches, concurred in the proposed mark of respect. "As I," said Mr. Napier, "have a motion on the paper for to-day, I may be permitted to say how willingly I waive everything, to join in testifying, in any manner I can, my sorrow and regret for the loss which the country has sustained. It is a very curious circumstance that a large portion of these legislative measures, to which I was about to ask the attention of the House, have been suggested by the legislative wisdom of that great man, who has been just gathered to his fathers. The impulse and encouragement which he has given to measures of legislation in connection with the criminal jurisprudence of this country, and the records he has left behind him of his enlightened wisdom on that important subject, entitle him to the gratitude, and will ever claim the unanimous respect, of all classes of the community. When the news came to me of his death, and when I reflected how short was the period since I had beheld him in the full vigour of a matured intellectual power—chastened but not impaired by age and experience—I was reminded what shadows we are, that the life of the wisest and strongest of us is but a wavering flame which the passing breeze may extinguish."

Of the extraordinary amount of work done by Mr. Napier in Parliament, quite apart from committee sittings we are unable to give our readers more than a faint outline. Take 1849, and *ex uno disce omnes*. He spoke on no less than two-and-twenty subjects, which were, in their alphabetical order, as follows:—Bankrupt and Insolvent Members of Parliament—Crime and Outrage Act—National Education—Evictions in Ireland—Exchequer in Ireland—

Encumbered Estates Act (Amendment)—Fisheries(Irish)—Judgments (Ireland)—Jury-Lists (Ireland)—Landlord and Tenant (Ireland)—Larceny (Summary Jurisdiction)—Lord Lieutenant's Abolition—Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister—Ministers' Money—Parliamentary Voters—Peel, Sir R. (death)—Prerogative Court—Process and Practice Act—Securities for Advances—Supplies—Tenements Recovery (Ireland)—Universities (English and Irish).

At the opening of the year 1851, one prominent subject engrossed the minds of the community, and superseded all other topics of political speculation—the Papal aggression, and the measures likely to be adopted to counteract it. The ferment that the Papal brief had created throughout the kingdom, as already described in our lives of Sir Edward Sugden and Lord Campbell, had in no way subsided, but appeared rather to increase in intensity as the usual period for the meeting of Parliament drew near.

On the 7th of February, Lord John Russell moved for leave to bring in a bill (The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill) for counteracting the aggressive policy of the Church of Rome. The motion was supported by the Attorney-General for England, Sir Robert Inglis, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Napier, and numerous other members. It was opposed by Mr. (now Mr. Justice) Keogh and several others.

Mr. Napier relied on the opinion of Sir Edward Sugden, that the Papal aggression was unjustifiable, "and that the law had been infringed by the Bishop of Rome and Cardinal Wiseman." He then inferentially informed the House that, he had been opposed to the Catholic Emancipation Bill, "and he would frankly and candidly say that whatever might have been his opinion on the subject of Roman Catholic Emancipation (and that opinion still re-

remained unchanged) he was prepared to take his stand on the Act of 1829." He also advocated the proposed measure on behalf of the Roman Catholics themselves, on the ground of civil and religious liberty; "he complained that it was a disqualification for a man looking for a situation in Ireland to be a Protestant;" that the Roman Catholic members of Parliament were subject to the control of the priests, and he warned the House that "England must suffer by any policy favouring Popery in Ireland."

Mr. Keogh followed on the other side. "He was of opinion that leave should not be given to introduce the measure, which the hon. and learned member for the University of Dublin alleged was no interference with the principles of civil or religious liberty. "Certainly," he proceeded to say in terms of irony, "if any doubt existed in the minds of hon. members of that House, that the Bill was perfectly consistent with the principles of religious toleration, those doubts must be removed when they saw the hon. and learned member for the University of Dublin, one of the most undeviating advocates of the cause of civil and religious liberty giving it his unqualified support. The Christian forbearance the hon. and learned gentleman had always shewn to his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen—the peaceful attitude he had always exhibited to the House and the country when desirous of granting liberty to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, must assure the mind of the greatest sceptic. He (Mr. Keogh) could not help calling to mind, that he had read the name of Joseph Napier as being secretary to one of the Brunswick Clubs, some years since in Ireland, and it would probably be in the recollection of the House for what purpose these clubs were organised. They were organised with the avowed object of setting the acts of the legislature at defiance, if these acts

went in the direction of the emancipation of Roman Catholics."

Mr. Keogh then denied that the profession of Protestantism was a ground of exclusion from preferment in Ireland, and he assured the House that as to the University of Dublin, Roman Catholics were shut out from all emoluments in that establishment. A case of ecclesiastical tyranny was cited in the course of this debate which caused much excitement at the time. One of the ministers of His Majesty the King of Sardinia had been, it was said, refused the last sacraments on his death-bed. When commenting on that fact, and on the allegations made by Mr. Napier, that the Roman Catholic members of Parliament were under the control of the priests, Mr. Keogh gave utterance to the same principles that, after one-and-twenty years, he uttered when sitting as Judge in the petition of the Hon. Captain Trench against the return of Captain Nolan as member for the County of Galway.

"As to the case of a minister in the kingdom of Sardinia, who had been refused the sacraments on his death-bed for political reasons, he (Mr. Keogh) must say that he was not in a position to state whether that was true or not; but if it were so, he had no hesitation in saying, in the presence of the Roman Catholic members, and in the face of all the ecclesiastical authorities in the country, that nothing could be more atrocious, or deserving reprobation of all good men, than such a circumstance. He was convinced that the good, and bold, and brave spirit, which the Roman Catholics of this country had shown in former periods of history, would manifest itself in such a case, and have its just reward. The hon. and learned member for the University of Dublin (Mr. Napier) inferred that the Roman Catholic members were subject to the control of the priesthood. Now he (Mr. Keogh) would say of himself, that in the private affairs of his life the idea of any in-

terference of any curate, priest, prelate, or cardinal, was perfectly absurd—he repudiated all idea of any such interference, either in his private affairs, or any tampering with his allegiance or obedience to the laws of the country.”

Upon the sudden resignation of Lord John Russell and his colleagues, in the month of March, 1852, his successor, the Earl of Derby, at once offered to Mr. Napier the Attorney-Generalship for Ireland—Lord Eglington being Lord-Lieutenant and Francis Blackburne Lord Chancellor. One of the first acts of Mr. Napier, was to endeavour to grapple with the all-important question of landlord and tenant. He accordingly introduced for this purpose four land bills:—1st. A land improvement Bill; 2nd. A leasing powers Bill; 3rd. A tenants’ improvement compensation Bill; and 4th, a landlord and tenant law amendment Bill. Of the merits or demerits of those proposed enactments, we have now nothing to say. Another statesman has since introduced another code, which is now the law of the land, and which, while it leaves unharmed the kind-hearted and good old landlords of Ireland, who for ages have been proverbially kind to their tenants, is a terror only to the mushroom landocracy who have grown up under the “Encumbered and Landed Estates Court Act.”

At the close of 1852, Lord Derby resigned office, and Napier ceased to be Attorney-General. He was then remitted to non-official life. The question concerning the Canadian Reserves was brought before the House in the following year. The Reserves, it would appear, were certain lands reserved to the Protestant Church, amounting to one-seventh of the entire lands granted out by the Government of Canada to settlers in that colony. The Government, in 1853, were resolved that thenceforward the Reserves should cease,

and a measure was introduced to that effect. Mr. Napier opposed the Bill in all its stages. His resistance, however, proved unavailing, and it passed into a law. In the debate that took place on “The Conventual Establishments Bill,” introduced by Mr. T. Chambers in 1854, Mr. Napier, feeling more for the inmates of convents than either they or their relatives did, was of opinion that the Bill was deficient, in not enabling nuns freely to dispose of property under their control. That married women cannot in all cases dispose of property is well known, but that a nun or any *femme sole*, can dispose of her property in such manner as she might choose, seems to be a fact so plain as to require no special legislation.

In the Fermoy Peerage Case, in the House of Lords, in 1856, the Attorney-General, who was *ex-officio* the adviser of the Committee of Privileges, declined to attend, inasmuch as he had advised and approved the Patent of Peerage. The Committee applied to the House for instructions, and were told that they might select counsel at their pleasure; and Mr. Napier was selected, and attended accordingly.

In 1837, Mr. Napier advocated the principle, that the affairs of public justice should be placed under an imperial department; and in accordance with this view he moved for an address, praying for the appointment of a law officer to preside over the department of public justice. The motion was assented to by Lord Palmerston, and carried<sup>1</sup>; but the dissolution of Parliament, in the same year, prevented any further step being then taken in the matter.

The general election of 1857 brought Mr. Napier again before his constituents, and he was once more returned, with Mr. G. Hamilton, for the University of Dublin. Mr. James A. Lawson (now one of the Judges of the Court of Common

<sup>1</sup> Annual Register.

Pleas) being one of the unsuccessful candidates who stood against him on that day.

Mr. Napier immediately on the meeting of Parliament resumed his former place in the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston's Government, at the opening of the session of 1858, commanded a powerful majority in the House; but favour is deceitful, and early in March a vote amounting to one of no-confidence compelled the Ministry to resign the seals of office. Lord Derby then became Prime Minister, and Lord Eglinton Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. A question then arose as to the Chancellorship. Mr. Blackburne had already been Chancellor, and was now Lord Justice of Appeal. The arrangements made by the new ministry were to the effect that he should be Chancellor, and that the vacant seat in the Court of Appeal in Chancery should be offered to Mr. Napier. Mr. Blackburne, however, declined to leave the Court in which he found himself so comfortable; and Mr. Napier, very much against his wishes, was constrained to accept the seals. On the 15th of April, the first day of Easter Term, 1858, he held his first levee as Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

One of the earliest decisions delivered by the new Chancellor was one that gave much satisfaction, if not to the Bar, certainly to the general public. Under the 15th section of the Court of Chancery (Ireland) Regulation Act, several classes of petitions were moveable before the Chancellor, and by him, if he thought fit, sent in to the office. His lordship, however, refused in the case of *Garnett v. 'Garnett'*<sup>1</sup> to part with the minors from his own jurisdiction, on the ground that he would hear no more about them except on the expensive process of appeal. To go through the several judgments deli-

vered in Court during the year and three months that Mr. Napier was Chancellor, would be quite out of our power. We shall merely remark that, strong Protestant as he was, when any question involving the religion of minors came before him, he divested himself of every religious prejudice, and decided the question entirely on the merits, as in the case of *Browne*<sup>2</sup> a minor, where a young lady, a ward of Court, aged about nine years, who had been ordered to be reared a Roman Catholic, was, in disobedience of the order of the Court, removed out of the jurisdiction of the Chancellor, and educated in the doctrines of the Established Church. At the age of fifteen she returned within the jurisdiction, and the Lord Chancellor, having had personal interviews with her, came to the conclusion that she was attached to the religious opinions in which she had been first brought up, and ordered her to be educated a Roman Catholic. His lordship observed, "that in cases of this description, it is of the highest policy that the Court should resolutely act upon fixed and inflexible rules, to be impartially applied in the spirit of complete civil equality, which cannot regard the result in its controversial aspect."

In the year 1858 the Chancellor was elected President of the Social Science Association. The meeting was at Liverpool, but his lordship was unable to attend; and his address was read for him by Lord Russell, and may be found in the volume of the Society's proceedings for that year.

Amongst the select cases in Chancery *tempore* Napier, are many decisions on the Law of Wills, Wardship, Frauds, Statute of Limitations, Trusts, and other general heads of equity. The cases of *Bannatyne v. Barrington*, *Malone v. O'Connor*,

<sup>1</sup> 2 Irish Jurist, N.S. 315.

<sup>2</sup> Drury's Cases in Chancery, *temp.* Napier, 357

and *Low v. Holmes* are familiar to every lawyer at the Bar, and are looked upon as leading cases.

In the month of June, 1859, the Conservative government resigned, and Lord Chancellor Napier took his seat for the last time on the bench in the Court of Chancery (16th of June). Having delivered judgment in the last case on his list, he thus concluded:—"And here, for the present, I close the book, the great volume of Equity. To have been enrolled as a commentator—associated with the wise, the learned, and the good,—

"The noble living and the noble dead," might more than satisfy the highest professional ambition. I have enjoyed, moreover, while here presiding, what to me at least has been a source of unmixed gratification, the household happiness—may I call it?—for which I am mainly indebted to the kindness of my brethren of the Bar, and the unceasing attention of the officers of the Court. To both I am grateful. For all, I am deeply thankful to God."

Mr. Napier then descended from the Bench, and in the following year found himself respondent in a suit, an amicable suit, at least at the commencement, in Chancery. He had long taken—we have no doubt, conscientiously taken—an active part in all missionary efforts to exalt the Established Church, and to work the ruin of the Church of Rome. He had been elected by the Committee of the Achil Mission one of their body. Previous to 1831, Protestantism had no place in the Island of Achil; the people, then universally Catholic, paid their tithes to the par-

son, supported their priest, and were moral, religious, and good.<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless, the Protestants of England were impatient for the conversion of the Irish Roman Catholics. Achil was to be the basis of the work of evangelisation, and a Protestant colony was accordingly planted there. This was visited, in 1839, by the Rev. Cæsar Otway, who writes, "Pleased indeed was I at seeing the schools—infant, daily, and Sunday—the Protestant Church, residences for the chaplains, two central houses, the printing office, and houses for the steward and Scripture readers."<sup>2</sup> Three-and-thirty years have gone over since this was written, and yet, and after all the money that has been lavished on that island, it still remains almost as intensely Catholic as it had been before "men crossed seas and lands there to make one proselyte,"<sup>3</sup> as may appear by a glance at the census reports of 1861.<sup>4</sup>

How Mr. Napier, as trustee for the mission, became entangled in a suit in chancery is shortly told. In 1851, the Achil Mission Committee was enabled to purchase a considerable portion of the island, which was then vested in four trustees, one of whom was Mr. Napier. The trustees took charge of the management of the estate, whilst the committee busied themselves about the conduct of the mission. This order of things continued until 1857, when the committee for the first time questioned the right of the trustees to apply any part of the rents for the improvement of the estate. It then appeared that there was an important omission in the deed of trust, that whilst the committee had ample power to appoint

<sup>1</sup> Sir Francis Head, in his "Fortnight in Ireland," admits the morality of the Irish Catholic peasantry. He states, on the authority of the constabulary, that there never was within the memory of man a single illegitimate child born in the Claddagh, a village bordering on the town of Galway, and that illegitimacy is almost unknown in several of the Irish counties. Compare this with England, Sweden, or Wales. Vide on this subject Kay's "Social Condition of the Peoples," and Laing's "Notes of a Traveller."

<sup>2</sup> "Tour in Connaught in 1839," by the Rev. Cæsar Otway, p. 359.

<sup>3</sup> St. Matthew, xxiii. 15.

<sup>4</sup> The population of Achil in 1861 amounted to 5776. Of these 5083 were Catholics and 696 Protestants. The proportion being, Catholic Church 87·96 per cent.; Protestant Church, 12·04 per cent.; and these latter are mostly strangers in the island.

trustees, they had no power to perpetuate their own existence by the appointment of new members. To cure this defect, and to heal all differences, the trustees were added by the committee to their number. The duties, however, of both these bodies were so distinct, that it appeared advisable to the trustees to keep them asunder. Anxious to retire from the trusts of the mission, and feeling at the same time that they could not part with the trust property until a scheme for its future management was approved of by the Lord Chancellor, the trustees presented an amicable petition to obtain this desired result. Friendly suits, however, not unfrequently become unfriendly in their course. Affidavits hostile to Mr. Napier, were filed, and as a matter of course affidavits were filed in answer, and these were met by counter affidavits; and before the matter came to a hearing, the brief prepared for each counsel amounted to 100 sheets. The case went on to a hearing, and a scheme was devised, which provided that the committee thenceforward should have the power of perpetuating their own existence, and that the trustees should not be members of that committee.

This suit, which sought for nothing more than a rectification of an error in a deed, would have been a friendly one from the beginning to the end, had not the wrath of some of the members been enkindled against Mr. Napier, because he, one of the trustees, had received with courtesy a Roman Catholic clergyman, who dared to speak to him on the business of the estate. This priest complained of the habit of keeping notices to quit perpetually hanging over the unfortunate tenants; and Mr. Napier assured him that the tenants need be under no apprehension of treatment in any respect unjust; and he assured the rev. gentleman that the notices to quit were

only precautionary, in order to effectuate certain equitable arrangements on the estate. Mr. Napier, having his conscience satisfied when the Lord Chancellor provided the new scheme, retired from the trusteeship, and the suit terminated, the cost of all parties being given out of the trust estate.

In 1861, Mr. Napier, made a journey to the Eternal City, and in the same year was President of the Department of Jurisprudence at the meeting of the "National Association in Dublin for the Promotion of Social Science." He delivered on that occasion an opening address on "Jurisprudence, and the Amendment of the Law." To give any idea of the learning, depth of thought, and purity of style, which pervaded every line of that address (yet fresh in the minds of many) would be beyond the narrow limits allowed to us in these pages. It may be that at a future time, when collecting into one volume our papers on the Irish Chancellors, we shall be enabled to give *in extenso* that address, of which the following is the conclusion:

"Is it not worthy of social science to give a greater efficiency to this system, to secure a greater reverence for the law itself, a higher position for the legal profession? Nor is it a light matter whether this profession should sink to a vulgar level, or be raised to a higher elevation. Public justice must have its ministers, and public policy requires that these should be men of refined feeling and cultivated minds. It is not enough to have a supply of rough and ready justice. However useful this lower currency may be, we must seek to maintain a great and goodly system of jurisprudence, under which public order, civil and religious freedom, protection of life and property, may be adequately secured—a system which will nurture advocacy of the highest order, and encourage the learning, the wisdom, and the love

of justice, which are not less the ornament than the support of judicial authority. The amendment of the law, the increased efficiency of our judicial system, and the elevation of the Bar, are not the only benefits to be realised. But here I must halt. I have reached the extreme limits of my own department. I cannot now turn towards the venerable Hall of Justice, where we assemble on this occasion, without being reminded that there I learned to reverence the laws and institutions of my country.<sup>1</sup> I cannot forget the many years of kindly intercourse which I have had with my brethren of the Bar, and those venerable magistrates who have been gathered to their everlasting rest, who have enriched our jurisprudence with the treasures of their sober wisdom, their exact learning, and their chastened experience—Plunket, Bushe, Burton, Smith, Joy, Pennefather,—

“ The dust of these is Irish earth,  
Whilst with their own they rest ;  
And the same land which gave them birth  
Has caught them to her breast.’

Their memorials have not perished with them ; these are bound up with the moral order of the world. The jurisprudence of every country is connected with the great system of universal justice, whose seat is in the bosom of God. The *νομος* of the Greek, the *summ cuique* of the noble and enlightened jurisprudence of Rome, the justice and mercy of our own, all culminate in a higher law,—that Divine but simple code of sacred and of social duty, on which our gracious Redeemer, by His memorable comment, has stamped His own image and superscription :—

“ ‘ It sinks the specialties of race and creed  
In the deep sympathy of man with man :  
The highest law is systematic love.’ ”

Mr. Napier, now that he had much time at his disposal, devoted himself to literary pursuits. On the 28th May, 1862, he delivered a lecture on Edmund Burke.<sup>2</sup> Every remarkable incident of that great man's life, from the cradle to the grave, is there touched on, and with a masterly hand. We regret that space does not permit us to lay before our readers even a portion of that eloquent lecture, a lecture which the editor of *Notes and Queries* states “ had the merit of doing justice to Burke's genius, and of producing new materials for his biography.”<sup>3</sup> The *Freeman's Journal*<sup>4</sup> thus speaks of this lecture :—

#### “ LITERATURE.

“ LECTURES FOR YOUNG MEN, 1862.—There has just issued from the press of Messrs. Hodges, Smyth, and Co., Grafton-street, the Second Series of ‘ Lectures to Young Men, in 1862,’ which, with the First Series for 1861, form a most agreeable and instructive Christmas present. Amongst the other ‘ lectures ’ in this second series is one on ‘ Edmund Burke,’ by the Right Hon. Joseph Napier—an essay that every Irishman should read, and by which every young man of high aspirations must profit. This graphic sketch of Burke is a remarkable composition. Full of incident, rich in sound criticism, and abounding in practical illustrations of the rough, up-hill toil which the young Irishman had to undergo before he was even recognised as a man of capacity, few men can read it without feeling impressed with the conviction that great suc-

<sup>1</sup> The Social Science Association held their meetings in the Four Courts in 1861.

<sup>2</sup> Vide Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, 1861.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Coke, in his commentary on Littleton, derives the name De Burgh, or Burke, from the burgh or town where this family dwelt. [Co. Lit. 109 a]

<sup>4</sup> Vide Notes and Queries, 21st June, 26th July, 2nd August, 1862.

<sup>5</sup> Vide Freeman's Journal, 27th December, 1862.

cess cannot come by accident, but, to be real, must be the honest fruit of honest labour. This philosophic and beautifully national lecture, however, teaches another and most painful lesson. Burke, by the force of character, industry, and a genius which looked like inspiration, rose to the highest position; but when there, envy, hatred, and malice, engendered by no act of his, save only the unpardonable crime of *success*, assailed him from all quarters. The most envious were, as usual, amongst his own party, and those whom he distanced in the intellectual race and in public services were the most desirous to defame and to traduce a man whom they could not imitate, and failed to excel. Truth triumphed in the end, but the wounds rankled ever in the great man's heart; and, broken down by domestic affliction, he lived to make his traducers weep for their unnatural crimes, but not long enough to enjoy the high dignities the Crown was preparing to confer on the greatest statesman, philosopher, and orator of his age."

Mr. Napier appeared again in March, 1863, as a lecturer before a Dublin audience. His subject on that occasion was Bishop Beddel, a subject which we have no hesitation

in saying was without much interest to the general public. An anecdote is related of this most reverend prelate<sup>1</sup> (not told, however, by Mr. Napier), that when he was chaplain in the north of Italy, he had the zeal and the assurance to apply to Pope Paul V. the prophecy from the thirteenth chapter of the Revelation of St. John "Here is wisdom that hath understanding. Let him count the number of the beast, for it is the number of a man, and the number of him is 666."<sup>2</sup> On this lecture of Mr. Napier we shall offer no observation, other than that we read with surprise the information that he there conveyed to his auditory, namely, that "St. Ambrose, who lived in the fifth century, never knew of the Papal supremacy." The only shadowy foundation for such a novel piece of information, we suppose, must be that he was elected to be their Bishop by the people of Milan themselves; as indeed, great numbers of Italian bishops were during the invasion of the Roman Empire by the Northern hordes. The cities elected their own bishops during those troubled times, subject, however, to the confirmation of the Pope. This system has frequently been adopted by the Popes in other countries—nay, even in our own. The

<sup>1</sup> Will's Lives of Distinguished Irishmen, part 7, page 133. Vide also Sir James Ware's Bishops of Ossory.

<sup>2</sup> For years after the Reformation the number 666 was invariably applied to the Greek (misspelt) word *larelvos* (the Latin Prince), until Cardinal Bellarmine, a Jesuit of great learning, demonstrated that the true spelling of the word was *lartivos*, and, that being admitted, the application of the prophecy to the "Latin Prince" fell to the ground. The following are the numbers corresponding with the letters which can be seen in any Greek lexicon:—

λ	...	...	30
α	...	...	1
τ	...	...	300
ε	...	...	5
ι	...	...	10
ν	...	...	50
ο	...	...	70
ς	...	...	200

666

Now, take away the *epseion*, and the application at once fails, for it will be then only 616. Vide Newton on Prophecy, and Note to Rev. xiii., in Clarke's Bible; also Note in Haydock's Bible.



town of Galway in the middle ages was composed of an English speaking population, surrounded by "ye wilde Irishry;" and Pope Innocent VIII., in 1484, granted a patent (a copy of which may be seen in the appendix to Hardiman's History of Galway) whereby the 14 tribes of Galway had conceded to them the right of electing their own *quasi* bishops or wardens, a right which was only abolished in the year 1830 or thereabouts. But that right of election cannot be adduced as a proof that the wardens of Galway "never knew of the Papal supremacy." The Pope, too, has been from the very days of St. Ambrose, prayed for in the Ambrosian liturgy of the mass,<sup>1</sup> as it is followed in the Cathedral of Milan. We cannot, therefore, agree with the learned lecturer in the proposition that St. Ambrose never knew of the Papal supremacy, neither do we feel any interest in any other portion of this lecture. We shall therefore pass on to another and a more pleasing subject, not, however, without referring our readers to the brilliant account of St. Ambrose, one of the greatest doctors of the Catholic Church, as it is given by the infidel Gibbon (*vide* Index—word, St. Ambrose), in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and as it is given in Alban Butler.

Passing on from this lecture, we find that the Right Honourable the Ex-Chancellor devoted much of his time to the consideration of a work of much learning, "The Essays and Reviews," which had then issued from the press, and which it was vainly expected would have shaken the pillars of Revelation. The Rev. John Nash Griffin, a priest of the Church of England, wrote in reply a defence of the Holy Scriptures, entitled "Seven Answers to the Seven

Essays and Reviews," and to that book did Mr. Napier write an introduction, which was worthy of a Bossuet or a Massillon, and to which, in those days of decay of faith, he was not ashamed to append his name. "Blessed Word of God!" he writes, "may all who have known the comfort of its heavenly truths—who have loved the pure and simple wisdom, the sublime morality, the elevating and quickening power, of the lively oracles—who have felt their support in the day of suffering or of sorrow, their sacred influence on the heart, in the closet, the household, and the church—their guidance in their daily life, their lessons for the hour of death—who remember their glorious triumphs, the mourners they have comforted, the martyrs they have sustained, the master spirits and the towering intellects that have bowed in humility to do them reverence and homage,—may all who desire to preserve for man this unspeakable, this precious gift of God, rally round the standard now raised in the sacred cause, and God defend the right!"

#### "JOSEPH NAPIER."

In the year 1866, the Whigs again retired from office,<sup>2</sup> and were replaced by the Tories. But Sir Joseph Napier was not remitted to his former position in the Court of Chancery. Lord Derby, seeing that his own tenure of office promised to be of short duration indeed, (the Whig Government having been beaten by Lord Dunkellin on a mere matter of detail, so to speak, on the Reform Bill) found it necessary to extend his foundations beyond the strict bounds of mere party, and to take into coalition certain of the Conservative Liberals. Therefore there was a great demand for places so as to carry out this policy as far as practicable. It was arranged that the

<sup>1</sup> While the mass of the Latin Church was composed by St. Peter, the Liturgy adopted by St. Ambrose had been composed by another of the apostles.—*Vide* note to Blunt's Book of Common Prayer (Index—word, Liturgy).

<sup>2</sup> *Supra*, p. 267.

Lord Justice of Appeal, Mr. Blackburne, should become Chancellor until all complications should be removed. Lord Derby then offered the Lord Justiceship of Appeal to Mr. Napier; but a violent effort was made to set him aside, the ostensible ground being that of his inability to hear in Court, he being troubled with a slight deafness; but the real ground, perhaps, was that he had got enough already, and that a good place ought to be made available for the more urgent uses of a struggling party. Lord Derby, however, was relieved from further embarrassment on this subject by Mr. Napier, who, remembering only the exigencies of Lord Derby's position, and sinking all considerations of self, gave up the appointment, which otherwise he could have filled with satisfaction, we have no doubt, to himself, the Bar, and the public. The subsequent placing of Mr. Napier on the Judicial Committee in London, and his work there, demonstrate how well he would have filled the office of Lord Justice of Appeal in Ireland.

In the month of April following, the Right Honourable Joseph Napier was created a baronet by Lord Derby, and in the October of the same year was appointed a member of the Royal Commission to Inquire into the Revenues and Condition of the Established Church in Ireland. The result of that inquisition was a recommendation of a thorough change in the Ecclesiastical arrangements — the abolition of the Archbishopric of Dublin, and a sweeping reform which it would be needless now to enter into. The antiquarian will, in that report, find much to amuse his taste, especially on the ancient Church of Ireland, and on the long contests between the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin, as to the right of the former to have his episcopal cross as

primate of all Ireland carried before him within the diocese of the latter; but these are subjects which we have already dwelt upon in our *Life of Alexander de Bicknor*, Archbishop of Dublin, and nineteenth Lord Chancellor of Ireland (A.D. 1325).<sup>1</sup>

In the spring of 1868 Sir Joseph Napier was offered a seat in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in London. A like offer had been previously, in 1859, made to him by the Attorney-General of England (Sir R. Bethell) with the concurrence of Lord Palmerston (the premier), and of Lord Campbell, Lord Chancellor of England. It was then discovered that the Act of Parliament under which the Committee was constituted had not provided for the admission of ex-chancellors or ex-judges of Ireland or Scotland, but had confined the privilege to England, and Mr. Napier could not therefore be confirmed in the appointment. However, when Lord Cairns became Chancellor there was a vacancy caused by the death of Lord Kingsdown, who filled one of the places on the Committee; and Sir Joseph Napier was selected to fill this vacancy by appointment under the Queen's warrant, dated March 1868. The several judgments delivered by the right hon. and learned Baronet, in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in England, are reported in "*Moore's Privy-Council Cases*," vols. 5, 6, 7, and 8, and one or two in the "*Indian Appeal Cases*." In the same year Sir Joseph Napier was appointed, on the death of Lord Chancellor Blackburne, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin by Lord Rosse (Chancellor); and on his decease, when Lord Cairns was selected to be the Chancellor of the University, Sir Joseph was reappointed Vice-Chancellor.

<sup>1</sup> Vide Appendix to Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners on the Revenues and Condition of the Established Church, A.D. 1868, p. 103.

In the summer of 1871 Sir Joseph Napier devoted much of his attention to the consideration of a subject which had then been one of much controversy—the constitution of the University of Dublin and its relation to Trinity College. Having investigated the question at issue, he published a Thesis entitled “The College and the University,” and the result of his investigations appeared to be this—

1. That the College has certain University privileges which have been conferred on its *studiosi* and on its governing body.

2. That the University (properly so called) is a distinct corporate body.

3. That the *studiosi* have not, and never had, the right to elect any of the principal officers of the University.

4. That the governing body of the College had the power of making the “*leges Academiæ*,” with reference to the conferring of Degrees, and were not confined to the adoption of laws of either of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

5. That the true intent and purpose of the charters and statutes is, to deal with the College and the University as integral parts of one educational institution, in which a complete course of instruction in Arts and Faculties is to be provided.

In connection with the subject of University education, a question of much nicety arose out of the Fellowship Examination which took place on the 23th of May, 1872. Mr. Purser, one of the successful candidates, was a Moravian. Before the examination, eminent counsel—Dr. Ball and the Attorney-General—were consulted as to whether, in the event of his being entitled by superior merit to one of the two fellowships then vacant, he would be eligible, and would not be disqualified by the religious test. Counsel differed in opinion, the former holding that the Board were not debarred by the terms of the statute from electing

him, and the latter that they were. In this dilemma they consulted Sir J. Napier as to the course they ought to take, and he advised them to elect the two best candidates, and that in the event of Mr. Purser being disqualified, the third would succeed to the second place without having another examination next year.

After the examination had concluded, Mr. Purser was declared entitled to the first fellowship, Mr. M'Cay to the second, while Mr. Minchin was the third, and Mr. Patten the fourth, in order of merit. Mr. Purser, a Moravian, as we have said, admitted that he had no objection to attend the services of the Church of Ireland, and to receive the Holy Communion, according to the rites and ceremonies of that Church, but he declined to take the statutable declaration. The provost thereupon refused to admit him, although elected by the Board to the vacant fellowship.

On the 11th of June, 1872, the question was argued in the examination-hall of the College, before the Visitors, the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Joseph Napier.

The Solicitor-General (Mr. Pallas, Q.C.), with Mr. Murray, appeared as counsel for Messrs. Minchin and Patten.

Mr. Jellett, Q.C., and Mr. Bewley, for Mr. Purser.

Dr. Ball, Q.C., Messrs. Tandy, Q.C., and Webb, for Trinity College.

The case of Mr. Purser involved the question, whether, although in other material respects he was adjudged to be superior to his competitors, he was legally disqualified to be a Fellow, inasmuch as at the time of his election he was a member of the Moravian Church.

The Vice-Chancellor of the University, Sir Joseph Napier, held that the case was not one of a disqualification distinctly provided for in the College statutes, either expressly or by clear and manifest implication; and

that beyond this, it was for the electors to decide according to the terms of their electoral oath, and their conscientious judgment, which was in its nature final and conclusive. The Archbishop of Dublin intimated his opinion to be that a question of theology was involved, upon which he proposed to communicate his opinion to the Chancellor of the University (Lord Cairns). The opinions of each of the Visitors having been communicated to him, together with a full report of the arguments, Lord Cairns arrived at the same conclusion as the Vice-Chancellor, and the decision was made accordingly. The Vice-Chancellor gave his reasons, in an elaborate judgment, in which he dealt with the arguments and authorities relied on by counsel. The Archbishop, on this occasion, stated that having seen the opinions of the Chancellor and the Vice-Chancellor, he thought it could not be of any service to the parties for him to offer any opinion upon the question of Mr. Purser's eligibility. In other respects he concurred with the decision. The decision has been signed by the Visitors (the Vice-Chancellor of the University and the Archbishop of Dublin), and countersigned by the Chancellor of the University.

Mr. Purser being thus declared eligible, was called upon to make the declaration required to be made by a Fellow, after his election, but before his admission to the full rights of Fellowship. This he declined to do, and the Fellowship thereupon was declared vacant.

We have now brought our memoir of the 116th Lord Chancellor of Ireland down to the present time, and we can add but little to all we have said. There are topics

connected with the laborious life of Sir Joseph Napier that we would willingly enlarge more fully upon, were it not that we hope, at no distant day, to bring out these papers in the form of a book; we can then have more space to lay before our readers many of those speeches which so delighted his hearers when his voice was well-known in the Senate and at the Bar. A judge of unwearied intelligence, he forgot, when sitting on the judgment-seat, those strong feelings which marked his course through life.

Unalterable in his attachment to the faith of his fathers, he sought by every means in his power to win others over to that which he believed to be the truth. But whether the means adopted for that end were the Church Education Society, or the platform of the April Meetings, we have been unable to find, in the long files of newspapers that we have examined, one word that could hurt the susceptibilities of others—of others who feel that the Catholic faith, which he so abhors, is the only thing in life worth living for.

We have now done, we regret that the life of this distinguished lawyer has not been written by another and an abler hand. It may be that in the preceding pages we have omitted much that we ought to have said, and that we have said much that we ought to have omitted. But if we have said anything that may hurt the feelings of the Right Honourable and learned Baronet, we beg to assure him that nothing was farther from our intention than to do so.

Sir Joseph Napier<sup>1</sup> was married in 1830, to Cherry, daughter of John Grace, Esq., of Dublin, and has

<sup>1</sup> NOTE.—In the foregoing we omitted to notice that Sir Joseph (then Mr.) Napier, in 1854, carried a motion in the House of Commons that ended in the commission of Inquiry into the Inns of Court, and the subsequent improvement in legal education (Vide Warren's *Law Studies*, 3rd edition, p. 73; and vide also his concluding paragraph of the Report, p. 95, note).

several children, two sons and three daughters.<sup>1</sup>

While Sir Joseph Napier was Chancellor, there were two appeals taken from his decretal orders ; of these one was affirmed and one was reversed.

REPORTERS *tempore* Napier,—William B. Drury, Esq., barrister-at-law, also the “Irish Chancery Reports” and “Irish Jurist” for the years 1858, 1859, and 1860.

OLIVER J. BURKE.

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<sup>1</sup> Burke's Peerage and Baronetage.

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### WATCHING THE RIVER.

ALL doth not to the rich belong,  
Nor, to the proud, the whole world's peace ;  
Here, in these woods, are books and song,  
With loves and works that seldom cease :  
From care we revel in release,  
And seek not what we could not find—  
Glory in gold—but look within,  
And hope for harvest in the mind.

Not learning of the learned sort,  
Not wisdom of the worldly-wise,  
(We live remote—and, life is short),  
But such as comes to common eyes—  
To watch Antares at his rise,  
The Greater and the Lesser Bear ;  
To find Andromeda, or tell  
The stars of Cassiepea's chair.

Wise, good, and true, in cities dwell ;  
But, ah ! One dwells there—Discontent—  
With whom to live, if less than Hell,  
Is like it. There, of late, I went ;  
To my friend's door my steps I bent,  
And found him propped, though not in pain,  
With watchers by. He knew me not,  
For midnight brooded on his brain.

O God ! that good man—oh ! for gold,  
For gold, that father, friend, high-priest  
Of all the charities, had sold  
His faculties ; and now the least  
Of all that ministered—his *beast*—  
Might have stood sovereign over him,—  
No motion in the mind. That brow !  
Thought's beacon-tower—and now so dim !

Never again, my soul, repine  
That I have nothing, having all—  
Health, and myself, and love like thine,  
Dearest ! who shares my humble hall,  
And never be my soul a thrall  
Of avarice or ambition vain.  
Heaven shield me from the hardened heart,  
That brings the softness to the brain !

## THE BELLE OF BELGRAVIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERNEY COURT," ETC.

## CHAPTER VII.

## OF THE DISSIPATIONS OF EAST BARNSELEY.

WHEN the cold weather passed away, and the genial summer time came, Mabel found the country rather more bearable. It was pleasant enough to go out for a ramble in the early morning through the green lanes before breakfast, with her uncle's gigantic retriever for a companion. For Mabel was not one of those over-fine and sensitive young ladies who lie a-bed till near noon. On the contrary, she was very natural, and had a keen eye for the beauties of nature, and even during the brief days of her reign in Belgravia, had never been half fashionable in this respect. Her chief objection, indeed, to her new life was embodied in the fact that she was *poor*; that there were no balls and assemblies in which she could triumph; no rival whom she could crush by her own physical beauty and powers of fascination; no men whom, by the same means, she could subdue into her willing slaves.

She had intellect enough to know what an artificial and hollow life she sighed for, and how unlikely it was ever to bring happiness. In her heart she despised it, and even despised herself for clinging to it; yet she would gladly have gone back to the gay whirl of society, and with her eyes open, have sacrificed happiness to ambition.

"Lor', my dear, your dress is smothered with hay! What have you been doing with yourself!" cried Mrs. Deane, one morning, when her daughter, with cheeks flushed with

the glow of health and sparkling eyes, came bounding into the breakfast-parlour, with the great, clumsy retriever as delighted as she, gambolling at her heels.

"Dash has been dividing his attention between me and a haystack,—that is all, mamma," returned the girl, carelessly, throwing her coquettish little hat on a chair, in order that she might give her canine friend a pat on the head.

Then rising to brush the hay from her dress, and to arrange her hair before the glass on the mantel-piece,

"I wonder, mamma, what our grand London acquaintances would think of me, if they could see me now?" she added, with a laugh.

"They would think, my dear," interposed the Vicar, looking-up from his newspaper, "that you were growing to be no longer a fine lady, but a true woman."

One bright May-morning, there was a festival at East Barnsley. The children of the Sunday-school were to have a treat. The nervous young curate was the heart and soul of the affair. He had collected a small fund from the few surrounding gentry, and the other parishioners; and after obtaining the readily-given sanction of the Vicar, it was arranged that the children should proceed, with banners in array, and a band procured from Brighton, to encamp in a park about two miles away, the owner of which, being an acquaintance of Mr. Winterbottom, had kindly placed his grounds at his disposal.

A fine fuss and preparation there were among the teachers and others, who took an active interest in the affair for full a week beforehand. What with making the banners and rosettes wherewith to decorate the children; the issuing orders to the bakers, at the post-office, to manufacture a hundred buns, and various plum-cakes; the arranging with the dairyman for an adequate supply of milk; the discussion whether or no the Brighton band should be regaled upon beer, or whether, as some worthy folks, of teetotal proclivities, maintained, the performers should be content, for principle's sake, with the unalcoholic beverages of the children,—this point being settled by the emphatic declaration of a burly farmer, that *his* opinion was, "you wouldn't catch them trombone fellows blowing of their insides out upon nothing stronger than milk;" what with all these things, in which Mabel, to please her uncle, and for want of anything more interesting to do, took part,—the stagnant mind of Barnsley, for the nonce, grew active and energetic.

At last the eventful day arrived, and everything was ready. The procession started, with its flowing banners, headed by the band blowing "Rule, Britannia," and "Slap-Bang, here we are again," with vigorous blasts. How the voices of the children did rise in joyous chorus, on the fresh morning air, all except one little chubby-faced maiden, who roared lustily, because she had got a stone in her shoe! and her sister shook her and called her a naughty child when she wanted to fall out of the rank, in order to get rid of the impediment! And how important all the lady-teachers looked, marshalling their charge—almost as important as the gentleman teachers marshalling theirs; and still more important among whom were Master Willis, the elocutionist, and the Reverend Thomas Winterbottom, the curate, himself.

Hard work, too, did Mr. Winterbottom have, to keep his flock in steady marching career. Master Robson, the butcher's son, would keep shouting out, "Slap-bang, here we are again," in unison with the band; and do what the perspiring teachers would, they could not keep the young gentlemen from straggling. In vain did Mr. Winterbottom assume his most dignified and awe-inspiring look; in vain did he wave his hand, and cry "Hush!" in his most impressive manner.

The difficulties of the march were, however, at length surmounted. The park was reached, and under the spreading boughs of an old elm-tree the children sat down to partake of their luxurious repast in the shape of a bun and a glass of milk.

"Isn't the curate a dear man, Miss Deane?" said Miss Smithers, the baker's daughter, with enthusiasm. Indeed, the rumour was afloat that Miss Smithers would never believe that there was any truth in the reported engagement of Mr. Winterbottom with the young lady in a distant part of the land. On the contrary, Miss Smithers believed the curate had a sort of sneaking attachment to her, but was too bashful to confess it; and, on the strength of that conviction, had made him a pair of slippers only the other day.

"Yes," said the incorrigible Mabel, smiling. "I should think him a very dear man—as a purchase. I wouldn't give much for him myself."

"You wicked, satirical girl!" cried Miss Smithers, with a hysterical laugh, which she tried to make playful, but which could not prevent her indignation from flaming from her eyes. "Perhaps, dear," she added, in the sweetest tone of affection, Mr. Winterbottom doesn't think any more of you than you do of him."

"Perhaps he doesn't. Let us hope not, or there wouldn't be much chance for you, dear," returned Mabel, with equal sweetness.

Miss Smithers informed Miss Green, her bosom friend and confidante, that for *her* part she couldn't see *anything* in that Mabel Deane, and that *she* considered her an upstart, conceited thing. And, of course, Miss Green had replied with enthusiasm, "So she is, dear!"

By-and-bye, when the band was playing with all the energy and volume, as if dear life depended upon their exertions, and the children were playing gaily at kiss-in-the-ring, under the superintendence of their elders, some of whom looked as if they would rather like to have a game at kiss-in-the-ring themselves, Mabel and the curate found themselves together.

"Is it not an agreeable and instructive sight, Miss Deane, to see the little innocent things enjoying themselves thus?" observed the nervous gentleman, feeling it incumbent to say something to his fair companion, and whose nervousness was increased by the conviction that his voice sounded hollow and quavery.

"It seems a pity we cannot always be as innocent as they. Poor little children, their hearts seem in their fun!"

The girl spoke sadly; she seemed rather to be speaking her own thoughts than answering a question addressed to her.

This rather emboldened the young curate, who was really an intelligent young fellow, and only wanted to overcome his diffidence. He liked talking to a pretty girl, though he *was* engaged, especially when the young lady was herself composed, and didn't disconcert him by looking in his face.

"And why should we not always be so, Miss Deane?" he asked; "we want little in the world to make us moderately happy."

"Little, indeed!" said the girl, as if in a reverie. "We can but eat and drink, and sleep! What more? What a ridiculous thing is ambition, when

you come to think of it—is it not, Mr. Winterbottom!"

"There is one kind of ambition to which we should aspire," said the curate, a little startled at this iconoclastic view of things.

"Indeed! And that?"

"The ambition to do good."

"I suppose that is allowable in a well-balanced mind," said the girl with a light mocking laugh. Her brief sadness seemed now to have disappeared.

"Depend upon it, Miss Deane, it is the only kind of ambition likely to conduce to lasting happiness," the curate answered, a little sternly.

"Of course, sir. Doubtless you are right."

"Besides, my dear young lady," added the curate with a sigh, "life is short and fleeting, hardly long enough to prepare for one in which there is no repentance, and which has no end."

"Ah, yes!" replied the girl, nodding, as if *that* were irrelevant to the question. "But *I* was speaking of society."

The Vicar and Mrs. Deane had driven over to the children's encampment, in the Vicar's gig. The old gentleman's face was radiant with complacency at the sight of the little ones' happiness.

"Have you seen Mabel? Where is she?" asked Mrs. Deane of the curate, who came up to the chaise in order to greet his superior.

"Aye, where is my little Mabel? She is enjoying herself, I hope," the Vicar added, with a glance around the merry scene.

"She was here a few minutes ago," the curate answered. "Here, Robson. "Do you know where Miss Deane has gone?"

"Please, sir, I think she is playing somewhere with little Fanny Baker, I saw them running together across the fields."

"What a wild, frolicsome young colt it grows, to be sure!" cried the Vicar, rubbing his hands together gleefully.



Truly enough, this mysterious girl, who is the heroine of these pages, as soon as she had ended her conversation with the curate, had wandered away by herself into a part of the park which was solitary and shady. Here she had taken off her hat, and tossed back her flowing tresses of golden hair, letting the fresh breeze blow on her forehead. Then swinging her coquettish little hat by the ribbon with one hand, she threw stones into a little brook that ran through the park with the other. Any one to have seen her would have thought her an overgrown school-girl, except that there was no gladness in her lovely face, only a listless pre-occupation.

Presently, however, she looked up quickly when the sound of children's voices came floating by. Then three or four of the children, with the little child who had suffered from the stone in her shoe in the early march of the procession, came running by; and Mabel sprang up from the grass upon which she had thrown herself, and caught the pretty little chubby-faced thing in her arms, laughed gaily, and kissed it.

"And what is your name, little one?" she said, putting back the child's flaxen hair from its blue eyes—great wondering blue eyes that looked so much like her own.

"Fanny Baker," lisped the mite, staring at her as though she wondered what the fine lady in blue silk and black lace shawl, and the pretty, soft, kind face could want with such an insignificant person as Fanny Baker.

"So your name is Fanny Baker?" said the girl, going down on her knees to be level with the child's face. "Where do you live, little Fanny?"

"At E'ms'y, please," said the child.

"Ah! Do you know, my little darling, that I live at E'ms'y too?"

"No, no!" said the child, putting its chubby little finger in its mouth,

and opening its eyes still wider at the idea of the fine lady living in the same place as she did.

"Well, then, I do."

"You don't live in *my* house, though," said the child, as if a bright idea had struck her, that if her fine new friend in the blue dress were "taking her in" as to the fact of living at "E'ms'y," she was not soft enough to be cheated in that respect.

"No, you queer little thing!" answered Mabel, laughing; "I don't live in your house, but that's no reason why we shouldn't be good friends, nor why I shouldn't put my hand in my pocket and see if I haven't got a piece of nice—oh so nice!—cake. There it is!"

Little Miss Fanny very plainly didn't think it was. So she took the cake a little suspiciously, turned it over as though she rather expected something alive to walk out of it, then raised her eyes doubtfully to her new friend, finally tasting it, and finding it was good, smiled gleefully, and confidence was established at once.

"What an old-fashioned, pretty little frump it is, to be sure!" cried Mabel taking the child in her arms, and tossing it up in the air. "Will you play with me, Fanny? Do come and play with me! for see, I am all alone, all alone in the world. What do you think of that, Fanny?"

Fanny evidently didn't know what to think of it; but probably reflecting that there might be some more cake in her friend's pocket, decided that so far as she was concerned, Mabel shouldn't be alone in the world any longer, at least until she was satisfied upon that head. So she signified her assent to her companion's proposal.

"That is right! Leave the child with me, my dears; I will take care of her and bring her back safely, and there's some money for you to spend when you get home again."

And Mabel gave the children who had little Fanny in charge some

halfpence, and despatched them off to the encampment, where the band could be heard playing lustily.

It was a pretty sight to see these two; this young girl of eighteen, so old in worldly thought, and this little innocent child so young that it had not yet scarcely learned to think at all, rambling about the slopes and round about the old trees of the park; sometimes the girl chasing the child, sometimes the child chasing the girl, and sometimes Mabel actually carrying the little one pick-a-back, amidst the peals of ringing laughter from both. Indeed, it would have been difficult to say which of the two seemed most to enjoy the fun, for little Fanny grew very loquacious now, and her quaint, old-fashioned ways and speeches delighted Mabel amazingly.

In running about they came to a field of new-mown hay, the fragrance of which came to them over the hedges. There was a gateway, with a creaking hinge, leading to it.

"Let us have a game with the hay—shall we, my little old woman?" Mabel said. And the child, nothing loth, they went into the hay field, and began covering up each other in the hay, and when Mabel had succeeded in making a pyramid of the fresh sweet hay over her companion, who struggled desperately with her little fat arms and legs to get free again, the two would burst into a ringing chorus of laughter, like two children.

Suddenly a serious mood seemed to come over this wayward girl. She threw her flowing hair back in an impatient way, and while the two were sitting on the ground amidst the hay-mountains they had made, she took the little thing in her arms and kissed her passionately.

"Poor little mortal!" she said, looking into the blue eyes which were turned towards hers wonderingly. "Do you know that some day you will be a woman."

Fanny was perplexed. The pos-

sibility of such a metamorphosis had plainly never presented itself to her mind. She seemed rather inclined to cry, as though, if such a change ever did take place in her condition, it might be very wicked of her, or at least to protest that she never would be a woman, if she could help it.

"And when you grow up, Fanny, I hope you'll be a good girl," Mabel pursued.

Fanny unhesitatingly promised that she would be that certainly, and rather expected a piece more cak for the assurance.

"And mind, Fanny, whatever you are, never be ambitious!"

At which point of the conversation, the gay mood seemed again to take possession of the girl; for she laughed hysterically, kissed the child, and then the two got smothering each other in the hay again, like mad things.

While this was going on, the gentleman with sandy whiskers and wide-awake hat, who was strolling that way leisurely with hands stuffed into his pockets, happened to open the gate with the creaking hinges, which led into the hay-field.

He was a good-looking and aristocratic, though rather "fast"-looking young fellow enough; and though he seemed in a brown study just then, the unexpected sound of feminine laughter caused him to halt suddenly, and glance hastily around to see whence it came.

Then, of course, he perceived a very pretty young lady in a blue silk dress and black lace shawl, playing quite boisterously with a little child. Something about that young lady's face struck him as familiar, even before he put his eyeglass to his eye and scanned her more attentively.

"Gad, its dooced strange! It can't be! It is though!" were the somewhat incoherent expressions that fell from the gentleman's lips.

Just then Mabel herself was con-

scious of the presence of a stranger. She looked up, and their eyes met.

"By Jove, Miss Deane!" exclaimed the gentleman, "you—hah!—

were the last person I should have expected to see."

"Sir Harry Vernon!" cried Mabel, starting to her feet.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### SIR HARRY VERNON.

SIR HARRY VERNON stroked his whiskers and made grimaces at his eye-glass, because it would not stop properly adjusted in his eye; and then when he had shaken hands with Mabel, repeated his surprise at seeing her in such a—hah!—such a dead-and-alive place as East Barnsley.

"I am quite as much surprised at seeing you, Sir Harry," Mabel returned, making herself look as tidy as her recent romping with the child would permit.

"I have come down here to spend a few days with my old aunt, Mrs. Conyers. Nice place! but—hah!—dooce dull."

And Sir Harry had another frantic struggle with his eye-glass, in order to indicate, by staring through it, the house belonging to the park in which they were.

"I was not aware that Mrs. Conyers was a relative of yours."

"Yes she is. Do you,—hah!—know her, Miss Deane?"

"Not personally. I have seen her at the penny readings sometimes," Mabel returned.

"Penny readings! what the dooce are they? You don't mean to say you and Mrs. Conyers go to a penny gaff, or anything of that sort," said Sir Harry, laughing, for he thought he had made a joke.

"Mrs. Conyers is rather an eccentric person, is she not?" said Mabel, who did not understand what the baronet was laughing at.

"Very so; but she's got plenty of money, so I'm forced to keep in with her." And Sir Harry laughed again, for he thought he had made another joke.

They had been walking together towards the encampment, where the band, owing to their limited pro-

gramme, was lustily performing a repetition of "Slap-bang, here we again!"

"Are you—hah!—living down herein—eh!—in this benighted part of the kingdom, Miss Deane?" inquired Sir Harry, putting up his eye-glass, and making such hideous grimaces in his attempt to see what nothing looked like, that the little child, who was clinging to Mabel's skirts; was frightened, and began to cry.

"What is the matter, my little old woman?" said Mabel stooping down to the child to pacify her.

"O-oh, look at the poor gentleman! booh-hoo, what has he done to his eye?" blubbered the child, audibly. But Mabel pretended not to understand; and Sir Harry, inquiring if she were Mabel's sister, created a more favourable impression by giving the little one a bright new shilling, which the good-natured but generally impecunious baronet happened to have in his waistcoat-pocket.

By this time they had arrived in the midst of the company, the flowing banners, and the braying band. Here they found Mrs. Deane and the Vicar benignantly surveying the festive scene from their chaise. Here, after introductions had taken place, and Sir Harry had stared about him in a half-bewildered, half-patronising sort of way, that gentleman took his leave.

"Gad, Miss Deane, if the old lady wouldn't be waiting for her dinner till I return—hah!—I should like to stop and have a game at kiss-in-the-ring with the rest of them. And—hah!—Miss Deane," he added in a low tone as he shook hands, "I shall walk over and see you before I return to town."

"Who would have thought, my dear, that Sir Harry Vernon would have found us out down here?" said Mrs. Deane to her daughter, as the baronet raised his hat to the party and strode away.

"This estate belongs to some relative of his, mamma," replied Mabel, quietly.

"Who is that young man? Sir what did you say his name was?" the Vicar inquired, stroking his chin doubtfully.

"Sir Harry Vernon. He used to pay great attention to our Mabel during last season," Mrs. Deane answered confidentially.

As for Mabel, she took no interest in watching the game at kiss-in-the-ring any more that day, nor did she take much interest in any of the amusements. She seemed lost in thought, and glad when the festival was over. When she arrived home that evening, she seemed lost in a reverie, and went about the house singing little snatches of the old songs she had sung in many a Belgravian drawing-room, when she was the acknowledged belle there.

Did Sir Harry Vernon really mean to come to Barnsley to see her? She thought he did mean it. If so, when would he come? He had certainly pressed her hand very ten-

derly; and how he had looked at her! Mabel was pretty well experienced in these things; and she knew very well that when a man dropped his voice, and looked so unutterably as Sir Harry did, that there was, at least, a wound in his heart of moderate dimensions. At one time Mabel had made up her mind that she would marry an earl, and, indeed, had made some progress in ensuring that nobleman. She now thought she would be quite satisfied with a baronet; though she certainly was not in love with Sir Harry Vernon, and, in fact, quite considered him a good-natured fool. The one great disadvantage about Sir Harry was, that he was poor. Everybody said Sir Harry was not well off, that he was gay, and lived beyond his means; and Mabel was not a girl to prefer an empty title to more tangible possessions.

However, she felt she had made one step towards the consummation of her ambition that day, and at night she lie awake thinking of Sir Harry Vernon, just at precisely the same time that George Moreton was awake in London, thinking of her, and arranging for his visit next morning to Brighton and Barnsley, when he hoped to see her pretty face.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE ACCIDENT.

THE next afternoon, while Mabel was still wondering what her destiny would be, and in that frame of mind which, had she been of the Marquerite stamp of innocence and simplicity, would doubtless have caused her to indulge in such superstitious little queries as "Loves he? loves he not?" and so forth, Sir Harry Vernon, stroking his fine carrotty whiskers in a very doubtful manner, might have been seen sauntering out of a florist's warehouse in the King's Road, Brighton, with a handsome bouquet in his hand, which it was

his intention to take over to Barnsley that evening, as an excuse for paying Mabel Deane a visit.

Such was his preoccupation, that he did not observe a gentleman standing on the Parade, and gazing vacantly into the rising ocean, until he had actually run against him.

"Beg pardon!" cried both gentleman bowing, and sinking at the same moment, as though they were both in fault.

"Who—heav—the dooce is that fellow? I've seen him before somewhere," muttered Sir Harry, examin-

ing, as he passed on, the bouquet, to ascertain that it was not injured by the collision.

"Who the devil—if that isn't that baronet fellow, Sir Thingamy Vernon, who used to make such a fool of himself after Mabel!" muttered George Moreton, angrily, and with vague feelings of dread at his heart, as to what Sir Harry could possibly want down there.

So without any further loss of time, having taken a hasty meal, and ascertained the road to East Barnsley, he set off at a brisk walk in the direction thither.

It was a fine genial evening; the green enclosure of the Old Steyne looked fresh as George trudged past it, and past the old Church towards the London Road. The roar of the sea in the distance; the soft notes of a piano now and then from one of the green-balconied windows in the squares—all seemed, from some strange association—possibly a reminiscence of childhood—to propagate a mysterious feeling of melancholy which accorded with those feelings of tenderness which reposed in George Moreton's heart.

A brisk walk of an hour brought him to a cross-country lane, where a finger-post pointing to the left indicated the road to East Barnsley.

"I wonder whether she'll be pleased to see me?" Moreton asked himself, with a fluttering heart, as turning down here he lit a fresh cigar. "I don't suppose she ever thinks anything about me. Why should she! I'm not half such a good-looking fellow as that idiotic baronet. I wish I were a baronet; not but what Mabel, dear girl! is far too pure and unselfish to care about an empty title. I wish I were handsome, though, for the best of girls cannot help taking that into account." Then he heaved a tremendous sigh, and proceeded to imagine all manner of wild projects, by which, fortune favouring him, he might make an impression on Ma-

bel's heart. He thought, for instance, if Mabel were out riding a spirited horse, which took it into its head to run away with her, and he were to rush forward in the nick of time, seize the bridle, throw the horse on its haunches, and get his own leg broken, like the hero in one of Mrs. Riddell's novels, or something of that sort, Mabel could not but appreciate his gallantry and devotion. Or, if Mabel's father were to be involved in money-matters, and be threatened by the cruel and relentless squire of the village with instant ejection from his hereditary cottage, unless Mabel could become his unwilling bride, what a glorious thing it would be for him, George Moreton, to then come forward at the critical moment, and dash his pocket-book, crammed with Bank of England notes, at the feet of the tyrant, while Mabel, bursting into a flood of tears, would throw herself tremblingly into her preserver's arms! This brilliant project of saving Mabel's father from ruin was slightly marred by the reflection that Mabel had no father to save. Better still was the idea, that if some libertine baron, who dwelt, for instance, in his castellated fortalice on the top of the Sussex downs, was to come with his minions all clad in armour of glittering mail, and seize the person of the lovely girl who was queen of his romantic reverie; and then for him, George Moreton, also clad in panoply, to rush forward, with a gleaming falchion in his hand, and deal destruction on the band of mercenary desperadoes—how he would fight for Mabel's preservation then! In fact, the very thought of it made him clutch his hand so tightly, that the pain restored him to the consciousness that he was walking in a country lane, with thickset-edges on either side, and the rooks cawing monotonously over-head.

The very idea of his being dressed up in armour, with a sword in his hand, and that he had actually let

his cigar go out in thinking of it, struck Moreton as so supremely ridiculous, that he burst out laughing at his own folly.

"What a fool I am, to be sure!" he ejaculated. "A man of business, and of my age, to get fancying romantic rubbish that a schoolboy would be ashamed of! I shall be signing my cheques to-morrow as 'Robinson Crusoe,' and endorsing my bills as 'Ivanhoe.'"

Then he relit his cigar; looked at his watch, found it was six o'clock, and went on with his fancies, a trifle less romantic. "If William Ashton were here," he thought, "that cynical young man would protest that chivalry, devotion, and good looks, have less to do with winning a girl's regard than the condition of your banker's book."

By dint of inquiry, George found himself at the wooden bridge which, crossing the little river Kyver, leads into the village of Barnsley. He had then but little difficulty in reaching the rusty old gates of the Vicarage. An old lady, with a chubby face, and scrupulously clean white apron, responded to his summons.

"Did you wish to see the Vicar, sir?" she inquired, dropping a curtsy.

"I wish to see Mrs. Deane," said Moreton. "Is she at home?"

"No, sir; she ain't at home," returned the old lady, a little querulously. "I wish she were; but I suppose she calls this her home now—worse luck!"

"Will she probably return soon?" George inquired, considerably perplexed.

"Lor! bless your soul, sir, she won't be long; she'll be back agin afore I want her. You may as well come in and wait. She and master are out for a drive now."

And the old lady, having wiped her hands upon her apron until they were as polished as her chubby cheeks, opened the Vicar's library-door, and having pulled up the blinds, watched George Moreton

suspiciously, as though she rather fancied he might be a member of the swell-mob, who was watching his opportunity to run away with one or two of the library-chairs.

"Mrs. Deane don't seem much of a favourite of yours?" said the young man, smiling.

"Well, sir, I don't perforce to be over-fond of Mrs. Deane, and so I won't deceive you, if I lose my place for it; not that the Vicar would serve me so, and that I don't believe. But Mrs. Deane, she dose interfere, and since she have been here, really, sir, you can't say your skin's your own, not even in your own kitching."

And the old lady began wiping her hands again, and looking rather acrimonious and vindictive.

"You are Mr. Deane's house-keeper, I presume?"

"I *were* his housekeeper, sir; but since new folks have come into the old place, the old folks can't say for certain what they are—not sir, as I wish to speak disrespectful of no one, and don't mention no names. I *were* maid to the Vicar's poor lady—I *were*, poor deary! She'd no more have interfered as to how I should cook a pair o' chickens this way, or how I should cook 'em that way, nor would the babe unborn. No, sir, she wouldn't (the worthy old lady spoke defiantly, as though George Moreton were maintaining that she would), and *she'd* no new-fangled Indian ways o' cooking things,—cooking! spiling 'em, I call it! But she is dead, poor deary, and so she have been, sir, this many a year."

From which little ebullition of temper on the lady's part, George Moreton inferred that there had recently been a misunderstanding in regard to the culinary arrangements of the house.

Moreton was anxious to make some inquiries about Mabel, but the old lady had left the room.

Left, therefore, to himself, he proceeded to amuse himself by an ex-

amination of the room. He wondered whether the antimacassar upon the back of the chair by the fireside was made by Mabel's hands, wondered where Mabel sat of an evening, and he wondered how she would receive him now. How impatient he became for her return! Each tread in the passage he thought, perhaps, was hers.

Presently he turned to the window, and stared up the old garden, looking so peacefully in its solitude and the grey of evening. In the trees, now and then when fanned by the breezes, was the only sound.

"What a dreary life the poor girl must lead down here!" thought Moreton; "and yet there is an innocence and peace about a country life, better suited than the gay frivolities of life to such a purity as hers."

In fact, when this man of business was not actually occupied with accounts, or money, or the intricacies and tricks of a business life, he was simple as a child, especially in regard to Mabel.

While he was watching he heard the sound of the garden-bell ring, and then he saw the servant run up the path, and hold a short parley with two excited persons at the gate, then the whole three of them came to the lobby of the hall, looking very scared, and held a brief discussion in a low tone, the purport of which he could not overhear. Afterwards the two men had left the house running, pulling the gate behind them with a clang. While he was wondering what all this meant, the chubby-faced housekeeper, looking as pale as death, burst into the room, and throwing herself into a chair, began sobbing with her apron to her eyes, and rocking herself disconsolately.

"What is the matter? Has anything happened?" asked Moreton anxiously, the idea instantly striking him with a chill at the heart that some evil had, perchance, befallen Mabel.

But the old lady only cried and moaned the louder, and rocked herself more violently than before.

"The Lord forgive me for having said anything agin' her!" she cried in broken sentences beneath her apron. "It is a judgment agin' me for what I have said, and 'not forgiving our trespasses, and we forgive them that trespass agin' us,—O Lord!"

And here there was another gush of weeping that impeded articulation.

"But, my good friend," exclaimed Moreton, a little impatiently, "if you would tell me really what has happened, perhaps I might be able to help you. I trust nothing has occurred to Miss Deane?"

By degrees the young man gathered the facts that the chaise in which the good Vicar had been taking his sister for a drive, owing to the generally docile, fond, steady pony taking fright, had been upset and the occupants severely injured.

"And Miss Deane, was she there too?" inquired Moreton hastily, filled with a lover's dread.

"No; Miss Deane had gone out early after tea for a walk with her usual companion, the black Newfoundland dog. So the young man's uneasiness was removed, at least on that head.

But even as he was making the eager inquiries, there was another ring at the garden-bell; and the old lady, starting up, hastily dried her eyes, and ran, as quickly as her tottering limbs would admit, to the gate.

There were several persons outside; then, after a brief delay, several of them came bearing along *two* objects. Moreton could but too well divine what the ghastly procession was.

They came to the house, and he could hear the heavy lumbering of footsteps upstairs. It was like the mysterious sound we all know so well at funerals, only it was going up-stairs instead of down.

George opened the library door, to see if he could render any assistance, but he found he could not. So he returned anxiously again to the window, and looked out. Anxious, indeed, he was—anxious for Mabel. How would she bear the dreadful news? and what, indeed, was the news? What was the extent of the disaster?

He seemed almost as though he were in a dream. He was conscious of the merry barking of a dog in the distance afar off. He was conscious of the rumbling sounds overhead, where the surgeon was attending to the sufferers. He knew, thank God! that life was not extinct, for the doctor had told him that as he passed across the hall.

He was conscious of the garden-gate opening again, and that they who were coming quickly up the path were a lady and gentleman—that the gentleman was Sir Harry Vernon, and of this he was supremely conscious, that the lady was Mabel Deane.

He was conscious that they stood in the hall together—that Mabel was deadly pale—the blood had left her firmly compressed lips; but she was calm, almost stern, in her self-collection. She was going up-stairs, but the old housekeeper, scared and terrified, threw herself directly in the way.

"Dont'ee go up there, my deary!" she cried entreatingly. "Not yet; the poor Vicar is ill, my deary—O Lord!"

"I have heard of it. Do not fear. I can bear it all. Is my mother dead?"

The girl's voice was a little harsh, and it trembled a little as she asked the last question. But that was all.

"Dead! No, no, my deary; what made you think that?"

And the worthy old lady tried to laugh reassuringly; but it ended in a dismal wail.

"Thank God!" Mabel exclaimed

fervently. "Let me go: let me go, I say. I *will* go up and see her."

"Not now, Miss Deane! Wait a little, I entreat you," said Moreton earnestly.

Mabel had hitherto not appeared to notice his presence, though he had been standing with the group.

"Mr. Moreton," she said, giving him her hand—such a cold, icy hand it was—"I am sorry that you have come to a house of mourning."

She looked him full in the face, and there was not a tear standing in the eye of that strange girl; and that was all she said, though this was the first time they had met for so many months.

"I am sorry also,—for your sake, Miss Deane; but I am glad I am here—for, perhaps, I may be some help to you."

"Thank you!" And with a momentary glance that echoed the words, the girl gathered up her dress, and with a firm tread ascended the staircase.

Sir Harry Vernon and Moreton stood face to face; but there was no jealousy in the heart of the latter now. The scene that had taken place, had caused only one feeling to be paramount with him—anxiety for the misfortune that had befallen the girl he loved.

Sir Harry looked also sorry. His good-natured, simple face, wore an expression of mute perplexity and helplessness. He stood staring at George, and stroking his whiskers with a look of bewilderment, that would have been amusing under other circumstances.

"This is—hah!—a doocid bad affair!" he said presently.

Moreton started. He had been pacing the room regardless of the presence there of any one beside himself, even though that one was he whom he regarded as his rival.

"Good God, it is indeed!" he ejaculated. "They are dangerously hurt, I believe. That poor girl has had sorrow enough. If anything



should occur that her mother were to die ! Oh, my heart bleeds for her."

"I feel dooced sorry, myself," said Sir Harry.

Then the two remained silent for George Moreton did not know how long, each wrapt in his own thoughts, whatever they might be. Presently they heard the rustle of a dress on the staircase, and Mabel glided quietly in. Her eyes looked red, as though the tears had come at last ; but had been stifled. She

clutched at the back of a chair. Otherwise, she was still calm and mistress of her feelings, and looked the young men steadily in the face, when they sprang to their feet upon her entrance.

"My poor mamma is dead !" she said quietly. "My God, I am alone in the world now ! What will become of me ?"

Her voice failed her now, and burying her face in her pocket-handkerchief, she sobbed aloud.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE WORDS THAT WERE NOT SPOKEN.

It was a sad time at the poor old vicarage, while the dead was *waiting* there, and the Vicar himself shattered and broken, and none knowing for certain whether his time had come also.

On the Sunday morning, when the birds were singing gaily in the churchyard trees, and the bright sun was shining on the daisies, and little children were playing in their innocence and health, making playthings of the gravestones, they wondered what the procession in black was that came from the Vicarage ; and they asked each other who was that young lady with the muffled face, who looked so pale and sad. And they who were older bade them hush ! for that poor lady who used to live at the Vicarage was dead, and that the young lady in black, with the muffled face, was the pretty Miss Deane, whom they all loved so. So the little children stood silent, and wondered what it was to die, and what that black thing was which they put into the hole. And the birds sang in the trees, and the sun shone on the daisies, the children played on the little green hillocks in the churchyard, and thought how good it was of the Vicar to have those little green hillocks made on purpose for them to play upon.

It was a great blow to Mabel. She seemed a changed girl, older and quieter ; less ready to judge

any one, and more doubtful of the world.

The doctor who attended the old Vicar said the girl was a paragon, and, indeed, her devotion to the sick man was unremitting.

"Is he any better, do you think ?" she would ask the doctor eagerly.

"Well, yes, my dear ; I think we shall get him round, though if you don't take care of yourself, we shall have you laid up too."

And the worthy gentleman would pat her on the back kindly.

Sometimes the Vicar would turn on his bed of suffering, and say, "Where is Mabel ?"

"I am here, dear," the girl would reply.

"Kiss me, my poor child ; I shall not be with you long, Mabel. God help you, my dear !"

Then the girl would throw her arms round his neck.

"Don't say so, dear," she would whisper. "You *must* get round ; you will not leave me too."

George Moreton somehow had accounts, or something of that kind, which brought him down pretty frequently to Brighton about this time. And when he was at Brighton he very often came round to Barnsley ; indeed, I don't think he ever let an occasion slip. But Sir Harry Vernon also came over to Barnsley to inquire after the convalescence of the invalid, and George and Sir Harry some-

times encountered each other. And Moreton could not but notice a change in Mabel, a change which he rather liked than not; for if she were less sprightly and brilliant in her manner now, she had grown more of a real woman, even in the few weeks that followed her mother's death.

For, look you, Death is a strong fellow, who does not let his arm fall without showing the effect upon our hearts somehow. But the blow which staggers, and at first bears down the strongest amongst us, tells differently upon us as the first days of grief pass away. Some—the strong minds, the philosophical and doubtful, who prepare beforehand to wrestle with the inevitable which comes to us all once—grow *defiant* when some dear one is swept away. But to most of us, who live as though we had to live always, and regard death as an unwelcome guest, who may perhaps pay a visit sometimes to our neighbours; when he knocks at our door, and takes away with him on his mysterious journey some one whom we have come to look upon as our own only,—then our hearts grow softer and more tender to them which remain. When an inner voice whispers that the accustomed words of love will be spoken no more, and the hands that gathered the wild flowers with us in childhood are heavy and cold, who does not feel, at least for a moment, that the things of this world are empty vanities, and that the hand-clasp of sympathy and tenderness is with them all? Death is like the turned-down page in the Book of Life, which reminds us where we are reading, and that if we go on to the end of the chapter we shall find *Finis* there written at last.

Those were happy and hopeful days for George Moreton. I am afraid the accounts, or whatever he occupied himself with at Moorgate Street, did not have his undivided attention; and that many an un-

lucky officer in the army, whose signature Moreton had got locked-up in his fire-proof safe, got off more easily, when he failed to take up his paper promptly, than he would have done, had it not been for the softening influences of those frequent visits to Barnsley.

Moreton grew quite a favourite with the old Vicar, and as the summer drew to a close, his visits to the Vicarage were almost looked for of a Saturday evening; and George hardly thought now of inventing any excuse to bring him down there.

"We are always very pleased to see you, Mr. Moreton," the Vicar would say, as, propped up with pillows in his easy-chair, he would shake hands with their visitor of a Monday morning. "It is a change to you, after the week's work in the City, to come down and get a little of our fresh country breezes; and it is a change to us—isn't it Mabel?—who have rarely any one to talk to. Come down as often as you please, and be sure of a welcome."

Of course, George thanked him very gratefully, though he would have been better pleased if Mabel had responded in a more emphatic way; still she, too, always treated him kindly, and seemed pleased when he came down. Anyhow, George availed himself pretty frequently of the invitation.

Very often on those Saturday evenings Moreton would prevail on Mabel to accompany him in a drive over to Brighton. Pleasant enough was it to him to ramble along the cliffs towards Kemp Town, or past the fresh greensward leading to Cliftonville! The red sun seemed to set in brighter gold those August evenings, when that girl, with pale, grave face, and graver garments of crape, was leaning on his arm. Not that Mabel was sentimental and melancholy—very often some of the old gay spirit would flash out; but she was quieter and subdued generally. She seemed as though she

were looking fully in the face the realities of life.

And though Moreton was sentimental enough in all conscience, considering that he was getting middle-aged and a grave man of business to boot, yet he was very chary of saying a word about his love for the girl he was escorting. It was very difficult though, sometimes, to keep in those words he would have desired to pour out in gushing eloquence; for, look you, the hushed moan of the sea on an early autumn evening, when the moon is shining across the bosom of the ocean, are conditions much calculated to bring such sentiments from a man's tongue if they have a resting-place in the recesses of his heart.

The town band playing upon the parade opposite the "Bedford," or where the New Pier was then building, would stir up strange chords in the young man's breast; and perhaps, when the "Hilda" or the "Claribel"—which was, I recollect, popular at Brighton in the year I write of—struck up its pretty melody, Mr. George would perhaps remind the girl of that last ball at Lady Blatherly's on the eve of the great financial crisis; and, may be, would tell her how exceedingly pretty he thought her that evening. At which, no doubt, the young lady would laugh, well pleased; as it must be confessed it is agreeable to have fine compliments whispered in your ear, even if you don't care much for the person who whispers them. This, however, was about the extent of the romance that these young people indulged in on these fine Brighton evenings; except, perhaps, a quotation from "Enoch Arden," now and then, about the sea and so forth, when the sail of a distant fishing-smack could be distinguished afar off, looking azure in the moonlight.

There was one thing Moreton did not at all relish; and that was, that Sir Harry Vernon seemed as fre-

quent a visitor at the Vicarage as he himself was. Sir Harry, indeed, appeared to find the society of his aunt, Lady Conyers, far more agreeable since he had discovered Mabel was dwelling in the neighbourhood.

Under these circumstances, it is not at all surprising that Moreton should lose no opportunity of warning his friends at the Vicarage of what his professional knowledge in the City had brought to his cognisance, that Sir Harry Vernon was over head and ears in debt, and that a good deal of the baronet's paper was floating about among the West End discounters; he might have added, but he did not, that some of it was locked-up in his own iron closet in Moorgate Street. But what vexed him most of all was, that upon these occasions Mabel was invariably disposed to defend the baronet.

"Young men, I dare say, are pretty well all alike," she would remark, quietly, not looking up from her needlework; "only, they who have money spend it, and they who have none get into debt."

"Oh, I don't suppose he is a bad sort of a fellow," Moreton would return, a little nettled; "but, you must admit, he is a fool."

"Well, I should not think he is particularly clever," says the young lady, with a slight laugh, as she bites off her thread. "But he is certainly handsome, and very good-natured."

To which Mr. Moreton answers nothing at all.

As, however, I have before remarked, George Moreton became somewhat of a favourite with the Vicar, whatever might be the estimation in which he was held by the Vicar's niece.

One Sunday evening in September, when the autumn leaves were falling, and the churchyard was clad in russet brown, a few words were spoken which proved this to Moreton himself.

The tea-things had been cleared

away by Margery, the old house-keeper, as she was pleased to consider herself, and Mabel had gone upstairs to put on her things for church, the bells of which were summoning the Barnsleys to evening service.

"There goes my monitor, calling me to my duty!" said Mr. Deane, with a sad smile, as he turned restlessly amidst his pillows, "and I am unable to come."

"Never mind, sir," said George, soothingly; "you'll be stronger soon."

"I'm afraid not, my dear boy," returned the Vicar. "I'm afraid I shall never be good for much work again." Then, after a pause, he added, "I should like, if it pleases God, to see Mabel settled before I go."

To this Moreton said nothing, as he felt he was on delicate ground.

"I have sometimes thought, Moreton," the old gentleman continued, looking into his face wistfully, "that you appeared much attached to the poor girl, and that perhaps some day, a hope I have formed may be realised. Am I right, my dear boy, or is the hope merely a fond old man's dream?"

"Mr. Deane," said Moreton with fervour, "you have spoken on a subject which I have long wished to converse with you about, but have never had the courage. I can only say, that so far as my sentiments to Mabel are concerned, you are indeed right. Believe me, I love the dear girl with all my heart—with all my soul; for a long time she has been the one object of my thoughts by day—my dream at night; and the hope of winning her some day, the beacon which has cheered me in my labours and urged me to acquire money, shilling by shilling and pound by pound, in order that some day, I might lay my fortune at her feet, and show how much I loved her."

"My dear boy, what you tell me rejoices my heart. I know no man

to whom I would commit the child's happiness in preference to you."

"I thank you, Mr Deane, for your good opinion of me," exclaimed the young man, full of gratitude.

"And Mabel herself, does she know; have you ever spoken to her on the subject?" said the Vicar, a little timidly.

"No sir, I never have," returned the other, as mournfully as an undertaker. "I have never had the courage to tell her what was nearest to my heart. I don't think she cares for me; in fact, I am sure she does not."

"If you have never asked her, my dear boy, how can you possibly know," said the Vicar with a mischievous smile.

"It seems almost ridiculous to think of it," answered Moreton, pacing the room excitedly. "I was never much of a lady's man; and now I am almost more suited for her father than a girl's romantic lover. Besides, I think she is ambitious. She does not care a rap for me; I'm sure of it."

"Truly, your grave, shrewd men of business, are often rather stupid in little things, and very apt to fancy, if a thread crosses their pathway, that they haven't the power to break through it, and get to the other side."

Just then, however, Mabel came downstairs, ready attired for church; and so, of course, the subject was not continued: and Mabel, with her uncle's guest, went down the path which led from the Vicarage to Barnsley Church, where the curate, Mr. Winterbottom, officiated, and delivered a flowery sermon.

The conversation with the Vicar had made a very powerful impression on the mind of Moreton. What his imagination had so often pictured as a possibility at some future time, now seemed a feasibility almost within his reach.

Oh, that glorious Sunday evening in the old church, when those two

stood side by side, and turned over the leaves of the same book; when the westering sun poured forth his golden stream through the painted window opposite the communion-table, and a softened light fell on the face of the lovely girl, looking Madonna-like in her sombre garments; when the trees outside rustled fitfully against the windows; and the grand old organ swelled out its cadences, even as it may have rolled out its plaintive voice far back in the past, in Queen Anne's time, in which reign Sir Hugh Conyers, Bart., whose statue is yonder, presented it to the church; when the little curate pounded into the pulpit cushions with an energy of denunciation that was worthy even of a bishop or a dean,—Moreton may forget other things that have happened since, scenes of greater moment may fail to keep a place in his memory, but if he lives to be an old man he will never forget these.

I am afraid Mr. Moreton did not much heed the denunciation of little Mr. Winterbottom, though the text, being something about Dives and the worthlessness of worldly wealth, might have been very beneficial to him. He told the Vicar afterwards that it was an excellent sermon, and that Mr. Winterbottom was very eloquent; but he could not give many particulars of its purport, nor, indeed, did he remember the text till Mabel came to his assistance and found it. The music seemed sweeter to him that evening than usual, and the birds carolling outside more merrily than their wont. Most of us can remember some such a time, and he who has never known it has lost an experience.

While Moreton was listening to the music in that church, he was fully making up his mind that he would invite Mabel to take a walk that very evening, when service was over, along a certain secluded lane he wot of, and then and there to tell her how much he loved her; to pour forth all those enthusiastic sentiments that were struggling in his heart; and to ask her if she considered it probable at any remote period, she could ever bring herself to do such a ridiculous thing as—he would not expect her to love him as he loved her, because that was impossible—but just to like him a little in return. He had even gone so far as to form in his mind the very speech by which he would open up this momentous question, and the replies he would make to Mabel, if she should answer him in such a way, and so forth. The poor man was actually in a perspiration thinking about it, when the organ began to play the people out of church.

By the time they arrived in the secluded lane, to which he had invited the girl in tremulous accents, his courage failed him quite. So, instead of asking her that important question, which was to be couched in such an eloquent speech, he could find nothing to talk about but the country scene, the setting sun, the falling leaves of autumn, and the shortening days. Until, when the pair of them got back to the Vicarage, and Mr. Moreton found himself ensconced between the sheets of the bed at night, he heartily cursed his cowardice, and called himself a fool; and I daresay his own estimation of himself was the true one.

## CHAPTER XI.

### BILL TRANSACTIONS LEADING TO THE MYSTERY.

ON the following Tuesday, while George Moreton was sitting in his back office at Moorgate Street, sur-

rounded by a terrific pile of journals and ledgers, and a heap of accounts at his feet, he was interrupted in the

midst of a column of figures by the entry of his clerk from the outer office. He held up his hand warningly till he had finished the calculation, then looking up quietly, "What is it?" he said.

"A gentleman, Mr. William Atherton, wishes to see you, sir."

"Show him in; and, just run to Baker's with these papers.—Hulloa, old fellow! how are you? Haven't seen you for an age."

"Tolerable, thanks!" said Atherton, who entered nonchalantly, smoking his cigar. "Do you mind my cigar in this office of yours?"

"No, the smoke won't make some of these accounts more foggy than they are," returned George, laughing. "Take a seat. To what am I indebted for the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Atherton, who rarely comes this side of Temple Bar, especially so early in the morning?"

"Partly the pleasure of seeing you; partly business."

"The first then is already accomplished," said Moreton, with a smile. "Let us now have the business, which I am sure must be important indeed."

"Well, the fact is I am hard-up, and I want you to do a little bill for me, old fellow."

"Ah!" said Moreton, with a dry cough, "Of course, Atherton, I should be very glad to assist you so far as I can, but really——"

"Now, my dear fellow," interrupted the other, putting up his hands deprecatingly, "don't say anything about 'now really,' and that you haven't got any money of your own, but that perhaps you know a party in the City who might do something for me, and so forth, because I know all about that. The fact is the paper is good; my old father's cough is very bad, and the last I heard of him was, that he had the gout awfully, if that is any consolation to you; he can't possibly last out long."

"Is there any other name on the paper besides your own?"

"Sir Harry Vernon."

Moreton shook his head, doubtfully.

"He has a good deal of his afloat, I am sorry to say. Besides, Atherton, you too—nay, don't deny it, because I have seen it with my own eyes."

"By the Lord, Moreton," said the other, with a little excitement, and throwing away the end of his cigar with violence, "if you don't do this for me, or at least get it done by to-morrow morning, I shall be in an infernal mess. I want some money—I *must* have some."

"How much is it for?" inquired Moreton, after a pause.

"A hundred pounds."

"Well, by to-morrow morning I will see what can be done."

"Thanks old fellow! I thought you could not fail me."

"Of course, I am not in a position to promise anything," interposed Moreton deprecatingly. "It is necessary that I should see a friend of mine——"

"To be sure, my dear boy! Don't waste your breath: you must see a friend—a certain party, who, perhaps, may have a little money to advance, etcetera, *cela va sans dire*. Don't it, Moreton, you get quite a Jew money-lender! Mind I want *cash*—no wine, Champagne, cigars, or any of that rot for me."

"I was not aware you were intimate with Vernon," said George, shutting his eyes and smiling complacently at his friend's banter, as who cannot smile when he is conscious of an increasing balance at his banker's, and that he is about to do a profitable stroke of business, even at his friend's expense. You see, I don't pretend that George Moreton was anything very heroic or chivalrous in these species of transactions. On the contrary, he was a rather sharp-practising sort of business man; though, for that matter, a good deal of the business

which goes on under our very noses, and is thought honourable and respectable enough, would not bear a too minute inspection of its details.

"Well, you see, Vernon and I are birds of the same feather; both of us hard-up for cash generally, and so we are bound together by a sort of sympathetic bond," returned Atherton gaily.

"If you get binding yourselves together by too many bonds that may not be entirely sympathetic, you may find yourselves bound so tight that you can't get loose," returned George dryly.

"Oh, we're both of us good men, with plenty of estates, and so forth, in prospect, so you needn't be alarmed about that," returned the other, who feared he might depreciate the value of the bill which he wanted discounted. "By-the-bye," he added, as if anxious to change the subject, "how about that little Mabel Deane? you sly old fellow! you didn't tell me anything about your visiting her down in that country place—what d'ye call it?"

"Barnsley! Oh, didn't I?" said Moreton, confused and blushing. "Psha! there's nothing in that, Atherton; you may giggle and chaff as much as you like. But how came you to hear anything about her?"

"Vernon told me that he had seen her down there. I think he is rather sweet on her himself, so look out! He's going to take me down to Lady Conyers with him in a day or two; so I daresay I shall have a chance of renewing my acquaintance with the young lady."

"Indeed!" said George, looking a trifle uneasy. "Do you mean to say that you and Vernon get talking about Miss Deane like that?"

"O Jealousy, thou green-eyed monster!" said the other, laughing. "Of course, people talk all manner of things about other people. I'll be bound Mabel makes rare fun of

you, my boy, behind your back. *Eh bien!* I must be back to the club; I'll see you to-morrow morning—you will not fail."

Whether George Moreton had really to consult with anyone prior to granting his friend the loan, is a question which we will not presume to decide. Let it suffice that on the following morning he received from Mr. Atherton, in exchange for his own cheque for eighty-five pounds, an accommodation-bill, drawn by Harry Vernon, of the Albany, upon William Atherton, Esq., Pump Court, Temple, and endorsed by the latter to George Moreton, Esq., for one hundred pounds sterling, payable at Pump Court, March 15th, 1867.

This cheque was quickly cashed, and the proceeds probably divided between Sir Harry Vernon and Mr. Atherton, as not long afterwards George Moreton was prevailed upon, but only after considerable hesitation on his part, to discount a bill for a similar amount. This time, however, drawn by William Atherton, Pump Court, Temple, upon Sir Harry Vernon, Bart., Albany, payable at the Lt. W. Bk., April 10th, 1867.

However, upon the Saturday night following the first transaction, when George Moreton was cosily having tea in the Vicarage, at Barnsley, over which meal, be it observed parenthetically, Mabel presided in a very efficient and becoming way, that young lady mentioned, quite incidentally, that Sir Harry Vernon and Mr. Atherton, that satirical young man, whom probably Mr. Moreton might remember in town, had paid them a visit on the preceding afternoon; indeed, Mabel rather expected to see them on the Sunday evening after church.

In fact, when that Sunday evening came, and church service was over, though it had been raining a little, there were the two gentlemen over at the Vicarage, chatting in quite a friendly way with Mr. Deane, who

could scarcely disguise his wish that they were at Hanover.

And Mabel seemed gayer and more light-hearted that evening than she had had been for a long time. She was rather petulant with Moreton, and distant with Atherton; but with Sir Harry Vernon she was as friendly, and chatty, and agreeable, as it was possible for a fascinating young lady to be. Indeed, Moreton had fancied that she had treated him rather sharply, even on the preceeding day. That, however, was not an unusual thing, for this wayward young lady had of late times been very uncertain in her behaviour; sometimes she would be kind and gentle to him, and seeming to seek to please and conciliate him; at others she would scarcely speak to him, or snap him up sharply when he ventured to utter a word.

She was certainly a strange girl. One evening, about this time, her uncle took an opportunity to take her privately to task.

"You treat young Moreton rather severely, my dear," expostulated the Vicar, upon one of these occasions.

"Well, he is such a fool!" returned the young lady, pouting.

"I am sure, my dear, he is a very sensible, shrewd business-man."

"I hate your sensible, shrewd business-men," retorted Mabel, petulantly.

"He is very fond of you, Mabel, I feel sure."

At which the girl said nothing, but laughed, and tapped her little foot on the ground almost angrily.

"There is a great deal more of the fool about Sir Harry Vernon, I am very much afraid, my dear," the Vicar pursued.

"There is a great deal about Sir Harry Vernon that I like," retorted Mabel, tossing up her head.

Whereupon the discussion dropped, and the Vicar stared into the fire, marvelling at the perversity of women, who not only won't like the men who are worthy of them, but,

worse than all, *will* like the men whom all the world else would make outcasts.

So things went on through the autumn and winter months; and what with his doubts about Mabel, his jealousy of Sir Harry Vernon, and his own want of resolution, Moreton never made a formal declaration of love to Mabel Deane, though he frequently came down to Barnsley, even when the snow was lying on the ground; on which occasions he made her little presents, and so forth, and testified in a hundred ways the kindly feelings he bore towards her.

Sir Harry Vernon, too, was frequently at the Vicarage, spending a considerable part of the winter months with his relative, the eccentric Lady Conyers, who was charmed by his sedulous attention, and, indeed, privately altered her will considerably in her nephew's favour. Sir Harry brought his friend, William Atherton, to spend a few days with him; and, indeed, William Atherton used now and then to be the companion of George Moreton in his flying visits to Barnsley.

One bright February morning, when the ruts in the road were hard frozen, and the fields and naked trees were white with the hoar frost, Mabel, accompanied by her canine friend, who ran barking and frisking around her, as though he were as much in love with his fair companion as the other gentlemen were, went for her usual walk through the village, and maybe, though this I won't aver, rather expected Sir Harry Vernon, with his gun over his shoulder, might chance to meet her. There was certainly a gentleman waiting at the stile which led into Farmer Brown's field, called "Three-tree Meadow," in the neighbourhood, from three tall poplar trees which grew there; but this was not Sir Harry, but a tall, dark, handsome gentleman, whom certainly she did not expect to see, Mr. William Atherton.



This gentleman accosted the girl with the politest of bows; and Mabel, who did not seem very well pleased, hesitated, then shaking hands with him frankly, walked on, he accompanying her.

On their return to the same spot, the young man's swarthy face was somewhat flushed; the girl's, on the contrary, was deathly pale. They shook hands at parting, and Atherton hurried away. Mabel, calling the dog to her, returned to the Vicarage with downcast looks. Had George Moreton known of that brief interview, possibly the opinions he subsequently formed, the suspicions to which his mind became a prey, might have been changed, and that MYSTERY which was now about to agitate him to the heart's core might not have been, to him, enveloped in such impenetrable shade and obscurity.

To bring, however, the incidents of this story up to the period when this inscrutable affair took place, we must briefly allude to those bill-transactions in which Sir Harry Vernon, William Atherton, and George Moreton, had become involved.

As the several bills drawn or accepted by Sir Harry Vernon and William Atherton came to maturity, and those gentlemen not being in a position to liquidate their obligations, an arrangement was, after considerable discussion, and hesitation on the part of Moreton, at length settled, by which the two former gentlemen agreed to give the latter a promissory-note, accepted by them jointly and severally, for the sum of four hundred pounds twelve shillings

and eightpence, payable at three months date, in exchange for the various other bills and acceptances, which Moreton had in his possession against them.

On the morning of March 3rd, 1867, George Moreton received, amongst the other letters which were waiting for him in his office letter-box at Moorgate Street, the following, which bore the East Barnsley postmark.

"Chorley Hall,  
"Chorley-by-Barnsley, Sussex,  
"March 2nd, 1867.

"Dear Moreton,

"As I understand from Atherton, that you will be at Barnsley next Saturday, if you will bring with you the paper which you have of his and mine, also the new bill which you wished us to sign according to the arrangement we came to the other day, Atherton, who is staying with me here, will meet you with myself, at the Vicarage, on Saturday evening. We are anxious to get the matter settled, as the balance which you agree to advance in cash will be very acceptable.

"Yours truly,

"HARRY VERNON.

"G. Moreton, Esq."

George read this letter with the complaisant smile of a man who had done a profitable stroke of business, and put the letter in his pocket-book.

"There's Hedger's affair at Brighton, too; I can see to that in the morning. That is, let me see—three hundred: ah, well!"

And then he set down to his work with vigour.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE MYSTERY.

THOUGH when the present writer began the record of these veracious chronicles, he certainly thought they would be merely a history of the love, the doubt, the despair, possibly

the triumph, of an ordinary man; and the harmless and very natural intrigues of a pretty young lady to make a suitable match: yet it appears, by the time we have arrived

at the twelfth chapter, we are, unluckily, about to be involved in one of those complicated mysteries, which so often fall in the way of novel writers and police reporters, and through the tangled web of which, I fear, we shall never be able to penetrate, without the aid and assistance of one of our old friends the detective police.

Fate, however, which rules those events over which we poor mortals have no control, has so ordained it, and perhaps in some degree may stand thereby our friend. For a novel without a mystery is like a frisky horse without a mane; if there should be a stumble in the ordinary jog-trot of narrative, there is nothing to catch hold of, to help you through to the journey's end.

At the close of the last chapter, it will be recollected, George Moreton made a remark to himself about a certain affair of Hedger's, amounting to three hundred pounds, which would shortly claim his attention.

Now, not to leave the reader in the dark, it may be briefly explained that the Honourable Jonas Hedger, M.P., of Brunswick Square, Brighton, was a very excellent client of George Moreton's, and that an acceptance of his, for three hundred pounds, payable at Brunswick Square, had just arrived at maturity.

Accordingly, when our hero—we suppose we may call him our hero, for want of a better—quitted his offices two or three hours earlier than usual on the following Saturday, he proceeded first of all by the London, Brighton, and South Coast, direct to Brighton; calling at Brunswick Square, where the Hon. Jonas Hedger, M.P., after grumbling, and heartily sending all bill-discounters to a place where I sincerely trust we shall never see George Moreton, duly honoured his bill by payment of thirty ten-pound Bank of England notes, the numbers of which Moreton carefully entered in his pocket-book, where the notes them-

selves were also as carefully consigned.

After which, having enjoyed a brief stroll, along the now deserted parade, and partaken of a luxuriant repast at Mutton's, he set off at a brisk rate towards Barnsley, arriving there just as the Vicar,—who was now strong enough to get about a little—and Mabel were sitting down to tea.

"Oh, my dear Moreton, you are later than usual, are you not? Welcome, however!" cried the good old clergyman, rising to shake hands.

"We had almost given you up to-day," added Mabel.

"I had to go on to Brighton first, on business," said George.

"Well, never mind! you are in time for tea, Mr. Moreton, at all events. Allow me to take your hat and overcoat—thank you!"

And the girl bestowed upon him one of those friendly and fascinating glances, and a smile that made the gentleman almost make up his mind to muster courage and make a declaration of love that night.

"The fact is," said Moreton as they sat down at the tea-table together. "I have been to receive some money. They look bright and crisp, don't they?"

And he opened his pocket-book, and showed the girl and the Vicar the notes he had just received, caressing them fondly.

The girl's eyes brightened a moment at the sight, then she turned to her duties at the tea-table sadly.

"I have not seen so much money since our misfortunes," she said.

Poor Moreton longed to throw himself at her feet, and passionately tell her that all he possessed he was willing to share with her. Probably, if the poor old Vicar had not been sitting in his easy-chair by the window, he would have done so, and the whole chain of events in this story might have been altered. But no men like to make love before a third party, especially a bashful man

verging on middle age. So, as the Vicar was there, Moreton put the pocket-book back in his pocket, instead, and sobered his ecstasies by a slice of bread and butter and sipping his tea.

Mabel was, this afternoon, in one of those humours in which George liked to see her best. She was as pleasant and agreeable as she could possibly be—she seemed actually anxious to please him; and what with the bright smiles she shot out at him over the tea-urn, and the gay prattle with which she condescended to enliven the meal, she certainly would have appeared bewitching, even to one who was not in love with her. For I take it, that if ever a pretty woman looks prettiest, it is when she presides over the evening meal, dispensing comfort in tea-cups, and geniality and good humour with green tea or bohea.

"I expect Atherton and Sir Harry Moreton will call round here this evening. They want to get a little money out of me, I believe," said our financier, stretching out his legs and speaking patronisingly.

"Are they coming?" returned Mabel pouting. And a casual observer of the young lady's face might really have conjectured she would rather the baronet and his cynical friend should keep away.

Mr. Deane said nothing, but shook his grey head deprecatingly, as though he, at all events, would rather they should keep away.

The tea-things were cleared away by Mrs. Barnes, the old loquacious housekeeper, who had, indeed, been in and out of the room several times while the meal was in progress.

The church clock was chiming the hour of seven when Sir Harry Vernon and William Atherton arrived.

"We are punctual, you see, my dear fellow!" said Vernon, after the first greetings were over, in a low tone.

"I fully expected you would be," Moreton returned, good-humouredly.

"Moreton knows that he has a

talisman more powerful than gratitude with us poor devils, who are hard-up for a little ready cash," observed Atherton, with a sneer.

"I hope—hah!—you have arranged to accommodate us?" said Sir Harry, pulling his moustache and looking anxious.

Mr. Deane and Mabel, it should be observed parenthetically, had found excuses to leave the room soon after the arrival of these gentlemen, doubtless in order to allow the triumvirate to settle their business affairs undisturbed.

"It is understood that you two give me a new promissory-note for the amount I mentioned in my letter, in exchange for the obligations I have against you both——"

"And forty—hah!—forty pounds cash, you know," interrupted the baronet, hastily.

"Which we are to share and share alike old boy, eh?" added Atherton, giving Vernon a playful dig in the ribs. Indeed, if the truth may be confessed, Atherton had been very much troubled for want of a little ready cash lately. Under these circumstances the prospects of having his immediate wants gratified was calculated to make even a cynical philosopher playful.

"Quite so! Well, gentlemen, I have the documents here. Here are pen and ink, and here is the balance of cash."

And Moreton pulled out his pocket-book and counted four of the ten-pound notes which he placed on the table with the old bills, and the promissory-note which waited signature. The pocket-book, with the remaining two hundred and sixty pounds in notes, he returned, *as he believed*, to his breast-coat pocket.

"Lucky man, to possess such a capital! By Jove, Moreton is a small edition of the Bank of England," said Atherton, as he put his name to the paper. "Now, Vernon, come and sign your death-warrant.

You may expect small mercy from Moreton—I beg his pardon, I mean from that mysterious friend of his in the City—if you fail to stump up, when it comes due.”

“Lady Conyers will have to help me then, for I don’t expect I shall be able to help—hah!—to help myself,” cried the baronet, with a ghastly attempt at humour as he put his name also to the bill.

Scarcely had he done so, when the Vicar, probably thinking enough time had been allowed to the gentlemen to settle their business transactions, came into the room, followed by Mabel and Barnes, bearing decanters of spirits, ewers of steaming water, and a tray with tumblers.

“Gentlemen,” cried the old Vicar, cheerily, “you will join me in a smoke? I like a pipe myself, but here are some capital cigars.”

And the old gentleman opened a cupboard, and produced a box of what even Atherton pronounced to be excellent Manillas, after the first few whiffs of one of them had been taken by that gentleman.

The gentlemen, after a little hesitation, sat down and enjoyed their cigars and toddy, and, indeed, grew quite cheerful, except Sir Harry Vernon, who seemed to care about nothing but to stare at Mabel with admiration, and to listen to her talk and banter; though, it must be confessed, she did not address very much of her conversation to him.

“My friend, I don’t wish to hurry you,” said Atherton glancing at his watch; “but seeing that it is now nine o’clock, and that you promised your worthy relative that you would be back at Conyers’ Hall by half-past eight, I would mildly suggest that if you wish to retain that excellent lady’s good opinion, you had better make up your mind to slope.”

Saying which, Atherton himself arose, and Vernon reluctantly followed his example.

“Stay for another glass, gentle-

men!” cried the jolly old Vicar, who grew quite convivial under the influence of his pipe and tumbler and the general conversation. “Mabel, my dear, tell Barnes to bring in some more hot water.—Why, where has the girl gone?”

“She went out just now, sir. Barnes called her for something, I believe,” returned Moreton.

“Yes—hah!—she went out of the room,” added Sir Harry Vernon, upon whom no action of the girl seemed to be lost; and who, indeed, appeared to have lost all interest in everything as soon as she was no longer there for him to stare at.

“Hush!” cried George anxiously. “What is the matter?”

Moreton ran to the parlour-door, and opened it.

“Mabel is ill, I’m afraid,” he cried, full of fear; and ran towards an anteroom, where, indeed, he found the poor girl in hysterics, and Mrs. Barnes looking pale and terrified, and, assisted by the buxom housemaid, endeavouring by caresses and restoratives to bring her too.

“Poor dearey!—there; she’ll be better now,” cried the old lady coaxingly, and administering cold water to the pallid lips of the girl.

By this time the other gentlemen had arrived on the scene, and each was eager in his suggestions of remedies to restore the girl, who had so far recovered as to assure her anxious friends that she felt better, and immediately burst into a flood of tears.

“What was the cause?” “How strange!” “Poor thing, she’ll be all right now!” Such were the exclamations that fell from the lips of the gentlemen; while the Vicar himself sharply questioned Mrs. Barnes if anything had occurred, that she knew of, to throw his niece into such an agitated state.

“No, no; it is nothing uncle,” the girl interrupted, holding her bosom as if to stifle her sobbing. “I am much better now; I am, indeed.

Barnes let a dish fall, and that frightened me : that is all."

"How came you to be so careless, Barnes? Hem! I don't mean, to break the dish, but to frighten my poor child like this?" cried the Vicar, relaxing into good humour, when he found things were no worse.

"Lor, Miss! I,—I—oh yes, sir, I broke the dish, and I'm very sorry; I'm sure." The poor old lady looked alarmed and terrified to the last degree, albeit her terror was not unmixed with astonishment.

"Well, we'll say no more about it; a dish can very easily be replaced; and you, my dear, why what a goose it is to be frightened into fits about such a trifle!—Come, gentlemen, let us return, and try to forget we have been disturbed by such women's babble."

"I don't believe a word about the dish," whispered William Atherton significantly, into Moreton's ear.

"Sceptic! You will believe nothing!" returned George, in the same undertone, and with a smile; though to tell the truth, he did not feel quite convinced of Mabel's veracity in this respect. He thought, probably, one of those little domestic annoyances, which are expected to occur, even in the best-regulated families, and which it was not convenient, perhaps, to explain publicly, had happened, and that Mabel had screened herself by an innocent white lie.

Atherton shrugged his shoulders, and with some charitable remark that he would certainly be ready enough to believe any evil of a woman, turned to Sir Harry Vernon, and inquired what on earth he was fuming about, and pulling those whiskers of his as though he wanted to pull them off.

"I was thinking—hah!—that this is a dooced queer thing, about Miss Deane; isn't it?" the baronet replied.

Soon after, however, Mabel, looking pale, certainly, but composed, came into the room, and talked to

all, with more vivacity than usual, and shortly afterwards Sir Harry Vernon and his friend took their leave, thanking Moreton for having accommodated them with their acceptances.

As they went out, Atherton stooped to pick up a scrap of paper that was lying on the door-mat.

"Halloa, old fellow, what's—hah!—what's that?" Sir Harry inquired.

"Only a memorandum I dropped."

And Atherton quietly slipped the paper into his pocket, and the two walked out, arm-in-arm.

Mabel, the Vicar, and George Moreton, sat up that evening, chatting, until about eleven o'clock, and nothing was said, and little, perhaps, thought of the events which had taken place to disturb them.

At last, Mrs. Barnes appeared with a candle, and George went up-stairs to the room in which he usually slept, and prepared to undress. In taking off his coat, he put his hand into his breast-pocket, to ascertain that his pocket-book with the bank notes, was safe.

*It was not there!*

A slight examination of his pocket showed him that, probably in pulling out the book in the first instance he had turned out the pocket, and so entangled it at the same time; so that when he had attempted to return the book to its place, it had failed to go in properly, and had most likely fallen on the floor.

"It cannot have gone very far, anyhow, for I have not left the house since it was in my hands," he thought, and putting on his coat, he ran down stairs, just as Mabel and her uncle were going to bed.

A thorough search was instantly made for this missing treasure; and Mrs. Barnes, who was actually in her night-cap, was summoned to help. The parlour, the kitchen, the hall, the staircase, even the bedroom from which George had just emerged, all were searched, but in vain. *The pocket-book with the bill and the bank-notes had undoubtedly disappeared.*

## THE STAGE OF THE PRESENT.

IN every age since the days of the ancient mysteries, and perhaps even then, there has been a complaint of the gradual decline of the drama. Ben Jonson, though he set no small value on his own talent, never imagined that he or any of his contemporaries was comparable to Terence or Plautus. The wits of the Restoration, if they were not zealous Shakespearians, still regarded Father Ben and Fletcher as immeasurably superior to their own Congreve and Wycherley. Respectable Richard Cumberland was laughed at by Sheridan; and Thalia, in consequence as it is generally supposed of the reproofs of Jeremy Collier, had no sooner become tolerably moral than it was discovered that she had lost in brilliancy what she had gained in virtue. As for the school which comprised the younger Colman, Morton, and Reynolds, palatable as its emanations were to the multitude, they did not deserve the name of literature much more than the productions of the present day. And though many a worthy was heard to declare that "John Bull" was the best comedy ever written, the declaration was a test denoting the want of critical acumen of the speaker. Many, too, were the lamentations that arose during last century when pantomime was rising to the importance which it has not hitherto altogether lost, and intellectual gentlemen demonstrated their intellectuality by their bitter revilings against the expulsion of wit and common-sense. Common-sense was an abstract entity in high repute in the days of our fathers; common-sense thought lightly of fairy tales, disbelieved in ghosts, and scowled at works of fiction. The arguments of common-sense, too,

were unanswerable from its own point of view; this was more or less understood by the majority of mankind; and, therefore, common-sense had an especially easy task when it assailed any species of dramatic entertainment, and triumphantly did it hold its own while the glory of pantomime was at its height. Little did the literary partisans of common-sense imagine, that a time would come when the mourners employed at the perpetual wake of an ever-dying drama, would at last lift up their voices in grief at the decline of pantomime.

As we grow old our veneration for the past increases, and what is, always compares unfavourably with what has been. It is with the world as with individuals, and we are all often unreasonable grumblers, but there is no doubt that we sometimes growl in the right place, and that our growls are especially worthy of respect when they refer to the drama. Not only in England, but wherever in Europe the stage has held a permanent position, the course of dramatic history is essentially the same. First comes a period of exceeding rudeness, at the end of which the great poets of the theatre start into existence; then comes a glorious decline, during which the efforts of the more ambitious actors are mainly devoted to the illustration of the works that were written for a former generation. Immediately after the epoch of barbarism the great man is the poet; then the great man is the actor. With such sources as we possess, the excellence of Alleyn, Burbage, &c., must be taken upon trust, and though we read high encomiums on their talents, we can scarcely tell what was the standard of merit applied to them by

audiences who before their appearance had not seen any acting at all. But whatever may be the case with the age of the great dramatic poets, it is certain to be followed by another age in which histrionic genius shines out with remarkable lustre, the literary productiveness of the stage having considerably declined. When reference is commonly made to the palmy days of the drama, the period intended is that extending from Garrick to Kean, in which, as we have seen in our last paper,<sup>1</sup> flourished the great actors, and not the great poets. And when the poor, or rather the rich actor, has strutted and fretted his hour, another hour is at hand in which, following the example of the poet, he falls into the background. If we have not reached the point in which histrionic art is extinguished altogether, we are not far removed from it, and we shall rapidly reach it, unless the tide which has hitherto been receding, should begin to rise, moved by the mighty law of reaction. There is an early stage in this decay of the actor's position that looks like an elevation to absolute despotism. The artists of the so-called palmy days, gaining their best laurels by the performance of the old works deemed classical, speedily discovered that it was merely by their own talent that these works assisted in replenishing the treasury. Few went to see "Hamlet," but all the town ran after Kean. From some cause or other, the power to render the old works attractive ceases, and histrionic talent displays itself in a new form. The public has grown weary first of the ideal, afterwards of the historical, and prizes fiction most when it deals with the life to which it is accustomed, and represents characters which may possibly fall within ordinary experience. Sad stories of the fate of kings no longer

raw tears; but the pit can sympathise with the small grocer, whose favourite son robs the till, and can fully appreciate the snobbery of the carpenter, who has unexpectedly become a person of property.

The first theatrical spectacles were intended to fix some scriptural event on the minds of the people and to give rise to pious meditations.<sup>2</sup> But the human mind cannot long remain in a profound devotional frame, and soon comic episodes sprang up in the midst of miracle-plays, and were highly relished by the audience. Gradually the comic element grew in importance, and as faith and religious fervour diminished, the antics of merry-andrews and the more or less ribald and coarse jokes of buffoons were more and more sought for, to the proportionate neglect of the serious portions of the representations. In time the mixed religious and profane performances became altogether profane: the religious element simply dropped out, and thus comedy originated. But even rough and uneducated spectators could not always laugh; the masses were habituated to see historical events celebrated before them and introduced by numerous supernumeraries; the practice was continued, only profane history took the place of sacred history. So we have historical plays which were brought to perfection when the master mind, the poet of nature, William Shakespeare awoke to astonish mankind. Shakespeare was able to evoke at will tears and laughter, sorrow and joy, and to arouse in the bosom of his audiences every feeling which the human heart is capable of experiencing. But Shakespeare remained alone, and neither in England nor on the Continent was there another who could touch every chord within us, and alternate from grave to gay like him; so perforce comedy

<sup>1</sup> "The Stage of the Past, II." DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, September, 1872.

<sup>2</sup> See "Mysteries or Miracle Plays." DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, October, 1871.

was the staple commodity with us as well as in the rest of Europe, with the exception of Spain, where Caldiron de la Barca and Lope de Vega gave birth to the peculiar national plays, the romantic dramas known as "Comedias de Capa y Espada."

The love of emotion that reigns in our breast not being satisfied by mirth and laughter, heroic occurrences were introduced on the stage, and the sorrows and crimes of kings and ancient personages of celebrity were paraded before the public in blank verse at home, and in rhyme abroad. Such was the origin of tragedy, which flourished most in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and which, however, never acquired such vitality with us as with our Continental neighbours. The classic elegance and artificial coldness of Racine, Corneille, Crebillon, and Voltaire found many imitators here; but the compositions of Lee, Otway, Southerne, Addison, and a host of others, were nearly all short-lived, and it must be added, decidedly inferior to those of the French school. These productions were not suited to our insular notions and in accordance with our liking for rough honest sentiment, though, indeed, it must be added that tragedies are much less prized than formerly even on the Continent, in this matter-of-fact nineteenth century. An Italian is proud of his Alfieri, a German reveres Schiller and Goethe, and a Frenchman boasts of his tragic poets, but not one of them visits the theatre to see his favourite tragedy, at best it is only to hear a popular actor.

When people cared no longer for the passions of kings and mythological heroes, they still continued to feel interested in the lives of persons whose prototypes they beheld around them; moreover, they were tired of weeping the whole of one evening, and laughing the whole of another. The spectacle of the sufferings of a fellow-being will always affect us,

provided we can believe in their reality. We may not be moved by the sight of an ancient Roman slaying his daughter to preserve her purity, whilst declaiming pompous sentences in blank verse; but we all feel for the tradesman who upbraids the young officer in plain and forcible vernacular for the destruction of his child. So when Kotzebue, in Germany, wrote his "Stranger," and afterwards Holcroft brought forth, in London, the "Road to Ruin," both pieces were highly successful, and were the forerunners of a number of plays known in our days as domestic dramas. Pure tragedy being gradually elbowed out, comedy and drama divided the applause of the audiences of the nineteenth century, with the exception of an occasional fairypiece or burlesque. Mr. Planche's extravaganzas, usually graceful and refined, were followed by a number of caricatures, each one more grotesque than the former. Well-known stories were seized and travestied; neither history, nor drama, nor literature, nor fairy tales, nor popular legends, were respected. Everything was eagerly appropriated which could tend to the display of a certain number of female legs, and that could be interspersed with break-down dances, and enlivened by a succession of more or less senseless dislocation of English words. Music-hall melodies; slang songs; young ladies, who under the belief that "nature" when unadorned was adorned the most," gradually discarded ordinary articles of clothing as superfluities, preferring to display their charms without unnecessary secrecy; and low comedians who, with a chignon and a petticoat, coarsely aped *Juliet* to a feminine *Romeo* in tights and sword,—attracted certain audiences, whose standard of the art of acting was evidently derived from the performances at the Oxford or the Alhambra. Managers are no doubt right in giving the entertainment that fills best the treasury; and it is certainly



a pity to throw pearls before a certain animal, when offal will satisfy him.

The dramas of the day may be divided into avowed adaptations from the French, and "new and original" productions. These adaptations are occasionally dexterously executed, but they mostly result in plays with the point or gist left out, and they frequently resemble a representation of "*Othello*" without the characters of *Othello* and *Desdemona*. The French temperament and feeling are so different from ours, that the springs which set in motion the passions or the susceptibility of a Frenchman would not be always even understood by a Briton, and the thunderbolt that would startle Mons. Adolphe Hausbaisse, *agent de change* in Paris, would fall very harmless at the feet of Mr. John Bear, of the Stock Exchange and Clapham Rise. Moreover, with us the audience that reads with avidity the reports of the divorce Court, is supposed to be shocked at seeing reproduced before

the events that in this country usually lead to an appeal to Lord Penzance; and as the breach of the seventh commandment is a frequent source of action on the French stage, when that is removed the whole structure falls to the ground or becomes unnatural or artificial. Finally, the five acts of the French play are habitually compressed into three, the spectators being credited with impatience unless they are perpetually kept on the broad grin, or unless they witness a murder or two, or a railway accident. Necessarily, interesting scenes are omitted; dialogue illustrating the incidents of the piece, or throwing light on the character of the *dramatis personæ*, is mercilessly cut down, and the result becomes inevitably tame, flat and meaningless to any one that knows aught of French comedy, or who possesses any sense of art in theatrical matters. Not long since we

counted no fewer than six pieces derived from our neighbours, being acted simultaneously on our boards, a proof perhaps, that some of our authors place more reliance on the wits of others than on their own, in which opinion we entirely concur. Latterly, however, more attempts have been made at producing native creations, and a tolerable number of "new and original" pieces—that is to say, pieces not ostensibly taken from any one source—have been brought forth before the public. These pieces have been principally burlesques, such as already described, and dramas, of which more anon, whilst comedy proper may be deemed as nearly on its last legs. With the exception of Mr. Robertson's pieces, and a few other honourable instances, notably Mr. Gilbert's "*Pygmalion and Galatea*," a meritorious and well-devised composition—there are few recent comedies on our stage deserving the name.

The object of comedy is to satirise wrongheadedness, vices, follies, and social foibles, to entertain us by the spectacle of our weaknesses and our absurdities, and to correct us by giving rise to reflection after having caused us to laugh at our expense. *Castigat ridendo mores*, should be its motto. Comedy should exclude the deeper emotions, and avoid all that occasions pain, indignation, or disgust. It should possess a well-connected fable, distinctive if not original characters, and brilliant dialogue. Its personages should be human beings, with the passions and feelings of our race, humorously portrayed, and their ridiculous qualities rendered somewhat more prominent, but still true to nature. They should be men and women, types, if we will, of certain characteristics, but living and sentient beings, and not grotesque and inane male puppets, moving about as the clumsy playwright pulls the strings. Instead of this, our so-called comedies are frequently merely farces

spun out into so many acts, and occasionally breaking out into melodrama. The study of character is given up for the study of the peculiarities of low comedians, who are encouraged to parody our race, and who considerably strengthen Mr. Darwin's theory as to our origin, by showing how uncommonly like our ancestors, the monkeys, we may bring ourselves to.

Mr. Robertson's comedies brought us face to face with delineations of the peculiarities of beings who very much resemble ourselves in thought and feeling, and who are actuated by tangible and apparent reasons for their actions. In him we have delicacy of touch rather than power, refinement rather than depth, and wit rather than humour. His plots are seldom intricate, but they generally possess sufficient interest, which is enhanced by the sparkling brilliancy of the dialogue. His works lay claim to literary merit far above the average, and it is to be regretted that his mantle should not yet have fallen on a worthy successor. Mr. Gilbert's "*Pygmalion and Galatea*" is the production of a thoughtful mind, and displays much classical knowledge, though the exigencies of modern requirement have obliged him to give a version of the relative positions of wife and bastard in ancient Greece, not in accordance with ascertained facts. Let us trust that he may continue his mythological comedies—indeed, we are promised one at the Haymarket soon, which cannot fail to improve the public taste, and is a desideratum sadly felt.

For some years what are termed sensation dramas were great favourites with theatre-goers. A drama being an exposition and an illustration of the vicissitudes of every-day life, should have a well-constructed plot, sufficient to arouse and maintain the attention and the interest of the audience, and yet avoiding the improbable and the unnatural. It

should possess life-like and distinctly-defined characters; the dialogue should be plain and forcible; and a number of incidents should follow each other, giving rise to striking situations, not with too great a rapidity, so as to take away the breath of the beholder, albeit not too far apart so as to weary him. A happy issue is not always desirable, and it would not be true to nature; for good and evil befall alike to all, and to depict the wicked as invariably punished, and the good as triumphant, is to be false alike to art and to worldly experience. Judged by this standard, how few of our modern dramas bear examination! One of the earliest of the sensational pieces, the "*Colleen Bawn*," fulfilled some of these requirements; for the story itself was sufficient to enlist the sympathies of the audience, the principal characters were ably drawn, and the celebrated drowning scene gave rise to a climax which completely carried away the beholders. But the extraordinary success of this drama opened the way to a number of similar pieces by the same author, and by others; the ingenuity of playwrights, who neglected every other qualification, was reduced to the mere devising of a striking scene; and when their resources were exhausted, they appealed to the carpenters and scene-painters. Plot and character became utterly neglected, and theatrical representations of this description ceased to be connected dramas, and became a number of disjointed, detached scenes owing their success to a situation in a balloon, at the bottom of a mine, in a railway viaduct, or in a house on fire. Pieces like the "*Great City*," which was merely a series of sketches of London life, strung together at haphazard, had unprecedented runs, and enlightened audiences went into raptures at the sight of a fire-engine or a Hansom cab, an object which they had apparently never witnessed before in their lives. For some

years the scene-painter and the carpenter reigned supreme; but recently we have had before us a foreshadowing of a higher order of production, and Mr. Watts Phillips and Mr. Wills have made praiseworthy efforts to reinstate the romantic drama: the play of "Hinko" having been well received, whilst of "Charles I." and "Montcalm," the latest novelties in this direction, we shall speak hereafter.

Authors, actors, managers, and audiences, have been all in their turn blamed for the present condition of theatrical affairs, and they all, no doubt, are more or less in fault. Whether managers should endeavour to raise the public taste, or whether an improved public taste should require managers to supply a higher class of entertainment, is a question open to discussion. Managers, it may be argued, are merely traders, who are only bound to furnish their customers the article they require; and if they find that burlesques, and sensational pieces, and farces, replenish the treasury, they cannot reasonably be expected to alter their bills. Moreover, managers themselves are mostly actors following certain routine practices, and possessing very questionable canons of judgment, they probably have neither the capital, nor the knowledge, nor the talents, required to raise the dramatic art, and we do not see how serious effort in that direction can be expected from them. Men of refinement, of education, of genius, and of wealth, will hardly feel disposed to embark into theatrical speculation; and if they did so, they would speedily retire after the loss of temper and of cash. We fear that the suggestion of a Quarterly Reviewer, some months since, that a State grant should be given to a national theatre, to be opened, not to pay commercially, but only to promote clearer perceptions of dramatic art among the masses, has small chance of being carried out,

otherwise it would certainly be an experiment worth trying, and it cannot be a question that the bulk of our play-goers sadly need instruction and discrimination. Whether it be that music-halls have vitiated the public taste, or that amphitheatres are continually being visited by persons from the country, who, totally unacquainted with the drama, have no means of distinguishing a good from a bad performance, or that our young men are quite satisfied if they see their favourite actresses indulge in their fondness for displaying their legs in men's garments, or in no garments at all; or whether it be that people do not take the trouble of thinking, accepting all they see on trust, and ready to be amused by it without reflection. It must be admitted that an audience in a third-rate French or Italian city is endowed with a better perception of what is correct and true in art, and a higher dramatic and artistic feeling, than some of the most fashionable and select audiences in our most frequented West-end houses.

And truly it is amusing to behold how the pit is amused; how every word that falls from the lips of the comic character is appreciated; how the simplest expression, the most worn-out threadbare jokes, that excited the risible muscles of our fathers and grandfathers, produce loud guffaws of horse laughter, drowning even the voices of the actors; how all is vigorously applauded and loudly encored; how the stalest devices, the most transparent clap-trap, the loudest rant, the greatest fustian, are received by "three rounds" from an enraptured gallery; how every grimace made by the closely-shaved low comedian is enjoyed; how every syllable of the arrant trash he utters, whether it be set down for him or not, is eagerly caught. Never mind whether the plot be weak, the characters wooden, the dialogue feeble; provided the low comedian has a good part, all may be saved. We

have witnessed an amusing little comedy at one of the best of our West End theatres, and it was falling somewhat flat on the spectators. A farcial incident had been inserted in the piece; it was quite out of place and out of keeping with the remainder; it was an artistic blunder, and spoilt the comedy. A continental audience would have hissed it. Nevertheless, it was received with great delight, and relished with keen zest by the pit, who apparently had cared for nothing else. On the other hand, quiet good acting, when it is contemplated—which is seldom enough, in all conscience—is not always properly understood, because playgoers are not invariably sufficiently cultivated to estimate it duly. Caviare is not liked by the multitude, and an artisan would prefer a pot of porter to a bottle of Steinberger Cabinet. Every shopboy, and every city clerk, knows a race-horse and a wager-boat when they see them; and so they are delighted with “Formosa” and “Flying Scud,” which remind them of objects familiar to them. But a high-class play, with acting of a superior order, cannot be comprehended by everyone, for it is not everyone that can grasp the workings of subtle passion, or seize the delineations of character. The calm, subdued acting of artists of the French school, even of such men as Frederic Lemaitre, Lafont, and the company of the Comédie Française, was not uniformly fully valued as it deserved, because, though true to nature, it was not in accordance with the conventional style known to the audiences of the St. James’s Theatre, who are in the habit of looking upon sound as force, and upon fury as power. Our auditories clearly require artistic education; but whence are they to obtain it?

Dramatic authors, to whom naturally one would turn for instruction, seem to be unable or unwilling to give it. Various reasons have been

assigned to explain the fact that second-rate men only figure as playwrights. It cannot be because the remuneration is insufficient; for Mr. Boucicault has stated that he obtained £8000 from the performance of one of his pieces, a scale of recompence sufficient to satisfy the demands of any reasonable literary man, however great may be his talents. Neither can it be because dramatic skill has altogether left the country, the only representatives of what is left being the few authors whose names usually figure in play-bills. It is fair, then, to assume that there must be something very considerably rotten in the state of Denmark, when the prevailing system checks instead of encouraging native genius. Within the last few years our readers will have read several discussions in the daily press as to the facilities to be given to budding dramatists. One manager in a fit of enterprise and generosity that ought to have overwhelmed the public, with a great flourish of trumpets, announced a scheme of his, which amounted to this—that an aspiring author might under certain circumstances, if his piece was thought worthy of it, be allowed to have it played once by day, in his particular theatre, at the author’s own cost. Supposing, however, that this step, that was surrounded by difficulties and expense, had been tided over, the candidate would have gained a mere barren honour, for the manager bound himself to nothing. It is not surprising, then, that this magnanimous scheme should have been a total failure.

It is idle to deny that aspirants to dramatic honours have to overcome difficulties in this country that do not exist in any other, and that it is next to impossible for an unknown man to obtain a hearing before the public. True, a strange name is occasionally seen in the play-bills, but probably his production has become familiar in some country

theatre, or he has been favoured by some unusual circumstances. It is not by mere merit assuredly, that a stranger can make his way as a dramatist in England; and if William Shakespeare, with his "Hamlet" in his pocket, or Sheridan, with his "School for Scandal," were to appear alone and unbefriended, we question whether they would penetrate much beyond the stage-door. Indeed, managers do not even profess to read the numerous MSS. left for their inspection, which, it must be admitted, would not always be an easy or grateful task. It is related of a well-known manager of the last generation, that the author of a MS. which had been sent for perusal, after many applications for its return, loudly demanded back his drama which he greatly valued, when the manager ushered the irate author into his private room, and bending politely, assured him that the MS. in question had been mislaid, but that he might instead take any one he chose of the hundreds of MSS. pieces in his possession, adding that probably he would lose nothing by the exchange.

Whilst, assuredly, gentlemen who devote their attention to dramatic composition are not allowed a fair chance, managers on the other hand urge, that it is impossible for them to examine all the MS. plays offered to them; that even if they had the inclination to do so, they could not afford the time, which would be utterly wasted, for not one in ten would repay perusal, and not one in a hundred could by any possibility be of any service to them; and that therefore they preferred applying only to tried hands. No doubt managers, like editors, have a vast heap of rubbish placed before them. But cannot means be devised of winnowing the wheat from the chaff? There must be men among the public, who possess dramatic abilities, and who could do at least as well—which by the way does not

appear very difficult—if not better than the gentlemen who monopolise our stage. Why should not the principal theatres employ a reader, who should take aside those productions that possess any merit, to be submitted to the company, as they do in France and Italy. The actors could then decide, by a majority of votes, whether the piece should be accepted or rejected. This plan appears to us very feasible; it might bring forward dramatists of talent who otherwise would continue to remain unknown and obscure, and at all events it would satisfy the public that merit was not neglected, and that all that could reasonably expected was done to encourage dramatic literature.

The object of the stage is to instruct as well as to amuse. People would not go to the theatre to hear a lesson as they would go to church. The pill must be gilded and the heart approached through the imagination. An illusion is therefore necessary, and the stage to attain it is elevated one step beyond truth. This one step precisely measures in its altitude the difference of sympathy in the bosom of the actor and the spectator. Genius exalts the performer in his sphere; science must uphold him there. A system only can enable him to tread midway between the heaven of fancy and the earth of fact. He, then, requires judgment to shape his conceptions into a conformity with the appearances of life, and yet preserve them from a too matter-of-fact resemblance which would destroy his elevation. He holds the spectator's illusion in his grasp, and, like glass, it is so delicate and brittle that it is sure to shatter if he lets it fall. But the perfection of his skill is not merely to work the wires and conceal his hand, or in other words to make art appear nature; it is something more, it is to make nature appear nature. It is to make the nature that burns in his own bosom

correspond with that of the spectators, by raising the latter up to the level of his own excitement, and to open to the general sympathies of a crowd the confined and peculiar feelings of the poet.

Cultivated minds can only be interested in a play in so far as they can believe in the reality of the events represented before them. If they once suspect that the acting is merely acting, the illusion disappears and the spell is broken. We appeal to the thoughtful among our readers as to whether the actors of the present day can satisfy this all-important condition. Where are the living performers who can carry with them an enthralled audience? or who can merge their own individuality into that of the characters they embody? We do not speak of tragedy; for the art of representing heroic personages is altogether lost, and, with the exception of a few honourable representatives of the past traditions of the stage, who may be counted on the fingers of the hand, we may seek in vain for actors and actresses equal to personifying tolerably well Shakspeare's creations. Not only do we look hopelessly for the genius of a Garrick, the tenderness of a Barry, the force of a Macklin, the varied excellence of a Woodward, the dignity of a Kemble, the passion of an Elliston, the graceful versatility of a Jack Bannister, the power of a George Frederick Cooke, the fire of an Edmund Kean, the brilliancy of a Henderson, the humour of a Mathews, the majesty of a Mrs. Pritchard, the grandeur of a Mrs. Siddons, the elegance of a Miss Farren, the sublimity of a Mrs. Yates, the expressiveness of a Mrs. Cibber, the soft lovingness of a Miss Bellamy, the comic roguishness of a Kitty Clive, the bewitching fascinations of a Peg Woffington, the freshness and sprightliness of a Mrs. Jordan—we even miss the most ordinary qualities required for success on the boards.

We can hardly blame performers for not possessing certain natural gifts, though we may criticise them for venturing on a profession for which they are not qualified. We are, however, justly entitled to find fault with them for not studying more closely the higher branches of their art, for not searching out proper models, and for not devoting themselves assiduously to the mastery of the science of acting. Genius is not given to all; but ordinary intelligence, united to perseverance and industry, will accomplish much. From Garrick to Kemble, from Mrs. Barry to Mrs. Siddons, no actor or actress ever attained permanent elevation without sheer hard study.

Foreign critics have asserted that a certain stiffness in the Anglo-Saxon character, a certain want of suppleness and pliancy, united to a natural lack of dramatic instinct, are the causes that prevent the English from equalling their continental neighbours in histrionic excellence. These reasons might have had some weight had we never possessed great actors; but after our brief review of the past glories of our stage, we are not inclined to acknowledge their validity. We are rather disposed to attribute the decadence of the histrionic art to temporary motives, such as the growing carelessness on the part of actors themselves, increased and fostered by the long runs of hundreds of nights, which must render the performer heartily sick of his part, and glad to get through it anyhow; the desire for making especial points in the representation, playing the remainder in a slovenly, indifferent manner, instead of endeavouring to maintain the whole in one standard of efficiency; the want of taste and proper discrimination on the part of the public, which makes them applaud hap-hazard every loud speech, and laugh at every attempted witticism; and finally, the culpable kindness of critics who, instead of pointing out their faults to beginners,

usually bestow eulogies on all those who are at all promising, whilst they praise, still more unduly, veterans to whose shortcomings they appear blind and dumb.

It is certainly painful for the lovers of dramatic art to find, the leading gentleman or lady cold and artificial in repose, and giving way to distressing rant or to shrill declamation, when deep emotion should be exhibited; the heavy father an obtuse, irascible, childish individual; the walking gentleman literally a walking stick, when not a disagreeable puppy; the low comedian a grotesque buffoon, at times merging into a state of delirium tremens; the comic footman an impudent varlet, whose outrageous conduct would not be endured for a moment in any decent drawing-room in the kingdom; the fine lady an affected, unnatural being, who speaks in drawling accents; the *ingenue* a commonplace romp or a silly school-girl; the chambermaid a music-hall comic vocalist. Moreover, many of our actors and actresses are unable to look like real gentlemen and ladies in actual life; they cannot dress like them, speak like them, and walk like them, and the breaches of etiquette and polite usages of good society committed on the stage are astonishing.

Let us now, before we conclude, take a survey at some of the principal novelties now in course of performance at a few of the most frequented houses. At the Lyceum, we have "Charles I," a play that would be called historical, did it not utterly falsify history. Mr. Wills, artistically speaking, has written a meritorious production, containing a well-constructed, though simple story, expounded in practical, touching, and pathetic language. Unhappily, the play, though successful from a dramatic point of view, has the irreparable fault of maligning one of the greatest names in English history, and representing Oliver Cromwell

as a time-serving sneak, as a vulgar, intriguing upstart, whose greatest ambition was to obtain an earldom, and who was ready to barter his principles for place and position. A poet as a right to introduce fictitious details around a historical personage, provided he maintains the elements of truth as to the main features of the character; but he has no right to pervert fact to serve his ends in fiction. Neither Goethe, nor Schiller, nor Racine, nor Alfieri, would have dared to distort a national hero into a commonplace ruffian; and no audience in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, or Florence, would have permitted such an insult to its understanding. We regret to have to make these remarks, all the more as Mr. Wills is honourably distinguished from the herd of playwrights, by seeking to appeal to higher feelings, and by offering a far healthier and more refined entertainments than are generally provided for theatres at the present time:

"Montcalm," a new drama recently brought out at the Queen's Theatre, is an imitation of the "Porte St. Marten" school, and consists of a scene tacked on from one piece, an idea borrowed from another, a character copied from a third, until a jumble follows, and a confused plot arises, singularly devoid of lucidity and clearness. Effects occur without adequate causes, which is a common failing with the dramatists of the day; and though some isolated striking scenes occur, it is impossible for the audience to be aroused into serious interest as to the fate of various individuals, whose proceedings baffle the comprehension of ordinary understandings.

"Cyril's Success," now played at the Globe, though it has been acted before, deserves mention as one of the best comedies of Mr. Byron, and as a favourable specimen of that style of composition. "Cyril's Success" and "Miss Chester," a comedy and a drama, as good as any

of their kind, albeit in many respects quite dissimilar, yet possess the same faults and contain the same stale devices. In both there is utter inadequacy between cause and effect, in both instances the story is based on the absence of the most ordinary common-sense on the part of some of the individuals depicted, who never in real life could have acted so foolishly, and who consequently could not have occasioned the events that afterwards followed. In both there is a duel, a supposed death, and a discovery that occurs at the very moment that the dramatist wishes to conclude his work. "Cyril's Success" is well acted—according to the standard of the present day, at least—it is amusing, and would be pathetic were not the fable based on so obvious an absurdity as to cause a feeling of wonder in the breast of the critical observer. The plot is simple enough, and without any pretence to originality; but as it contains some good situations, and the dialogue is pointed and occasionally sparkling, the comedy appears at first sight to be deserving of serious consideration. But let us examine it a little more closely, and we find that the effective situations are only obtained at the expense of truth and reality, and that the characters are the usual puppets, answering to the strings of the playwright, and following a certain course of action, because the piece requires it, and not because ordinary human beings would so conduct themselves.

*Cyril Cuthbert* is a popular author, who is *fêted*, courted, and caressed in society in a manner that authors only are in fiction—at all events, in this country, as Mr. Byron must well know. *Cyril* is a weak-minded, maudlin individual, who has recourse to the bottle whenever puzzled, who acts like a child, who neglects his wife for his acquaintances, and then gives vent to drunken tears when she leaves him.

His friends are *Major Trcherne, M.P.*, an elderly Don Juan, the *Hon. Frederick Titeboy*, and *Mathew Pincher*, a roaring dove, and a growling bear, who always hunt together. For what reason the budding aristocrat, and the middle-aged journalist, the musical amateur, and the professional satirist, as dissimilar a pair as could well be found, are habitually seen together, we are not told. Neither is it explained how it happens that *Matthew Pincher*, who is described as a literary hack, and consequently we should imagine a man who works hard for a living, can find time and opportunity to lounge about from house to house, and to be a member of an apparently fashionable club. *Mrs Cuthbert* is a jealous wife, and ready to believe anything about *Cyril*; and the cynical remarks of *Major Trcherne*, who is delegated by her husband to take her to the opera in his place, he having to attend some convivial meeting, opens her eyes to the *Major's* character, and makes her repel his attentions, which, under the guise of friendship, appear to have a dishonourable tendency. Her jealousy and unhappiness are increased by the visit of her former schoolmistress *Miss Grannett*, who entertains a great aversion to *Cyril*, and who, having separated many years before from her own husband, for incompetency of appetites, if not of inclinations, is not the best qualified person to bring back a couple to one another.

Unfortunately a letter from a woman is found on the carpet, and the two ladies are so excited that they only see the signature, which is "your own Clara." Instead of reading the note through and observing the address, incredible as it may appear, not only the angry wife, but her former governess and present adviser, jump at the conclusion that the epistle is directed to *Cuthbert*, though several gentlemen had been in the room, any one of whom



might have dropped it. Any reasonable human being would first have ascertained for whom the missive was really intended, and if found to be for one's own husband, explanation would be asked of him. Nothing of the sort was done in the present instance. *Mrs. Cuthbert* resolves to abandon *Cyril*, when anything short of wilful blindness must have satisfied her that the sheet was not meant for her darling, and she departs, only leaving a note for him. Senseless as is her conduct, that of *Cyril* matches it; for when he comes home, more than half intoxicated, though she had only just gone, and she could easily have been traced, in lieu of finding her out and endeavouring to explain matters, which he could easily have done satisfactorily, he sits on the sofa and bursts into drunken tears, nor does he make at any time afterwards any efforts to discover her.

The unreasoning wife proceeds on the following day to visit *Clara*, who proves to be *Mrs. Singleton Bliss*, a young widow, who is courted by the *Major*. Naturally, a *quid pro quo* ensues, which would be laughable if it did not rest altogether on a false basis. *Mrs. Singleton Bliss* dismisses the *Major* as the supposed husband of the young person who came to make a scene, and everybody is made thoroughly uncomfortable for reasons only required by the five acts of the comedy. For a twelvemonth *Mr.* and *Mrs. Cyril Cuthbert* live apart—the lady with *Miss Grannett*, who must have terribly neglected her pupils; whilst the gentleman goes to the bad. He drinks, and fails in everything he tries; his novels are flat; his last drama, which is hopelessly dull, is hissed; and when he comes to the club smoking-room, he picks up a quarrel with *Major Treherne*, between *Cyril* and whom there is not much love lost. The *Major* is embittered by his want of success with *Mrs. Cuthbert*, and his dismissal by

*Mrs. Bliss*, whose fortune he greatly needs; and, on the other hand, *Cyril* fancies himself aggrieved, and connects him somehow with his wife's departure. The scene that ensues, we are bound to say, is powerful. *Mr. Montague*, as *Cyril*, is very effective; and the mind of the spectator, if he could divert himself of the absurdities that lead up to the catastrophe, would feel strongly impressed by it. That hackneyed result—a duel—follows, in which the *Major*, though a practised duellist, is left for dead; hence arise *Cyril's* remorse, his illness, his residence with *Mathew Pincher*, who is also very much at elbows, and whose cynical and bitter temper, by a marvel most unusual in real life, is subdued by adversity and rendered most amiable and sweet. As the end approaches, all the principal *dramatis personæ* find their way to *Cyril's* lodgings, under more or less flimsy pretences. His wife goes back to him, informed of his whereabouts by the *Hon. Fred. Titboy*. The *Major*, who had only been wounded, having been aroused to a sense of the wickedness of his conduct, arrives to ask *Cyril's* forgiveness. *Mrs. Singleton Bliss* appears on the scene to make an inquiry, and is rendered happy by the *Major* being restored to her; and *Miss Grannett*, who accompanied her former pupil, perceives in *Mr. Mathew Pincher* her husband, and she is forthwith reconciled to him. Thus everyone is made happy, in a case where the exercise of the most ordinary intelligence would have prevented a vast deal of misunderstanding, though it might have concluded the piece at the end of the second act. And this is a comedy which, faulty as it is, is far from being one of the worst of its class.

The same might be said of the drama entitled "*Miss Chester*," which is equal, if not superior, to many pieces that have met success in recent times. But there are the

identical unreality, the striving after strong situations, the action without sufficient motive, the artificial conventional characters. How came *Miss Chester* to seek refuge under the roof of a worldly-minded and hard-hearted sister-in-law, we are not told; neither is it intelligible why the *Countess of Montessor* should not have been in time informed of the death of her second son, instead of having another boy brought to her instead of her own. Surely many mothers of far warmer affections have to suffer from the loss of a child: and a woman of her apparent disposition could very well have borne the news of its death without feeling any particular grief, or even retarding her recovery from the illness subsequent to its birth. From this event arises all the mischief. *Rupert*, the supposed second son of the Countess, comes home on his twenty-first birthday, when the comic lawyer reveals the secret of his exchange to the Countess, who seems to receive the news with considerable composure, and soon afterwards orders away the young man whom she had brought up as her own son with just as much indifference as if he had been a stray dog. *Lady Gertrude*, the boy's mother, and the late Earl's sister, who had been betrayed in her youth into a spurious marriage, to save herself the humiliation of confessing the past, remains silent and grief-stricken. The plot turns on the wrongs of *Lady Gertrude*, and on the rivalry between the young *Earl of Montessor* and *Rupert* for the love of their cousin *Isabel*. *Rupert* possesses the usual inconsistency of stage-lovers. At the close of the first act, he firmly declines the affection proffered by *Isabel*. At the beginning of the second he vows revenge against *Montessor*, whom he believes to have supplanted him, and upbraids *Isabel* for her perfidy. *Rupert* joins an adventurer, named *Michael Fortescue*; but at the request of

*Isabel*, who once more declares her attachment to him, *Rupert* to save *Montessor* from the meshes of a set of *chevaliers d'industrie*, quarrels with *Fortescue*, and in the duel that follows he is left for dead by the latter, who is informed by *Miss Chester* that he had slain his own son. Of course *Rupert* recovers, owing to the careful nursing of *Miss Chester*, who, for no reason that we are aware of, gave out that he was dead. Moreover, he obtains employment with a foreign house, which sends him to India on a confidential mission, though he is quite new in its service, and though from his education he must have been utterly ignorant of business matters. Before going to India he proceeds to *Montessor Castle*, when he was believed to be dead and buried; and on his upbraiding *Miss Chester* for her mysterious behaviour, she discovers herself to be his mother, which there was no earthly motive she should not have done long before. The scene, it must be admitted was most touching, and excellently played by Mrs. Hermann Vezin, who evinces true pathos, and who fairly carries with her an electrified audience. Eventually everything comes right, *Rupert* obtains the hand of *Isabel*; and *Michael Fortescue*, the adventurer and former betrayer of *Lady Gertrude*, comes forward a repentant and wealthy man stricken with remorse, and having just discovered, at the nick of time—by one of those extraordinary chances that only occur in the final scene of a melodrama—that his marriage with *Lady Gertrude* was perfectly valid, his former wife having really been dead at the time.

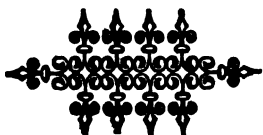
It will be seen that the human nature depicted in this piece is that seen behind the footlights, and not in the real world of every-day life. The situations in the drama acquire principally their vitality from the powerful acting of Mrs. Hermann Vezin, which deserves high praise

in every part, with the single exception of the scene with *Michael Fortescue* over the body of *Rupert*, when she falls into the sing-song loud declamatory accents too common on our stage. As for the other performers, to criticise them would be merely to record the usual failing of our actors and actresses of the day.

To sum up, we can only say that we do not anticipate any radical im-

provement in the standard of our theatrical entertainments until the managers are themselves men of higher cultivation, and more accessible to independent talents—until authors seek their inspirations from the highest models of their own and other countries—until actors study and follow closely nature—and until critics speak out fearlessly without regard to personal susceptibilities and social claims.

J. P.



## THE PHILOSOPHER.

## A NOVEL.

## BOOK V.

## THE ULTIMA THULE.

## CHAPTER V.

## AN IRON HAND STRETCHED FORTH.

IN spite of bright sunbeams, breezes so fresh and joyous as to seem sent direct from heaven itself, fragrant flowers, merry music of the birds and the thousand pleasant sights and sounds of nature in her most beautiful aspect, a spirit of gloom securely reigned at Rumbleton Hall. Mr. Viking had, indeed, made some attempt to avow his regret for having so completely overthrown the fabric of the family intentions; but Charles persistently refused to hold any communication with his father, beyond such brief meetings as were absolutely necessary; wherefore my uncle spent the greatest portion of his time in long rides or walks about the country, avoiding the Hall as much as possible, and seeking for the company of strangers with whom he might for awhile forget his miserable plight. Mrs. Viking, too, was a prey to the keenest emotions of disappointment and anger. She took good care to drive through Merringham every day, and in her most scornful way would pay ceremonious visits to the notabilities of the place: but the undisguised coldness with which she was everywhere received, and the constant expressions she encountered of affectionate interest in the fate of "Squire" Arcles and Lily Trevor, proved a continual well-spring of bitterness, of which she drank deeply

until her bosom overflowed with the most vindictive malice. The weakness of her husband had inspired her with a contempt that was fast degenerating into loathing; and though she gladly welcomed the intimation of Clara's engagement to the brilliant and famous barrister, yet the subdued and gentle air which the poor girl now manifested, she viewed with ever-increasing vexation, little wotting how terrible and exhausting had been the storms which had tossed her daughter's heart so long. As for her son, she looked upon him with a fierce pride as the only worthy member of the family; and daily she strove to induce him to confide his plans to her and to be guided by her counsel, urging upon him the necessity of being up and doing in order to triumphantly complete the great work he had thus far accomplished.

Clara lived, as I have said, gently and sadly. Littlemore had returned to London on the evening of the day when Charles had visited Elsie; and he left behind him a soul not altogether enthralled. Magician as he had proved himself to be, the second heart that had become spell-bound by the glamour of his presence had not been so fatally entranced as the first. Flattered, consoled by the thought of being in some measure avenged, forced to admire and per-

sued almost to love, there was still an unsatisfied yearning in Clara's breast. Had Littlemore been a more perfect actor, had Clara's simple question not taken him so thoroughly aback, the sweet jasmine would alone have clung with loving tendrils to her heart, and no bitter rue would there have found room for growth. But such was not to be the case, and amidst the pleasant visions of Clara's thoughts there mingled ever and anon portentous shades of sorrow and despair.

The Rev. Charles Viking, having witnessed the departure of his friend for London, returned to Rumbleton Hall, more at ease than he had been for many weary weeks. The terrible memories of Leighbury, his bitter hate of me, the ruin which his father had brought upon his plans, all fled from his soul as he dwelt upon the marvellous coincidence of that morning. Just as the skies were most lowering, the rifted clouds had suddenly revealed the blue heaven; at the moment that the waters were closing over his head, he had grasped the outstretched hand of an angel: arrived at the brink of the unfathomable abyss, he found it spanned by a bridge of fairy-like elegance, leading to bright visions opposite. His very knowledge of Lily's invincible repugnance to him had grown dim in the dazzling radiance of the apparition that had so suddenly and unexpectedly appeared. For awhile the phantoms of happiness and peace beguiled him, and wrapped in the sweet confusion of their presence, he sought for no clue to lead him from so charming a labyrinth.

He entered the house, and proceeded straight to his study. On the stairs he met his mother, and moved by some strange impulse he stopped before her for a moment, took her face gently between his hands, imprinted a tender kiss upon her cheek, and then gravely passed on. She was so surprised at this action, and so astonished at the un-

wonted joy and excitement that sparkled in his eyes, that she remained speechless for the instant; but as soon as he had left her, she immediately conjectured that some important circumstance had arisen, and feeling that at length the opportunity had arrived for entering into serious consultation with him, she determined to follow him to his study.

She found him seated at the table, and attentively regarding some object in his hand. He was too absorbed to notice her entrance or her approach behind him, so that she was enabled to look over his shoulder unobserved, and to see what it was that so attracted his attention. It was a portrait of Lily Trevor.

The phantoms of peace and happiness still flitted before Charles, leading his thoughts through mazy, unregarded wanderings; but their forms were already growing dim, and as he yielded to the fascination of the divine lineaments portrayed in the picture before him, a subtle, incomprehensible sensation of sorrow began to possess him. His hand commenced to tremble involuntarily, and unconscious of his perturbation, but feeling simply an exquisite emotion of grief arising in his soul, his eyes grew moister and moister, until at length a tear dropped upon the portrait in his hand.

Simultaneously, he felt a firm grasp upon his shoulder.

"Charles Viking!" said a stern bitter voice.

Swiftly sped away the phantoms! Disappeared all heaven-born sorrow! Remained the ruin of a soul!

Startled by the interruption, stung by the tone of his mother's voice, the clergyman sprang to his feet, and turning round drew himself to his full height with his arm crossed upon his chest, and dismissing all that was godlike in one long profound bitter sigh, he stood with pale cheeks, compressed lips, and flashing eyes.

Mrs. Viking regarded him a moment with a severe, searching scrutiny.

tiny. Then, as if satisfied, she said, coldly and deliberately—

"Now, you are my son! Be seated there! I wish to speak with you!"

Charles took the seat indicated, while his mother drew a chair to the fireside, and composing herself in a listening posture, said, looking the while earnestly into the fire—

"What has happened to-day?"

"I have discovered Lily," replied Charles.

It was now Mrs. Viking's turn to start. She glanced hurriedly at her son, and, with her breath going and coming spasmodically, gasped, rather than said—

"Where? Where?"

"At Morton Manor, where Elsie Dawes is lying on her death-bed, abandoned by Tom Littlemore. I went to-day to visit Elsie and tell her of Tom's engagement to Clara; and while in her room, the house-keeper by chance mentioned that a Miss Trevor was staying there. On leaving the house I caught sight of Lily's face at a window."

"Where and what is this Morton Manor?"

"It is a country mansion not very far from Leighbury. The postboy told me it belonged to an eccentric gentleman named Morton who had very recently come into possession of the property, and who seldom resided there."

Mrs. Viking remained silent for a minute, and attentively regarded the glowing embers. Then she said very slowly and in a sinister tone of voice,

"What do you propose to do, Charles?"

"I propose to kill myself," was the reply, coldly and calmly delivered.

The mother looked at her son, and at first was almost terrified at the strange light that beamed in his eyes; but recovering her self-possession almost immediately, she said in accents of scorn,

"Out upon thee, Charles! What! resign the contest in the very mo-

ment of victory! Forsake the prize to be gained by another!"

The last shaft struck home. She perceived her advantage, and continued—

"Display a little more of the courage and energy that have hitherto succeeded so well! Dare to pluck the flower within your grasp! Pluck it with a hand of iron that can both gather and crush!"

The last words were spoken in a suppressed tone, but they were accompanied by so meaning a glance that Charles felt his blood run coldly through his veins, even though the fiercest emotions of hatred and vengeance were being rapidly aroused in his mind. He leant forward, with one hand outstretched eagerly upon the table, while the other tightly grasped the arm of the chair in which he was sitting, and looking keenly into his mother's eyes, he said—

"Will you assist me?"

"To the bitterest end," replied Mrs. Viking.

A sudden idea seemed to strike Charles, and rising from his seat he touched the hilt of the knight's sword in the chimney-jamb, and as the massive stone slowly revolved, he silently pointed to the dark opening thus revealed.

Fear had little room in Mrs. Viking's nature, but the mysterious action of her son, and the revelation of this secret passage, produced a feeling of trepidation.

"What—what does this mean, Charles?" she hurriedly asked.

"It means that I wish you to assist me 'to the bitterest end,'" he replied. "This is a place I discovered by accident some days ago. I made one attempt to explore it and failed; You must now try."

His mother had already regained her nerve, and rising from her seat, she took the lamp from the table, without a word, and boldly entered the passage. Charles Viking followed.

They slowly descended the steps, and found the ponderous door at the bottom standing open, just as Charles had left it, on the occasion of his previous visit. This encouraged him, and taking the light from his mother, he led the way into the vaults, stopping every step to listen, but hearing no sound of any kind. At the entrance of the arched passage, however, he paused, and again its horrible similarity to the vaults at Leighbury began to paralyse him with fear; but at this moment Mrs. Viking urged him in a low tone to advance, and the sound of her voice so rallied his disturbed spirits, that summoning up his utmost presence of mind, he pressed forward into the abode of awe.

Holding the light aloft, and looking cautiously before and on all sides of them, they traversed the passage and found that it led into a spacious vault, with its groined roof, supported by a huge stone pillar in the centre, in the same manner as in the other vault at the bottom of the steps. Some stone benches were placed against the walls, and high up near the roof were two small windows strongly barred with iron, leading to the supposition that the vault had in former times served as a dungeon, and that it had probably formed a portion of a castle, on whose ruins the present Hall had been erected. The atmosphere of the place was, however, drier and fresher than that of the passage or of the other vault, but a careful inspection failed to reveal any other exit than that by which Mrs. Viking and Charles had entered. Accordingly they determined to retrace their steps, and after carefully examining the first vault, they returned by way of the staircase to Charles's study.

The result of their inspection had greatly inspirited the clergyman. He felt assured that the noises and the voice he had heard on the former occasion had been merely

the products of his own heated imagination, and the view with which he had requested his mother to examine the place, had become greatly strengthened by all he had seen.

As soon as the entrance to the vaults had been closed, and they had resumed their seats, he said—

"Mother, will you now assist me?"

"Aye," replied Mrs. Viking, her features still pale from the trial her courage had undergone, but her eyes beaming with vindictive pleasure—"the stubbornest will must grow weak down there."

"It must be the last resort, though," said Charles. "This room must be the first, and ought to be sufficient."

"No extremities should, indeed, be necessary," rejoined his mother; "but having begun all you must dare all."

"Good night, mother!" said Charles.

Mrs. Viking looked at him in surprise, but in his look she saw that which induced her to acquiesce in his wish to terminate the conversation.

A few days after this interview—indeed, on the very day of my arrival at Leighbury—Lily Trevor awoke betimes. The first golden rays of the morning were beginning to sparkle through the diamond panes of her lattice-window, and the whole world outside seemed so fresh and joyous, that she seemed tempted to rise at once, and walk round the old garden. Accordingly she proceeded to dress, and on leaving her room found, to her surprise, that the whole household had already risen. Inquiring the reason of this, she was much distressed to learn that it was owing to Mrs. Bolster having received a message to the effect that Mr. Morton had met with a serious accident, and it was with a heavy heart that she proceeded to put her design of a walk into execution. The unhappy news she had just heard ren-

dered the association of the gardens too mournful, and, therefore, she determined to stroll for some little distance along the high-road.

As she passed through the entrance-gates, she saw a carriage standing at the end of a lane leading from the high-road to the house, and coming along this lane was the driver, a tall man, with extremely bushy whiskers and moustache and beard, and dressed in a large top-coat, while his hat was so broad-brimmed, and was so thrust down upon his head that it much obscured his visage. Lily was a little frightened at the appearance of the man, nor was her trepidation diminished when he came up to her and said, in a very gruff voice,—

"Are you Miss Trevor, if you please?"

"Yes," said Lily, surprised that a stranger should know her name.

"Then this letter's for you," rejoined the coachman handing her a note, which he extracted, after much trouble, from the bottom of a huge pocket in his coat.

The letter was addressed "To Miss Lily Trevor;" and hurriedly opening it, she read the following:—

"Mr. Richard Arcles is still alive in the neighbourhood of Merringham. It is, however, doubtful whether he can survive much longer; and, therefore, if Miss Trevor should wish to see him before he dies, she had better at once hasten to his side."

It were impossible to depict the anguish that filled Lily's mind at this intelligence. To be assured that her lover was not dead, as she had imagined, and yet to be told that he was doomed, caused a cruel conflict of contending emotions; while the sudden and unexpected nature of the information, coming so soon after the news of Mr. Morton's accident and the death of Elsie Dawes, well nigh deprived her of her powers of thought. She hastily turned the letter over and over, but

found nothing to indicate who had sent it, or whither it had come. Thereupon she turned to the man who had brought it, and said, in a voice broken by agitation—

"Where is Mr. Arcles?"

"He's at the inn at Haydon's Corner, near Merringham," returned the man. "The landlady gave me that letter, and told me to bring it here."

"What shall I do?" pursued Lily, her distress and agitation increasing every moment. "Mr. Moreton's carriage is away. How can I possibly get to Haydon's Heath?"

"I can take you there, Miss," replied the coachman. "The landlady thought I had better bring the carriage yonder, in case you might want to come. If you like to get in, it won't take me long to drive you to Mr. Arcles."

Lily did not stop to discuss the matter with herself; but hurriedly saying "Thank you—I will at once go," ran, rather than walked, to the carriage, and, entering it, threw herself on the seat, and covered her face with her hands in a transport of grief.

The coachman mounted the box, and at once drove off in the direction of Merringham. He did not, however, keep to the high road, but seemed to prefer the least-frequented lanes and bye-roads, though he urged his horses to their utmost speed, as if from compassion for the anxiety of his fair charge. Mile after mile past, and the suspense of Lily's heart grew more and more intolerable. She pictured to herself the dreadful spectacle of my lying at the point of death, perhaps grievously wounded, or perhaps stricken down by some fell disease, and in either case attended by strangers, and deprived of the sweet consolation which her presence would afford. At times, with a convulsive shudder, the thought crossed her mind that I might even be already dead, and that she was on her way to see but



the corpse of him she loved so intensely. She felt, too, that some dreadful mystery had woven itself around our fates, and in vain she endeavoured to imagine a probable solution, the utmost result of her thoughts being that she became imbued with a feeling of approaching misfortune.

At length she began to recognise the country in the vicinity of Mer-  
ringham, and in another few minutes she was startled upon observing at a little distance the avenue trees that led to Rumbleton Hall, as well as the multitudinous roof of the old building itself. She remembered, however, that the road to Haydon's Corner passed by the entrance to the Hall, and feeling relieved, shrank back into the carriage to avoid recognition if anyone were to pass who might know her.

Suddenly the carriage violently swerved, and before she quite recovered the shock which this gave her, she saw trees passing in quick succession on each side of the road,

and looking out she found that the coachman had turned into the avenue of Rumbleton Hall itself, and was pushing his horse along at a furious gallop.

A cold shudder ran through her frame, as she instantly perceived that the note she had received was nothing but a *ruse*, and that she had allowed herself to be entrapped. At the same time a mighty weight was lifted from her soul, on the falseness of the intelligence respecting my position becoming apparent. Collecting all her energies, and feeling that the only chance in her favour was to remain perfectly calm, she awaited the *dénouement* with beating heart.

The carriage drew up at the door of the Hall, which was flung open and Mrs. Viking appeared. The coachman, too, descended from his seat, and opening the carriage-door, revealed a countenance free from whiskers and beard, and no longer obscured by the slouching hat.

It was the face of Charles Viking.

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## A GLANCE AT SOME EARLY ROMANCES.

THE poet, the dramatist, and even the historian, preceded the novel or romance writer in the order of time. The earliest specimens of fiction were the poetic legends or traditions recited to assemblies to the partial accompaniment of music. Then dramas were composed and acted, and histories written and recited, before assemblies. The separate rhapsodies composing the Iliad were listened to at popular gatherings, say 900 A.C., and comedies and tragedies acted before the people of Athens 400 years later. The spells attendant on poetry and music secured the attention of the hearers listening to the recital of the deeds of Grecian and Trojan heroes, or the wanderings of the crafty and brave Ulysses. Poetry, music, and action combined in a drama, were sure to keep its witnesses spell-bound. The interest imparted to a historical narrative by its supposed truth, especially if the ancestors of the listeners had borne their part in the action, fixed their attention. Poem, drama, or history, when favoured with public approbation, was purchased by state or city, preserved in the public archives, and copied as need or expedience required. A long fictitious narrative in prose was not calculated to take such hold on men's minds. They would be obliged to devote the leisure time of several days to make themselves masters of the entire subject. They would be wearied by

the descriptive, didactic, and, in fact, all the level portions of the fiction. Their ears, accustomed to the rhythmic march and the other attractive qualities of verse, would have little welcome for the prosaic vehicle of the tale, and the absence of all confidence in the truth of what was related would inflict further discouragement.

Besides all these impediments to the success of a classical prose romance, a still more effective one was presented by the absence of that engrossing element which pervade most modern works of fiction, the influence of a pure mutual affection existing between an estimable youth and a no less estimable maid, and the impression that no good which this world could afford would compensate them for a separation.

Owing to the inferior estimation in which women were held by the pagans, and their consequent want of mental cultivation, a Grecian novelist would be deprived of the opportunity of weaving into his narrative all the pleasant and interesting incidents attending the first acquaintance of a noble-minded and gifted pair, the tantalising circumstances attending the nursing of the mutual passion, the breathless declaration, the hurrid and palpitating acceptance, the interruptions and oppositions interposed by disappointed rivals, or cold and ill-disposed parents, and all the troubles, difficulties, and scruples to be over-

come before the holy and joyful vows which were to unite them for ever, were pronounced.

As the impulse of framing stories and writing them down was not unfelt by Grecians gifted with requisite genius, it is probable that shorter or longer romances of some kind were composed and read to assemblies of the author's acquaintance, and never heard of a score miles away from his neighbourhood, and that the MS. and the memory of the tale equally vanished from the eyes and the memory of his friends, and became things of the past within a few years.

The one exception to this discouragement of prose romance or novel,—the "*Cyropædia*" of Xenophon (400 A.C.) can scarcely be called an exception. It was a mere embodiment of the author's idea of a great and good prince, the character and actions of a once-living king being invested with such amiable and noble traits and circumstances as the author thought proper to bestow on them.

What an archæological treasure would a "Queen-Hoo Hall," a "Vicar of Wakefield," or an "Antiquary," written in Italy at the time of the Punick Wars, or in Greece, during the reign of Peisistratos, be in our days if carefully preserved in MS. But it is probable that some such were committed to wooden tablets, papyrus, or parchment. The oldest prose stories preserved—all subsequent to the commencement of the Christian era—possess none of the best properties of the modern good novel. None of the occurrences of ordinary life enter into them, and the traces of contemporary customs or usages found in them, are exceedingly slight.

"*The Loves of Leucippe and Clitophon*," written by Achilles Tatius, date from 87 A.D. It is a poor specimen of its class, deals in matters outside of ordinary human experience, and few living pub-

lishers, except those of Holywell Street and their continental brethren, would like to issue an English or French version of it. Let us hope that its author, an Egyptian by birth, had written it before his conversion to Christianity, and long before his being advanced to the dignity of Bishop, both of which happy events are said to have occurred to him.

The next prose fiction in order of time was the "*Golden Ass*" of Lucius Apuleius, a native of Madaura, in Africa. It has much to do with magic and sorcery, the opening incident being the transformation of the hero into an ass, and the story itself consisting of the wild and ludicrous adventures which befel him in that disguise. The ability displayed, and the insight into human nature and human motives, suggest the idea of a sage giving lessons of wisdom to a crowd, his body clad in motley, and his head adorned with a jester's cap and bells.

The man himself was an estimable character, who after spending a good deal of time at his studies at Carthage, Athens, and Rome, gained his livelihood, in the last-named city, by pleading causes. It was his fortune to be obliged to plead a very important and disagreeable one in self-justification. A rich widow showed her good taste and good sense in bestowing her hand and fortune on him, and so displeased her relations thereby, that they accused him of having employed sorcery in his wooing. He made an able defence for himself before the African proconsul, and was pronounced innocent of having used any but human and legitimate means in securing his wife and her treasures. We possess only fragments of his literary productions, the one above-mentioned excepted. Apuleius lived in the second century, being a contemporary of the Emperor Antoninus, who died A.D., 161, and of Marcus Aurelius, his successor.

We now come to "The True History" of Lucian, a still wilder romance than that of Apuleius, and apparently written to bring ridicule on some contemporary productions of an extravagant and incredible character. But Lucian's burlesque possesses little merit. The outrageous incidents are not relieved by any happy allusions, or sallies of wit, or covert satires on the vices or follies of his day. The relator and his comrades are driven in their barque out beyond the pillars of Hercules, into the great Western ocean, and meet some tantalising adventures in the isle of Atlantis, and on re-embarking they and their vessel are blown up beyond the region of the clouds, and into the lunar kingdom of Endymion. They would probably be sacrificed to the ignorance and prejudice of the natives, but for the sudden resolution of the King to utilise their skill and courage in his war with Phaëthon, king of the Sun, who was disputing with him the privilege of colonising the Morning Star. Victory being obtained for the Lunatics, chiefly through the abilities of the Terrestrials. Endymion does what he can to induce these last to settle in his kingdom, but they prefer to return to *terra firma*. They accomplish their purpose by sailing in a zig-zag direction, thus avoiding the disagreeables of a downright drop, and so they find themselves at last in the Mediterranean. Their condition is, however, but little bettered. A monstrous fish swallows them, ship and all, and so capacious is his inside that it affords room to groves, lakes, &c., and various swallowed inhabitants much dissatisfied with each other. They make their condition as tolerable as circumstances allow, and watch for a safe exit through the monster's mouth. This is effected at last by getting the vessel adroitly into that orifice and preventing its closing, by keeping the mast in an upright position.

"The True History" falls as far short of the merit of "Gulliver's Travels" as a "Brambletye House" of the merit of "Ivanhoe." Make some trifling concession when you land on Lilliput or Brobdingnag, and nothing jars on your belief till you quit either kingdom; but in perusing the "True History" you do not yield the slightest credence to any occurrence from beginning to end.

If it was Lucian's object to turn the improbable and impossible narratives of his contemporaries into contempt; by relating still more unreal adventures, he should have invested them with such absurd or ludicrous circumstances, as to excite contempt and derision towards the others in the minds of his hearers. This he did not attempt. The tone of the whole composition is as grave and level as if the author was employed on a guide to Athens or Antioch.

The last of the ancient prose romances, which we can afford to notice, is the "Ethiopic History," the "Chaste and Constant Loves of Theagenes, a Thessalian, and Clariclea, an Ethiopian" (Lady), written by Heliodorus, a native of Emessa, in Phenicia, and afterwards bishop of Trica, in Thessally. This tale, almost the only commendable one composed in the pre-Christian or early Christian times, abounds in stirring incidents attendant on the trials of the chaste lovers, the dangers through which they were conducted in safety, and the attempts made to separate them. The author having put their virtue and constancy to severe proofs during ten pretty long books, was content at last, as was only equitable, to see them happily united in holy matrimony. Cervantes took this ancient tale for his model in the composition of his "Adventures of Persiles and Sigismunda." Heliodorus lived in the reign of Theodosius the Great, who died towards the close of the fourth century.

We cannot imagine the grave and

pious dignitary composing his tale of love and adventure, after his elevation to episcopal or even sacerdotal dignity. The story was put together in his youth, when he was perhaps a pagan, and obnoxious to the tender passion himself, though in a pure and sinless form. He dwells upon the idea of his Chariclea, an embodiment of female loveliness, amiability, and virtue, with such complacency and relish as a grave churchman could not think of entertaining. A priestess of Diana, we find her at the opening of the story an exile in Egypt, endeavouring to recal to existence her apparently lifeless lover Theagenes. While thus piously occupied, she is unconscious of being an object of attention to a party of brigands. This was the spectacle on which their eyes were fixed :—

“A young virgin seated on a rock, of such rare and wonderful beauty that any one, at first sight, would have taken her for a goddess. Though saddened by her pitiable state, she showed in her demeanour the fearlessness and nobility of virtue. A chaplet of laurel encircled her head, and at her back was suspended her quiver. With one hand resting on her knee, and the other supporting her cheek, she kept her eyes fixed on a youth, who, wounded and bruised, lay along on the ground without sign of life. At last, he begins to come to himself by little and little, gradually awaking, as it were, from a profound sleep. His fair skin seemed still fairer from the streaks of blood which traversed it. His eyes remained closed through pain and exhaustion, but his watchful guardian never removed her own from them. At last he uttered, with weak and interrupted accents, ‘Do I behold your spirit, sweet love, or are you still in life? In this abode of spirits, it seems as if yours preferred to quit the upper air and follow me here.’ ‘Both ara in life, dear Theagenes,’ said she. ‘If I had

not observed some weak signs of recovery about you, this keen dagger would have ere now freed my spirit to be the companion of thine!’

“Saying these words she hastily descended from the rock, and the brigands were astonished and awed at the sight of her beautiful figure, as if a flash of lightning had crossed their sight, and they withdrew behind the shrubs and into the thickets. Her stature seemed enlarged, and her air more goddess-like as she arose; and as she descended the rock, while the arrows rattled in her quiver, her golden robe blazed in the sunlight, and her hair, escaping from under her laurel chaplet, fell behind and at each side in wavy ringlets. Her whole appearance so dazzled and confounded the minds of the robbers, that they were persuaded that she could be no other than a goddess, but whether Venus or Isis they could not tell.

“But when she stooped over the apparently lifeless youth, and with the tears falling fast from her eyes, she kissed his forehead and touched his wounds and wiped them, they soon changed their opinion. ‘No goddess,’ said they within themselves, ‘would condescend to caress a corpse.’”

The lovers came under the power of Thyamis, a princely robber chief, who, in dividing a large assortment of booty, merely claimed for his portion the fair Chariclea. Theagenes, now fast recovering, was in despair, which was deepened on hearing his true love passing him off as her brother, and consenting to become the wife of the brigand chief.

He was little aware of the ability and *finesse* of the lady. Without once appearing to shrink from the abhorred nuptials, she requested her new suitor to defer the espousals till he would have defeated his wicked brother who had driven him from his inheritance, when the marriage might be celebrated in a manner worthy of his rank and of hers.

Theagenes soon discovered that her proceedings had for their only object his personal safety and a gaining of time and opportunity for their escape.

This last was nearer than they expected, though the circumstances were frightful enough. The bandit's hold was in an island in a lake, and in its difficult accesses. They were attacked by an overwhelming force of other brigands, to whom a large reward had been offered by Thyamis's wicked brother, if they or any of them would bring this chief into his presence. This bad man, Petosiris by name, had by his intrigues, got his elder brother degraded from his high office of Pontiff of Isis, in the great city of Memphis, had procured his banishment, and succeeded to his state. Learning, now, that he was at the head of a strong band of brigands, and intending at the first favourable opportunity to attack the city and resume his high office, he had, by promises of great reward, induced bodies of lawless men to assail Thyamis in his defences, and, above all, to bring him alive into his presence. These succeeded in the unexpected assault. After a desperate struggle they took the chief prisoner, and led him away, seizing, of course, on all the booty they could conveniently appropriate.

Everything combustible on the island, or the neighbouring shores, was set on fire, and Theagenes and a new-found friend, Gnemon, a Greek by birth, were in mortal terror for the safety of Chariclea, from whom they had been separated. They recovered her, however, in a cavern, to which Thyamis had consigned her when the danger became imminent.

For reasons which we have not space to specify in full, Gnemon quitted the lovers, appointing a rendezvous with them at a neighbouring town. On his approach to this place, he took notice of a venerable man, apparently under the influence

of some mighty sorrow; and as was usual in all romances, even to the days of Henry Fielding, a friendly intimacy immediately ensued, and the venerable Calasiris commenced his history.

Here the reader dreads that he has entered on an unconnected series of biographies, and that the further fortunes of the interesting lovers are of secondary consideration with the author; but he is mistaken. Calasiris's story includes the previous history of the peerless pair, and thus it runs:—Hydaspes and Persina, king and queen of Ethiopia, were long unblest with children, but at last the good queen was in hourly expectation of presenting her swarthy lord with an heir or heiress to rule his subjects after him. The child at last appeared; but, alas, Persina had been in constant study and admiration of a picture in her bedroom, representing the fair Andromeda bound to the rock, and awaiting the dread visit of the sea-monster, and the babe was as white as the princess. Terror seized on the poor mother. She and her husband were of a rich dark hue, and the appearance of the beauteous child would fright all Ethiopia from its propriety, and set tongues innumerable a-gabbling.

Any queen or empress of romance would do exactly what was done by the mother of our heroine. She wrote with a delicate camel-hair pencil on a piece of rich silken stuff the parentage of the child, and a pathetic exhortation to the lucky discoverer to watch religiously over its safety, hid some jewels, including her wedding-ring, in the drapery, got her treasure wrapped in silks, and had it laid in a fortunate locality, where it was discovered by Sysimethres, chief of a small body of Gymnosophist philosophers. He was rather dismayed on discovering the quality of his FIND, but accepted the trust like a philosopher of feeling; and for seven years cherished the

lovely child as if he were its father. At the end of that time he began to fear that the beautifully fair complexion of his charge might put some meddlesome folk connected with the court up to suspicions, the asking of impertinent questions, &c. ; and he was much relieved in mind when he received an order to proceed to a certain city of Egypt, to treat with the satrap who governed that country for the King of Persia, concerning a certain emerald mine near Syené, claimed by the Ethiopian King.

In that city, our philosopher became more alarmed for the safety of his dear ward ; and in his anxiety he became happily acquainted with Charicles, a priest of the Delphic Apollo, to whom he entrusted the young girl and her heirlooms, adjuring him by all he held sacred to regard her as a priceless treasure. He had scarcely effected this desirable arrangement when he was ordered to quit the city without a moment's delay. Charicles soon after returned to Delphi, his love for his amiable charge hourly increasing. Now we must explain who the narrator was, and how he became involved in the frame-work of the story.

Calasiris, some years before the date at which we have arrived, was that same high priest of Isis (father of Thyamis and Petosiris), who, as already related, went into voluntary exile into Greece to escape the sight of his two sons engaged in mortal combat, a future fact which he had discovered in the exercise of his priestly functions. Arrived at Delphi, he contracted a strict friendship with Charicles, whose ward, Chariclea, was now seventeen years of age, and enjoying the style of Priestess of Diana. Charicles was anxious that she should become the wife of his nephew, a personage of some importance. However, she had hitherto showed as much indifference to Cupid and Hymen as the chaste goddess whom she served.

Charicles communicated to his new friend and brother priest as much as he knew himself concerning the parentage of Chariclea, and, of course, our Isian pontiff was not at all anxious that the Ethiopian princess should bestow her self and her jewels on a mere Greek. He saw no possible mode, however, of conducting her to the land of the Sun, or seeing her suitably mated ; but love and destiny were preparing to bring about the desirable communication, and thus the events succeeded each other.

The Ænians, a people from the neighbourhood of Mount Oeta, came to the Delphi to offer sacrifices, and celebrate games in honour of Neoptolemus or Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, and at their head rode the hero of the story, Theagenes, whose appearance and estimable qualities his historian thus described, after particularising his costume, battle-harness, and equipments.

"His presence was a flash of lightning under which the beauty of all that preceded him was obscured, so dazzled were we by the splendour of his manly beauty and grace. He advanced, mounted like the rest, and bearing an ash-hafted brooze javelin, but no other arms of offence. There was no covering on his head, and the light breeze swept back his long hair or deposited it in waves round his neck and shoulders. A purple cloak, gold-embroidered with the fight of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, and held at his throat by a brooch fashioned as a head of Medusa, fell over the croupe and the sides of his steed. The noble and gentle air and beauty of the young chief arrested the attention of all eyes. In the opinion of the mingled crowd, men and women, no one of mortal race was worthy to be the peer of the youth."

This sight was, however, secondary to the appearance of the fair priestess, "as perfect female loveliness is more attractive and striking

than the most exquisite beauty displayed by a man."

"She was seated in a chariot drawn by a pair of milk-white oxen, and her purple robe adorned with gold-embroidery was girt at her waist with two artfully-fashioned serpents. Her abundant hair partly fell in free waves and ringlets over her shoulders, and was partly confined above by a circlet of laurel. She held in her left hand a gilded bow, her quiver hung behind from her right shoulder, and in her right hand she held a lighted torch."

This torch was to be handed to Theagenes, in order to fire the sacrificial wood-heap. As soon as their eyes met, each recognised in the other one fitted to be a soul companion, and for a while they gazed entranced on each other, as if seeking in their memory some occasion in their past existence when their sight had been thus blessed. They could not prevent a mutual smile from stealing over their features, but this was soon removed by a feeling of modest shame, and was succeeded by a blush."

The mutual attraction was soon strengthened by its becoming the pleasing duty of the priestess to place on the head of the young Thessalian a crown of laurel, won in a foot-race. But troubles soon came thick on them. They got no opportunity of speech, and Charicles would by no means consent that his nephew should be disappointed of his destined bride. But here Calasiris came to the rescue. He had heard from the Pythia, in her mysterious mode of announcing future things, the following prophecy :

"She, whose name commences with *Chari*, and ends with *cleos*, and he, whose name in substance is "Goddess-born," shall in a few days—hear this, ye Delphians—depart from this sacred temple, and after much wanderings and adventures, shall reach the dark-tinted region of the sun. There shall their virtue

and piety be rewarded, and their heads shaded with the white veil of Hymen."

Making acquaintance with some Phenician merchants about to set sail for Africa in a couple of days, he secured a passage for himself and the lovers, and at a time when Charicles was from home, and little apprehensive of impending evil, his house was invested by the young band of Thessalians, who had come with Theagenes to offer the sacrifice, the doors easily forced, and the fair object of the assault—previously acquainted with the design—not unwillingly borne away by the assailants. The young men, after traversing the main thoroughfares with blowing of trumpets, loud cries of "Chariclea, Chariclea!" and many fantastic bravadoes, took the road to Thessaly, while the sage Calasiris, and his two pupils, made their way unobserved to the ships, got on board, and were soon ploughing the Ionian sea towards the swart land of Africa. Charicles and his friends pursued the disturbers of his peace northwards, according to the intention of the plotters, and never dreamed of the real direction taken by them.

Our merchants being obliged by severe weather, to take to the shelter of a convenient cove, Calasiris, much to his terror, was confidentially informed by their chief, that he was distractedly in love with his daughter, and most anxious for her hand. He did not take Theagenes into the account at all, as he passed for her brother. The poor sage had nothing for it but to temporise. He suggested that the nuptials should be deferred till they arrived in Egypt, where they might be solemnised in a manner befitting the condition of both parties. He was beginning to recover from the shock occasioned by the proposal, when a few Corsair brigantines were discovered in the offing, and he soon learned that they were only waiting the departure of



the merchant vessel from her haven, to board her, and take possession of her rich freight.

And this undesirable occurrence really took place. The merchant vessel endeavoured to get away under the shelter of night; but the swift-sailing brigantines were soon on her track, and the result was the slaughter of some of the crew, the slavery of the remainder, the possession of the rich cargo by the Corsairs, and the strict confinement of our lovers and their reputed father.

In the division of the spoil Chariclea, as the reader already feels by instinct, became the prey of the chief pirate. He made no unworthy use of his good fortune, but proposed, like a pirate of conscience, to make her his bride. Neither Calasiris nor the lady herself, who had already received his instructions, gave a direct refusal. The sage merely requested a postponement till after their landing in Egypt. This was agreed to, and on their reaching land a feast was prepared on a large scale, the bride being magnificently attired and allowed to remain in the vessel. Calasiris being a pagan, and supposing all means harmless which lead to a good result, privately suggested to the chief's lieutenant, when the liquor began to do its duty, that it was a pity if he should allow so fair a prize to be lost to him for the little trouble and danger to be incurred in striking a blow in his own interest.

The words acted as a spark among tinder. The chief and his lieutenant were soon at high words. Blows succeeded the words, the half drunk crew fell on one another, one part supporting the claims of the chief, the other that of his aspiring subordinate. Theagenes joined in the fray, and while it held, Chariclea from an obscure stand, poured arrows indiscriminately on either side. At last all were slain or disabled except our young hero and the lieutenant, and while the single combat

endured, Chariclea was kept in exquisite terror. She could not discharge a shaft without a risk of slaying her lover. However, the powers that watch over purity and virtue protected him. His antagonist fell, mortally wounded, but he himself immediately after sunk on the ground exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood. This is the opening scene of the romance, the author having adopted Horace's advice concerning the treatment of a subject.

While Calasiris was thus bringing up the fortunes of the lovers to their landing on the Egyptian soil, and bewailing his sad separation from them, and his ignorance of their later fortunes, they were again made captives in the robbers' isle, their captor in the present instance being Mitranes, one of the captains of Orondates, who was then governing Egypt for the King of Persia. Luckily the host at whose house Calasiris and Gnemon were then domiciled, was a business ally of Mitranes, and entitled to a certain share of the profits obtained by the defeat of the brigands. He claimed Chariclea on the moment, asserting her to be his handmaid lately carried away in an incursion of marauders.

Mitranes unwillingly allowed his claim, and the lady was conveyed to his house, and rejoiced the heart of the good Calasiris by her recovery. Theagenes had been despatched to Orondates at Memphis, to become an ornament of his court, by his noble presence, or to be thence despatched to the court of the Persian king. Now, the sage and his ward began to devise means to effect his ransom with the rich jewels which she still kept safely secured about her person. Gnemon obtained the host's daughter for spouse, and no more is said of him in the history.

Calasiris and Chariclea proceeded towards Memphis attired as beggars, the divine beauty of the lady's countenance being as much obscured as could be by paint, mud, and vile-

head-gear. As they approached the town of Bessa, they came on the scene of a late battle, and found an aged woman lamenting over the body of her slain son. From her they learned that as Mitranes was conducting Theagenes to Memphis, his party was attacked by a strong body of brigands headed by Thyamis, who had made his escape from his captors. In the headlong onset Mitranes was killed, his party slain or routed, and Theagenes received with every mark of respect and friendship by Thyamis, who was now leading his victorious and elated party to attack Memphis.

Through the narrative are interspersed discussions on literary questions and the social usages of pagan life; and just at this point of the story a specimen of necromancy is introduced, as evil and ghastly as anything in the "Golden Ass" of Apuleius.

The mother of the slain brigand, as soon as she considered herself unobserved by the two travellers, scooped out a trench at one side of the body, and lighted a fire at the other. Into this trench she poured from separate vessels, milk, wine, and honey, and afterwards threw into it a small human figure moulded in clay, and the head encircled with a wreath of laurel and fennel. She then took a sword, and made passes and strokes at the air, uttering charms in an unknown tongue, and gesticulating the while in a frantic manner. She then opened a vein in her arm, and receiving the gushing blood on a twig of laurel, flung it into the fire, and followed on with other magic rites equally bizarre and mysterious.

Finally, stooping down, she applied her mouth to the ear of the corpse, and poured into it some terrible conjuration, which had the effect of recalling animation, for the body arose to its feet, to the terror of the old priest and his ward, who, unknown to the sorceress, were distant

spectators of the appalling scene. She now began to interrogate the disturbed denizen of the grave, as to the safe return or death of her other son, who had gone on with Thyamis to Memphis. No voice came in reply, but the head made signs not understood by the questioner. As she was getting impatient the body fell flat on the earth, face downwards, and continued motionless, but she did not desist from her unholy purpose. She again frantically thrust and swayed the bare weapon, sometimes assaulting the fire, sometimes the trench, and then approaching the ear of the corpse, she repeated her muttered spells.

It arose again, and upon the still stronger adjuration to make no signs, but reveal the secrets of the future in speech, opened its mouth, and almost congealed the blood of the listeners with the unearthly and cavernous tones in which its revelations were uttered.

"Unhappy and sacrilegious woman, for a doubtful advantage, you have broken down the barriers separating life and death, and caused the ghost of thy son to suffer dire misery and pain, in once again entering its fleshly prison. The powers that rule the fate of the departed cannot forbear inflicting intolerable sufferings on the perpetrator of such unholy doings, especially as my revelations are heard by other human ears as well as thine. They will have the benefit, and you the punishment of your unholy incantations. The venerable priest, if he makes no delay, shall appease the deadly feud waged by his sons against each other, and prevent the death of either. The innocent virgin shall, after some further trials, be restored to her royal parents, and blest by union with her devoted and true lover. Full of woe and dread are the revelations due to yourself. Your son shall not return in life, and swift and violent will be your own destiny. Instead of performing my funeral rites, and

thereby securing my spirit a place of repose and happiness, you have condemned it to such sufferings as are inconceivable by minds yet encumbered with fleshy bonds; your own punishment will not be delayed."

Once again, and this time for good, the body, deserted by its spiritual inmate, fell prostrate. The maddened sorceress, indignant that her incantations should have been witnessed by others 'than herself, grasping her sword with intense energy, ran here and there among the dead in search of the intruders, with full intent to slay them; but stumbling over a corpse in her haste, she fell straight on a pike firmly fixed in the ground. It went in a moment through her body, and her career was at an end.

The sage and maid, as may be supposed, were horrified at this unearthly spectacle, and made little delay after its terrible close, to hasten on to Memphis. On approaching its gates a singular spectacle met their eyes. An armed array stood before the walls, the tops of which were crowded with armed warriors; a chieftainess of great beauty and haughty mien occupied a canopied seat on a conspicuous point of the fortification, and an armed warrior was chasing another who was less encumbered, round the moat, and shouting at him to stop and decide their dispute by the "sharp bronze." In as few sentences as possible, information shall be given of the cause of this strange scene.

Calasiris, as already told, had resigned his pontifical state and office at Memphis, and repaired to Delphi to avoid the sight of the foretold mortal quarrel between his two sons, Thyamis and Petosiris. After his departure Thyamis, the elder of the two, assumed his state and functions, and greatly pleased the luxurious eyes of Arsacé, sister of the King of Persia, and wife of Oron-

dates, his viceregent in Egypt. Thyamis was, however, a continent young man, and made no response to her sighs and languishing glances. His envious brother, however, turned the circumstance to his own profit. He not only informed Orondates of his wife's infidelity, but asserted that Thyamis heartily returned her love. This led to the banishment of the elder son, and his office was conferred on the wicked younger one. We have seen how Thyamis became chief of the outlawed Bessans, and now he had come to storm Memphis, and win back his lost office and honour. Orondates having gone south to oppose the expedition of the King of Ethiopia, his design would be the easier accomplished.

The Memphians, finding the approaching foes less in number than they at first supposed, asked permission of the regent chieftainess to go out and attack them; but she commanded them to do nothing till she could take a survey of their strength from the wall. Seating herself there in her regal chair, she fixed her eyes on the chiefs, and to her joy discovered the banished Thyamis at the head, and, better still, a warlike youth by his side, combining the best qualities of Apollo and Mars in his person. This was Theagenes. She at once ordered the proper officer to set up the peaceful caduceus, and despatched a herald to request the presence of the Bessan chiefs outside the moat, in order to a peaceful conference. The two chiefs and some of their officers immediately approached, and Arsacé was sadly disturbed in mind, for she found her former partiality for Thyamis oozing out at her finger-ends, and investing the presence of his godlike comrade. Affecting state and a business-like coldness, she demanded the reason of their unprovoked attempt on the sacred and royal city, and on being answered that

no more was sought for than the restoration of Thyamis to his rightful office, she turned to her counsellors and said—"This is a domestic quarrel: why should it involve loss of life on two peoples whom it concerns not? Let Thyamis and Petosiris decide the dispute with the arms of warriors outside the walls, and the victor enjoy the honours and the emoluments of the Pontiff of Isis." Neither party had any amendment to propose. Petosiris was hastily armed, and, much to his disgust and annoyance, subjected to gentle pressure, till he found himself outside the walls, and face to face with his fierce and wronged brother. Before a blow was struck he fled the encounter, and had twice encircled the fortification, pursued by his heavy-armed foeman, when our pilgrims were near enough to catch the meaning of the drama before them, and the unhappy Calasiris became aware of the identity of the pursuing and pursued.

He at once cried out, calling on them by name, and exhorting them to desist; but they heeded not the squalid-looking beggar, and held on the flight and chase. The unhappy father, seeing how matters stood, at once flung away his tattered weeds, and invested himself in the pontifical garb, which he always carried about with him in a satchel. When the runners came round again, and heard his voice and turned their eyes on him, they ran, without a moment's delay, flung themselves at his feet, implored his forgiveness, and expressed their joy at finding him still in life and health.

While this was taking place, Chariclea, recognising her betrothed, and unheeding her besmeared features and wretched attire, ran forward, and flung herself into his arms. He was at first surprised and disgusted; but looking into her eyes, and hearing the following words pronounced in her sweet tones:—"O Pythicus!

do you not remember the flambeau?" he at once recognised his heart's idol, and lovingly returned the caress.

Scenes of joyful confusion ensued. Thyamis dismissed his forces to their own homes, with promise of a liberal supply of cattle, clothing, and money, to be despatched to them in a few days. Then accompanying his father and brother to the temple of Isis, solemn thanks were returned to the goddess, and as soon as it could be done, Calasiris resigned his pontifical duties and dignities into the hands of his eldest son.

Arsacé followed the crowd into the great temple, for the purpose of feasting her eyes on the manly beauties of Theagenes, and shortly after gave such an invitation to the hero and his sister (so called) to take up their residence in the precincts of the palace as could not be refused.

Soon after this the good old pontiff died in peace, and great lamentations were made for him, and his funeral obsequies were performed with great solemnity. When Thyamis obtained the first respite from his duties connected with the funeral ceremonies, he repaired to Arsacé, and earnestly and respectfully begged that the Greek brother and sister, the loved *protégés* of his father, might be permitted to take up their residence with him. All in vain, and a stormy altercation ensued.

Meantime Arsacé resorted to every available means to inspire Theagenes with a love corresponding to hers for him. But he was genuinely virtuous, and continued proof against her blandishments. Her medeatix was Cybélé, a wicked confidant, to whose son, Achemenes, she promised the hand of Chariclea. Theagenes was finally obliged, to turn Arsacé from her purpose, to acknowledge that she was his betrothed, not his sister, and this determined the wicked woman to get rid of her. Cybélé accordingly invited the unsuspecting maid to a little feast, a portion of which

consisted of a poisoned cup. By the negligence of the young girl who waited at table, this cup came to the lips of the old wretch herself. Down went the drug, and she had scarcely set the goblet again on the table, when the pains of death were on her.

The dreadful disappointment being made known to Arsacé, she had Chariclea seized, brought before the judges, and condemned to be burned for poisoning Cybélé. The royal virgin had never allowed the talisman and other jewels, and the silk robe which had accompanied her when an exposed infant, to be away from her person; and now with them in her possession she entered the fire voluntarily, for she foresaw nothing in a life separated from her lover but wretchedness. But wherever she stood the flames retired from around her, as she was of royal blood and a spotless virgin. Arsacé rebuked the negligence of the executioners, and they piled round her in profusion dry combustibles, but to no purpose. The people began to cry out that she was innocent, and, encouraged by Thyamis, they thrust themselves between the victim and her executioners. Arsacé collecting a strong body-guard, prevented a rescue, and committed her again to the same prison to which Theagenes had been consigned, where all soft and mild measures were lost on him.

Some few days before this, Achemenes, finding himself disappointed of obtaining Chariclea for bride, notwithstanding Arsacé's firm promise to that effect, had started on a fleet steed to the camp of Orondates. Getting privy speech of the satrap, he related to him what had passed at Memphis in his absence, and the probability that Theagenes by this time had been won over to the wishes of his false wife. He at once wrote orders both to Arsacé and the chief eunuch, who had charge of the prisoners, to forward the two young

Greeks to him, on sight of the presents.

It was Achemenes' opinion that when Orondates became tired of the beautiful Greek maiden, he would graciously bestow her on him as his wife, and this was the principal motive for this treacherous act. He cared little for the punishment which would be visited on Arsacé.

So the night previous to the intended execution of Chariclea, Bogoaz the trusty officer of Orondates, arrived with a strong force at the gates of the city, got them opened, repaired to the quarters of Euphrates the eunuch-gaoler, roused him, delivered him the orders, visited the gentle captives and had their heaviest fetters removed, while he and his followers could not refrain from tears at their deplorable state, and their readiness to meet death. He comforted them to the utmost of his power, got them placed on horseback, and set out for the camp of Orondates at Thebes. While the cavalcade made a halt in an agreeable shady spot to escape the heat of the day, a horseman arrived in hot haste from Memphis, with the intelligence that when Arsacé read her husband's order and found the captives removed from her power, she slew herself on the instant.

Bogoaz had left Orondates at Thebes, but now couriers came to advise him that the Ethiopian king, Hydaspes, having got possession of Phylæ above the cataracts, was threatening Syéné, and that Orondates having gone in haste to relieve that city, had sent him to warn him, Bogoaz, to make no stay at Thebes, but bring on his prisoners to Syéné.

When near this latter city strong parties of light-armed Ethiopians, including swift-footed troglodytes, sent forward to examine the ground, fell on the Egyptian party, wounded their chief, and brought him and the lovers into the camp of Hydaspes, whom we beg the careless reader to

recognise as Chariclea's father. He was rejoiced to see such a noble-looking pair fallen into his hands for a thank-offering to his gods. For the Ethiopians observed that questionable custom of offering the first captives of good condition that fell into their hands in a campaign. Greeks were a special godsend. He ordered the few iron fetters which had not been removed to be now loosed, and replaced with gold ones, the handsome pair to be treated with the utmost consideration, and above all, entertained with the best food procurable. He was rather disturbed however, by the sight of Chariclea, for he had dreamed the previous night that his queen had presented him with a beauteous babe, who, without loss of time, grew up into a marriageable young princess. This wonderful daughter and the captive lady before him were as like as twins, and sadly was his mind and heart disturbed by the resemblance.

The lovers were much affected on being brought into the presence of the king. Before them now sat Chariclea's father, and Theagenes being aware of the destiny appointed for them, urged Chariclea to reveal to the king that she was his daughter. But she said the time had not come. When they were brought into her mother's presence she would speak out, not sooner. She (the queen) would recognise the jewels, &c., and the recognition would be complete. Hydaspes having taken the city of Syéné, and made Orondates prisoner, and got into his possession the mine of emeralds, the great bone of contention, agreed to favourable terms of peace, gave the city some new privileges, and sent back the satrap with presents and many kind words.

Now preparing to return to Meroe, his capital, he despatched couriers with letters to his queen, Persina, and his pet sages, the Gymnosophists, informing them of his

happy success and his immediate return with the fairest and most excellent victims which the tutelary deities of Ethiopia, SOL and LUNA, could desire. Queen Persina had the night before a dream similar to the late one of her husband, but now considered the beauteous daughter to be the foreshadowing of the present auspicious news.

The great isle of Meroe was now in a fever of delight, some of the inhabitants crossing the river to meet the advancing conqueror, others collecting the animals for the hecatombs, others fitting up the great tent for the reception of the king and queen, and the statues of the tutelary deities, the Sun, the Moon, Bacchus, Perseus, Andromeda, and Memnon. The king having at last arrived and embraced his queen, they commenced the solemnity by preparing to sacrifice four white steeds to the sun, and four equally white oxen to the moon. Meantime the impatient crowd began to shout for the production of the human victims. Making appeasing signs to the crowd, the king gave orders, and the Grecian youth and maiden with other youths intended for the same fate were introduced, and Persina experienced a most painful surprise, for there before her was her daughter of last night's dream. She spoke in a low tone to her husband, and under the influence of deep emotion, besought him to spare her life. He said he was as much interested in her safety as she, but that it was out of the question to avert the sacrifice if she was a pure virgin. "She knew as well as he that the first prisoners in every campaign should be immolated, virgins to the moon, and pure youths to the sun."

This was a point soon decided. Young boys brought out of the temple the red-hot gratings of the incense fires, and the captives were invited to stand on them. Some of the young girls endured the

ordeal unharmed, so did Theagenes, and so did Chariclea, and all were greeted by the people as holy and worthy offerings to the great heavenly luminaries. Those whose soles were scorched or burned, immediately jumped off, were received with hootings, and judged merely worthy of being immolated to Bacchus.

Now, when the sacrifices were about to begin, and Sysimethres and his Gymnosophists, who held that that the gods were not pleased nor appeased with bloody sacrifices, especially if human, were about to retire into the temple, Chariclea demanded of him in a loud, clear voice to stay, and act as judge between the king and herself. Hydaspes was exceedingly surprised and annoyed by the appeal, but he had to submit. In the original the cause takes many pages before decision is arrived at. Sysimethres was the person who had discovered the royal infant, when exposed, and who afterwards, when sent on a mission to Orontes, with regard to the emerald mines in dispute, had given her for better security to the Greek priest, Charicles. Chariclea conducted her cause with rare ability. She exhibited the stuff on which the queen had written the cause of the infant's exposure; she exhibited the jewels and the wedding-ring of her parents, and Sysimethres confirmed her narrative so far as to assert that she appeared to be what his young protégé, from whom he had parted ten years since, would be at that hour, and that the articles then produced had been delivered with her to Chariclea. But the king was hard to be convinced. The young woman then in presence might have by some means obtained the stuff and jewels, and the original possessor be now dead, or living in a distant land. Besides, how could the issue of Ethiopian parents present the fair hue of a Grecian nymph. The picture of Andromeda in the nuptial

chamber was then alluded to, the picture itself brought forth, and all that were in sight of it and the living beauty were so struck with the resemblance that they uttered at the one moment a cry of joy. The scruples of the king were now nearly overcome, those of the queen had been already banished, and she was all-impatient to clasp her child to her heart; and now Sysimethres proceeded to remove every trace of doubt. "If Chariclea," said he, "be the same who parted from me ten years since, her arm above the elbow is marked with the appearance of a shining dark seal." The maiden bared her arm, and there was the undeniable signet of her royal Ethiopic descent. Her mother rushed forward, strained her in her arms, and exhausted by the mental strife, now happily over, sunk to the ground in a swoon, still straining her recovered darling to her heart. Hydaspes stooping, and encircling wife and daughter in a loving embrace, gave full scope to his fatherly feelings.

However, Hydaspes was a dutiful king to his subjects, if ever king was. He would even proceed to the (only deferred) sacrifice of his daughter, if such was the will of the crowd. But they were horrified at the proposal, and it only remained to immolate Theagenes, and select a virgin to fill the place of Chariclea.

Before this dismal ceremony could be gone through, the people were doomed to regard it with still greater dislike. Two bulls and two horses, breaking from their rings by the altar, flung terror and dismay among the crowds with their terrified and terrifying gambols. Theagenes, however, seizing a piece of wood, and bounding on a horse's back, soon brought the bulls to their knees.

A gigantic bully, after obtaining an elephant as prize, no one would venture to contend with him, Theagenes offering himself as an antagonist at the united game of

wrestling and boxing, made the giant bite the dust; and just at the moment the arrival of Charicles, who came in hot haste with letters of recommendation from Orandates to bring the wretch who had deprived him of his daughter to justice, flung the last weight into the scales of mercy. Maiden shame had hitherto prevented Chariclea from acknowledging Theagenes as her betrothed; manly generosity had kept him tongue-tied. But now the discovery of their long-tried affection, consequent on the accusation of Charicles, put the immolation of the noble youth out of the question. Indeed, the people would have rescued him by the strong arm, and Sysimethres so improved the occasion, that bloody sacrifices were thenceforward unknown in Ethiopia (?).

The lovers' constancy, and virtue, and endurance, were rewarded without demur or delay. They were espoused on the spot, and lived happy ever after.

It is probable that many of our readers may have heard or read of this ancient romance, that it consists of a series of wild and unconnected adventures. If they have read our abstract of the story with any degree of attention, they will be aware that such is not the case. The tale commences with circumstances calculated to excite a deep interest in the fortunes of the noble and amiable pair; the early portion of it is then given, and the reader made anxious that Chariclea shall be acknowledged by her royal parents, and united to her true and constant lover. Every adventure subsequent to Calasiris's narrative made to Gnemon, as well as those which preceded it, though in most cases apparently adverse to the accomplishing of the lovers' aspirations, tend to their favourable working out, and every occurrence is as strictly connected with the one immediately following it as cause with effect. The descriptions throughout are excellent in their way, the

tissue of the narrative is imbued with a strong pagan spirit, as if it was written by one into whose nature the earnest worship of the gods, by invocation and sacrifice, had entered to the very core of mind and heart. The author appears everywhere on a par with Herodotus in the knowledge of the customs, usages, and laws of the nations bordering on the Levant, and the book is agreeably diversified with remarks on their climate, natural history, and other interesting belongings. The author tells of the source of the Nile, its overflow, and the cause of that overflow, as these things were known to the best scholars of his time; but a great drawback to the reader's pleasure is the tediousness of the speeches.

The characters of the story stand out sufficiently distinct. Theagenes, indeed, has little to distinguish him from the amiable young princes, chieftains, and constant lovers who have abounded in romantic fiction for three thousand years. He is as dependent on the address and presence of mind of his princess, as ever was *Reuben Butler* on the courage and strong arm of *Feannie Deans*, when minding their flocks out on the moors.

Taking the decidedly pagan character of the book into consideration, we cannot accept the theory of its having been written by a church dignitary of the fourth century. Paganism was at the time not devoid of life and vigour, east or west, and it was the cherished wish of every Christian bishop and priest to suppress and efface from the public mind every institution, usage, custom, or sentiment, professedly pagan. If the good Bishop Fenelon had his earthly lot cast in Greece or Asia Minor in the fourth century, he would have preferred the martyr's axe or funeral pyre to the publishing of *TELEMAQUE*. It may be advanced that more is said and sung in the Ethiopic romance



in praise of chastity, than would ever have occurred to a heathen. But it must be remembered that the pagans, if they paid greater court to Venus and Bacchus than they did to Minerva or Diana, held these chaste goddesses in much more respect and veneration. And, indeed, though nothing in the book is written with the slightest ill intent, portions of it are as unsuitable for family reading as many things in the well-meaning but rather too plain-speaking Herodotus. These scarcely were penned by a Christian bishop. The conclusion we have

arrived at, after a reasonable share of study, is that "The Chaste Loves of Theagenes and Chariclea" were either written long subsequent to the fourth century, or if Heliodorus really composed the tale, it was during his youth, when he was a pagan in heart and practice. The comparatively moral and pious character of the work in that case, was owing to the happy disposition of the writer himself. Had his youth been that of a dissolute and worldly-minded pagan, he would scarcely be afterwards the subject of a vocation to the Christian priesthood.



## THE PRISONS OF PARIS.

WE have already seen in a former paper<sup>1</sup> how French criminals are tried; in another<sup>2</sup> we have described how they are detected and caught; we shall now proceed to examine how they are lodged and treated during the time in which they are constrained to live in enforced retirement, if not for their own good, at least for that of society.

Prisons are intended as guarantees for personal liberty; for by holding in confinement rogues and malefactors, they secure, or ought to secure freedom to honest people. Formerly in France imprisonment did not constitute a penalty, its aim being merely to guard the persons of those who were accused of infractions of the law; and when it did not end with release it led to the galleys or the gallows. It was the legislative assembly which first, in 1791, considered mere confinement as a direct punishment, the length of which should be graduated according to the nature of the offence. Prisons were divided into four distinct classes until 1810, when another arrangement was adopted. These reforms, however, though improvements, did little to advance the welfare of prisoners, who were ill-fed, who in sickness were huddled in threes or fours on a wretched pallet in the sick wards, and who in health laid on filthy straw in miserable sleeping wards. During the Republic the French prisons were infamous dens, and the Consulate and the Empire allowed the unhappy beings who were confined therein to sink to the lowest physical and moral degradation. It was the Government of the Restoration which first

perceived that prisoners were human beings; and a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the state of the prisons, and to propose such ameliorations as might be deemed compatible with public safety. This commission unquestionably did good. Prisoners no longer perished of starvation or thirst, and no longer died from the effects of vitiated air. But it was the example of Protestant countries—England, America, and Germany—that first led France to examine her system of punishments, and to endeavour to raise the status of the criminal, and to bring him back to society, a useful and a reformed being.

The necessity for the separation of prisoners was proved, and the prison of the Grande Force was rebuilt in 1836, and was divided into eight wards, each one allotted to a different class of criminals. It was a step in the right direction, and was followed by the proposal of a law, in the Chamber of Deputies in 1840, in which it was admitted that imprisonment in cells was the most efficacious remedy against the increase of corruption fostered by the then condition of the prisons. The experiment had already been made by M. Gabriel Delesert, a philanthropist who had been called to the prefecture of police, and who had, in 1838, modified entirely the discipline and the regulations of La Roquette, a penitentiary and reformatory for boys. The system of isolation was introduced therein, and a number of separate cells were constructed, to so good a purpose, that a vast improvement was soon perceived in the moral condition of the

<sup>1</sup> "French Criminal Justice." DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, June, 1872.

<sup>2</sup> "The Police of Paris." DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, August, 1872.

children, and second convictions from being thirty in 130 fell to seven in 239 cases.

The Bill submitted to the Chambers in 1840, only finally passed and became law in 1847, after numberless delays, and discussions, and great opposition; but, unfortunately, the new law was only imperfectly carried out. The system was rendered subordinate to the exigencies of public buildings, and in country prisons a man was subjected to solitary confinement, or not, according as to whether the old castle, or monastery, or prison was divided into cells, or otherwise. Incredible as it may appear, it was only in recent times, and then with difficulty, that the State accepted the principle that it is bound to feed prisoners. Even to the present day, the State seems to discharge the duty reluctantly and parsimoniously, and it seeks to reap a benefit from the labour of the prisoners, which is farmed out to certain contractors. These individuals undertake various engagements, such as to heat and to cleanse the prisons. On the other hand, they receive one-half of the produce of the daily labour of the prisoners. So that if a prisoner earn one franc, fifty cents go to the contractor; of the remaining fifty cents, twenty-five are allowed to him for pocket-money, and the remaining twenty-five are saved for him to enable him to have some little cash in his possession to start with when his sentence expires.

The food supplied to prisoners is scarcely sufficient, but they are allowed to purchase whatever they require in excess of their ration with their pocket-money from the prison canteen. Every day each prisoner receives a loaf, weighing one pound and a half; on Sundays and on Thursdays his dinner consists of about three-quarters of a pint of thin soup, and four ounces of cooked meat; whilst on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, he is expected

to keep body and soul together on three-quarters of a pint of *soup maigré*, and a plate of beans, peas, or potatoes. The bread is white-brown, and not very bad, and a piece of it is daily forwarded for inspection to the chief of the second division of the Prefecture of Police. Prisoners may have their own provisions brought in to them, which is frequently done for those whose families reside in Paris. When a convict is poor, and does not know any trade by which he could earn sufficient to enable him to buy more food from the canteen, and when the pittance allowed to him fails in satisfying the cravings of hunger, the surgeon orders for him additional nourishment, which is never refused.

The prison garb, which is furnished by the State, is composed of socks and wooden shoes, of a pair of pantaloons, a vest, and a grey cloth cap. Every month each convict is allowed a pair of coarse sheets, and every eight days a shirt of a linen so rough that when new it cuts the flesh, and often makes it bleed. Unnecessary cruelty, or harshness even, does not seem to be practised. Attention is paid also to the health and cleanliness of convicts, to whom are administered regularly a monthly bath.

There are eight prisons in Paris at present. These are the *Dépot* of the *Prefecture* and the *Conciergerie*—already noticed in our former papers above referred to—*Mazas*, *Sainte Pelagie*, *la Santé*, *Saint Lazare*, *la Petite Roquette*, and *la Grande Roquette*. These are under the control of the Prefect of Police, who appoints a governor for each prison; moreover, there are two inspectors-general, whose duty it is to visit frequently those establishments, to receive complaints from prisoners, to observe that the regulations are properly followed, and to draw up reports and submit them to the Prefect.

When a convict is brought to a house of correction, or other penal establishment, the first proceeding

s to enter in the prison registers a minute description of his person, of his case, and an account of his former life, with a copy of the sentence against him. He then is compelled to take a bath and to don the prison garb, after which the convict ceases to be a human being, and becomes a mere number, and as such he is known until the expiration of his punishment. The garments taken off are subjected to a thorough purification, by being exposed in an oven to the fumes of sulphur for twenty-four hours, when it is to be presumed that the living population that inhabited those tattered and filthy rags may have been suffocated. Those patched pantaloons, ready to fall in strips; those blouses full of holes, and utterly discoloured; those shapeless caps, are then carefully rolled together and ticketed, to be delivered up to the being who wore them, when from a cypher he becomes once more a member of human society.

At Mazas, convicts are very properly separated from untried prisoners. The prison rears its lofty and sombre walls near the Lyons' Railway Station, forming a singular contrast by its silence with the bustle reigning around. Seven hundred prisoners from *la Grande Force* were transferred to the new building, erected at the cost of five millions of francs, and completed in 1849. Mazas, which has come to be considered a model prison, is enclosed within two parallel walls, between which a line of sentinels keep guard day and night. When the iron gates, that lead to the Boulevard Mazas, are opened, a large court-yard is seen; a couple of steps lead to the governor's private room, to the register office, and to the hall in which prisoners are temporarily confined whilst the necessary formalities are being complied with. The principle of complete isolation being a feature of the place, the waiting-room is subdivided into a number of small cells,

which are scarcely loftier than a man's height. Beyond the waiting-room there is a vestibule, and there we find the doors that lead to the body of the prison itself. This main building is fan-shaped, and from the apex, which is situated on this spot, we behold branching-off six vast galleries, about forty feet high, eleven wide, and two hundred and sixty-four long. Each gallery has three stories, and the whole contains twelve hundred cells, all constructed of the same dimensions and shape. Each cell measures twelve feet by six, and is eight feet high. A table fixed to the ground, a chair chained to the wall, a hammock, rolled up by day, and suspended by night from some hooks on the sides of the cell, and a shelf, holding a few ordinary utensils for the daily use of the prisoner, constitute the whole of the furniture allotted to him. In a corner there is an iron can, filled with water every morning; and the walls, which are painted of a light yellow, are by no means altogether bare, for thereon are pasted a copy of the prison regulations, an inventory of the fittings of the cell, a list of the prices of the articles sold at the canteen, and finally the prison almanac, placed there by the chaplain, and comprising religious legends and moral stories, which we trust may have the desired effect on the minds of the prisoners.

Every precaution is taken to prevent the flight of the ill-conditioned birds that are so closed-caged in. Oaken doors that shut perfectly and noiselessly, patent locks, and vigilant warders, render all attempts at escape utterly useless. The prisoner, however, may communicate with his keepers by pulling a rope, which causes the fall of an iron bar against the door, the sound of the blow attracting attention, whilst the position of the bar shows whence comes the summons. Each gallery forms a division; the sixth of them contains the infirmary, the baths, and some

double cells. It is here that murderers, garotters, burglars, and the most dangerous criminals are locked up. They are never left alone, not only for fear lest they commit suicide, but because they may be tempted to unburthen themselves of interesting secrets to their companions; who are carefully selected by the governor. Generally speaking, the health of the prisoners is good, the extreme regularity of their lives, and the sobriety of their diet, preventing the development of disease, unless the seed has been imported with them into the prison.

The care of the prisoners is entrusted to sixty-two warders, who act under the orders of seven sub-brigadiers and one brigadier. These officials, who are clad in blue tunics, with a silver star on their collars, are indefatigable. They are continually patrolling with noiseless steps the galleries, stopping if they hear the slightest strange sound, looking into the cells through the judas holes, and unexpectedly breaking at all times into the solitude of the prisoners. They are generally old soldiers, very watchful and very silent. They are quite civil to the criminals, among whom they spend their lives, and speak to them gently; but they are not the less prudent, and invariably they treat their prisoner as a monarch, for they quit the cells backward.

At five o'clock in summer, at six in winter, the bell rings that summons the prisoners to begin the day. Half an hour afterwards each prisoner must have unslung and rolled up his hammock and swept his cell, which is then unlocked, and the prisoners, who perform the duties of housemaids, empty the slops. At the same time the bread and water for the day are distributed. At eight o'clock the soup for the morning repast is handed to the prisoners in basins from a small window in the doors. At three is given out the evening meal. At eight the bell

gives notice to the prisoners to retire for the night, and at ten all the lights must be extinguished, without a special authorisation from the governor. During the day the prisoners work at the trades permitted to be followed, if they happen to know any of them, or else they manufacture the various articles made in the prison. In one year as much as 89,821 francs were realised as the product of prison labour, which gave a mean of 40 cents. per head for a day's work. The contractor usually keeps a foreman of his own in the prison, but he also avails himself of the services of some of the prisoners, who represent him in giving out and receiving work. These wear a red badge and enjoy a degree of freedom which is greatly envied by their comrades, but at the least misconduct they are liable to lose their privileges and to be locked in their cells once more. At Mazas, be it understood, it is only convicts that are constrained to perform personal labour, but frequently even untried prisoners ask to be allowed to work to while away the time which otherwise hangs very heavy on their hands.

The prisoners are allowed to take an hour's exercise daily in the open air, in walks constructed on purpose within the inner walls of the prison. These walks are in the shape of wheels, and are situated between the outer enclosures and the angles formed by the galleries; there they stroll around the prisoners, seeking the sun in winter, the shade in summer, unable to communicate with their neighbours, from whom they are as far apart as if a hundred miles separated them instead of two feet of masonry. Twice a week they are allowed to receive visitors, to whom they speak from the barred windows of a cell, the visitors themselves being behind the barred windows of another, whilst the space between the two constitutes a gallery, in which is stationed a warden.

No attempts at private conversation, at pressing the hand or touching the lips of relative or friend, are possible. Even the most delicate family affairs must be discussed before the vigilant eyes and ears of a gaoler. The correspondence of the prisoners is also read, and no writing which they forward and receive escapes the close scrutiny of the prison authorities.

Punishments are mild, and the highest that the governor is empowered to inflict is five days' confinement in a dungeon, which is merely an unfurnished cell. The refractory prisoner lies there on straw and dines off dry bread. He may not work, but he is allowed to smoke as in his own cell. Even this punishment is seldom administered; and during a year, with an average of 1110 prisoners, at one time with 10,159 admissions, and 10,158 departures, only 427 offences were considered deserving of correction.

The silent system is by no means maintained so strictly as in the United States, and in the English prisons where it has been adopted. Warders, foremen, lawyers, the governor, the chaplain, all have free access to the prisoners, and are in daily communication with them. On Sundays, at nine o'clock in the morning, Divine Service is celebrated in the Rotunda, which forms the apex of the fan, and wherein are arranged the altar, the lights, the crucifix, and all the other objects necessary to Roman Catholic worship. Those among the untried prisoners who understand music are allowed to join the choir, or even in exceptional cases to play the organ or other instruments. The doors of the cells are left ajar on a chain, to enable the prisoners from the six galleries to participate in the performance of the mass; and from the peculiar shape of the prison, every one can obtain a glimpse from his cage of the officiating priest, and see that a drop of the holy water is

sprinkled towards him. The sound of the organ and of the Gregorian chaunts reverberating through the vast building, must have a solemn and impressive, if mournful effect on the minds of the prisoners, recalling, perhaps, to them memories of distant days of innocence, of happiness, of youthful hope, of departed friends, of dispelled illusions, of blighted aspirations. But whether their thoughts are turned towards Heaven and towards repentance, whether sorrow and contrition and the wish of living a new life penetrate those hearts, and inspire in those bosoms a desire to form new resolves for the future, we are unable to say, but unhappily there is much cause to doubt it. A visitor during service-time, on one occasion, gave a glance through the semi-opened doors of thirty-three cells. Three prisoners were reading prayers; one with covered head was looking towards the altar, another held a religious work in his hand, a third on his knees before the door, his head buried in his arms, was sobbing as if his very heartstrings were about to crack. The remaining twenty-six prisoners were seated at their tables, working or reading.

Mazas is well guarded. The walls are lofty; the gates always closed; the warders are vigilant, and a number of sentinels are posted in the roadway between the two walls. Formerly the sentinels carried loaded rifles with orders to fire on any one making the slightest endeavour at escape; but since 1856, when an American arrested for debt and about to be released, was shot dead when standing at his window, the weapons are no longer loaded, and sentinels are directed only to raise the alarm in such cases. During the last twenty years only one attempted flight is recorded, and it failed, through a fortuitous circumstance, though executed with extraordinary daring. The prisoner had managed to leave his cell by the

window, and to scale the first wall, but being unable to reach the second he penetrated into a sewer which led to the Seine. Unfortunately for him he could not swim, and the weather being very rainy he struggled against the incoming waters, and being buffeted about and nearly drowned, he was compelled to retrace his steps backwards. On the following morning he was discovered in his cell, all wet and shivering with cold. He was immediately conveyed to the Madelonnettes, where he was strictly watched until the day of his trial, when he was condemned to twelve years of hard labour.

While Mazas is regarded as the model prison of the cellular system, Sainte Pelagie, notwithstanding the care of the authorities, is still a type of the evils of common association. This establishment, erected in 1665, served for many years as a reformatory for fallen women, and for children; and from March, 1797, to January, 1834, it contained also a ward for prisoners for debt. The building, which is in a filthy and battered state, and is every year patched up here and there, only to show in a more repulsive manner its dilapidated condition, forms a large parallelogram, surrounded by the *Rues du Battou, du Puits-de-l'Hermitte, de Lacépède, and de la Clé*, where is situated the principal entrance. Here are no mere cells; we only perceive courtyards, dormitories, and work-rooms in common. There is a ward for political prisoners, who at least do not mingle with convicted criminals. There are no refectories; prisoners eat their meals in the yard, where they also perform such apologies for a toilette as their means permit or their inclinations require. During wet weather, the prisoners assemble in a vast hall, composed of eight or nine rooms, the walls separating which have been removed. It is there that further business is arranged at the expiration

of the sentence; it is there that those plots against society are hatched, which at times puzzle and confound even the experienced inspectors of the French police; it is there that those secret associations are created, that terrorise over honest people, and which frequently lead their own members to the galleys, if not the guillotine. The man who enters Sainte Pelagie for a trifling misdemeanour is ripe, when he quits that prison, for any felony. It appears proved beyond a doubt that confinement in common is productive of an immense amount of evil, and that second convictions are thence more frequent, after an imprisonment in an open prison, than in one where the cellular system is followed. The corruption that the first place engenders is indescribable, and the correspondence intercepted between prisoners cannot be read even by experienced officials without a thrill of horror, and a shudder of profound and sickening disgust.

Some of the prisoners at Sainte Pelagie have the privilege of living apart from the unclean crowd. They are what is termed *a la pistole*, that is, a room is shared by three or four companions, on payment of a small daily fee of from ten to twenty centimes. Some few are fortunate enough to have a room a-piece, but this favour is but rarely granted, owing to the exigencies of space and accommodation. These *PISTOLIERS* are the *élite* of society there, and they rarely mingle with the throng of fellow-captives. The average number of prisoners here is 522 at one time; and they are guarded by one brigadier and one sub-brigadier, and twenty-one warders, who are said to be insufficient to watch closely and effectively over the crowded wards and workshops.

Whilst morality evidently suffers from the aggregate of so many depraved souls, labour seems, on the other hand, to benefit by it. Emulation gives rise to hard work, and

there may be seen the forging and hammering of velocipedes, the sewing of coats and trousers, the manufacturing of brass buttons, the preparation of paper shades for lamps. These last being coloured green, with arsenic, those who are engaged in the handicraft are made to drink a litre (about two-ninths of a gallon) of milk per day, and also to have monthly two ordinary warm, and two sulphuretted baths. It is there, too, that chignons are put together; and were the fashionable ladies who wear those excrescences to behold how every description of hair, in every degree of uncleanness, is brought in, and washed and sorted together, after a process of purification that renders it still more unsavoury, were the fair leaders of the *ton* to behold all this, very probably those chignons would furnish cinders to the nearest stove, instead of decorating noble heads in the Faubourg Saint Germain, or fascinating heads in the Quartier Breda.

Saint Pelagie and its dependencies are enclosed by a lofty wall, which forms a regular square. At night, sentinels are dispersed around to guard the premises; nevertheless, attempts at escape have succeeded. On the 12th July, 1835, twenty-eight political prisoners contrived to make good their flight, and when the governor informed the Prefect of Police of it, he only laughed, saying, "The Republic is in retreat." In January, 1865, Thomas Jackson, an Englishman, condemned to five years' imprisonment, and who had been permitted, by special favour, to undergo his sentence in Paris, succeeded in running away, by creeping along the roofs, and dropping into the street, with the help of a rope, during a heavy shower. His absence was only discovered on the following day, and all attempts at capture were unsuccessful.

The two very different systems practised at Mazas and in Sainte Pelagie are followed side by side in

another prison, which has been constructed to replace that of *les Made-lonnettes* recently destroyed. *La Santé*, built in the street of that name, at the corner of the Boulevard Arago, is considered the handsomest and the best prison in Europe. It is half cellular and half open; each side is intended to contain 500 prisoners. In one year 3525 prisoners entered, and 3304 quitted its precincts; the average confined therein at one time being 695. Several improvements have been introduced in the cells as compared with Mazas; moreover each form of worship is represented by a minister, and we have here not only a Catholic chapel, but a Protestant meeting-house, and a Jewish synagogue. Even in the open part of the establishment prisoners work and eat and walk together, but they sleep apart, for each has his separate cell where isolation is strictly enforced. This is the only prison in Paris wherein lavatories are provided, so that prisoners on rising of a morning may perform their ablutions. It seems astonishing that the French authorities, who ought to know that cleanliness is next to godliness, should hitherto have given so little encouragement to convicts to wash themselves. Here, too, there is more light and air throughout the building, and the courtyards and workshops are more spacious. Mattresses, umbrellas, and match-boxes are manufactured; brass knobs and handles are turned, coloured paper is polished, and socks are made by hand. Here is a good opportunity for comparing the two different systems, and it is to be hoped that the French Government may have instructed its officials to draw up such a table of statistics as to the result of each, in rescuing or otherwise the prisoners, so as to serve as a guide for other establishments and other countries.

Like Sainte Pelagie, Saint Lazare is a huge old building, very suitable



for a convent, and most unsuitable for a prison. It contains large court-yards planted with trees, garret-like sleeping wards under the roof, tortuous staircases, workshops inconveniently situated, vast refectories, lofty walls, a plain chapel and a small oratory erected in the spot once occupied by the chamber of Saint Vincent de Paul. This is the only establishment in Paris intended solély for the reception of females. Notwithstanding a division into categories, a mass of corruption prevails in the place. The prisoners are nominally classed into untried prisoners, convicts, young girls for reformation, and unfortunates. Moreover, a certain number of female sick paupers from the *dépôt* of Saint Denis, which is frequently overcrowded, are drafted therein, to the extreme detriment of the health of the prisoners. This agglomeration of vice of all ages and diseases of all kinds, is admitted to be highly prejudicial to all, and schemes have been repeatedly propounded with the view of constructing a new prison for the reception of untried prisoners and of convicts under sixteen. Notwithstanding the efforts of some of the authorities for eighteen years nothing had been done up to the time of the Prussian war, and we do not suppose that any progress has since been made.

Whilst the Imperial Government found means to squander millions in building churches, palaces, theatres, and barracks, no funds could be obtained wherewith the souls of those wretched children might be rescued, and numbers of young girls saved from a life of hopeless sin, and restored to society, to honour, to marriage, and to maternity. The entrance of a young girl in the reformatory at St. Lazare, is the signal for her utter and irretrievable ruin. The case is related of a child of sixteen, who had been confined there at the request of her father. After her resi-

dence for three months, a missal belonging to her was seized, containing a number of notes repeating her thoughts. The dates were frequently stated, and the progression downward was apparent. It was frightful. As the influence of companionship increased it displayed its effects on her mind, until her reveries became so extravagantly depraved as to suggest the idea that only a lunatic could have conceived them. Neither strict discipline, nor the supervision of the Sisters of Mary Joseph, nor the sermons of the priest, nor the exhortations of the Visiting Committee of Ladies, appear to be of any avail. These children work and live together by day, and sleep in separate cells by night. They are clad in dark robes, and with their demure and modest look they are frequently very interesting in appearance.

The other convicts herd together, day and night, in their dormitories; the beds almost touch one another. One sub-brigadier and eleven warders are responsible for the safety of the prisoners, but only the brigadier is permitted to penetrate into the night-wards. The house, though under the authority of a governor, is in reality conducted by the Sisters of Mary Joseph. Upwards of 1000 prisoners are there aggregated, of whom, on the average, 230 are young girls, sent there for reformation, and 200 are sick paupers. During a twelvemonth, 4831 unfortunates entered the portals of the establishment, and 4719 quitted it; but the prisoners are well conducted, for only in 201 instances was it necessary to administer punishment.

In extensive outbuildings annexed to the prison are vast storehouses and huge bakehouses for the service of the prisons of the Seine. All the bread consumed by the prisoners in Paris is baked in the latter, and all the linen and garments worn by them are heaped up on piles upon piles in the former.

What has not been obtained for girls exists for boys. *La Petite Roquette* is devoted to them, and therein are confined untried prisoners, convicts under sixteen, and children on whose behalf parents have obtained decrees ordering their admission into a house of correction. The system is cellular; but as the establishment was originally designed on the open principle, the internal arrangements are very defective. Some of the cells are intensely cold in winter, for warming apparatus only reaches those near it, and leaves freezing those at a distance. The children are taught trades, or made to perform labour; but the aspect of the prison is necessarily sad, and though we know that the only salvation of youthful criminals lies in isolation, it seems hard to the visitor to see those youthful beings locked up in cells when they ought to be studying, playing, and running together, and enjoying the companionship of other creatures of their age. Some of the offences for which children are confined therein appear to be of a very trivial nature, and one little boy of eleven had been sent to *la Petite Roquette* for having for two nights slept in the open air, he alleging that he had found his father's house literally too warm.

The mean number of prisoners in that institution is 150, of whom 82 are there at the desire of their parents. In June, 1865, the Empress Eugénie, moved by a discourse of M. Jules Simon in the legislative chamber, proceeded to visit the establishment. The Empress, finding the discipline unsuitable to the age of the occupants, ordered the formation of a commission—of which she herself took the presidency—to study the question and report thereon.

The deputy charged to draw up the report compared *la Petite Roquette* only to the well-known colony of *la Mettray*—the sole penitential colony which, owing to the character of its eminent director, gives satisfactory results. He did not take

into consideration that the case of *la Mettray* is purely exceptional, and that even in that instance the system is unsuitable to Parisian boys, and is not productive of so favourable an issue as has been obtained at *Petite Roquette*. The child of Paris does not care for agricultural labour; at *Mettray* he is only taught agriculture, and on his release he returns to his native city; as he knows no trade, he steals again. At *la Roquette* he learns a trade, at which he can earn a living. Instead of following in its entirety the system of Gabriel Dellestert, which gave to the unhappy corrupted Parisian lads the key to their cell, opening to them a new life, they are here again sent to utter ruin in a penitential colony, whence too often they sally forth to follow a career terminating in the galleys, if not cut short by the guillotine.

According to law every individual condemned to a longer imprisonment than a twelvemonth, must be sent to one of the twenty-six establishments existing in the departments. Consequently, in the prisons of *St. Pelagie*, *St. Lazare*, and *La Santé* only, those convicts are found whose sentence does not extend beyond that period. All who are sentenced to longer terms, or intended for the galleys or the guillotine, are confined in *La Grande Roquette*. The yearly admissions to and departures from that house average 2200 per annum, and the number of prisoners confined therein at one period is 357. It is in the open system, and they work together by day, but at night the convicts are locked up in separate cells.

The convicts, before being sent to their destination, which may be Cayenne or New Caledonia, are shaved, cropped in strips, in a way that gives their heads a strange appearance, and personally examined in the closest manner. They are made to stand in the costume of Adam, before he tasted the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Every mark

on their bodies is minutely recorded. They are then made to cough whilst a blow is dexterously given to their stomachs. The object of this strange proceeding is to cause them to throw up a *bastringue*, should they have swallowed such a thing. A *bastringue* is a burglar's pocket companion or *vade-mecum*; it consists of a small tin case, containing the blade of a dagger, a centrebit, a file, and two saws, all made of the finest steel. It will easily be understood that no chain can withstand such instruments if skilfully manipulated. The convicts then dress, and after being handcuffed and chained, they are then conveyed in a cellular van to the railway-station, where they find a waggon divided into eighteen compartments ready to receive them.

All the prisons of Paris contain libraries for the use of the prisoners. Every year 2500 francs are allowed for this purpose, and the works most sought after by prisoners are works of fiction, especially Cooper's novels and those of Sir Walter Scott, travels, &c. Books of morals and religion are seldom required; history is not in greater demand, and science is totally ignored. These volumes are interesting, inasmuch as the remarks written in those leaves form an index to the prisoner's mind. Sometimes these notes contain memories of the past, a desire for revenge, a curse on the judge; often they express ribald, obscene ideas, illustrated by drawings of a revolting nature. Seldom, unhappily, do they record a sense of sincere repentance, or a wish for spiritual consolation. The convicts are carefully watched, to discover, if possible, their moral condition. This is a very difficult and delicate matter, for it is very unsafe to judge from the conduct of a convict in prison, as to what he would do were he restored to freedom. Many a man who has touched the heart of the chaplain by apparent contrition

and deep humility, has proved on his release to be a more hardened ruffian than before. Nevertheless a list containing the names of those convicts whose conduct appears irreproachable, is yearly made out carefully, and after being revised by the prefect of police, it is presented to the chief of the state, who exercises the divine prerogative of mercy.

We have seen that the prisons of St. Lazare and Sainte Pelagie are little better than hotbeds of vice, no longer in harmony with the spirit of our civilisation. La Petite Roquette, the establishment of most importance—for it is intended to reform where reformation, owing to tender youth, is still possible—should be removed to a convenient site near Paris, when the cellular system could be combined with the light of the sun and the pure country air. Mazas and La Santé would be almost faultless were the system of heating more adequate to the needs of the buildings. La Conciergerie is the only prison properly warmed; but it contains only 76 cells, whilst Mazas has 1200, and La Santé 500.

The yearly yield of prisoners' labour for the five years previous to 1870, amounted to 245,253 francs, the number of men at work being 2886, the daily wage of each was twenty-three centimes. One-half only of that sum is handed to the prisoner, the remainder being retained by the authorities until his release. Should a prisoner work for the whole 365 days of the year, he would leave prison at the end of that time with 42.50f. wherewith to commence the world anew, an insufficient figure to enable a man to live until he can find honest occupation.

In Paris, nearly five-eighths of the individuals brought before the *Police Correctionnelle* are old offenders, which shows that mere repression is powerless to repress crime. The system of cellular confinement—the

only one that aims at the reformation of the criminals—appears to have been abandoned, under the supposition that solitude causes insanity, and leads to suicide, a presumption that does not seem to be justified by facts, and which remains yet to be proved. One of the principal objections against the separate system is the excess in expenditure it entails; for whilst at Saint Lazare, and at Saint Pelagie, the cost of maintaining a prisoner is 79 and 89 cents. respectively; at Mazas it is 92 cents., and la Petite Roquette, 1 franc 70 cents. a head.

To this may be replied, that with good management the expense need not exceed that of the Mazas, and the chance of saving a soul from utter perdition is worth a little extra outlay. A man locked up in a cell in solitude is a prey to his own thoughts, and may be amenable to proper exhortations to view his past conduct in a true light, and to form good resolves for the future. He may sincerely repent, and have a chance of becoming a useful member of society. But a prisoner who herds with a number of his fellows, who is contaminated by constant association with some of the most desperate criminals in the world, only remembers the words of the priest to give vent to scoffs and jeers concerning them with his companions, and to furnish food for obscene ribaldry and foul blasphemy. And what is the use of speaking of God to one who has never heard of Him before?—to talk of abstract morals, when the very words have no meaning?—to threaten everlasting

ing punishment to one whose life is little better than hell? In these cases, if the convict is a hypocrite, he will appear to listen attentively, without understanding; if a brute, he will turn away contemptuously.

Altogether, the prison system is not one of those things “which they manage better in France.” Great Britain and America are in advance of our neighbours in this respect, and the French know it, and imitate us when they can. But we are far from being able to hold ourselves up to the admiration of the world in the treatment of our criminal population. We do not always look upon prisoners as beings to be taught gradually the commonest rudiments of religion and humanity; to be regarded as idiots who require the principles of social order, of respect for the law, and love for their neighbours, to be hammered with a vast amount of patience into their diseased or atrophied brains. We do not always take them by the hand at the expiration of their sentences; nor guide them that they may not fall astray again; nor help them to earn an honest living. At the same time, our lawgivers should take into serious consideration whether those convicts, who have undergone innumerable punishments; whose attempts at conversion have been utterly abortive; who have spent half their lives in prison; who have ceased to be human beings, and who have sunk to the condition of brutes,—whether those convicts should not be safely locked up to the end of their days, like dangerous lunatics.

J. P.

## FROM DOVER TO CALAIS.

"OH, pappy, what beautiful waves those are!" exclaim a chorus of very juvenile voices, as the London and Dover express emerges from under Shakespeare's cliff, on its way to the Calais steamer. Pappy, in a rough bear's voice, growls a grim reply—"You'll soon be singing that song to a different tune, my small friends!" Waves are very grand to look at—or, as the chorus expressed it—very "beautiful," in the eyes of those who take no particular interest in them further than that entailed in looking at them. But when you feel that you, and the chorus, and some other miserably bad sailors besides, are shortly to be tossed about upon them in a wretched little cockleshell of a mail boat—Brff!—all the romance goes out of the thing at once; and you can think of nothing but a certain nauseous reality! Before the ills of a rough passage—even though it be but one of 90 minutes—all other ills dwarf into insignificance. True, you had an unpleasant adventure when driving to the train on the previous day; and when a pig squeaked in the road, and when the English horse in the phaeton in which you sat, not being so much accustomed to pigs as an Irish horse would be, shied at the squeaker, and actually jumped the ground fence, or, at any rate, got his fore legs over it (luckily there was no *shough*!) leaving the vehicle on the roadside, and Yourself and Co., after a very near squeak indeed, looking very foolish in it. What of that? Fortunately the horse, frightened at what he had done, stood still—did not break even a shaft—was unharnessed—and when the phaeton had been run back, was duly put in again, and brought you to the station in time. So *there* was

an end of *that* affair! Then, in starting from Charing Cross, there was a moment of agony when all the bundles of rugs and travelling-bags of your large party had disappeared from the carriage in which you had placed them to secure seats. And the carriage door was *open on the other side*; and there was a rumour that two suspicious-looking men had been seen standing there! "Now, then!—seats please, passengers!—seats!" "But my bags! my rugs!" "We can't wait a moment longer for *anything*!" Oh, misery!—What?—Oh joy! There they are, all safe in another carriage! Now we're off. So *that* bother is at an end too, and all is well. But the worst of all bothers is to come—and *all* will be *ill* directly, and no mistake about it. Brff!

A somewhat dolorous individual in the carriage says "Of *course*, it will pour hard when we are going on board!" Dolorous party is snubbed forthwith. "Of *course*, you're a raven, croaking there in the corner." But the raven had the grim satisfaction of a *crow* when, just as the train reached the ship's side, down came the rain with a splash. Everybody laden with bags, and babies, and things! Umbrellas stowed away among rugs, and nothing for it but to "grin and abide," waiting in a coach, under the pelting storm for *your* turn to go down an almost perpendicular ladder, which is, moreover, rising and falling most perilously, as the ship heaves below to the roll of the waves. Talk about Ireland being a backward country! Fancy the barbarism of the most fashionable place of embarkation in England, which does not afford the slightest shelter from either rain or waves! But even this is nothing to

the horrors of the passage. Of course, the boat being so small is immensely over-crowded. In the ladies' cabin, there is not even room for every one to lie *on the floor*. Some of the hapless occupants have to lie "legs across" (like Naples biscuits on a dessert dish!) And every now and then, some dripping individual from the deck steps across their faces. As for the gentlemen, and such of the ladies as can't get, or won't go below, their plight is even worse. The foredeck of the Kingston and Holyhead boats is covered over. Why should not the deck of the Dover and Calais be ditto? Then you would be saved the abomination of a series of duckings from waves which have dashed over the bulwarks; or, even if you have secured a place under the deck which runs between the paddle-boxes—the bundle of rugs which forms your seat, to say nothing of your boots—would have been preserved from the occasional inch-deep stream of water which washes the planks. You try standing up, with legs straddled very far apart, and make believe that you are a regular sea-bird, and can preserve your equilibrium under the most trying circumstances. But you don't know these waves at all. The ship tips over to larboard, till the sea seems about to come in over the bulwarks. Over you go with your head against a Frenchman's chin, knocking his hat over his eyes. "*Sacrr-re!*" "Pardon M'sieur!" The next moment a growl of "Hi! there—look out, please!" greets you from the opposite direction, as you are pitched on that side by the next lurch to starboard, into the stomach of a fat Englishman. You frantically catch hold of an iron upright. "Keep your arm stiff at the next lurch," says some one huddled up at your feet. Good man! Only for that hint you would have found yourself curling round the upright, and finally landing upon the hud-

dled-up party. There's an unfortunate nurse trying to be sick *beyond* the baby she is carrying, and not *upon* it. The baby is well-nigh squashed in the operation; a kind sailor takes it in his arms. But baby yells frantically, and would rather go back and be squashed. Paterfamilias comes up, having just (saving your presence, as Paddy says) parted with his breakfast over the ship's side. "Here, let me take the child!" "But you won't be able to keep your legs, sir." "Never mind—I'll hold the baby, and do you hold me." This sort of thing goes on for another hour or so with variations, and then—oh joy!—the ship glides into smooth water, and by-and-bye is lying quietly alongside of the Calais pier. A swarm of porters and donaniers come on board. "*Rien a declarer, M'sieur?*" "*Rien de tout je vous assure!*" "*Passer donc!*" says the bland custom-house officer; and you are on French soil.

Poor Frenchmen! Is it fancy, or is it a fact, that they do not seem to have the swagger about them that they had when last you landed on their shores? It is difficult to avoid a choking sensation in your throat as you step ashore, thinking of what has befallen them! The most enthusiastic of Prussian sympathisers could scarce refrain from a little sadness! You pass under the gates of Calais, and are reminded of Hogarth's picture (painted for the Earl of Charlemont), of a lean French Grenadier hungrily eyeing a sirloin of British beef, while a fat monk strokes his paunch with *gusto* at the sight of it. Reminded, too, of how Calais was once taken by the English. But a couple of centuries later it was retaken; and Calais is not suffered to forget this, for in the Cathedral is an enormous picture representing its recovery "to Catholicism" (as the inscription has it). This same Cathedral is a handsome pile. Behind the high altar rises a lofty and

magnificent screen of different-coloured marbles, topped by colossal figures which nearly touch the ceiling. Enter the building at night, by the western door, a single gas-jet behind you throws a dim light over columns and vaulted roof. Behind the screen, at the entrance to the Lady Chapel, in the east, some tapers are burning before a shrine, so that all *beyond* the screen is light, and the great sculptured pile itself rises dark and majestic in bold relief at the end of the dim vista of columns, at the other extremity of which you stand. Meek worshippers come in to breathe a silent prayer. Dipping a finger in the "holy water," near the door, they cross themselves devoutly. Some of our "hot Protestants" are very much incensed at the mere mention of holy water. But if there were nothing worse than this in the Roman Catholic ritual, it would not be a very objectionable one to the fervent follower of the Reformation. Even Mahomet charged his disciples, when they prayed, to lave themselves with water, beseeching Allah to cleanse their hearts and thoughts in like manner! Such was the stress that he laid upon this daily rite, that they were told, even when in the desert, to throw sand upon themselves, so as to typify the washing of water, whenever they knelt to pray. The devout Roman Catholic is reminded, as he feels the cold wet cross upon his brow, of Him who died upon the Cross to cleanse from their sins those who repented them of them truly, and resolved to follow in His footsteps! We Protestants, who sometimes charge the Romanists with slighting their Saviour, would do well to keep Him in our thoughts as frequently as many of *them* do! And if *we*, like these much-abused fellow-Christians of ours, kept our places of worship always open for the benefit of those who wish to pray in silence and alone, must we not feel convinced that many a fervent prayer

would rise to the Throne of Grace from lips which are now too often silent for want of the opportunity which solitude, or religious surroundings, are apt to afford?

Calais is but twenty-three miles from Dover. It is surrounded by strong fortifications, and a deep and broad moat. The market-place is most picturesque, and in it is the Hotel de Ville, with a curious old belfry, which is a perfect network in stone. In this there is a *carillon*, or peal of bells, which chime a tune at the hour—two little warriors on horseback, which are over the clock, tilting at the same time at each other.

Nothing is so striking to Irish eyes in France as the size of the windows everywhere. Even the cottages in the suburbs of a town, which are occupied by artisans and labourers, have their large plate-glass windows, opening like double doors. The interiors of the cottages of this class in St. Pierre—the suburb of Calais, beyond the walls—are models of comfort, with neatly-sanded floors, iron bedsteads, and the cleanest of coverlids; chimney-pieces, on nearly all of which are to be seen clocks under glass shades, and some china ornaments, and on the walls framed prints and photographs. Who that has been in Ulster does not know the "*Irish Street*" of some of our northern towns—the thatched cottage mingled with slated houses—the small windows with, too frequently, at least *one* broken pane a-piece—the slatternly-looking interior? Some people will tell you that it is because the occupants are Roman Catholics that these tenements are so dirty; and it is beyond doubt that the two do frequently go together in Ireland. But the continental traveller soon sees the absurdity of tracing backwardness in civilisation to any particular creed as such. In a recent article upon Ireland, we have endeavoured to point

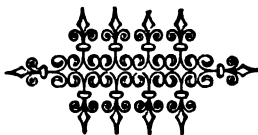
out where the evil lies. The native Irish, not as Roman Catholics, but as Celts, always were a dirty race. One reads it in the earliest histories. From the accident of their being Roman Catholics, the people look for guidance more to their priests than to any one else. And the Irish country priests being themselves sprung directly from the ranks of the people, and (owing to their celibacy) not even producing future generations of "Levites" of a more advanced civilisation, are, in point of social advancement, blind leaders of the blind. We say this with the utmost respect for the body. We are merely discussing a social question in an abstract way.

The people of Calais are, like their habitations, models of neatness, and nothing prettier can be conceived than a doll shop in the market-place, wherein the costumes of country women in snowy and picturesque caps, and of fisherwomen and fishermen in their gay costumes, are mingled with soldiers in every imaginable uniform. French taste is exemplified even in the dolls. Instead of stuffed legs in pink kid, they have beautifully-modelled earthenware ones. Even the very toes are a study! The dolls are not cleaner or smarter-looking than the

people are themselves of a market day.

Taste exhibits itself in the most "rough and ready" of French shops. Fancy a butcher's shop in an Irish market town, with a large mirror at one end, and a bouquet of flowers in a vase amongst the pieces of tripe! Think of this, O ye Hibernian "fleshers!"

And there is something so neat and snug and clean-looking about the figured muslin curtains before all windows in small shops and private houses. And then the hotel yard! Under a spacious archway you drive into a verandahed court, with acacias planted all round, vines and creepers climbing up the wall, a rockery at one end, in the midst of which is a fountain full of gold fish. What an institution, too, is the *table d'hôte*, to which the single men of the town, and some married ones with their graceful little wives, come flocking in for the *déjeuner à la fourchette* at ten, and the dinner at five. Even in the smallest towns the French know how to cook. But even as we write, the hour has struck for one of these meals, and to the reader who has so far accompanied us, we must bid for the present, adieu!





## THE BELLE OF BELGRAVIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERNEY COURT," ETC.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE MYSTERY.

A RESTLESS night was passed by George Moreton in vain attempts to penetrate the mystery which enshrouded the disappearance of his property. That it was lost in the house was of course a matter of certainty. He had not even walked with Vernon and Atherton as far as the garden-gate. It was not a thing that could roll away, and so get hid up. If it had fallen from his pocket, as no doubt it had, it must have fallen on the ground, and there it would have remained, unless some one had picked it up. Then who was *the thief*?

He lay tossing about on his bed, trying to find the solution to the question. He heard the church-clock strike twelve, and then one. As he lay, he fancied he heard the creaking of the stairs. He listened, and satisfied himself that he was not mistaken. Much surprised, he crept from his bed and opened the bedroom door carefully, went to the bannisters, as he thought there was the faint flickering of a light downstairs. Peering over the staircase, what was his astonishment to perceive Mabel Deane, enveloped in a shawl, but in *dishabille*, still searching the hall and parlour floors for the missing money!

"Dear girl!" he murmured sympathetically, "to think that *she* should take all this trouble about my affairs, and at this time in the morning!" And except that he didn't like to disturb the house, nor to let the girl know that he was watching her,

he would have called to her to relinquish the bootless search; and, as, just then, Mabel turned her full face, which the reflection of the candle-light seemed to his excited fancy to render almost ghastly, and she appeared to be about giving up the search, Moreton quietly closed his door, and slipped again into bed.

"Nothing can well be done with the notes till Monday morning, whoever has them," he thought, as he strove to calm his mind for sleep; "and on Monday morning, by nine o'clock, I will be at the Bank, and p their payment."

So after awhile he fell asleep, and dreamed of love, money, mystery, and Mabel Deane.

Next morning, a renewed scrutiny was made all over the house; fresh theories were started to explain the mystery, and were relinquished as untenable; the servants were again interrogated, but not a trace could be found.

"It vexes me very much, my dear boy, that such a thing should have taken place beneath my roof," said the Vicar, who really seemed very anxious and annoyed about the affair.

"I sincerely hope, sir, you will not disturb yourself about it," returned George.

"Nay, but I can't help disturbing myself." The thing could not have walked away of itself; and it could not have been removed without hands. It reflects upon the honesty of my house, sir."

"You do not suspect any of the servants, Mr. Deane?" suggested Moreton.

The old Vicar laughed outright at the absurdity of the idea.

"There is Barnes, sir," he said; "Barnes has been in my service nearly thirty years. I have always found her to be scrupulously honest and trustworthy. For myself, I would trust the poor old creature with uncounted gold. There is Polly, the housemaid; but she had actually gone to bed before Sir Harry Vernon and his friend had left the house. It is impossible she can know anything of it."

"What sort of a character has she?"

Mr. Deane's kind old countenance for a moment fell.

"Polly has been with us about two years, and I have never seen anything like dishonesty in her," he replied. "It is right, however, my dear boy," he added, "that under these circumstances I should inform you of a fact with which not even Mabel is acquainted, though to any individual mind it would not make the slightest detraction from the poor girl's reputation in such a matter as that we have in hand. The fact is, the poor thing was seduced by a young farmer, who deserted her; and we took her into our service when the poor child died. This is the only stain upon her character."

"It cannot, then, have been she."

"Not a doubt against her is in my mind; besides, I tell you the girl had gone to bed," the Vicar returned. "No, sir," he added, pacing the room excitedly; "I have no suspicion of my servants whatever—I can have none."

"Whom, then, *do* you suspect?" retorts George quickly.

"Nay, my dear Moreton, I have no grounds to suspect anybody," answered Mr. Deane evasively.

"Of course not! but what I mean is, if not the servants——"

"Did you not tell me that in that

pocket-book there was a promissory note of William Atherton's?" interrupted the other with a meaning glance.

"His, jointly with Sir Harry Vernon."

"Could *he* have stolen the book?"

George Moreton was for the moment almost paralysed by the thought.

"Good Heavens, sir! surely not *he*!—a gentleman! You mean that he may have stolen it to recover possession of the bill?"

"Possibly!"

Moreton paced the room in agitation.

"But sir," he retorted, "he has no more interest in the bill than Sir Harry Vernon. Why the one more than the other?"

"Sir Harry, Moreton, is a fool and a spendthrift, I much fear, but I do not think he would condescend to a theft: nor, for that matter," added the Vicar hastily, "ought I to imagine Atherton would condescend to one, either. Yet it must be confessed that Atherton has a very loose code of morals——"

"To judge him, perhaps, by his talk," interrupted George. "But I fancy he is one of those men who would patronise immorality for the sake of an epigram, but who are not nearly such bad fellows as they pretend to be. Confound it—it is a mystery!"

"It is a mystery," the Vicar returned. "And, Moreton," he added earnestly, "I have one favour to ask you, which I hope you won't refuse?"

"Be assured I will not if I can grant it," cried George with eagerness.

"Promise me, then, that you will leave no stone unturned; that you will place the details of the affair in the hands of the police, and that you will not rest until the mystery is cleared up. I feel that until it is explained, or, at least, the money is found, that there will be a reflection upon my honour and that of my house. If I were a young man, or

if I had the health and strength which I enjoyed two years ago, I would accompany you back to London, and help you to the best of my power; but I cannot now, for I am old and feeble. Promise me, my dear boy—I have no objection to share the expense.”

Moreton, who was himself con-

siderably excited by the transaction, readily gave the promise, and late on the Sunday evening returned to town and engaged the services of a private detective, with whom he made arrangements to stop payment of the notes at the Bank on the following morning.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE NEW PACIFIC AND SALT LAKE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

As Moreton was anxious to have the mystery of the missing notes sifted in a quiet way—and, indeed, a kind of foreboding that the elucidation of this great problem might involve the honour and reputation of some one for whom he entertained feelings of sympathy haunted him,—he arranged with Sergeant Harrison, of the detective police, to conduct the inquiry privately.

Accordingly, at five minutes to nine, as George Moreton was standing by the Fountain at the Royal Exchange, he was accosted by a tall, gentlemanly, but stern-looking person, with grey whiskers, and, in fact, somewhat resembling the late Duke of Wellington.

“Mr. Moreton, I believe? Good morning, sir,” he said, raising his hat.

“Good morning Sergeant,” returned Moreton. “We will go and stop payment of the notes, and then I can place in your hands the full details of the case.”

“The notes will probably not be presented at the Bank,” returned the Sergeant, drily. “Most likely they will be disposed of on the Continent, and return to the Bank at some future time through the usual commercial channels.”

By this time the Bank gates being thrown open, Moreton and his companion entered, and giving the marks and numbers of the notes, which fortunately he remembered—for the memorandum he had taken of them

at the time in his pocket-book, was, of course, lost with the notes themselves—he took the necessary steps for preventing payment should the thief be foolish enough to present them to the cashiers.

The detective then accompanied our hero to his offices in Moorgate Street, where the latter proceeded to relate as succinctly as possible those incidents of the previous Saturday with which the reader is already familiar.

“You perceive, Sergeant, I want this inquiry conducted as quietly as possible,” he added, as he brought the narration to a close. “The chief object, of course, is to recover the property.”

“Precisely so,” returned the detective, with a grim smile. “I understand, you think the thief was in the house, and not out of it; and that if he can be traced out, as guilty of the crime, he may be frightened into relinquishing the spoil, and nothing public need be made of it?”

“Well, something of that sort,” answered Moreton, with hesitation.

The other mused a moment, and then replied.

“I, too, am inclined from what you state, to think that the theft was not from out of doors. If you will give me a few words of introduction to the gentleman in whose house the case occurred, I will proceed there this afternoon and set about seeing into it. The very

liberal offer, sir, you make me, will certainly urge me to do my best to give you satisfaction—of that you may be assured.”

“You will not, then, require me to accompany you?”

“Not at all! I have your address, sir, and will communicate with you as soon as ever I have anything to let you know.”

Saying which, the officer took his leave, having first received from Moreton full particulars of his pocket-book, its contents, and other particulars which he considered it necessary to obtain.

It was the custom of George Moreton to dine at that restaurant so well known to City men, called the “Bay-Tree,” and situated near the Mansion House, in Swithin’s Lane; and thither he repaired at noon, upon the morning of the conversation we have just recorded. Having partaken of his meal, not, however, with the throng of busy clerks who patronise the “Bay-Tree” cheap dinners, and eat them standing at the counter.

Sauntering back towards his office, a cab coming down King William Street caused him to halt at the crossing by the Bank. As the cab passed swiftly by, he caught a glimpse of a lady’s face, which caused his heart to leap, according to the vulgar exaggeration, into his mouth. It passed by in a moment, ere he could collect his thoughts or recover from his surprise.

“If that were not Mabel Deane, I have never seen her face before!” he muttered, with a sensation of choking, as he resumed his way.

George returned to his office with a heavy heart and foreboding of evil which he could not drive away nor explain, unless it were the impression that something was wrong with Mabel. Otherwise, how account for her appearance in the City? She had said nothing to him about it the night before.

“Perhaps it was only fancy on my

part,” he argued, trying to reassure his mind. “I am always thinking about the girl, and see some imaginary likeness to her in the face of every pretty woman I meet. It *could* not have been Mabel; it is ridiculous to think so.”

Whereupon, he buried his head in a pile of folios and railway-revenue sheets, and, in the distraction of figures and accounts, strove to forget that such romantic, wayward, worrying, and unmathematical beings as women had any existence in the world.

He was busily engaged now upon the preparation of a financial pamphlet for that same railway director for whom he had previously exercised his ingenuity to prove—as the reader may recollect—to the satisfaction of the shareholders of his company, that two and two were four only under certain conditions, such conditions being, of course, that he, the said director, should be a well-paid official on the board.

Now, it happened that the director, being reinstated in office, Moreton’s last pamphlet had proved to the shareholders that the affairs of their unlucky railway would be managed properly at last; that the system of constructing platforms and railway bridges, and charging the expenses thereof to capital instead of revenue, and the inadequate allowance made for wear and tear of rolling-stock, adopted by the previous board, having been now discovered, of course everything was to go on smoothly, and the new directors equally, of course, fully anticipated the declaration of a substantial dividend at no distant date. Unfortunately, however, Moreton’s brilliant logic notwithstanding, the shares of the company upon which £100 had been paid, would persist in going down to 32½ or thereabouts; and the exasperated proprietors, having at length thrown the new management overboard, had tried what could be done with one newer still.

Our Director, being again out of office, and finding his abilities unappreciated in this country, had directed his attention to the United States, and he had instructed George Moreton—who was prepared to prove anything he was paid to demonstrate—to prepare a pamphlet, showing how much cheaper railways could be constructed on the trans-Atlantic continent than in the old country; that the true theory to account for the non-remunerative working of railways in England might really be traced to two sources:—firstly, the unnecessary width of gauge, which should not exceed two feet and one inch; whereas, the ordinary so-called narrow gauge, at present, was four feet odd. Secondly, to the excessive weight of the carriages necessary on so wide a gauge to counterbalance the weight of the locomotive, and so forth, all of which George Moreton accordingly bent his faculties to prove could be rectified more easily in America than here; and of all parts of America, more easily in the district surrounding the great Salt Lakes—the new proposed railway of our Director being meant to extend from Montreal, across Lake Ontario, to the City of Mormon.

While he was endeavouring, by means of this delightful attempt to banish from his mind all thoughts of Mabel Deane, missing money, or other matters which disturbed him, his clerk, Sparkles, with a pen behind his ear (a gay youth, who frequented music-halls and other such places)—Sparkles, I say, entered the inner office.

"Well, Sparkles, what is it now?" dreamily demanded Moreton, looking up.

"Mr. Shafto Smythe, sir," returned Sparkles, in a low tone, and with a significant wink, as though he were whispering some secret, and didn't wish Mr. Shafto Smythe to hear his own name. Indeed, this was a peculiarity of Mr. Sparkles.

"Oh, well, ask him to walk in," said George.

And Mr. Shafto Smythe—the actual director and promoter of the new "Pacific and Salt-Lake Grand Trunk Railway Company"—came bouncing into the room.

"Ah, Moreton, my boy, how goes the pamphlet? Done anything with the prospectus yet? Ah! I see you're wiring in; that's the style!"

And Mr. Smythe extended a fat, pudgy hand, that was not quite so clean as a railway-director's might be expected to be (not that railway-directors hands are always clean), but which was, however, ornamented by at least two large gold rings, and—well, I must say it—five dark crescents round the finger-nails.

Mr. Shafto Smythe was a stout, florid gentleman, with a gingery beard and whiskers, white light buff waistcoat, huge stock, and breast-pin, and wore his hat cocked on one side; in fact, if the members of the Stock Exchange will forgive me the comparison, I would say he looked like a dissipated stockbroker out of luck.

Moreton replied that he was getting on with the pamphlet slowly; that there was a good deal of work in it; and that he found it rather difficult to prove that labour was somewhat cheaper at Montreal than London.

"Then, say what you can for the scheme; and if there's anything fishy, gloss it over. Wood is cheap enough in Canada, if labour isn't," said Mr. Shafto Smythe, with jocularity.

"I had your last letter from New York, and acted upon your suggestion about the two feet gauge."

"Did you find the statistics I sent of any use?"

"Yes; I've brought them in somehow," said Moreton, grimly. "People say facts are stubborn things; but the truth is, there is nothing so deceptive as facts—except figures;

there, read that, and tell me what you think of it?"

The Promoter of the Pacific and Salt-Lake and Grand Trunk Railway scheme threw himself back in the easy-chair, upon which he was sitting, stretched out his legs, tipped his hat over his eyes a little more, and proceeded to glance over the manuscript which the other threw to him:—

"The difficulty which engineers have to encounter—hum—contractors of the—hum—and ordinary system—England—weight of passengers, with luggage—hum and haw—equals twenty tons per head—hum—just so; whereas, the new projection provides—hum and haw, and hum—very well, indeed, my dear fellow; it will do capitally!"

And Mr. Shafto Smythe sprang to his feet in high glee, and clapped the accountant on the shoulder enthusiastically.

"We shall succeed in this scheme, Moreton, or my name's not Smythe, by George! Egad! I've made two or three fortunes in my time, and—"

"And lost them, I presume?" mildly suggested Moreton, who knew that the rollicking financier was not very well to do just at present.

"Well, they've disappeared somehow, certainly," admitted the other, rubbing his chin doubtfully. "But anybody can do that, I fancy. There is no art in losing a fortune, and the only art in making one is to show plenty of brass. Catch hold of the public as it were by the button-hole, tell them you'll make their fortunes if they'll only trust you; show them some figures they can't understand, and if your public is twenty men, ten perhaps will fight shy, but 'gad! the other ten will ask you to take care of their money for them."

"By-the-bye," he added, "that reminds me of an old acquaintance of ours that I saw in New York, when I was over there, not the last time, but the time before."

"An acquaintance! Who was that pray?"

"Guess!"

"I cannot. I don't know anyone in America."

"You recollect old Staples—chairman of that Thingamy Company, Finsbury—something or other—who bolted with a lot of money, and left the affairs of the concern in a (something which we won't write) of a mess?"

"You don't mean to say you saw him!" ejaculated George, breathlessly.

"I do, though. I recognised him, though he tried to shirk me, and pretended at first, till I mentioned his name, that he didn't know who I was."

"He was dressed very shabbily, and looked ill and hard-up. He was a billiard marker in some place in the slums of the city."

"But what had become, then, of all the money he absconded with?"

"Well, I didn't like to say much about that to him, you know," returned Mr. Smythe, laughing. "A fellow mayn't mind boning a little money, but have conscientious objections to talk about it; but he told me he had lost a good bit in some mining speculation he had got mixed up with. In fact, he as good as confessed that he was devilishly reduced, and sometimes didn't know where to get a meal. I gave the poor beggar a sovereign, and very glad he seemed to have it, I can tell you."

Moreton would willingly have learned more about the late chairman of the Finsbury Finance Company, but he found his friend had nothing more to tell him. In fact, as Mr. Smythe was not in love with John Staples' niece, and had lost no money by his malversation, it is not surprising that he did not attach the same importance to that gentleman's destiny or existence, that the other did; and after some further remarks and suggestions in regard to the pamphlet and prospectus upon which

Moreton was engaged, he shook hands and went away.

"I shall have some news to tell Mabel when I see her, that will please the poor girl," he thought.

And then the recollection of the girl's strange appearance in London, came over him, like a dark cloud over a summer sky. *She had a secret which he was not to share.*

## CHAPTER XV.

### SERGEANT HARRISON'S FIRST REPORT.

"HAVE you had any success, Sergeant?" demanded Moreton, two days after the last conversation, when that intelligent officer presented himself at the accountant's office, shortly after the latter's arrival there.

"Very little, sir, I regret to say," returned Harrison, looking, indeed, a little crestfallen.

"Have you got nothing, then, to tell me?"

"Well, sir, we hope we have a slight clue," returned the sergeant, with a bland smile, as though depreciating the expectation of too much.

"Let us have it, then, what it is; and be thankful for small favours," returned George, a little disappointed.

"I have taken notes of my inquiries, and have written down historically all that I have to say, according, sir, to your request."

"Have you the paper with you?"

"Here is the manuscript, sir," said Sergeant Harrison, who seemed rather proud of the authorship, and to think manuscript the better word.

"Thank you!" returned Moreton, eagerly.

And he read—

#### *"The First Report of Sergeant Harrison:—"*

"According to instructions, I have proceeded to investigate the case of the pocket-book, containing a bill and various Bank-notes, which disappeared at the Vicarage of East Barnsley on the night of March 7th, 1867.

"Upon my arrival at the Vicarage, and making myself privately known to Mr. Deane, that gentleman received me courteously, expressed

great anxiety to discover the missing property, or, at least, to trace the theft to the guilty party, as he considered it reflected upon the honesty of the servants, and even upon himself.

"I asked him to recapitulate all the circumstances of the affair according to his knowledge, and what he said was substantially in accordance with yours. He gave the two servants excellent characters for honesty, and expressed himself convinced that neither would stoop to a theft.

"I will tell you frankly that my suspicions at this time centred between the two gentlemen who were with you at the time you believe the pocket-book fell from your possession. They were the only persons in the room at the time; and though it is quite possible, as a considerable period elapsed between the time you suppose you lost it and the time it was missed, that it may have gone by other hands, still it must not be forgotten that they were equally interested in obtaining possession of their promissory-note, which, indeed, would be of little use to anybody but them.

"You see the affair is not like an ordinary robbery; there was not the slightest suspicion that anyone had broken into the house by force,—indeed, that idea I dismissed from my mind immediately. Whoever was the thief, it appeared to have been some one in the house; and the only persons in the house at the time, as I ascertained, were—Mr. Deane, Miss Deane, Sir Harry Vernon, Mr. Atherton, the two servants, and yourself. Of these, as I tell you,

my suspicions pointed to Sir Harry Vernon and his friend, because they were the parties most interested.

"Therefore, as a matter of form, though I was fully persuaded it would lead to no result, I proposed to the Vicar first of all to interrogate the servants, and then to search minutely over all the house. To this the old gentleman very readily agreed, and gave me the keys of all the boxes and drawers in his possession; the servants did the same.

"While I was in doubt what steps to take, and was examining the boxes of the servants, Mary Andrews, the housemaid, whispered in my ear, so that Barnes, who was also in the room, could not overhear, that she had something to tell me privately. I nodded encouragingly to the young woman, and presently sought an opportunity of sending the old lady from the room.

"‘Mrs. Barnes,’ I said, blandly, in the ear of that lady, who was very indignant with me at the notion of my overhauling her trunks and boxes, ‘I have a few questions to put to this young person, which, if they result as I anticipate, may prevent my being obliged to go through the formality of examining the boxes of so highly a respectable person as yourself.’

"‘Oh, sir, I’m very glad you think I’m respectable,’ said the old lady, tossing her head. ‘But there’s my keys, sir, pray look into my boxes; there’s my linen, sir—the more’s the pity, an elderly person like you, sir, should want to pry and potter about an old woman’s underclothing. But master says so, and so of course—’

"‘My good woman,’ I returned, a little nettled, as her foolish remarks seemed to reflect upon my respectability, ‘pray retain your keys till I request you to open your boxes. All I require for the present is a *private* conversation with this young woman—a *private* conversation, if you please.’

"‘Oh, well, sir, of course I don’t

want to hear what you’ve got to talk about to Mary Andrews; so far as I know the girl is an honest girl, and—’

"‘Yes, thank you, Mrs. Barnes, if you’ll kindly walk out of the room. Will you permit me to remark, ma’am, that you employ a railway-engine to pick up a pin?’

"‘As for that, I don’t know nothing about no railway-engine, sir, and don’t want to, that’s more; but this I will say, though you may be a p’liceman, the more shame to your grey hairs, that if I saw a pin on the ground I should, as a Christian woman, sir, who don’t like no waste, think it my duty to pick it up, sir, your railway engines or no.’

"Whereupon the old dame being very wrath, flung out of the room.

"‘Now, young woman,’ I said, you have some communication to make to me? Your name, I think, is Mary Andrews?’

"‘Yes, sir, please,’ said the girl, who went to the door to ascertain that Mrs. Barnes had actually gone down stairs, and was not within ear-shot. Then coming back to me,

"‘You were asking master, sir, whether there had been any stranger or suspicious persons lurking about the place?’

"‘Do you know of any, pray?’ I inquired. Then my suspicions were aroused, for I recollected the inquiry I put to the Vicar privately.

"‘Well sir, I—I—’

"‘You listened, I presume?’

"‘I was passing by the library-door, sir, when you and master were talking, and so I overheard.’

"The young woman looked frank and honest enough; and knowing the natural curiosity of women, I contented myself by repeating the question whether she knew of any suspicious characters having been in the neighbourhood.

"‘That is what I wanted to say. I don’t know, sir, as it is of such importance; but still, sir, as there’s an injury to the characters of the ser-



wants until this here mystery is cleared up, I made up my mind, sir, to tell you all I know, though perhaps you'll think it is very little, after all. But on the night when the money was lost, sir, as I was a-washing up the plates and dishes, I saw a strange young man, sir, in a wide-awake hat and a white comforter round his neck, a-staring about at this house, sir, and a-looking up at the windows, and yet pretending to be examining of the tombstones, sir, in the churchyard, which you know, sir, you can easily see from my kitchen window. I pointed out this young man to Mrs. Barnes, sir, and said I wondered what he wanted, hiding himself up like that, and said as how I didn't think he could be after no good. But Mrs. Barnes blew me up and called me idle, and told me to get on with my work, and so I said no more.'

"At what time did this take place?" I asked.

"I didn't rightly notice the time, sir; but it was in the dusk of evening, and soon after the gentlemen as came to see Mr. Moreton arrived."

"What further occurred?"

"Well, sir, as I thought there was something queer about the man, though I pretended to go on with my work, and said nothing more about him, you may be sure I kept my eye on his movements."

"No doubt."

"By-and-bye, sir, the man came round to the back gate and beckoned Mrs. Barnes, who was standing at the door. She went to him and spoke. Presently she came in again, and looked very hard at me—I suppose, to see whether I had seen what was going on. But lor', sir, I went on with my work, and began singing and pretending not to notice a thing in the world beyond the tub I was washing up the things in. Then in comes Mrs. Barnes, and pretending to look natural; but I could see there was something strange about her, and says she, 'Polly,

just leave the plates and dishes; I'll do them, and go up-stairs and see that the room is already for Mr. Moreton to sleep in.' 'I have, ma'am,' I said. 'Never mind,' says she, quite angrily, 'go again, I tell you, and don't answer me.' So I went up-stairs, sir; but as there was nothing particular to do, I listened over the banisters. After a little while, I heard a man's voice talking in a low tone, and then, sir, I thought I heard, but I was not sure, Miss Mabel answer him. I kept on listening, and then I was sure it was Miss Mabel; they were talking quietly in the passage. I wondered what this could mean, as the person as I have told you, sir, seemed very low and common, and not at all like a person who would know Miss Mabel.'

"Did you overhear anything of the conversation?" I inquired.

"No, sir, I couldn't; I tried very hard, sir, I did indeed, but I couldn't catch a word," the girl replied, doubtless with all sincerity.

"Proceed, my good girl," I said, encouragingly.

"Soon afterwards, I came down-stairs, hoping to get hold of something; for, to tell you the plain truth, sir, I very much wanted to know what it was all about. I came down-stairs, for I thought I heard Miss Mabel in hysterics, and sure enough there she was, a-laughing and a-crying, sir, like mad, and the gentlemen who were in the parlour came running out, to see what was the matter. Of course, sir, I thought it was owing to something that had occurred between this young man and Miss Mabel that had made her go off like this."

"Very naturally so, my dear," said I. "You would have been a capital detective, if you had been a man."

"Thank you, sir," said the girl, seeming pleased by my flattery. "Well, sir, it seems I was wrong. It wasn't anything to do with the young man at all; at least, Miss

Mabel said it was because Mrs. Barnes had broken a dish and frightened her. So she told Mr. Moreton and the other gentlemen, who came into the room, frightened, to know what it was all about; and Mrs. Barnes said she had broken the dish, too, though I thought it was a very curious thing to make such a fuss about a broken dish; so did the Vicar, sir; and I didn't believe it at all.'

"I don't think I should have believed it either, if I had been in your place, my good girl,' I said.

"Thank you sir, I didn't; and I thought, if there has been a dish broken, the little bits must be somewhere, and I'll look for 'em as soon as I have time; and, besides, I knew, sir, exactly how many dishes we had in the house; there were six large and six small, all willow-pattern; and two large and two small of the best, which Mrs. Barnes keeps locked up in the pantry-closet. But I had no opportunity of looking about that night, sir, though I did just look in the dust-hole.'

"Did you find any of the remnants of a plate there?"

"I didn't look for any remnants, sir; but I couldn't see any of the broken bits.'

"Did you renew your search; I mean, did you look again in other likely places, on the next morning?"

"Yes, sir.'

"Did you see anything to lead you to suppose that a dish had actually been broken?"

"Nothing at all, sir.'

"Did you count the dishes to see if the right number remained?"

"I did.'

"And you found them correct—none missing?"

"None, sir.'

"Mrs. Barnes corroborated Miss Deane when the latter stated that it was a broken dish which alarmed her?"

"I don't know the meaning of that word, sir.'

"I mean, did Mrs. Barnes pretend there was a dish broken?"

"Oh, yes, sir! she said so, when master asked her.'

"Did you say anything to Mrs. Barnes afterwards about the strange young man? Did you ask her if he actually came here, and had any conversation with Miss Deane?"

"No, sir; I didn't like, as she didn't say anything to me.'

"Can you recollect anything more that occurred on that evening in question?" I asked the girl, whose evidence seemed to me to bear upon the investigation in an important degree.

"Well, sir, I can't say that I recollect anything more.'

"Very well, my good girl. I have looked over your boxes, and searched your room. There is nothing at all there that would lead me for a moment to suspect you have had anything to do with the affair.'

"Thank you, sir! Then you don't want me any more?"

"No. Please, ask Mrs. Barnes to step this way when it is convenient; and Miss Mabel, is she engaged?"

"Miss Mabel, sir, went out this morning by the first train to London. I don't know whether she will be home to-night.'

"I thanked the young woman and dismissed her; determined that I would next examine the housekeeper, Mrs. Barnes. There certainly seemed something strange and inconsistent in the old lady's conduct, and also in that of Miss Deane. If what Mary Andrews had stated was true, Mrs. Barnes and the young lady had certainly been telling a lie; and whether this strange young man, who had had some conversation with Mabel—for I do not doubt he had—had anything to do with the disappearance of the bank-notes is the question which, in order to trace out the mystery to its source, I think we must now devote our attention to decide.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## SERGEANT HARRISON'S REPORT CONTINUED.

"WHILST I was taking notes of the statement made by the housemaid, Mary Andrews, Mrs. Barnes, the housekeeper, looking very red in the face and defiant, came bounding into the room, with as much energy and evident distrust of myself, as when she bounced out of it.

"You was wishing to speak to me, sir, I presume?" that lady said, putting her arms a-kimbo.

"If you please, Mrs. Barnes," I said, "I think you can assist me materially in unravelling this mystery."

"If you think, Mr. P'liceman, that I have taken these precious bank-notes, there's my keys, sir; take 'em; look over my boxes and my drawers; there's nothing I'm afraid of an old man—more shame for you! Yes, sir; I say more shame for you!—seeing, in that box, sir, you'll find my best lavender bonnet, and my cashmere shawl, sir, and my Bible—not as I suppose you want anything to do with the Bible, sir, or anything else that is good and holy—"

"All that I require of you, Mrs. Barnes, is merely to answer a few questions that I propose putting to you," I interposed, to stop the old lady's garrulous babble.

"Very well, sir; I didn't take 'em then, to begin with," she returned.

"Do you recollect the night when the pocket-book belonging to Mr. Moreton, and containing the bank-notes, disappeared?"

"Yes sir, I do; and, for that matter, I shall be glad to remember when *you* disappear, as soon as possible, sir."

"Now look here, Mrs. Barnes!" I said confidentially; "I don't mind telling you, because I know you are a discreet woman, that I rather suspect the housemaid, Mary Andrews, of being mixed up in the affair."

"Lor'! now, sir! Mary Andrews? ejaculated the old lady, holding up her hands in astonishment. 'Well, now, people do say that there's no telling anybody now-a-days! I always thought Mary Andrews was as honest as the born day, except as I heard tell, though Master don't think I know anything about it, that young Stiles, the farmer, behaved very ill to the poor girl—not as she can properly be called dishonest for that, sir,'"

"Well, now, Mrs. Barnes, on the evening when the money was stolen, do you recollect any person—anyone like this young Stiles, the farmer, lurking about the premises; tell me, now?"

"No sir, I can't say I do—dear me, no!" returned Mrs. Barnes, with confidence, and greatly interested.

"Do you recollect any young man, at all, Mrs. Barnes?"

"No sir; I—I, at least—dear me, Mr. Sergeant, no."

"The old lady seemed suddenly to recollect herself, turned as red as a turkey-cock in the face, and looked the picture of dismay and confusion.

"Do you not remember a young man who had some communication to make with you at the garden-gate?"

"I don't know anything about it, Mr. Sergeant. Good gracious! what an impudent man it is!" cried the old lady, plainly dismayed.

"You do remember it, Mrs. Barnes, I perceive. Now if you don't tell me the plain truth, my dear lady, I shall certainly come to the conclusion that you and that young man had something to do with the disappearance of the money."

"I? Goodness me, Mr. Sergeant! I never set eyes on the man before in my life. Dear, bless my soul! to think that I—well sir, you had

better speak to Miss Deane about it; I know no more than the dead.'

"The old lady was evidently in a tremble from fear.

"Tell me all you know of this matter, Mrs. Barnes,' I said; 'it will be the best way. I am only anxious to trace the theft of the stolen notes, and if, as I am almost inclined to suspect, this affair should be in any way distinct from the other, of course it is no business of mine.'

"Well, sir, all I can tell you is just this—the young man did speak to me, sir; he asked me if Miss Mabel was at home that evening. He wanted to speak to Miss Mabel, sir, and he didn't want anyone else to know anything about it. So I told Miss Mabel, and she saw him, and what that has got to do with the missing pocket-book I don't know; only you p'licemen are so clever and suspicious, that I really think, Mr. Sergeant, you would make a mystery out of a mutton-chop, and tell us the eye of a needle had winked at you. Now, sir, have you done with me?"

"I afterwards had an interview with Mr. Deane, but I did not think it proper, without consulting you, to mention to him any of the remarks

of the servants in regard to his niece; for though it is evident there is some mystery in the conduct of that young lady, it appears to me that we have no grounds beyond the appearance of the stranger on the evening when the notes were lost, to attribute her conduct to any guilt in regard to the stolen property.'

"In conclusion, I desire to point out the fact that at present there is no positive clue; that my opinion still points in the direction where I, in the first instance, considered the guilt to be. Probably in the course of a few weeks we shall hear something of the notes, which most likely have been sent abroad or into the provinces. Till then it would be advisable to keep quietly on the watch.

"I beg to add, that in conducting this inquiry, I have acted in a private capacity, and have sought to consider the feelings of the family in whose house that inquiry has been made. In this I believe I have acted in accordance with my instructions, which were to endeavour to trace the missing property, and not, as in my official capacity I should have done, to bring the guilty to punishment for their crime.

"JOHN HARRISON."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

THOUGH the communication made by the worthy sergeant certainly caused Moreton some uneasiness, inasmuch as it made it perfectly clear to that gentleman that the girl whom he deemed such a paragon—and of course every man, even if he be as grave and wise as Solon himself, does consider the young lady of his choice a paragon—had some secret of which he knew nothing; and though a secret may certainly be compatible with innocence, it is commonly an accessory after the fact to guilt.¶

George Moreton did not for a

moment suspect the girl had been in any way connected with the loss of his money; and, of course, he very stoutly proclaimed to the sergeant his conviction of Miss Deane's entire innocence in this respect; and the sergeant, pocketting his liberal honorarium, coincided in this opinion. But still a gentleman naturally does not like the object of his love to have unfathomable secrets; much less to have even the breath of suspicion tarnish her fair fame with a crime.

And so when the sergeant had gone away, he made up his mind

that his bill and bank notes were gone for ever, and tried with all his might and main to drive all thoughts upon that unpleasant subject permanently from his mind.

The New Pacific and Salt-Lake Grand Trunk Railway Company came out (was "launched" is the proper phrase) early in the spring, when the bank rate of discount was at its lowest point; and although the public mind had not recovered in a twelvemonth from its natural suspicions of limited liability enterprise, still there were enough persons in the world sufficiently credulous to support a stray company here and there, and the New Pacific and Salt-Lake Grand-Trunk Railway Company, Limited, with Shafto Smythe, Esq., of Busby Park, Southwark (it was a row of old-fashioned houses with gardens in front), as chairman, and George Moreton, Esq., of Richmond Road, Bayswater, among the directors, was floated, rising at first by a process of rigging the market, which these gentlemen very well understood, to a premium of a quarter per cent. and subsequently falling by the natural force of commercial gravity to two per cent. discount with £10 per share paid up. But as, in the meantime, Messrs. Smythe and Moreton having obtained a settling day at the Stock Exchange, and letters of allotment—alas! there were none of regret—having been issued to the applicants for shares, the fact of the Company being afterwards at a discount of two or three was a matter that troubled the minds of these gentlemen in the smallest degree. I should not like to say how many thousand pounds went into the pockets of these financiers, together with the Metropolitan General Finance and Guarantee Company, Limited (which latter company provided the funds for advertisements, offices, &c., and placed a couple of its own most eligible directors on the new Pacific Board).

And if Mr. George Moreton did add, let us say, three thousand pounds to his banker's account, as his share of the spoil, did he not deserve it as much as any of them? Certainly it was he who contributed most to the success of the enterprise—I mean, the success of floating the enterprise; for the scheme did not ultimately turn out very remunerative to the *bona-fide* investors. Did not his hand draw up the prospectus of the company, which appeared day after day in all the glory of half-a-column of the *Times*? And if it were not that prospectus which procured the shareholders, I should very much like to know what did? If anything in these chronicles, besides the mere fact of Mr. Moreton being desperately in love with the heroine, entitles him to rank as the hero, it is surely the sagacity and profound knowledge of the human heart which that gentleman displayed in drawing-up the prospectus of the New Pacific and Salt-Lake Grand Trunk Railway Company!

It was such a manly and straightforward affair that even the most suspicious and sceptical who read it must have been struck by its frankness. After stating that the capital was to be so many millions, in so many thousands of shares; that the directors were to be Lord So-and-so, and Captain So-and-so, of Norfolk, and So-and-so, Esq., C.E., of Montreal, Canada, who was actively to superintend the construction of the line, the prospectus went on to point out the advantages—frankly admitting the disadvantages—for there were disadvantages, though of a very trifling kind. It began somehow, that the construction of a great line of railway between the coasts of the Pacific Ocean and the industrious centre of Mormonism, had long been felt to be a great public want, which, of course, this company had been formed to meet; arrangements of peculiar advantage to the company had been made with Brigham Young;

and So-and-so, C.E., of Montreal, the talented engineer, who had already constructed the magnificent suspension bridge across the Great Salt Lake, had provided that the internal construction of the railway carriages on the proposed line should be specially adapted to the comfort and convenience of the ladies ; as it was presumable that in a country where polygamy was in vogue, the company might confidently rely upon conveying to the bosom of Mormonism an immense number of female passengers ; that the increase of the female population in the Salt Lake district had been so much per cent. during the last ten years, and this under circumstances which rendered travelling thither a matter of great peril and hardship, and that it was reasonable that when the facilities of locomotion were rendered more easy and comfortable the lady converts to polygamy would largely increase.

Then it frankly admitted the one great drawback to the scheme was, the scarcity of labour in the Western States ; but this the directors confidently hoped to overcome by employing the labour of the recently emancipated negroes, and also importing largely from their native shores gangs of Chinese and Malays, who were industrious, and worked for a merely nominal wage ; and so forth to the end.

The prospectus wound up by stating the conclusion, which after mature consideration, and the calculation of the statistics which the prospectus itself displayed, that they would be able to pay a dividend at the rate of fourteen per cent. upon the paid-up capital ; and that as the traffic became further developed, this dividend would be still further increased.

For if, dear reader, you wish to humbug your neighbour—and if you don't humbug them, be sure they will humbug you—it is a great mistake to go gushing with open arms,

and pretend you are only solicitous for *their* good, because then they will think at once you are humbugging them. You must take hold of your victim by the button-hole, and say, confidentially, "Now, my dear fellow, we are both of us humbugs, and so, of course, it is no use for us to try to humbug each other. Here is a scheme, sir, which will be profitable to both of us. I don't pretend, my dear boy, that I am telling you of this for *your* good, because you wouldn't believe me if I did. I tell you for *my* good. You can yourself see the advantages, and I point out to you the trifling disadvantages. I don't want to take you in ; indeed, I *couldn't* take you in, a shrewd, clever fellow, like you, even if I wanted to. But if we are rogues, the world generally are fools ; let us profit by their folly ; for we understand each other for what we are worth." Then, gentle reader, the chances are, you will have flattered and gulled your victim till you can cheat him as much as ever you please. And oh, dear friends, if you only lay this sufficiently to heart, and practice this in your business dealings with the world, the most profitably invested guinea you have ever speculated will be that you have subscribed to Mudies', which will enable you to procure this book !

What matters it now that the New Pacific and Salt-Lake Grand-Trunk Railway Company did not pay its expected fourteen per cent. ? The figures the estimate was derived from can still be seen. If Brigham Young finds a hundred wives enough for him, can the company be blamed because he will not marry a hundred more ? If So-and-so, Esq., C.E., of Montreal, specified the cost of the Salt Lake line at £99 per mile, whose fault was it, pray ?—if any, that each mile of that certainly magnificently-constructed narrow-gauge railway cost upwards of three hundred pounds ?

Anyhow, it turned out a good thing for George Moreton ; and if he made it so by humbugging a few stupid people, with more money than they wanted, and who, in fact, for that matter, liked to be humbugged, who shall blame him ? He was no worse than his neighbours, I dare say. Besides, if anything will add a colour of romance to money-making, with, perhaps, not quite clean hands, surely it must be when a poor fellow does it for the sake of the girl he loves ! The most rigid moralist amongst us can feel a touch of pity for George Barnwell, when we reflect upon the tremendous power his unscrupulous mistress brought to bear upon him. I suppose Adam eat the apple, not because he liked it or because he was so earnest in the pursuit of knowledge ; but simply because Eve asked him to, and would have sulked with him, and no doubt have told him he had behaved like a brute to her ever since they were married, if the poor fellow had refused. George Moreton knew Mabel Deane liked her old life in society better than that at Barnsley. He knew she chafed at her misfortunes, though she was quieter over them now ; and that she still hankered after the old days when she reigned the beauty of a

Belgravian ball-room, or had half-a-dozen dandies dangling round her, in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair. In fact, George Moreton was not such an idiot that he could not perceive if he ever hoped to win the hand of the charming Mabel Deane, he must get money somehow. So he determined at the commencement he *would* get it—honestly of course, if possible. Anyhow he got it, and so even after the lapse of a single year, he was getting a name in the City, and people who understood the thing, prophesied that George Moreton, before long, would be a rich man.

Whether or not Moreton had come to this conclusion, on the morning he received the cheque from the directors of the New Pacific and Salt-Lake Grand-Trunk Railway Company, which happened to be the very one upon which he received his report from Sergeant Harrison about the property lost at the Vicarage, he made up his mind, as, indeed, he had made it up a dozen times during the last six months, that come what would, he would now certainly make a formal declaration of love to Mabel Deane, and learn from that young lady what his fate was to be.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### IS VERY ROMANTIC.

If a man could get married without the excruciating ordeal of making a formal declaration of love, or a formal offer of marriage, I wonder what would be the effect on the statistics of the increase of matrimony. How many men—clever enough, perhaps, in their way, but such unmitigated noodles, when bright eyes are shining upon them—who would have been excellent and obedient husbands, doing all that their female managers required of them ; proud of their families of

seven children, and wheeling the little ones in the perambulator through the parks—how many, I say, of the chrysoli-benedicts have never come to maturity, but have remained, perhaps, crusty bachelors all their lives, through lacking the moral courage to say those few words, which their darling Louisas or Fannys have been expecting, and which those poor young ladies have been very disappointed and chagrined because they have never heard !

An unfortunate man in this condition is like the seed under the surface of mother earth : it only wants an encouraging smile of sunshine to bid it come forth ; and lo ! there he stands like a rose, clad in all the blushing bloom of nature, with a wedding-ring for his blossom, and white kid gloves by way of foliage.

Now, why in these days when mammas are telling us how difficult it is to get their daughters settled, and to bring the fractious young colts of lovers to the scratch ; why, I say, should these things be ? Why don't Louisa and Fanny throw their pretty plump arms round the necks of Tom and Jack, and say " Dear Tom, or dear Jack, I do love you so, for you are so handsome, and your whiskers are such ducks, and will you, please, marry me ? " Depend upon it Tom and Jack *would* marry the confiding and innocent little darlings—that is, of course, if they were tolerably pretty. Tom would marry Louisa, perhaps, because Louisa had tickled his vanity. He would think, " Poor thing, how deucedly she does love me, to be sure ; and well, really, I am handsome certainly, and my whiskers are luxuriant, and I should not like to break the poor girl's heart. " Jack would marry Fanny because he's a good-natured and easy-going fellow ; he rather likes Fanny, possibly, and thinks she has a pretty mouth, and a beautiful set of teeth, so he would do anything that Fanny asks him ; and when Fanny asks him to marry her, of course he will marry her forthwith.

Who that has read as far as this in these veracious chronicles, can doubt that if Mabel Deane had at any time during the last six months made a curtsy to George Moreton, and had only said with one of her pretty smiles, " Please, sir, I like you very much ; and though you are certainly too grave and quiet, and conceited, and taken up with business affairs, and not very good-looking

either, still I think you'll make a good, obedient, and respectable sort of a husband ; and therefore, sir, if you've no objection, I would rather like to marry you, "—who can doubt, I say, that Moreton would have fallen down on his knees at once, and kissing her sweet little hand, vowed then and there that he would be her slave for ever ? Perhaps, however, the young lady didn't want to have him—Moreton himself had grave doubts upon this point, and it was precisely to ascertain her feelings on the subject he had made up his mind, for about the twentieth time, that he would now open his heart to the girl, on the very next visit he paid to Barnsley.

It was a cold, bleak day in the middle of March ; the snow was falling in huge flakes, and making the churchyard and the Vicar's garden one sheet of spotless white. The bare trees had their boughs dressed this day in white garments, as though there were so many brides walking up the churchyard to be married, and inviting Mr. George to bring Mabel and follow their example. The bleak March wind was blowing over the Sussex downs and making the old weathercock on the church-steeple spire go round and round right merrily, as though it were trying by its activity to keep itself from freezing outright ; and the little sparrows, hopping about in search of stray bread-crumbs, twittered dolefully, as though they were telling each other how cold it was.

Mabel had been especially kind and generous all that Sunday, and Moreton thought the girl had never looked more beautiful. He was certainly surprised that she did not say anything about her visit to London, though she talked about the money the young man had lost, sympathised with him in his misfortune, and, indeed, speculated in various ways as to what had become of it ; and when the old Vicar had hinted that possibly Sir Harry



Vernon or Mr. Atherton were rather pushed for money sometimes, and added a proverb, after the manner of old-fashioned country-folks, to support the insinuation, that "hungry dogs would eat stinking fish," Mabel had quite scouted the idea.

"They couldn't—they could not surely stoop so low as a theft," she cried indignantly; her eyes flashing fire.

"The idea has certainly crossed my mind," said Moreton, quietly.

"I do not believe that of either of them," the girl replied, warmly. "Sir Harry Vernon is a fool, I think, but he is not a rogue; and Mr. Atherton is at least a gentleman."

"You were absent the other day, when Sergeant Harrison came down here," George said, watching the girl's face narrowly.

"Yes! I was called to see—to see an old friend who was very ill," Mabel replied, with a slight hesitation.

"In London?"

"Yes, in London!" She spoke rather sharply, and the colour mounted to her face, but whether in anger or shame Moreton could not tell.

"I believe I saw you then," Moreton pursued, smoking his cigar with unruffled composure, for smoking was allowed at the Vicarage.

Mabel amused herself by critically examining the grounds in her teacup.

"It is possible, as I was there," she replied, quietly.

"In a cab!"

"I was in a cab?"

"You passed by the Mansion House. I was crossing the street from the Bank."

"Indeed!"

The girl rose from the table, and addressed her uncle, as though she were anxious to change the subject.

"Shall you go to church this evening, uncle?" she said.

"Yes, my dear. Is it time?" the old gentleman answered.

"It is very cold; mind you wrap yourself up warmly. Shall I come and help you?" And Mabel kissed the old gentleman tenderly.

But with the impatience of weakness and old age, which resents the notion of helplessness, he said he would get himself ready, and so went upstairs to wash his hands and change his coat.

"Uncle gets very feeble now, doesn't he?" Mabel said, with a touch of sadness in her tone. "He has failed very much lately."

"I am afraid he will not be with us long."

The girl walked over to the window and looked out.

"What a sad thing it is to grow old, Mr. Moreton," she said presently.

"Every age has its pleasures, and if old age is unhappy, it is because youth has been misspent," replied Moreton gravely.

Moreton walked over to the window where she was standing.

"I think you could make him very happy, Mr. Deane," he said in a low, soft tone, that was quite new to him.

"I?"

"Yes."

"In what way?"

"His chief care now is for you; and if he could see you happy, it would make him so, and Mabel—dear Mabel, you could make me very happy too."

And somehow quite naturally, as though he had been used to this sort of thing all his life, though certainly he would have been abashed to contemplate such a thing in cold blood, his arm stole gently round the girl's waist, and she for a moment did not attempt to remove it.

"Mabel," the young man went on, "for a long time I have been meaning to tell you this; but I have never had the courage."

"Mr. Moreton, you surprise me," said the girl quietly; though for my part, if I may put in my critical conclusions as an historian, I don't be-

lieve she was surprised in the least, not at all events at what the gentleman said, though she might have been at the fact of his saying it.

"Yet Mabel, though I have never till now spoken the words that tell you how truly I love you, you might surely have read them in my eyes. My life, dear, has seemed a different one since I have known you; there has been something to live for and to work for, in the hope that one day you would be my own. God knows how I have looked to this time when I could tell you without shame, that I have the means not only to support you as my wife, my own dear wife, in comfort, but to restore you to some of those luxuries to which you have been accustomed. I am not a very young man—"

"You are old enough to be my father," broke in the girl, petulantly, and withdrawing herself from the arm which encircled her.

"Not quite so old as that, Mabel," Moreton pursued, submitting to the rebuff calmly. "But old as I am, I have never really loved a girl till I saw you."

Mabel tapped petulantly upon the carpet with her little foot, her eyes downcast, but she said never a word.

"There will come a time dear, when you will be alone in the world, and will need a manly hand to help you—"

"You assume then, sir, that I shall have no one to extend that manly hand but you," she interrupted quickly, and with a bright smile for a moment flashing athwart her face.

"You will never have one to do so who loves you better than I."

"Oh, I see!"

"No, my dear girl, never."

There was a pause for a few moments, and then this gushing young gentleman of thirty odd—though, for that matter, some gentlemen under similar circumstances are gushing even at sixty—this gentleman I say, managed to put his arm again round the maiden's waist,

and not only that, but to take one of her pretty little plump hands and hold it in his own, in such a manner that he could look point blank right into Mabel's eyes, which no doubt made him feel rather worse than he did before. And consequently, it fell out that Mabel must of necessity, look point blank into his, and very likely she saw the tears were standing in his eyes—tears of tenderness and love for her. At all events, her face softened, and she looked at him more kindly.

"I believe what you say, Mr. Moreton," she said gently, "and I thank you."

"And your answer, Mabel?"

"I respect you very much, but I am not a good girl, I tell you frankly. I do not think I should make you a good wife, and I am sure you deserve a good one."

"Do not say that, my dear."

"Nay, sir, it is true. You would like a wife who would make your fireside happy, who would warm your worship's slippers in the winter's evenings, who would mildly reprove the darling children when they prattled too noisily on the hearth-rug, at your highness's feet; who would be content with two silk dresses a year, a fortnight at Brighton in August, and a box at Drury Lane, with the children, when the pantomime was out; in fact, who would settle down into a cosy, model wife."

"My darling I would strive with all my might to make you happy."

"No doubt you would, my dear sir; but I'm afraid I could not be happy under the circumstances," interrupted the girl, with a playful smile. "I love life and society, and admiration, and rank, and oh! I do love money, Mr. Moreton—isn't it shocking to say so?—I love it not for itself, but for what it will bring—position, rank, luxuries, pleasure, everything—"

"Not happiness, Mabel."

"But what passes for happiness,

as much like the real thing, I fancy, as anything we poor mortals are likely to get—a maxim, sir, which my dear old uncle would not approve of, though it amounts to much the same, that “all is vanity.”

“Well, Mabel, I am not a poor man now, if I am not exactly a rich one,” replied Moreton sadly. “I think you pretend to be rather worse than you are, if not, God help you, my dear. But I will work hard to get wealth for your sake, and if you think such things will make you happy, they shall be yours.”

Mabel shrugged her pretty shoulders, but looked into his face, graciously.

“What shall I say, Mr. Moreton?” she said, archly.

“Say, Mabel, that you will marry me, and will try to love me as well as I take heaven to witness I love you.”

“Well sir, I *will* try, at all events,” and she gave him her hand.

“My darling, my darling, God bless you!” cried Moreton, in ecstasy.

And then, of course his left arm which had been reposing round the maiden’s apron, tightened considerably, and he caught her madly to his breast, and—well, I dare say he kissed her, but that was his affair, and not mine, certainly. At all events, she was very blooming and flushed, and her golden hair was in disorder sadly when Mr. Deane came toddling into the room, asking for his hymn-book.

But Mabel had got free by this time, for she was not a hoyden girl to be caught in any such ridiculous circumstances. Moreton, however, seemed to like all this sort of thing amazingly. And so did Mabel for that matter. Perhaps she did—perhaps she didn’t. This historian is not a prophet, and cannot always penetrate that mystery of mysteries—a woman’s heart.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### ROMANCE AND BUSINESS.

THE man who has just made a proposal of marriage to the girl he loves, very often is like the alchemist who sets his chemicals over the furnace, and flatters himself he can almost feel the gold he has manufactured in his pockets. At first, all is enthusiasm, hope, satisfaction that the true elements are found at last; no fear daunts him; no doubt ever finds a fleeting resting-place in his sanguine mind. The lover gazes, as it were, upon his retorts, bubbling by the bright fires which dart from his innamorata’s eyes; he almost fancies the molten liquid of lead looks golden; and he lays out his future life in building fairy palaces, with terraced grounds, sanguine of the happy days of perpetual summer he will enjoy when the secret of golden happiness is his. Alas, bye-and-bye, a doubt may steal over him that lead

must remain lead, after all; that the grand mixture seething in the crucible, may, perhaps, not turn out real guinea-gold, but prove only a glittering alloy when the tests are applied to it; that the great discovery, which he has regarded the crisis of his life, the triumph of his patient research, may turn out to be a great mistake, leading not to fortune, but to ruin. If, alas! the apprehension prove correct, the alchemist has certainly the advantage of the lover. *He* can begin over again, and retrace his steps—the lover cannot.

George Moreton returned to Moor-gate Street in a state of the most ineffable bliss; he entered his offices looking so jolly and rosy, and was in such thorough good humour with everybody and everything, and so larkish and playful, that the con-

sumptuous youth, who sat in the outward office, and whose days were spent in a heterogeneous mixture of accounts and speculations, whether he could afford to marry Miss Maria Goodge, the milliner's apprentice, at Newington Causeway, on an income of twenty-two shillings and sixpence per week, determined to take the present propitious opportunity of asking his employer for a "rise," and, what is more, he got it. And further still, when he, on the first gush of gratitude, informed Mr. Moreton of his contemplated visions of matrimony, that gentleman sympathised with him to the fullest extent, extolled prudent marriages, though he could not forbear a friendly caution, that his young friend was indeed *very* young, and that marriages were more likely to prove permanently happy, when sanctioned by the prudent judgment of riper years.

"Well, sir, you know we shall grow older soon," said the youth deprecatingly. "And Maria is a very nice girl; and oh, sir, we have known each other nearly six months, and we love each other dearly."

"Oh, well, my dear fellow, if you love each other—at any rate, I wish you every success and happiness in life, and anything I can do to help you I will. By-the-way, have you checked through Heath's trial balance?"

And Mr. Moreton relapsed for the moment from the high-flown sentimental mood in which he had indulged for the last four-and-twenty hours into his usual routine of business.

Only for a very brief period, however; for as soon as the clerk had left him alone, and he had opened a huge pile of letters and account-books, and amused himself with, but worked very little at either, he quickly fell into a reverie again, and having a pen in his hand, and a small piece of blank paper before him, began scribbling various mean-

ingless and disjointed sentences, words, and so forth, such as "Mabel," and "Mabel Deane," and "Dear Mabel," and such vagaries with the young lady's name who held so rampant a position in his heart. And, I daresay, some of my gentlemen readers may have done such things themselves in the days of their own young romance, so *they* won't think Mr. Moreton's conduct so very foolish; and I'll be bound to say my young lady readers will at least admit that his behaviour was very natural.

Presently, all unconscious, he tried how "Mabel Moreton" looked, and certainly the result seemed to meet with his entire approval; for he looked at the words long and tenderly, and after a while, raised the paper to his lips and kissed it.

Among the other letters which awaited his return to London was one with the Blood Red Hand on the seal, which denoted that the sender was a baronet. As soon as our accountant was sufficiently recovered from his ecstasy to pay attention to his business affairs, he took up this, and glanced at the seal.

"From Vernon, I suppose," he muttered; as he tore the envelope open.

The letter was from Sir Harry Vernon, and was sent from that gentleman's chambers in the Albany. It was as follows:—

"MY DEAR MORETON,—I heard only yesterday of your loss, at Barnsley, the evening I saw you last. I understand that the promissory-note which Atherton and myself gave you was amongst the property you have lost. If that is the case, I have just written you to assure you that both Atherton and myself (I spoke to him last night at the club on the subject) will, of course, do whatever we can, in the event of the bill not turning up at maturity to indemnify you. Of course we don't want to shirk our obligations! at the same time we do

not want to pay them' twice. I thought I would just send you a line to assure you of this, and of my regret at the considerable loss you have suffered. I have been in town the last few days, but return for a short stay at Lady Conyers the day after to-morrow.—Yours, truly,

“HARRY VERNON.”

“Come, this looks handsome of the fellows, at all events!” muttered Moreton, disposed to be good-natured with everybody, and still more so with the gentleman whom he regarded as his rival, now that he considered that rivalry was ended by his own triumph.

“I wonder what that sagacious Serjeant Harrison would say to this. I don't see what sinister interpretation can be placed upon such a declaration,” and he turned to other matters with a grim smile.

Notwithstanding that the buoyant and jubilant Mr. Shafto Smythe came rushing into the accountant's room to tell him, gleefully, of another rise of three-eighths in the *ordinary* stock of the new Pacific and Salt-Lake Grand Trunk Railway Company; and notwithstanding an interview with a needy gentleman, who had been in the army once, and was now an impecunious wine merchant, and wanted to arrange with his creditors, by discharging his liabilities of thirty thousand pounds, with assets amount-

ing to three hundred; and notwithstanding a variety of other business transactions calling his attention in the course of the day,—the time dragged heavily with George Moreton, and the most interesting occupation he gave himself was the composition of a wonderfully long letter to Mabel, informing her of his safe arrival in London, and how constantly he was thinking about her, and how he longed for the time to come when he should have the blissful happiness of seeing her pretty face once more. And having done this, and put the letter in his pocket to post it with his own hand as he went westwards, he left the City rather earlier than usual, and called in, at the Club, where he probably found some old acquaintance of the Deanes, to whom he could talk about Mabel in a casual way.

Meanwhile, having placed the ledgers and account-books securely in the iron-safe for the night, turned the office-door key, and rang the bell as a signal to the housekeeper of his departure, Mr. Tom Dawkins, the consumptive-looking clerk, descended the staircase, and turning upon Moorgate Street to the left, bent his course towards Islington, where the widowed Mrs. Dawkins, his parent, resided, and kept a humble sort of lodging-house, in the Liverpool Road.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE DAWKINS' FAMILY.

Now, the habitation in which Mrs. Dawkins had reared her offspring, consisting of Master Tom and his little cripple sister—since the death of Mr. Dawkins, who had been a carpenter, and had committed suicide with gin ten years before—was a neat little house with plenty of stucco and door steps, standing just out of the Liverpool Road. It was ornamented in front with a row of short iron railings, which any thief

could get over if he liked, and which seemed to be constructed by the builder as an object of inquiry by passer-by, as to why they were put there; unless, indeed, they were for the convenience of the milkman, who hung his can on the spikes, when in a hurry, of an afternoon.

In the window was a French blind, a bird-cage, a nettle-plant, and a notification that Mrs. Dawkins was a dressmaker—when she could get

any dresses to make—also a book of fashions, with three young ladies in blue and pink, and who seemed to be twisting their necks in order to see behind them, and wondering when crinoline would go out of fashion.

Mrs. Dawkins used to admit that Tom was a good boy, and used to help her and Matilda, the cripple, a good deal with his wages; and Matilda herself used to consider her brother a fine manly fellow, though neither she nor mamma altogether liked the idea of Tom keeping company with that Maria Goodge, the milliner's apprentice, on Newington Causeway. But then this aversion was quite natural, for whenever did sister or mamma like their precious Tom to bestow a portion of his affection on anyone beside themselves?

Tom went up to the door and wrapped a postman's knock; and Matilda, who, perhaps, expected a letter from some one—for there *are* a few worthy and sensible young fellows who'll make little of a girl being even a cripple, if she's got a pretty face, and nimble fingers, and a kind heart—went as quickly as she could to answer the summons, and found herself caught in her brother's arms and kissed honestly.

"Lor', Tom, I thought it was the postman!" cried the maiden with a little scream, and getting herself free.

"Never mind, Tilly! there's time enough for the postman by-and-bye; besides" he added with a significant wink, "I met somebody in the City this afternoon, and he said very likely he should be his own postman to-night."

At which Matilda blushed and boxed Tom's ears, and called him a stupid. But she looked at him very good-naturedly, and bade him make haste in, for mother had got his dinner ready, a beautiful Irish stew, with lots of toast and carrot.

"Well, I'm jolly hungry!" cried Tom, rubbing his hands, and smack-

ing his lips with a relish. "Where's mother?"

"In the parlour, Tom. You are rather early to-night, ain't you?"

"Yes, Tilly!" and Tom brought his lips close to Tilly's ear, in order that the important disclosure might not be lost. "I've got a rise!"

"Lor', Tom, you don't say so!" cried Tilly, in admiration.

"I have, though; but don't tell mother yet."

And putting on as serious and dismal a countenance as he could, he went into the little parlour, where his dinner was laid on one-half of the table, and Mrs. Dawkins was dress-making at the other.

Tom sat down to his dinner in silence, but winked knowingly at his sister as he poured the luscious gravy over the toast.

"Well, Tom, how did you get on?" demanded Mrs. Dawkins, peering at him through her spectacles, as she stopped cutting a piece of silk which Tilly had just informed her was "to go on the cross," whatever that meant.

"Get on? How d'ye mean, mother?"

"About your rise. Did you ask?"

"Y-e-es I *asked* him," returned Tom, biting a large lump of toast savagely, and burning his mouth with the hot onions.

Well, and what did he say?"

"He said—he said he *couldn't*; confound the onions!"

And Tom made a grimace, and pulled out his pocket-handkerchief and stuffed it into his mouth, in order to prevent him bursting into a guffau.

"You don't mean to say he refused?" cried his mother sharply.

"Don't I, though?—I do."

"Well, I never did!"

"Ain't it a blessed shame?"

"A shame! well, never mind, Tom! You must keep your eyes open; there as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. It's very hard to bear, my boy, I know."

"Lor,' Tom, how can you?" whispered Matilda, giggling with delight.

"Well, then, mother, *I've got it!*" roared Tom at last.

"What! the rise?"

"Five bob a week, all of a dollop."

"Wasn't it kind of him, mother?" cried Matilda.

"God bless him for it!" her mother replied.

"That brings my screw up to twenty-seven and six a-week; pretty good that, I fancy!"

"Not more than you're worth, Tom."

"No! that I'll be bound," added Tilly.

"Some fellows are paid very badly," said Tom, placidly.

"There's Griffin, now, cashier and book-keeper at Good Brothers, the great carriers—he only gets about thirty-five bob, and he's been with 'em I don't know how long."

"We shall get on well now, Tom, specially if Mr. Green stops with us."

Tom didn't like to say anything about his matrimonial proclivities towards the young milliner's apprentice, and so disturb his fond parent's hopes that everything was going on smoothly for her. Indeed, the old lady, no doubt, thought Tom was perfectly happy in the present state of things, and likely to remain so for *her* time, though she would certainly have liked to see poor Tilly married and settled. But sons and daughters are different; and so the milliner's apprentice was snubbed, as a species of vicious dissipation on the part of Tom accordingly.

So Tom good-naturedly preferred to take up his mother's observation about Mr. Green, their new lodger, who had been with them only a week or two.

"He's a queer chap, mother! I can't make him out?" dubiously contemplating a luscious piece of beef on the point of his fork.

"Goodness me, Tom! how do you mean?"

"There's something dicky about him, I think!"

"I expect he is in debt, or something of that sort," said Matilda.

"Why, my dear?"

"Oh, I don't know—he seems so poor, and always afraid of being seen."

"No doubt he's poor, my dear; but I think he's a gentleman."

"All the more likely to be in debt," interposed Tom, sententiously.

"He may be in debt, and yet honest."

"I don't say he isn't honest; but I'm precious mistaken if there isn't *something* dicky about him," returned Tom defiantly, and seeming altogether well pleased with the word "dicky."

Just then the street-door bell was rung—a sort of hesitating apologetic ring—as though its author were dubious whether he ought to summon anybody, and ought not to wait outside on the doorstep till some one came to the door, like the cat.

"There he is now!" said Matilda, throwing down her work.

"I'll go, Tilly! don't bother," cried Tom, running to the door and letting in an old grey-whiskered man, who stooped terribly, and wore a neckerchief which muffled up his face.

"Good evening, Mr. Green! come inside and warm yourself," cried the widow, hospitably.

"Thank you, ma'am," the other replied, in a tremulous voice. "Has there been anybody for me?"

"No one, sir."

"I thought perhaps a young lady, the same who called here the other day, might have been round."

The old man looked wistfully, as though he were loth to be convinced that no one had been to see him.

"There is a letter for you, sir," said Tilly.

"Indeed! where?" exclaimed the other, stretching out his hand eagerly.

"Behind the looking-glass on the mantel-piece. Tom, give it Mr. Green."

The old gentleman—for though he was shabby his manners were superior, and would impress anybody with the fact that he had seen better days—took the letter in his hand tremblingly, glanced at the post-mark, but did not immediately open it. Soon afterwards he made an excuse that he was very tired, and should go to bed early. He then took a candle and went upstairs into his own little room.

By-and-bye he rang the bell. Mrs. Dawkins went upstairs to see what he required; she found him sitting at the table with the letter open before him.

"I will pay you the rent I owe you, Mrs. Dawkins," he said.

"To-morrow will do, sir."

"But I want change, and—and I should like something to eat—a steak or chop; can you get it for me. The fact is, Mrs. Dawkins, I have had nothing to eat all day."

Of course, the sympathetic landlady promised that Tilly should go and get whatever he wanted—indeed, the poor widow had known what it was to go short of food her-

self in the early days of her widowhood. And when, by-and-bye, Tilly had procured change for a bright, crisp ten-pound note—Mr. Green had written his name and address across it—and when the steak was cooked, and seething hot on the table upstairs, together with a nice new loaf and a tankard of ale, the poor old gentleman fell to upon it, and eat with a ravenousness which seemed to indicate that he was almost starving—as, indeed, very likely he was.

Next morning, when the landlady was sweeping out the old man's bedroom, she found an envelope on the floor; and though it was no business of hers where it came from, ladies are curious, and widows especially so. So she glanced at the post-mark, as the old gentleman had the night previously. The envelope was addressed in a very elegant and lady-like handwriting, and the post-mark was that of East Barnsley.

It was a matter from which the worthy widow gained little knowledge and paid little attention to at the time. But, as the sequel proved, the trifling circumstance was one in a chain of coincidences, which, as it were, encircled the destiny of George Moreton and Mabel Deane.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### BEHIND THE SCENES.

MABEL said nothing to the Vicar, the night Moreton made her the offer of marriage, upon that important subject. Indeed, the girl was more than usually reserved and uncommunicative, and retired to bed early, as if with the intention of letting her affianced say to her uncle what he pleased.

Next morning after Moreton's departure, she glided into the old gentleman's study, and going behind his chair smoothed his hair and kissed his forehead. The Vicar looked up with a gleam of kindly intelligence.

"Well, my dear," he said, "has Mr. Moreton gone?"

"Yes," Mabel replied, quietly. "I have something to tell you,"

"I think I can almost guess what it is, you puss!"

"Probably. Mr. Moreton has asked me to marry him!"

"Of course he has, stupid fellow. He's been wanting to do so a long time; why he hasn't done so before I can't think."

"Indeed?"

"Why, you little hypocrite, you know he has!"



"I have certainly thought for a long time he has shown me particular attention, uncle," she answered, in the most matter-of-fact way in the world.

"Well, well, my dear, at all events you have accepted him?"

"Yes."

"That is right, you make me very happy to hear you say so, Mabel. He is a good, straightforward fellow, I believe, and he is a man who will certainly get on in the world."

"So I think, uncle; and I am very glad you are pleased."

And Mabel went to the window and looked out dreamily.

"I hope, my dear, you are happy also," said the other anxiously, after a pause.

The girl laughed. "I daresay we shall get on very well together, uncle," she said. "I don't know that George Moreton is the man I should under ordinary circumstances fall desperately in love with; he is a very good fellow, as you say, and I respect him very much."

"Do you not *love* him, then, my child?"

"Few women ever marry the man of their choice, I fancy, uncle. I don't know that I ever really loved anybody, thank goodness! If I had, the chances are he would not have loved me, or else would have been so poor that he could not decently marry me; and I hate poverty. I never knew how much I hated it, until we lost our fortune—not that you have ever let me know what poverty is, uncle—I don't mean that."

"And are you really going to marry this poor young man with such feelings as these?" cried the Vicar, aghast.

Mabel laughed again. It was a ringing, mocking laugh.

"He knows pretty well what my feelings are, I believe," she said. "All girls are better off married than they are single—that is, if they make a prudent, and not a foolishly sentimental match. He is tolerably

well-to-do, and as you say likely to do still better. He is the best chance I have had of late times, and he is willing to take me as I am. I have made no false pretences with him uncle, so *que voulez vous?*"

"God help you both! I trust you will be happy," said the Vicar, with a sigh.

And Mabel with a dreary laugh said she hoped so too, and then went to assist the old housekeeper in her domestic affairs.

Next morning brought a letter from Moreton, which he had written from Moorgate Street, breathing all love and tenderness; and in the afternoon, she, as in duty bound, sat down to her desk to reply to it.

"I wish I was a good girl," she sighed. "I think he really loves me."

After tea, she thought she would take the letter to the post-office herself, as the weather was so fine. Indeed, it was quite a warm spring day, more like the middle of April than March.

So she ran upstairs singing; and if she felt any qualms of conscience about George Moreton, she determined to bother herself with them no more. For are not all people, and women especially, children of circumstances, who must take things as they come, and make the best of them.

When the letter was posted, the air seemed so mild and fresh, the fields so green, and sometimes so yellow with the buttercups, and the trees and hedgerows so teaming with bursting life, that Mabel was tempted to extend her walk further. She chanced to take one of those pleasant secluded lanes, which led from East Barnsley to Conyers Hall. And here, quite accidentally, who should her dog, which accompanied her, spy out in the distance, but his particular friend the retriever, who generally accompanied Sir Harry Vernon? Soon after Mabel met Sir Harry himself.

Then they walked a little way together, and Sir Harry, amongst

other things, told Mabel that his relative, Lady Conyers, had been taken suddenly with a fit, and that a physician from London had been telegraphed for that morning, and had not long ago returned to town. He had pronounced it a very dangerous case, and was to visit Conyers Hall again next day."

"If anything happens to the poor old lady, it will most likely be a good thing for me," said Sir Harry.

"Indeed!" said Mabel, as if surprised, yet she knew it well.

She did not, however, mention George Moreton's name during the whole of the little walk, but suffered Sir Harry to accompany her home as far as the Vicarage gates.

And what harm either? For if the present writer were to pretend it was wrong for a girl, just because she is engaged, to allow another gentleman to walk with her, what a puritan would he be! and what young lady would care to read the next chapter?

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# I F.

STRONG little monosyllable between

Desire and joy, between the hand and heart

Of all our longing; dreary death's-head seen

Ere our quick lips to touch the nectar part!

O giant dwarf, making the whole world cling

To thy cold arm before the infant feet

Of frail resolves can walk, man-like, complete,

Steep mountain-paths of high accomplishing!

Dim dragon in the path of our designing,

No Red-Cross Knight may vanquish! Though most brave,

Strong Will before thee crouches, a mute slave—

Faith dies to feel thee in her path declining!

If! thou dost seem to our poor human sense

The broken crutch of our blind providence!

## A NEW YORKER IN JAPAN.

MOST of the houses in Yokohama are of a single story, and are built of a light frame-work of wood, covered with small square slate, neatly joined by ridges of white mortar; the roofs are covered with tile, also cemented by mortar; thus giving to the town a sort of checkered appearance that from a distance is very neat. Since the fire of 1866, which swept away a large portion of the foreign settlement, quite a number of houses have been erected of a light-green stone, almost equal to marble in texture—dear-bought experience teaching merchants that flames lick up tile-buildings as if they were tinder.

Besides these there are a number of go-downs built of mud, which are said to stand any amount of fire without injury; indeed, the Japanese merchants consign their valuables to a mud godown, feeling as much confidence in it as we should in a Herring safe.

The native town, although containing but a few fine buildings, is by far the most interesting place to a stranger. Entering "Curio Street," the Broadway of the town, I was first struck by the extreme neatness and cleanliness of everything. Each street is swept scrupulously clean *daily*, and there is scarcely a city in the world whose corporation could not learn a lesson from the towns and villages of Japan on this point. On each side of this street, and extending for half a mile, are the wonderful "Curio stores." The first of these, appearing to have full confidence in the pockets of its American customers, has a sign over the entrance on which, in large letters, we read, "The 4th of July Store." On the opposite side of the street is the great bronze establishment, containing some splendid samples of Japan-

ese art. Although their instruments for this work are of the rudest description, they succeed in turning out some beautiful articles; indeed, their large bronze vases are wonderful. Standing about five feet high, they are covered with the most intricate and delicate work of vines and leaves, birds and snakes. Next door we found some beautiful tortoise-shell ware, card-baskets made from which are exceedingly rich; here also was a large assortment of ivory goods, from which every variety of article is manufactured.

Small ivory cabinets made from a solid block of tusk, without a joint of any description; charms, studs, and sleeve-buttons; balls of ivory on which the most exquisite miniature landscapes are cut; and boxes and goblets beautifully inlaid with minute, life-like representations of flies and bright-coloured insects. Besides these articles, there is the much-famed lacquer ware, which has greatly deteriorated in quality the last few years, owing partly to the increased demand, but principally to the fact that all but the initiated can be humbugged with the inferior article. There are but one or two men in the town who keep really fine specimens of lacquer ware, and these can only be bought at what appeared to me an alarming figure. Indeed, those who "go shopping" with the idea that, because they are in Japan, they can make unlimited purchases without lightening their purse, will find themselves grievously disappointed. I found that, if we paid the prices asked by some of the dealers, we should soon discover that Yokohama is the dearest place in the world to buy Japanese articles. The only way to deal with the fellows to advantage, is to take

plenty of time for the operation, and to have no conscientious scruples about "Jewing."

On entering one of the stores, we are saluted by the proprietors, who are almost invariably found seated on the floor in the squatting posture of Eastern nations, with a profound bow, and "oh hayo" (good-morning), to which we reply with all politeness. Taking up a small ivory cabinet, I asked, "How muchee?" "One hundred and fifty ichiboos" (fifty dollars). The cabinet is immediately dropped as if it had been hot, and we start to leave the shop, when the proprietor calls our attention to the fact that it is "numb' one" (the best), and asks us to "makee talkee how muchee give." "Seventy-five ichiboos." He considers this an excellent joke, and says, "Makee talkee *true* pricee." A gentleman who is with me now offers one hundred ichiboos, and on his refusing to accept this, we leave the establishment; but before we have gone far we are recalled, and our terms accepted. This is the *modus operandi* for the majority of purchases, but there are one or two stores in the town, containing some of the finest specimens, on which, with no amount of bargaining, can one obtain the slightest reduction. They persistently call your attention to the placard over the door, which informs all whom it may concern that this is a "One-Price Store;" and, indeed, they are so independent about disposing of their goods, that a person feels as though he were treated with peculiar consideration in being allowed to make any purchases whatever.

At the end of Curio Street is the large and aristocratic bookstore of Yokohama, in which all the choice literature of the day can be found. Here are military books and naval books, illustrated works on London and Paris, and beautiful maps of the island and cities of Japan, which are said to be very accurate. While

the stores of Curio Street are almost entirely devoted to goods of Japanese manufacture for export, those of its next-door neighbour, "Beuten Doree," are filled with imported articles of every description for home use. Tools, hardware, lamps, dry-goods, crockery, looking-glasses, photographic apparatus and materials, are some of the numerous articles sold in these variety stores. Strange though it may seem, the Japs have made considerable progress in photography, and really manage to turn out some very fair pictures.

On this street are a number of the celebrated bath-houses, where men and women and children, old and young, rich and poor, meet on the common ground of cleanliness, and the bright and contended faces of the Japs as they come from these establishments make one fully believe that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

I was so fortunate as to be in Yokohama during the Japanese New Year holidays, which begin the latter part of January and continue about ten days, during which time scarcely any business is transacted, as every one, from the lowest coolie to the highest official, considers that he has no more important duty on hand than that of enjoying himself, and accordingly goes to work with a will to accomplish this. A row of bamboo canes, fifteen or twenty feet high, is put up before each door, while from the side of the house a fringe of neatly-braided rice-straw is suspended, in the centre of which is a shield made of a boiled lobster, surrounded with oranges and rice-straw as an offering to the god of "chow-chow." Then the calling commences. The gentry, dressed to kill, and preceded by a servant bearing presents and cards, appear to pay their respects at each house.

It is a curious sight to witness the meeting of two of these gay cavaliers. With hands on their knees, they bow

almost to the ground, and in this position all the compliments of the season pass between them. They then raise their heads, but, appearing to be alarmed lest they have not shown each other sufficient respect, they "bob" once more, and this is often kept up for a minute or two; the same operation being repeated on parting.

The green decorations, the bright straw work, and the gala costumes of the people, all combine to give to the town a gay appearance; but what struck me particularly was the perfect good humour and happiness of everybody. Singing, masquerading, and drinking "saki" until the faces of the men become the colour of a beet, one sees no quarrelling, fighting, or disturbance of any kind. All seem equally bent on enjoying themselves, and, to judge from the result, not without success. The 26th of January, their New-Year, capped the climax of excitement, as on this day the grand parade and review of the Fire Department came off.

In every town there a number of organised fire companies, Yokohama having twelve or fifteen, each provided with the following instruments: first, a small wooden engine about two feet square, which is carried on the shoulders of two of the company; a circular paper-charm about two feet in diameter, gaudily coloured, and fastened at the top of a long pole; and a bamboo ladder. Besides which each member is provided with a pole with an iron hook fastened at the end of it, for tearing down the buildings surrounding the fire. On the bells striking the alarm, the different companies start on a full run for the scene of action, keeping up at the same time such a yelling and screaming as would put to the blush even the old Fire department of New York. Arriving at the fire, the charm-bearer, entirely enveloped in an inflammable coat, takes up his position on one of the neigh-

bouring buildings, and keeping his charm in constant motion, has full confidence that the flames will expire before such a terrible instrument.

Believing that "prevention is better than cure," the firemen do not attempt to throw water on the burning building, but, instead, keep up a steady stream on their leader, "to keep him cool," while a few of their number attack the nearest building with their pikes; but before they have got it half down, they are driven off, the fire usually following them entirely through the town in this way. Indeed, a fire seldom breaks out in any of their towns, but what it leaves it in ashes in a few hours. The inspection of the companies concluded with the following performance: each company, in passing before the Governor's house, who was standing on the balcony surrounded by his officials, halted, and having rested one end of their ladder on the ground, they clustered around it, and a dozen of them thrusting their pikes into it about eight feet from the ground, they braced themselves, and in this way held it firmly. One of their number, dressed in tight clothes, now mounted to the top, and, at the height of twenty-five feet, went through some of the most surprising evolutions imaginable—standing on his head, turning himself inside out, and making a sudden jump from the ladder when it seemed as if nothing could save him from a fearful fall, and then being jerked back with tremendous force by a cord which he had fastened to his leg. Each member went through these various manœuvres with slight variations, the performance being kept up all the afternoon.

On the morning of January 27th, I was awakened by a tremendous yelling and shouting, and, looking out of my window to discover the cause, saw the first load of tea for the new year. There were three

carts in all, each drawn by about fifteen coolies, who were dressed in fantastic clothes in honour of the event, and were giving their lungs a good stretching. I did not suppose it possible for such a variety of sounds to issue from human lips. There was every description of voice represented, from the deepest bass to a soprano, which for compass and power would put to shame any prima donna.

Bulls and cats were both well represented, while one man gave vent to a sound much the same in effect as the united effort of five hundred owls in mass meeting assembled. Japanese singing is impossible to describe; it strikes me as one of the most wonderful peculiarities of the country. It is invariably on one note, and it appears to me that the words do not change very often. No white man can imitate it, but a near approach to the original is accomplished by the following method—(patented): strike a note above that which any civilised voice has ever reached, and, having drawn a powerful breath, commence to sing slowly, taking care that you give it a thorough nasal sound, and a quiver as if you had been suddenly attacked by the ague; no additional breath must be drawn throughout your song, but in proportion as your lungs become exhausted, increase your “shakes;” and having kept this up until there is imminent danger of a collapse, stop as suddenly as if you had been decapitated, and you will, with practice, have some idea of Japanese music. Some people would not admire this; but it is entirely a matter of taste, and it is a slander on the Japanese character to say that they are not musical. I have seen an eager crowd of listeners collected around an old gentleman who was breathing forth “dulcet melodies,” accompanied by a three-string guitar; and the attention and interest of his audience was far

superior to any thing that I ever witnessed at the Philharmonic. Indeed, having spoken a word to a gentleman who was with me, I was scowled at as indignantly as if I had insulted every member of the audience.

I started, at eight o'clock on the morning of February 23rd, in company with three other adventurers, for a trip to the great bronze statue Dyeboots, distant about twenty miles. We had been warned that, owing to the unsettled state of the country, we might meet with “rouins,” or robbers, and accordingly went well armed and prepared for any emergency. The morning was a splendid specimen of Japanese winter-weather—bright, and wonderfully clear, with just sufficient cold to make the air bracing, and riding glorious. We were mounted on native ponies, the most vicious, the most emaciated, and the shaggiest beasts in existence; but, after one has become used to their little eccentricities, a delightful animal for a saddle, and one whom you can trust to carry you a long distance without flinching; in other words, “A poor 'un to look at, but a good 'un to go.”

Our leader showed his strong objection to the trip before we had got outside of the town, by seizing the bit in his teeth, and “bolting” for the stable, which he succeeded in reaching; and it was only with extreme difficulty that he was persuaded to alter his mind and consent to go. The first ten miles of our journey lay through a valley entirely devoted to the culture of rice; but as the crop had long since been harvested, nothing remained but the old stumps, which were not particularly interesting to view. We arrived at Kanasawa at half-past ten, and having put up our ponies at an inn, we prepared ourselves for some “chow-chow;” for, although rather early for lunch, we all had a ravenous appetite.

This establishment is situated directly on the water, and the little room to which we were shown commanded a charming view of the bay, which was thickly covered with the white sails of fishing and oyster boats. Having eaten a hearty lunch, consisting of Bologna sausage, sardines, eggs, crackers, tea, and coffee, a stock of which articles is kept for foreigners, we once more got under way. And now we entered a splendid country. The road was narrow, scarcely room for two horses abreast; indeed, we almost invariably travelled in single file; it is wide enough, however, to serve every purpose of the Japanese, whose only way of conveying goods is to pile them up in a miraculous way on the backs of their "steeds," said animals being muzzled to keep them from committing any sanguinary measures, and led by their owners by a long halter-rope.

We met several long rows of these nags, whose invariable practice is to stand in an innocent-looking and care-worn position until one is directly opposite them, when, appearing to be suddenly struck with an idea, they swing around with astonishing rapidity, and let fly their heels. The first time I witnessed this little performance, I was so entirely taken by surprise that said heels came within a few inches of me; but one such performance was sufficient, and I learned to keep my "eyes to windward."

Through the richest valleys, every available spot of which is cultivated in the most careful manner, no square foot of land is allowed to go to waste; the steep sides of hills, on which we should consider it impossible to raise anything, the Japanese terrace, and the long rows of green barley growing on these spots show what perseverance can accomplish even with no better tool than a grubbing-hoe. Leaving one of these valleys, the road led us through some wonderful passes in the mountains,

solid rocks rising perpendicularly on either side to a height of forty or fifty feet—trees growing from the tops of these, and forming a green canopy over our heads. As we came through one of these gorges, a view met our eyes which I shall never forget. At our feet, and extending for miles, was a most luxuriant rolling valley; on the left was a glimpse of the Bay of Yedo, literally covered with sail of every description; while to the right, at a distance of fifty miles, was the snow-white peak of Fusijama, twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea; but so clear and deceptive is the atmosphere, that it appeared as if a half-hour's ride would accomplish the distance. We were saluted in all directions by the peasantry, whose regular question to "tojans," as we are called, is "duko-morro-morro?" ("Where are you going?"); besides these, we occasionally met a party of Yaconins, who looked at us with decidedly sour countenances, but did not attempt anything more sanguinary.

We arrived at Kamakura, the next town on the route, at half-past twelve; and having fastened our ponies at a tea-house, started to investigate the "Temples."

The gate to the temple-grounds, which are about ten acres in extent, is protected by two huge, diabolical figures of wood, armed with a drawn bow; and it is confidently believed that any one entering with evil intention will be transfixed by an arrow from these wrathful sentries. Inside of this, the first thing that attracted our attention was the stable of the "Holy Ponies," from which their excellencies were poking their heads to get a good view of us. They are certainly beauties—brothers, pure white, without spot or blemish, with most peculiar pink eyes, and with coats as soft as silk. They were covered with silk blankets, their stables kept scrupulously clean, and altogether they appeared to have a pretty good time of it, as nobody

has ever been allowed on their backs. They are principally fed on beans, saucers of which are ranged on a counter just outside the stable, and each petitioner to the temples is expected to purchase two or three of these ; if he fail in this, he stands but poor chance of having his prayers attended to. We invested in a couple of dollars' worth ; and I am certain, from the expression of the faces of those animals, that they not only "knew beans," but, in addition, highly approved of foreign trade. We next went through the temples—a treat which was strictly forbidden us at first, but we soon discovered that the "filthy lucre" was as necessary to existence here as elsewhere, and the sight of a few ichiboos entirely silenced any conscientious scruples which the priests may have had.

There is very little variety in the interior of these temples. A large gong is hung at the entrance, which the petitioner rings in a violent manner to attract the attention of the god within. The old gentleman never hears, however, unless the ringing is accompanied with the jingle of cash. On the top of a stand or altar is a small figure of bronze or wood, more or less ugly as the case may be, surrounded by candlesticks, trumpery, and *dirt* of every description. Indeed, the only place in Japan where dirt is tolerated is in the temples, and I have never seen one of these looking either clean or neat. I suppose that dust and rubbish accumulated in such places is considered holy, and must not be rudely disturbed : whatever the cause is, the effect is anything but pleasing. One temple was devoted to the relics of Hachiman, who, I have since been informed, was Tycoon of Japan two thousand years since. This is an assertion which, like all others emanating from Japanese sources, must be taken at a heavy discount ; it was made to me, however, in all good faith, and I have no doubt they

fully believe it. At all events, swords, bows and arrows, shields, spears, clothes, helmets, &c., evidently of great age, are religiously preserved, and shown to visitors as rare curiosities. The entrance to each temple is surrounded by wood-carvings, some of them quite fine. They represent principally elephants, cranes, owls, and the most fearful-looking dragons imaginable.

Just beyond Kamakura we passed the place where Lieutenants Bird and Baldwin, two English officers, were murdered, in 1863. They were on horseback, and were just turning a corner in the road, when a man jumped upon them, and before they had time to draw a pistol, they were both cut down. It has been the same with all murders committed here. Pistols have been found on almost every murdered body ; but such is the rapidity with which the Yaconins use their swords, that a pistol is of no use. The murderer of Bird and Baldwin was captured and beheaded by the Japanese Government, and I have been informed, by a gentleman who witnessed the execution, that he met his death heroically. Capital punishment in Japan is extremely simple. The prisoner's eyes are bandaged, and his hands tied behind him ; he then kneels, and the executioner, with one powerful stroke of his sword, performs the work of decapitation, the head falling into a hole which has been previously dug in the ground. This murderer requested, at the last moment, to be allowed to say a few words, which he was permitted to do ; when, in a clear, full voice, he acknowledged he was guilty of the murder, but said that, under the same circumstances, he should do it again ; that he had never seen his victims before, and that they had never injured him personally ; "but," he continued, "what I did was done for my country, and it is the way in which I would treat all foreigners in my



power. They have invaded our soil and subverted our ancient customs. Before they landed on our shore, all was peace and plenty; now we have nothing but war and trouble. I would drive them all into the sea. I am ready to die for Japan;" and, calmly kneeling, he suffered the penalty of his crime.

We arrived at the great statue about half-past one, and leaving our horses in charge of the "bettoes," we proceeded to "investigate." From the main road a fine avenue leads to the brazen image. This avenue has a stone-walk running up the centre of it, while on either side is an evergreen hedge about twelve feet high, and finely clipped. My first sensation on seeing Dyeboots was one of disappointment, and it was not until I got close to it that I began to appreciate the immense amount of metal used in its construction. It is in a sitting, or rather squatting posture, and is forty feet high, and remarkably well proportioned. It is supposed to represent

some young man; but whom, and why he is forever destined to sit in this uncomfortable position, dependent saith not. The only information I could gain, was, that the gentleman was seven hundred years old, and was expected to open his eyes before any great war or commotion in Japan. We were allowed to climb up on it, and four of us sat on the thumb, the hands being clasped in the lap, without being crowded in the least. We also went inside of our friend, and, with the aid of a ladder, climbed into the place where his brain should be, but did not discover any.

After taking views from all points, we once again mounted, and retraced our steps to Kanasawa, where we indulged in another "chow-chow;" after which we started for Yokohama, where we arrived at seven o'clock, rather tired and worn, but having enjoyed a forty miles' ride through a country whose scenery I do not think can be surpassed by any in the world.



## LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS OF IRELAND

FROM A.D. 1189 TO 1870.

(117) A. D. 1867. ABRAHAM BREWSTER.—In our memoir of Lord St. Leonards (112th Chancellor), we spoke of the difficulties that we found gathering around us, as our narrative comes nearer to our own time. Not that in any part of our work we were insensible to the responsibility we assumed when we took upon ourselves to write the lives of men, most of whom exercised great influence on the destinies of Ireland, and many of whom take rank high amongst those who have left “their footprints on the sands of time.” Often have we felt the weight of that responsibility; often wished that to write the lives of the Irish Chancellors, albeit a labour of love to us, had fallen into other and abler hands. But assuredly as the history comes closer to our own time, we find lowering around us deeply and more deeply that cloud of passion, and of religious prejudice, and of party-spirit, and of national antipathies, from which how difficult is it for the calmest amongst us to emerge! And if in writing the story of that grand old man, Lord St. Leonards, whose life is happily spared to our own times, but whose struggles and whose victories—*tertium ætatem hominum vivebat*—belongs to a past generation,—if in writing his story we felt the difficulties press upon us of which we have spoken, how much greater must those difficulties be now, when we write of those who still live, and move, and have their being amongst us, and around whom men have gathered to do battle in defence of the parties to which they belong! The thought has often pressed upon us, then, that perhaps it would have

been better to shut up the book before we came to the histories of living men. Perhaps this might have been true wisdom; but then there is a strong desire upon us to finish, even at the risk of finishing unworthily, the task we took in hand; and, besides, we felt that amongst the living men of whom we had to write there are those who are not unworthy to take place with the illustrious amongst their predecessors. And again, there are the examples of other writers, who have taken up the tangled skein of modern politics, and have written the lives of the actors in these politics and the motives of their actions, while their lives are yet spared to us, and while the actions are only as of yesterday and the day before; and so, not unwillingly, we yielded to the temptation; and following the example of Mr. Fosse, the learned author of the “Judges of England,” we resolved to give a sketch, however imperfect, of the chancellors of the present generation. In our present Number we are unable, owing to many circumstances, to place before our readers more than an outline, and we are compelled to leave to others to write the life of him who was one of the most distinguished lawyers that ever appeared at the Irish Bar.

The Brewsters are descended from one of the oldest of the East Anglian families. Their names are to be found in the records of England many centuries ago. In 1375, John Brewster was witness to a deed relating to lands in the parish of Henstead. Later on, in the early part of the reign of Edward IV., the Manor of Wrentham was

purchased by the Brewsters of Wrentham Hall. A branch of this family had been seated in Lincolnshire in the seventeenth century, of whom was William Brewster, who in 1620 went to America, to avoid the religious persecution to which they were exposed in this country, and became one of the founders of New England.

The Brewsters came for the first time to this country during the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell.<sup>1</sup> Sir Francis Brewster was, after the Restoration of Charles II., associated with the Earl of Drogheda<sup>2</sup> and others, as a commissioner to take account of forfeited estates in Ireland. Another branch of the family settled about the same time in Ireland, from whom was descended Samuel Brewster, of Ballywilliam-Roe, in the county Carlow, whose son, William Bagenal Brewster, of Bally-Multa, county of Wicklow, was married to Mary, daughter of Thomas Bates, Esq., and was father of Abraham Brewster, the subject of this memoir, who was born in the year 1796.

Mr. Brewster entered the University of Dublin in 1812, and regularly, as it appears by the college books, kept his terms until he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts at the spring commencements of 1817.<sup>3</sup> In 1819 he was called to the Bar; he then chose "the Leinster" for his circuit, and soon acquired the reputation of a sound lawyer, an able cross-examiner, and a powerful speaker.

Mr. Brewster rose rapidly into high practice at the Bar. His profession was his love, and at that profession, we may presume, he was resolved on taking the foremost place, to have adopted for his motto the old Greek adage, *ἀνὴρ ἀπὸ κρείττερον*. From his earliest years, as we might expect, from the antecedents of the old Protestant family to which he belonged, he was

ranked amongst the high Conservative party, but was far removed from that known as low Orangeism.

In the month of December, 1834, the Whig Government was thrown out of office, and was succeeded by the short-lived Tory administration, under which Sir Edward Sugden held the seals as Chancellor of Ireland, until the Whig restoration in April, 1835. It may be that Mr. Brewster was not of sufficiently Orange principles to obtain Crown favours under this anti-Catholic Government. Suffice it to say, that it was the Whig Chancellor, Lord Plunket, who, in July, 1835, gave him a silk gown. In 1841, Sir Robert Peel became Premier, when Mr. Blackburne, as Attorney-General, insisted on Mr. Brewster being appointed law adviser to the Castle.

In 1846 he was selected by Sir Robert Peel to be Solicitor-General for Ireland, an office that he filled merely for a few months, as the Tory Government retired from office in the following September. In that administration were Sir James Graham and the Earl of Aberdeen, the former being the Home Secretary, and the latter the Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

From the fall of the Conservative Ministry until the month of February, 1852, Mr. Brewster's party occupied the Opposition benches of the House. In that year the Whigs retired from office, and were succeeded by the Earl of Derby, who at the close of the same year was succeeded by the coalition ministry, at the head of which was the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir James Graham being Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Brewster then, as a matter of course, became Attorney-General for Ireland.

The new administration, in talent and parliamentary influence, was apparently one of the strongest governments the present generation

<sup>1</sup> Vide Thurlow's State Papers.

<sup>2</sup> Vide Dr. Todd's Catalogue.

had seen ; but, in reality, weakness was from the first its fatal malady. A coalition in name only, it was practically a ministry of suspended opinions and smothered antipathies. Formed in times of peace, for the purpose of peace, the ministers were unexpectedly called upon to undertake the duties of the Russian war, for which subsequent events showed them wholly inefficient. The horrible state of the army in the Crimea had excited to the highest pitch the indignation of the public ; and the House of Commons, representing the national feeling, by the overwhelming majority of 157, in a House numbering 453, condemned the government to the most ignominious end recorded of any Cabinet in modern days. On the 1st of February, 1855, the Earl of Aberdeen in the House of Lords, and Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons, formally announced that the Ministers had placed their resignation in her Majesty's hands. On the 16th of February the Ministry was reconstructed. Lord Aberdeen then ceased to be Prime Minister, and was succeeded by Lord Palmerston, Sir James Graham continuing, as he had been since 1852, First Lord of the Admiralty. On the 22d February, however, Sir James Graham placed his resignation in the hands of the Crown. Mr. Brewster at once resigned office, and was succeeded by Mr. Keogh as Attorney-General for Ireland.

The excitement which followed the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in England was at its height in that country during the whole of the year 1852 ; while the people beheld with dismay the rapid increase of the Church of Rome, and remembered the warnings given to them in 1829, that if the Emanci-

pation Bill were allowed to pass, Popery would once more overshadow the country with its baneful shade. They had seen that in other countries, where the doctrines of the Reformers had been protected by the civil power, the moment that that protection was withdrawn, the Papal church immediately arose on the ruins of the Reformation. It was so in the centre of Europe. It was so in Austria and in France, and it was so in Holland,<sup>1</sup> and in one of Holland's former colonies, the island of Ceylon,<sup>2</sup> Sir James Emerson Tennent says that the Catholic faith was planted in that island in the sixteenth century by the Portuguese. In the seventeenth century Holland wrested Ceylon from the King of Portugal, when the reformed faith became the established religion of the island. The power of the Dutch ceased in that island at the opening of the present century, and under the flag of England religious equality was proclaimed. Immediately the Church of Rome recovered her ascendancy over the multitudes ; and in 1850 there were not more than two ministers of the Dutch faith in an island in which a few years before they might be counted by hundreds. It was not wonderful, then, that the Protestants of England, with such examples before their eyes, should look with alarm on a step which was once more to place amongst them the mitred hierarchy of a Church which, extirpated three centuries ago, now threatened to recover her long-lost but not forgotten ascendancy. Pius IX., on the other hand, saw with satisfaction the return of the most learned men in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge to the Catholic faith ; and he accordingly, by a brief directed to Dr. afterwards Cardinal Wiseman, restored, as his predecessor, Gre-

<sup>1</sup> On this subject vide Lord Macaulay's Review of Ranke's History of the Popes.

<sup>2</sup> Vide Sir James Emerson Tennent's Christianity in Ceylon, p. 103.

gory the Great, had done, the Catholic prelacy to England.<sup>1</sup>

The anti-Catholic movement in England was followed by a pro-Catholic movement in this country; and several members of Ultramontane principles were returned to Parliament from Ireland, at the general election of 1852; and it was not without a struggle, sometimes to the death, that the Catholic clergy carried the day. The Six-Mile Bridge tragedy, still fresh in the minds of many, is an instance of the horrors that prevailed at that blood-stained election. It appears that an escort of soldiers, consisting of two officers, two sergeants, and forty men, were called by requisition to act as a safeguard for some persons who were going to the hustings at Six-Mile-Bridge, when the soldiers fired on an angry but unoffending people, many of whom lost their lives in the affray. An inquest was held on the bodies, and a verdict of wilful murder was found against the magistrate and soldiers. The case came on for trial before Mr. Justice Perrin, at the Clare Assizes for 1853, when the grand jury threw out the bills. The Attorney-General (Mr. Brewster) preferred to put the prisoners on their trial on the coroner's inquisition, there being then no bills of indictment found, rather than to enter a *nolle prosequi* on the record. The trial, if we may so call the proceedings, went on; but the Crown, producing no witnesses, the prisoners were all acquitted.

Mr. Brewster, from his resignation in 1855, until the return of the Conservatives to power in 1866, had the largest equity business at the Bar. In that year Lord Derby returned to power; Mr.

Blackburne became Lord Chancellor, and Abraham Brewster Lord Justice of Appeal. The infirmities of old age compelling Mr. Blackburne to resign the seals in the month of March, 1867, Mr. Brewster was then appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and held his first levée as Chancellor on the first day of Easter Term, 1867.

He continued to hold office until the result of the general election of 1868 became known. Mr. Disraeli, then Prime Minister, convinced that the decision of the constituencies was such as to preclude all prospect of the Conservative party remaining in power, at once placed his resignation and that of his Cabinet, in the hands of her Majesty. Though Parliament was not sitting at the time, the resolution of Mr. Disraeli was communicated by a circular to the supporters of the Government, and we might say of the falling Church of Ireland, in both Houses, on the 2d of December, 1868.

On the 17th December Mr. Brewster sat for the last time in Court as Lord Chancellor of Ireland. As the hour for parting approached every avenue to the Court became thronged. The last case on the list being disposed of, amidst breathless silence the Attorney-General (the Right Hon. John Thomas Ball) rose, and thus addressed the retiring Chancellor:—

“MY LORD,—We are informed that it is not your lordship's intention to sit again in this court; and therefore I, on behalf of the Bar, and at their request, take the opportunity to acknowledge the courtesy and kindness which we have all experienced from your lordship on all occasions. We have also to express

<sup>1</sup> That England was in a great measure Catholic from the days of St. Joseph of Arimathea, A.D. 63, is a tradition believed in by many. That monasteries filled with monks were scattered over the country before the invasion of Hengist and Horsa, in 450, is a fact undeniable. On this subject vide the History of the Monasteries of Glastonbury and Bangor, in Dugdale's Monasticon of England, vol. i., page 1; and vide also the Sketch of the early British Church given in Turner's Anglo-Saxons, book iii., ch. v., and in the edition of 1823, vol. i. p. 320.

our respect and admiration for the unwearied attention, the great learning and capacity, that has ever characterised the discharge of the duties of your high office. Your elevation to that office, after a life of pre-eminent professional distinction, was an object of gratification to us all; and now, on your lordship's retirement, consequent on the political changes, I have to convey to you the warmest wishes of the Bar for your happiness and welfare."

The Lord Chancellor, after a few moments of deep emotion, replied:—"Gentlemen,—The few words I have to say are meant for all of you. I have always found it the most disagreeable thing in the world to say farewell. No man ever came to the Irish Bar who owes more to the whole body than I do, because from the day I was called—from that day to the day I ascended the Bench—I never met anything but the most uniform kindness from every individual member of that body; and a great deal more, when I was young I never wanted assistance, that I did not find the hand stretched to assist me. When I became a leader at the Bar, I found from the juniors such assistance as made my labours comparatively light; for I am bound to say that during the twenty or thirty years that I practised in this court, I never came into it as an advocate without having placed before me every assistance from my junior; and when I came here as Chancellor, I looked back on those kindnesses with gratitude—I remember with gratitude that kindness—and now I wish you all goodbye."

Here the Bar rose from their seats, and remained standing, many of them deeply moved as they saw retiring from the Bench the accomplished lawyer who for more than forty years was one of the brightest ornaments of their body.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Brewster then retired into private life. We deeply regret that we have been constrained to give little more than a meagre sketch of the remarkable life of this great and learned lawyer. If the diaries of other and lesser men could win world-wide fame, because they dealt not with the fictions of the mind but with the realities of life, with what interest would not the history of one of the greatest lawyers of the age be read—connected as he was with every case, either of political or romantic interest, that engaged the attention of the Irish Courts during the forty years preceding his elevation to the Bench in 1866! What political changes—what vicissitudes of families—what heart-burnings—what agonies of the mind,—has he not had professional, and perhaps judicial knowledge of! But these are subjects that must for the present remain untold.

Mr. Brewster was married in 1819, the same year that he was called to the Bar, to Mary Anne, daughter of R. Grey, Esquire, of Upton, in the County of Carlow.

Reporters in the Court of Chancery, *tempore* Brewster, Oliver J. Burke and William Woodlock, barristers-at-law. The former in the London Weekly Reporter, and the latter in the Irish Reports.

OLIVER J. BURKE.

<sup>1</sup> Irish Times, 18th December, 1868.

## WOMEN AND WORK.

The woman's cause is man's ; they rise or sink  
Together, dwarfed or god-like, bond or free.

IN that ancient garden situated in the mystic Orient, and watered by the Hiddekel and Euphrates, it was announced to woman, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." From that portentous moment down to the latest "Woman's Rights Convention," the question of her sphere has been alike unsettled and unsettling ; while woman herself has been a never-ending trouble and a puzzle to the whole human race.

There are certain wise ones who, judging by their frequent reference to the above declaration, would seem to have pondered it more profoundly than any other portion of the Sacred Word. Yet, from their mode of applying it, they appear unconscious that it is not a mandate, but a part of the primeval curse deposing woman from her normal condition of high and pure companionship. The state of subjection into which she was thus brought was a bitter growth of that Upas planted in Eden by rebellious hands, and whose noxious branches have never ceased to scatter blight and mildew over every goodly thing.

If we wish for an index of the civilisation of any country, we have only to ascertain the condition of its women. And in proportion as, under the influence of Christianity, man rises to a higher moral and religious plane, in the same proportion shall we find woman approaching her primal relation to him.

In considering the question of woman's sphere, it may be well to glance at some of the different views which have been held concerning her. There have been those who

have thought her just good enough to bear to man children, but not to have any control over them ; to cook his food, but not to eat it with him ; to carry his burdens, but not to share his comforts ; in short, to be his slave and his football, she getting all the kicks and he all the coppers.

Others have enshrined her as an earthly divinity—a glimpse of whom, at the lattice-window of her antique turret, has nerved their hearts to war and their hands to fight ; whose scarf they have worn as a puissant talisman, and one of whose tresses has proved a perpetual inspiration. But what, then, *were* these divinities, of such potent influence to keep their knights in perpetual turmoil with one another and with all mankind ? Alas ! they were the merest nonentities—fit for nothing under the sun but to embroider tapestry and scarfs.

Again, there have been those who, regarding woman as easily tempted and also a tempter, for dear purity's sake, have thrust her into the narrow cell of some sacred enclosure ; and for themselves—on the principle, doubtless, that "discretion is the better part of valour"—they have fled for protection to holy convent-walls.

Others, not a few, are bold enough to expose themselves to woman's blandishments, and willing enough to take infinite pains to win her affections ; but who, the moment she is brought under their martial sway, ascend from the footstool of sweet persuasion and adoring homage to the unlovely heights of a cool and domineering selfishness. Because they feed and clothe, they have, for-

sooth, a perfect right to oppress her. Because she is privileged to wear their name, she must be content to bear whatever of churlishness they choose to inflict. At the altar, they vow to love and cherish her as their own soul; but they soon break down her spirits, destroy the delicate bloom of her affections, and gradually turn her into a mere household machine.

The ill-treatment is sometimes manifested wilfully, from an ingrained overbearing egotism, and sometimes thoughtlessly, in the thousand-and-one trifling but sure indications that the husband is as far removed from the lover as the north pole from the south. One thing is certain: such a husband was never a paragon of a brother or a son. Wrongs of this sort usually begin in boyhood, by casting slurs upon the other sex, saying of a sister, "She is nothing but a girl," and defying the authority of a mother. And the sons of such a man will be likely to imitate their father's example, treating their mother and sisters as he treated his, and, in their turn, becoming selfish and tyrannical husbands.

What a fate for their wives! But let them give God thanks that the old law in Blackstone is null, which gave a man "the right, for due cause, to chastise his wife with a stick as thick as the thumb;" and not only this, but, "with a halter round her neck, to sell her in the cattle-market as if she were a mare." Yet it is only a few years since a sale of this kind took place in England. The certificate of transfer was published in the *Worcester Chronicle*, by which it appears, that the wife who was sold was the only one of the parties who could write her name, the two men signing the instrument by their mark.

There is still another class—modern copies of the mediæval knights—men who, in theory, whatever may be their practice, regard women as something

too bright and good  
For human nature's daily food.

In this view, she is alike unfitted for head or hand work, except of the most airy, graceful kind. The writing a book would be an ineffaceable stain upon her loveliness, and any thing so *outré* as Dio Lewis's Gymnastics would be almost sure to unsex her in their eyes. On no account can she be permitted to venture far into the fields of knowledge. She may nibble along the surface, may pluck from the common branches, and gather the gleanings; but she must carefully eschew the occult treasures of the dead languages, the altitudes of mathematics, and the profundities of metaphysics.

These modern knights-errant would graciously bestow on her all the accomplishments, and then, arraying her in purple and fine linen, they would perch their divinity, it not on a pedestal, at least on a piano-stool. But to venture on a mission of mercy to the hospital, or among the dead and dying on the battle-field, is too shocking to her sensibilities. And to be a clerk in the factory, or any mercantile department, or to write on Political Economy, or to practise medicine—"O tempora! O mores!" Even the display of a moderate degree of energy is strikingly unfeminine; and, according to their idea, is womanly grit consistent with womanly grace. Man's ornament and plaything, it is at her peril that she ventures into scenes of toil and danger unsuited to her fragility and damaging to his ideal.

Even some who profess a high respect for women virtually fall into this category. They prefer to woo one who is "fine by defect and beautifully weak." And there are those that have written most beautifully and reverently of woman, who yet assert that it is her perfection to be without character. "Every man," says one of these writers, "would



like to have an Ophelia or a Desdemona for his wife."

Others there are, not very unlike these, though less profuse in gallantry. The yoke which they bind on woman's neck is perhaps no heavier, but that of the former class is covered with ribbons and roses. With the latter, it is a doctrine that all avocations calling for intellectual ability and large attainments belong to man, while woman should keep wholly and for ever to her own province in the nursery and the kitchen. For such mental effort, they pronounce her totally unfitted. But bodily toil? Ah, yes! *that* is just the thing!

I must not forget to notice another emphatic point in the creed of this class, which is

Man to command and women to obey.

Far be from her the presumption of forming an independent opinion upon business, politics, morals, religion, or even æsthetics. Was she not made to be a sweet echo of his Serene Highness?

The thought of consulting his wife on any literary or business matter is not to be found in the books of some who are regarded as very passable husbands, and, if suggested, would be considered preposterous. Yet, after all, is it so very certain that a man's productions are incapable of being improved by a woman's touch? or that some failures in business might not be avoided by a wise word on her part?

There are still others, the very antipodes of these last two classes, who have thrown down the gauntlet in defence of the other sex:

Maintaining that with equal husbandry  
The woman were an equal to the man.

By this equality, some understand the same native attributes and functions, and in similar degrees and proportions. They claim, not only the right and the ability, but the perfect propriety, of woman's doing

anything and everything that man does: she may plead at the bar, mount the rostrum or the pulpit, wear epaulettes or ermine, dig roots esculent or classical, chop wood or logic, carry a bandbox, wear a cart-ridge-box, and go the ballot-box.

Passing over for the present those who hold the golden mean between the two extremes, and who, in the conduct of their relations to the other sex, honour all womanhood; and without stopping here to discuss the question whether woman has, or has not, the same right as man to do anything she can do,—it is worthy of notice that, antecedent to the clouding of Eden by our great mother's double deed of wrong, there was nothing of inferiority in woman's relation to him. On the contrary, according to the old song we may have heard our grandmothers sing—

She wasn't taken out of his head, to rule  
and to triumph o'er man,  
Neither was she taken out of his feet, by  
man to be trampled upon;  
But she was taken out of his side, his equal  
and partner to be.

\* There is often much ado about the inferior sex, and, now and then, an unhandsome fling is given at the "weaker vessel." But in the courteous words of another, "She is weaker as the China vase is weaker than the massive stone jar. She is weaker because cast in a more delicate mould, and made of finer material." And this outward delicacy corresponds to her inward mental organisation.

It is, therefore, as impolitic as false to deny that there is a broad difference between the sexes. But that woman is unlike man, and that her sphere usually lies in a different direction, is no indication of her inferiority, as is not unfrequently claimed. For the distinction between them being not one of degree but quality, lays the foundation for a closer unity. The harmony of diversity or contrast is far greater and

richer than that of resemblance. There is more zest and pungency in it.

The beautiful Anglo-Saxon term, *helpmeet*, is deeply significant. It imports that woman is the counterpart of man, the completement of the humanity. Could any term more clearly convey the need-be of the two to make a perfect one? There is much truth in the old Platonic idea of the relation of the sexes. The same profound philosophy appears in the Swedenborgian conception, that man represents the wisdom and woman the love-principle—a unity in duality.

Let this proud watchword rest  
Of equal ; seeing either sex alone  
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies  
Nor equal nor unequal.

Man is cautious, woman impulsive. Into her reading and studies, she brings more of her heart ; and though, on that account, somewhat liable to be led astray, yet she avoids the danger man experiences from his logical tendencies. For, while he summons his faculties, as it were separately, to the thorough sifting of any subject, thus divorcing feeling from intellect, she brings her whole mental and moral nature to bear upon it at once. Thus the same intuitive judgment that helps her to a quicker and more accurate discrimination of character than man evinces, assists her to many correct general conclusions as to subjects about which, theoretically or analytically, she knows far less than he. There is no need of drawing boundaries to denote their respective provinces. Besides, there is frequent occasion for a passing over into each other's territory.

I am not one of the sticklers for a formal adherence to certain conventional laws which somebody or other has enacted for the governance of men and women. I have known people to be quite thrown off their equilibrium by a woman's displaying self-possession enough to read aloud a

poem in a promiscuous circle. And again, I have known some persons to manifest considerable disturbance at seeing a gentleman, and, above all, a clergyman, take a walk with his baby in his arms. If it had been a child of two years, it might, possibly have been overlooked ; but an infant in long-clothes—how shockingly improper ! But have the fathers, then, no duties ? Was the Great Founder of the race mistaken in giving children a father as well as a mother ?

I have as little admiration as any one for a man who is Old Betty-ish, and continually dabbling in domesticities ; but I do greatly admire one who has manliness enough to let his dignity take care of itself ; who, if his wife is feeble, and his cook has suddenly taken her departure, is not too full of conceits about his own respectability to go into the kitchen, if need be, and tend a cake at the fire—like a king before him ; and not burn it, either, as the royal Alfred did.

I admire a man who can turn his hand to anything that sudden exigencies may require, and without being tormented by qualms, lest, perchance, some Doctor of Divinity, or president of a college, or some old acquaintance on 'Change, should hear of his deed, and he should thus sink one notch below his lordly heights.

And I admire a woman who can throw herself into the breach in similar exigencies, and bravely do a man's work, without so much as once asking herself whether it be perfectly feminine, or what Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones would say if they should see her. This is one of "woman's rights" that I believe in. And I believe in man's rights, too—in his right to do anything that needs to be done, when there is no one else to do it ; in his right to rock the cradle, and tend the baby, if necessary ; and even to get up at midnight, if it should be sick, and carry it back and forth with soothing

words, or a gentle lullaby, while its worn mother gets a little quiet sleep.

I remember a beautiful instance of a man in high position, whose wife was for a long period a confirmed invalid. There was almost nothing which, in his conjugal devotion, he was not ready to do for her. In a little waggon he had contrived for her use, he would draw her, on pleasant mornings, back and forth on the broad sidewalk beneath the beautiful elms. And if at any time her appetite failed, he would go into the kitchen, and with his own hand prepare something for her to eat.

To balance this, I have in mind a devoted wife who became, by turns, eyes, hands, and feet to her infirm husband, and she would have counted it a privilege to wait upon him thus for a thousand years, if Heaven could have spared him so long.

Perhaps, in all candour, I ought here to admit, however ashamed I may feel to do so, that there *are* inefficient, or indolent, or possibly a few *man-nish* women, who have no objection to impose their proper work upon their husbands. Of such inglorious *shirking*, there can be but one opinion. For, of all upside-down arrangements, none is more despicable than that in which a woman, having put her husband under the yoke, leaves him to perform domestic drudgery at home, while she is gossiping in the street.

But I believe in a generous reciprocity of duties. We remember the German women who, in the siege of Weinsberg, having received from Conrad permission to depart with whatever they could carry, bore out every one her husband on her back. And so far from its being chronicled as a violation of the proprieties, their conjugal devotion so moved the Emperor as to procure pardons for their husbands, and peace for their country.

Notwithstanding the frequent in-

terchange of duties, however, the inherent distinction between the sexes ought never to be ignored. It is due to woman that her mind should be strongly tasked and thoroughly disciplined, as well as richly furnished. In other words, she should have the same chance as man—the chance to test her powers, and to settle for herself and for the world the mooted question of what she is able and what she is not able to accomplish. But however broad her education, the peculiar attributes of her womanhood should be carefully preserved. If her intellect be so trained as to throw the affectional part of her nature into the background, the effect will be most disastrous; for this would be to unwomanise woman, rendering her unlovable, if not unloving.

One of the vexed problems relating to this subject is *woman's work*.

However suitable it may be for women to look to their husbands for support, what shall be done in the case of those who have no husbands? And when the number of women exceeds that of men, how can it be that some will not, of necessity, be husbandless, except they migrate to Utah? Now, what shall such women do?

This leads to the question of *wages*. For the same kind and quantity of work equally well done, shall she receive less compensation simply because she *is* a woman? Grave charges are reiterated against society for its injustice in this respect. To its plea that women needs less remuneration than man, it may be replied that the question of wages is primarily one of equity, and not of sex.

Is it the habit of employers to regulate their rates of payment according to the necessities of those whom they employ? Does the trade-value of any fabric in the market turn upon the question whether it was

made by male or female hands? In some departments, the very question reveals its absurdity. What would have been thought of a publisher who should have offered only half the usual copyright for "Uncle Tom's Cabin," because it was written by Mrs., rather than by Professor Stowe? or for "Aurora Leigh," because Mrs. Browning, and not her husband, was the author?

I am aware that in this skein of questions, some threads of plausibility are twisted in with whatever there may be of fair argument. Nor is it quite easy for unskilful fingers to disentangle them. Yet, so far as the argument has weight, it would seem to indicate that the remedy, if there be any, is in woman's hands, and that, if she can make good her claims, they will, in the end be recognised.

In regard to the general principle of compensation, two things are evident: one, that it is the intent of society by the remuneration of labour, to provide for the increase of its members; the other, that man, as the natural representative of the family, on whom wife and children are understood to depend for support, receives higher wages than woman, who is supposed to have no such responsibility. But the wife may work at home as hard as the husband abroad, and thus earn the money as really as he.

Then, too, the tables may be turned. The husband, from inefficiency or vice, or other reason, may fail to discharge his duty, and the burden fall on the wife. In England, nearly all the women who have applied for divorce under the new bill, have proved that their families depended on *them* for subsistence; it being a part of their grievance that, with the support of themselves and children, they were burdened with that of their husbands also. And out of six millions of British women who are over twenty-one, one-half belong to the industrial class, while

more than two millions are self-supporting. So that the old notion, that all women depend on men for a livelihood, is a mere figment.

Now, it is evident that the women who do man's work in the support of their own families, or of parents, brothers, or sisters, have need of far more remuneration than the men who may have neither families nor dependent relatives. But for such cases the laws of work and wages do not provide. Society is a cold-blooded impersonality, governed by certain inexorable rules, and never stepping out of its way to look after the unfortunates. Inexorable, I say, for I never heard of society displaying any weak tendencies to mercy.

Wherever rests the responsibility of the present state of things, it is very difficult to find an adequate remedy. In woman's pressing need of employment, she cannot stop to insist on her claims, whether real or fancied, but is glad to take what she can get. The trouble with multitudes is to find work at any price. In the case of man, if one vocation is not sufficiently remunerative, there are many others which he can enter; but to women, comparatively few avenues are fairly open, and where the supply is so much greater than the demand, the compensation will be proportionately small.

The question is farther complicated by the fact that, as a general thing, women who have families cannot devote themselves to any one employment. In the odds and ends of time not required by domestic duties, they may wash, bind shoes, braid straw, seat chairs, or do other things to eke out the household means. In these circumstances, it is sometimes a matter of accommodation to get work, even at very low prices.

There is still another way in which women are indirectly cramped. However doubtful the expediency of *strikes* as a method of increasing wages, the knowledge that they are

in the power of their operatives tends to check the cupidity of employers. But they have little fear of women resorting to such measures.

In this condition of things, the inquiry arises, whether there shall be a general opening to woman of shops and counting-rooms, the arts and sciences, the medical profession, and clerkships in the various governmental and other departments. At the very suggestion, there springs up a host of warriors armed to the teeth, and discharging their hot-shot from the pulpit, press, and forum.

To the objection that any such movement would be impolitic and absurd, it is sufficient to say that this is begging the question. To the plea that it would only aggravate the difficulty by the rush it would create of those seeking employ, I answer, that this very rush would be but the sad outcry of that starvation and wretchedness which despair has partially silenced. And even if such a rush *should* diminish wages a little in the aggregate, it would bring relief where it is most needed.

Against the claim that woman's inferiority in almost all the vocations is proof that God never designed her to fill them, I allege the opinion of practical business-men and political economists, that many of these vocations would be better filled by women than by men, and particularly clerkships in the various clothing and dry-goods establishments—thus releasing a small army of men for more productive labour. Besides, this argument proves too much.

One writer declares: "There is no world's work in which woman is equal to man; not even in some directions where men fancy she is supreme. Man invents and works out even the fashion-plates which show woman how she is to dress herself; and even in cutting and making her own dresses man is her superior." (Dear, inefficient creatures! what a blessed thing that man *can* aid her

in this utter helplessness!) He goes on to give an instance "of this curious inability to do business;" to wit, that "for several thousand of years, woman has insisted on buttoning her clothes and her children's clothes, *behind*; so that by no possibility can they dress themselves without help."

This was to me a surprising announcement, and would, doubtless, have been equally so to the writer's wife, if he had been fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to have one. In the various sections of the country where I have been acquainted, the women ordinarily button their dresses in front. But, for reasons satisfactory to mothers, if not to bachelors and sermon-writers, "*children's* clothes" are buttoned "*behind*." In spite of this, however, little girls early learn to twist about their arms so deftly, that they *do* contrive to dress themselves without help."

I will not, however, gainsay the preacher's assertion as to the superiority of men in millinery and dress-making, or even in cooking, as has lately been maintained. But while I by no means presume that a woman could possibly get the better of a man in an argument, since logic, *par excellence*, belongs to the lordly race, it does seem to me that these men prove a little too much. Certainly, if their reasoning amounts to anything, it follows that these pseudo-feminine occupations, which for thousands of years have been mostly in the hands of women, "ought to be given up to men—a proposition in which I should heartily concur," says a late eloquent writer on "Woman's Wrongs."

The assertion of woman's entire unfitness "to cope with man in the great businesses of the world," it may not belong to a woman to controvert. But I would inquire whether she is not entitled to an education with reference to them, before the question can be fairly

decided. Granting, however, if you please, that the writer's position is unassailable, is the fact that woman can never equal man in any of "the great businesses" a good reason for her not attempting them at all? Because a linnet cannot be a nightingale, shall a linnet, therefore, never sing? Shall not Rosa Bonheur paint because she cannot be a Phidias? nor Jean Ingelow write poems, because she cannot be a Milton? On the same principle, how many *men* would have been driven out of employment!

Whatever woman can do, I will not say, without violence to certain conventionalities and venerable traditions, but without losing any of her womanly delicacy, that, I venture to assert, she has the right to do. Her success will be her justification.

A woman cannot do the thing she ought,  
Which means whatever perfect thing she  
can,

In life, in art, in science, but she fears  
To let the perfect action take her part  
And rest there; she must prove what she  
can do

Before she does it,—prate of woman's  
rights,

Woman's mission, woman's function, till  
The men (who are prating, too, on their  
side), cry,

"A woman's function plainly is . . . to  
talk."

. . . If another sat in sight  
I'd whisper, "Soft, my sister! not a word!  
By speaking, we prove only we can speak;  
Which he, the man here, never doubted.

What  
He doubts, is whether we can do the thing  
With decent grace, we've not yet done at  
all.

Now, do it; bring your statue—you have  
room!

And if 'tis e'er so little like the god  
Who looks out from the marble silently  
Through the dusk of ages, there's no need  
to speak;

The universe shall henceforth speak for  
you,

And witness, She who did this thing, was  
born

To do it—claims her license in her work."

Although, in savage and half-civi-

lised contries, much of the drudgery of labour has always come upon woman, yet I willingly concede that there are various departments for which her physical inferiority would seem to render her entirely unfit—such as agriculture, iron-founding, rail-laying, and trench-digging. Nor can she be a sailor, a butcher, a blacksmith, a miner, a stone-cutter, or a hod-carrier; at least, so I honestly thought and had written, when I met with a recent volume<sup>1</sup> which obliged me to modify my statement.

Introducing her topic by a Cochinchina proverb, that "a woman has nine lives, and bears a great deal of killing,"—in marked contrast with the doctrine of another writer, that she is "a perpetual invalid,"—the author pictures to us, in China, female farmers with infants on their back, ploughing, sowing, and reaping; in Calcutta, female masons, with their hods of cement; in Bombay, seven thousand female labourers on the ghauts, or mountain passes, climbing up the sides of steep ravines, with baskets of stone and earth upon their heads, and in a climate where no European can work; in the Low Countries, women with leathern breastplates, harnessed like oxen to canal-boats; in England, but a few years back, women half-naked, chained to carts, working like beasts on the common roads; and in the coal-mines, five thousand of these "perpetual invalids" in harness, drawing *on all fours*, heavily-laden trucks,

She shows us a German girl shovelling manure for fourteen dollars a year; one woman—Madame Isabelle—breaking horses by contract for the Russian army; another—Bertha, of the Transjurane—opening the old Roman roads across the Alps; and another still—Louise Antonini—winning a St. Helena medal by her hard service of ten years in the navy and fifteen in the infantry;

<sup>1</sup> "The College, the Market, and the Court," by Caroline H. Dall.

while, in the great metropolis of the American continent, she depicts some of these same "invalids" sweeping the crossings, carrying parcels from the grocers, trunks from the steamboats, and even brick and mortar for the mason.

Looking into still other departments, we find that in the manufacture of cotton, woollen, and silk goods, the most unwholesome and disagreeable parts of the work are given to woman. In the pin-factories, beginning at the age of five, the girls used to work from ten to sixteen hours; and this in civilised, Christian lands where man boasts his gallantry and protecting care!

But what has become of the assertion that woman is not equal to any of "the world's work"? Of the hardest of that work she has already done more than her share. To do it voluntarily, however, is one thing, and to be forced to do it is another. Contrast one of those women in harness straining along the coal-shafts, with the crippled Anna Gurney in her noble career of saving shipwrecked mariners. "The first labours like the brute beast, the victim of human misgovernment and heathenish ignorance; the last chooses for herself a conflict with the storm, and earns, with as full a right as any brother, the meed of the world."

That a woman should aspire to do work on her own responsibility—it is this that is deemed so reprehensible, so utterly impracticable. Is there, then, nothing for her but marriage, starvation, or dishonour!

She seeks to win her way, but is met with strange menaces—that if she aspires to do certain things which she ventures to think she can do, and which some have testified she has done, and done well, why, then, forsooth, she must also do those disagreeable and dangerous things which she neither asks nor wishes to do. If you *will* be a clerk, Miss Aspiring, you *shall* be a black-

smith; if you will be a *doctor*, you shall be a *butcher*. And so, because God has given some woman the genius to chisel statues, she must perforce cut out tumours.

But it is argued that even if woman's muscles could be so trained as to enable her to enter some of the more difficult vocations, it would so increase the number of labourers as to lessen the rates of compensation. And here we again encounter the same old gordian knot. After a fair examination, and making the very best case we can, we are constrained to admit that there seems to be a constitutional law which limits to a degree, and, for aught that appears, must continue to limit, the question of woman's work and wages. This, however, is not sufficient to account for the general and great disparity in the remuneration of the sexes, especially as woman too (begging pardon for my presumption) has her spheres of labour which man is ill-fitted to enter. Nor does it foreclose the question of bettering this unfortunate state of things. Besides, if the laws of supply and demand regulate wages, why may they not be suffered to regulate work also? Because employers are determined to furnish only a certain amount of bread to the employed, is that good reason why man should monopolise the work for the sake of getting all the bread?

It can hardly be doubted that the equalising principle, wherever practicable, would lead to a great improvement in woman's condition. Says a resident of Washington: "To equalise the pay of the male and female clerks in our national capital, would have an effect to better the condition of working-women all over the country." We cannot, of course, expect that individuals, private corporations, and particularly the speculators that flood our land like the locusts of Egypt, will be swerved one hair's breadth from the commonly received laws of trade—

“to buy as cheap and sell as high as possible.” But the superintendents of our public schools, or of some other institutions, have it in their power to do much in this direction. And Government, which is established for the very purpose of protecting the rights of all, and which stands as the representative of the higher law of equity, has influence, and ought to use it, in giving a national impulse to the amelioration of woman's condition in this respect.

After all, however, the remedy lies mainly in the hands of woman herself. Let every girl, in the higher as well as lower classes, be trained to the idea of some object or vocation by which she can make herself useful and gain an honourable support. And while the foundations are laid broad and strong, let there be full play for individual development. The law of variety which runs through nature should not be overlooked in the education of women.

They have as many differences as men.  
The violet varies from the lily, as far  
As oak from elm.

It is one of the great evils connected with our large boarding-schools, that so little regard can be paid to the individual organisation or temperament. However judicious or discriminating the teachers, with such a congregated mass, the nice distinctions and peculiarities of character are mostly lost sight of. But it is far worse when the system itself is one which aims at uniformity, whose arrangements are made with the very intent of crushing out all spontaneity. The result is, a set of young ladies trimmed and pruned and squared very much like the trees in some of the continental parks. All the native luxuriance, all the beautiful individualisms have disappeared, except, indeed, where a pupil has will or wilfulness enough to revolt against the ever-pressing regimen, and to be herself in spite

of laws and enactments tending to make her somebody else.

In a recent article on female education is a single sentence which contains the gist of the whole matter: “It is the sacred office of education to develop a symmetrical, healthful fulness of being after the particular type God has indicated for each individual.”

In spite of Mrs. Grundy's dicta, let every young woman understand that it is just as respectable for her to labour as it is for man; nay, that there is the highest dignity in work. Let the sphere of household duties, involving a knowledge of chemistry as well as of some other sciences, be exalted, if you please, as one of the fine arts. Whatever artistic or scientific taste she discovers, whether for painting or astronomy, music or botany, writing or geology, give it full development. Then, when she appears on the stage of life, if she does not find or will not take a husband, and is thrown upon her own resources, let her have the independence to strike out a course for herself. If she chooses to forsake the beaten paths, already so crowded, of teaching, writing, and stitching, let her enter some other vocation, qualifying herself as a nurse, housekeeper, dairy-woman, book-keeper, bee-trainer, saleswoman, or hop-picker; or let her cultivate seeds, fruits, or flowers. By some sort of head-work, or hand-work, let her make good her claim to an honourable living, and she will make a position for herself, and secure universal respect.

A distinguished professor in one of the American colleges remarks: “For myself, I doubt not that there are other chains and fetters which still remain to be broken, other prejudices which are yet to be removed, other avenues of action and development, of business and service, of honour and emolument, which must be opened to woman, not only before she is put in full possession of her just and equal rights, but before



she can act her high and noble part in the advancement of society, literature, morals, and religion."

But not so preach many of the wise ones of our day. Marriage is the gospel proclaimed as woman's only salvation—the panacea for all her headaches, her heartaches, and her backaches. "She wishes to be married, or she ought to; how can she secure it?" (Secure *what*?) "We ask her to stand for her right" (to be "a loyal and royal wife and loving mother"); "to insist upon it for ever;" . . . "that is her great function." And for this "function," attempting any of "the world's work" lessens her chances. But what, then, *can* she do?

In speaking of the degraded women who crowd our cities, the writer from whom I have quoted allows that many of them "sell themselves for money, because they find it difficult or impossible to live in any other decent way." Unfortunate souls! Who can tell how they have striven and suffered? With what sinking hearts may they once have looked out upon the busy arena, where every body was at work, but where there was no work for them! They were told they "ought to marry." But they were of the *surplus* women. The voice of no "beloved" called to them; for his footsteps they listened in vain; he may have tarried "in the clefts of the rock," or "among the beds of spices in the gardens;" but, wherever he was, he did not come to them; the "salvation" was not offered. Forced by hunger, they ventured forth from their retirement, and struggled hard to earn their honest bread. They had been brought up tenderly, religiously perhaps; they were gentle, loving, trusting women; but they were disappointed — deceived — and by whom?

Alas! alas! who dares look down the abyss into which they were driven? Oh, my sisters! if every

woman who has a voice does not lift it up against such wrongs, "the very stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it."

And what does the writer propose as a remedy for all this? How does he provide for those "who do not, or cannot, or will not marry?" He admits that "it is a difficult, almost unmanageable question." But he finally seems to challenge them to enter "the great businesses, if they *wish* to; there is nothing to hinder." But his faith in their competency is smaller than a grain of mustard-seed. And the possibility of educating them to fill some of these vocations, seems not to have entered his mind.

If, try as she may to "fascinate" man, she fails—(and the preacher has had a remarkable experience if he has found the fair sex particularly averse to this great duty)—if the carefully wrought "slippers" presented by some "fascinating" maid or "widow" are returned with the "pious" fiction that *they did not fit*; or if, having won some man, she cannot "keep" him, "she will go the wall." Man's impugnatulateness in the matter is taken for granted. If woman only does her part, there will be no crabbed old bachelors, no hard-hearted widowers, no improvident and unkind husbands! A crushing responsibility for the weaker vessel — this version of "woman's rights!" Till the announcement of this new gospel, I had supposed that marriage was as much to man as to woman; that she was no more in danger of ruin without it than he; and that it was rather *his* part to woo and "win," than wait to be "won" by her.

But the same lesson is repeated in another form. The moment woman abandons her great work—"the production of a royal race of men and women"—and "attempts to do the work of man, she is likely to fail; and if she proposes to subvert the

laws of her own being, which are the laws of her Creator, she will go to the wall." I take it for granted he means that it is by neglecting her proper function and attempting the work of man, that she subverts the laws of her own being. But I have some curiosity to know how he got his information. That "the laws of her own being are the laws of her Creator," I readily admit; but I should like to know who enlightened him as to those laws, that he thus pronounces motherhood to be her only "function."

"Let a woman manufacture as good locomotives . . . or produce as good books . . . as a man; and she can *command* the same price. But if she rushes into the businesses which are overstocked, she must take what wages she can get, and it will be poor; or if she be a poor, careless workman, she will go to the wall, of course." I am sure, from the reiteration of this commiseratory sentence, that it must be a very dreadful thing "to go to the wall," though exactly what the writer intends I cannot tell; it may be starvation, it may be something worse. He goes on to affirm: "There is no pity in the laws of God," intimating that it is the Divine law which shuts women up to marriage or starvation. But, considering how many of their mates are lost on the way, and how many men *will not* be "fascinated" and "kept," it appears to me that, instead of originating in "the bosom of God," these laws were devised by that same fallible humanity which has made it lawful for man to hold his brother in bondage, to beat his wife, and even sell her in the cattle-market. But the sermoniser may have means of information of which I am ignorant.

In accordance with the sentiment of the day, our girls look upon marriage as the one thing for which they were born and brought up. Every gift of nature, every grace of nature, is estimated at its market-

value, and turned into a single channel; as if there were for women only one blessing, one purpose, one possible destiny in life. And as though there were not already enough who desecrate this sacred ordinance, some of our public teachers join in this cry of marriage as the great evangel for women, pressing on them their duty to become wives and mothers, and mercilessly shutting them out from every thing else. What a low, business-view is thus taken of that which was designed to elevate both man and woman! To be a wife is, in itself, no virtue; to be a mother is none. Mere maternity does not refine or exalt the character; though I pity the woman who is not made purer and better by it. Yet in spite of this sacred relation, a mother may be just as earthly in her affinities, as selfish in her instincts and purposes, as any other woman. When matrimony is forced upon her as the alternative of starvation, its loses its sweetness, its grace, and its glory.

In the same breath in which women are drummed up to marriage, we are told of the boundless extravagance of modern *trousseaux*, of the fits of desperation to which young husbands are driven by the reckless and perpetual drafts on their purses by their fashionable wives, and of the many, who, consequently, harden themselves into incorrigible bachelors. And is there any reason, pray, why our young women should *not* be extravagant? When they grow up with no other aim in life than a good settlement; when, by many of the teachings of the day, marriage becomes a mere selfish, mercenary arrangement, is it strange that some of them sell their birthright for a mess of pottage? In such a barter, the man and woman who profane the name of husband and wife, enter upon a career of separate interests, in which, in return for ministering to his pride and self-complacency, she spends all of his money she can

get. For the privilege of bearing his name and sharing his purse, she has paid a terrible price, and she will seize on all possible compensation. True marriage is slain, and there is nothing left but its wretched ghost.

### ELIOT'S INDIAN BIBLE.

A copy of Eliot's translation of the Bible into the Indian language is now only a valuable literary curiosity. The title is "*Up Biblum God*," which means, The Book of God.

HOLY old relic ! how the years departed,  
Shrouded in dark and painful memories, rise !  
How many a tear has o'er these pages started,  
How many a prayer ascended to the skies !

No human eye can glean its holy meaning,  
Though practised long o'er ancient scrolls to range,  
Or rend the veil its deep-sealed mysteries screening,  
'Neath unknown accents, dissonant and strange.

" *Up Biblum God !*" The message of salvation  
To the poor Indian's disappearing race ;  
Bidding him hope, though men forget his nation,  
In heaven his people have a name and place !

And though his tongue be evermore unspoken  
Among the mountains where he loved to dwell,  
Still let us trust by this sublime old token  
Some souls in heaven might comprehend it well

" *Up Biblum God !*" Full many a melting story  
Didst thou unfold to the stern red-man's ear ;  
Full many a truth of high celestial glory,  
Out from this cumbrous dialect rose clear !

" *Up Biblum God !*" And is thy work now ended?  
Not so—while thou canst move our holiest tears,  
And rouse the soul where Love and Faith are blended  
To spread thy Light in these millennial years !

O Death ! O Time ! O Change ! are ye not ever  
A triune wonder-worker, stern and dread ?  
Ye can blot nations out and tongues, but never  
The Book of God, the soul's perennial Bread !

## THE HOLY GRAAL.

WHILST inviting our readers to join in bidding a formal "Adieu to King Arthur," in the number of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for November, 1872, and referring them back to a previous number (August, 1871) for a description of the storehouse from which much of the Arthurian romance was obtained, we were conscious of a subject the somewhat minute investigation of which was desirable as the complement of the two preceding articles. It is a subject of great variety and interest, of a romantic uncertainty in its beginnings, and therefore, naturally offering an inviting field for philosophical speculation, and for philological argument; and it is a subject, as it is scarcely necessary to remark, to which the ripened genius of the Laureate has lent a newer charm, a greener interest, and a more profound significance than it has enjoyed for the last few generations. In dealing with the Holy Graal, we are treating of a theme, which, whilst foreign to the Round Table, became in part contemporaneous with the literature of that immortal circle, and bent it, as it were, to its own predominancy.

The etymology of the word *Graal* has been much debated; and its orthography presents a pleasing and plentiful diversity. It is variously spelt—Gral, Greal, Graaus, Grasal, or Grazal, in Norman French; Grasal, Grazal, or Grazaus, in Provençal; Grisel, in Old Catalan; and Grial, in Old Spanish. In modern French it is written Graal, Gréal, and Gréal; and in old English Graële, or Grayle, the latter of which forms occurs in a stanza which forms part of the second book of Spenser's "Faerie Queene." In conformity with the opinions entertained of its

derivation, or else following the successive fashions of an unsettled orthography, the word, a very Proteus amongst vocables, presents, besides some other forms which the exigencies of space render it expedient to pass over, the varieties of San Greal, Saint Graal, Seynt Grael, Sancgreall, Sangraal, Sang Real, and Sante Ryal. Several derivations, varying as less and more, in the verasimilitude of their pretensions, have been suggested for the word *Graal*, by one of which, it may be mentioned, as a specimen of quaint and almost arbitrary speculation, it has been identified with the Hebrew *harala*, or *ghrala*, *præputium*, and is thus, of course, understood as the vessel or cup used by the Jews in their celebration of the rite of circumcision. The latest and most trustworthy criticism, however,—as summarised in an almost exhaustive article in the supplement of the "English Cyclopædia," the general lines of which we shall find it convenient to follow throughout our present lucubrations,—identifies it with the Low Latin *Gradale* or *Grasale*, which occurs in Ducange, or in Charpentier's Supplement, in the very numerous forms of *gradale*, *gradalus*, *grasala*, *grayale*, *grassale*, *grazala*, *grassala*; with the diminutives, *gradella*, *gracellus*, *grasella*, *grasshilha*, *gracellus*, and *grasalletus*. The signification of the word is, a kind of vessel, made of wood, earth, or metal; and it occurs alternatively in the sense of a large, round, and shallow vessel, or a bowl, and of a flat vessel or dish for the use of the table. The forms just given are severally corruptions from *cratella*, a diminutive of the Latin *crater*, or *cratera*, which again is from the Greek *κράτηρ*, or *κράτηρα*, a bowl, or mixing vessel; a meaning which

has been ingeniously arrived at by another and distinct philological process, the object of which is to claim "Greal" as a Welsh word, signifying an aggregate of principles, a magazine, so that the elementary world, or world of spirits, was called the *Country of the Greal*. From thence, it was asserted in continuation, the word Greal, and in Latin *Gradalis*, came to signify a vessel in which various messes might be mixed up. The etymology of the San Greal, or Holy Graal, has been further complicated by the fact of the existence of another word, written, with literal identity, as Graal, a shortened form of the Law Latin *Graduale*, or *Gradale*, the name applied to the psalm, anthem, or hymn, which, from a remote antiquity, has been sung or said in the service of the Romish Church, between the Epistle and the Gospel. It is said to have received its designation from the circumstance of its being anciently chanted on the steps (*gradus*) of the *ambo*, or pulpit; and by a natural and easy transition, the word *gradual* came to be frequently given to the *Antiphonary*, the book which contained the anthems, hymns, or verses, to be sung or recited, and originally one of three service-books of the Church—the other two being entitled respectively the "Sacramentary" and the "Lectionary"—which, about the eleventh or twelfth century, it was found convenient to unite in a single volume, called the "Complete or Plenary Missal," or "Book of Missæ."

The distinctions of the Holy Graal vary as they are set forth now in one tradition, and now in another; some of these being common to every catalogue of honours, as a few of the more important names are common to every list, otherwise diverse, of the Seven Wise Men of Greece. From the sum or aggregate of the glories of the Graal we may select for mention the circumstances that it was a sacred vessel, which had

originally been presented to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba; that it was the plate which had been used by Christ when He presided at the Last Supper; that it had been stolen by one of the servants of Pilate, who used it on the occasion of publicly washing his hands before the multitude; that it was presented by Pilate to Joseph of Arimathea, or otherwise appropriated by the latter; and by him subsequently used to collect the blood which flowed from the five wounds of the crucified Jesus. "As a vessel best adapted for this last purpose, the Holy Dish became converted, at the hands of the Roman writers, into the Holy Cup or Chalice; and the myth, founded on an account given in the Apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, or the Acts of Pilate, was supported by a change of *san greal*, holy vessel, into *sang real*, royal blood, which has been wrongly interpreted as *sanguis realis*, real blood, a sense which is still occasionally adopted and perpetuated. . . . . For over a thousand years both ecclesiastical and profane writers are silent about the Holy Graal; but in the twelfth century it reappears invested with marvellous attributes, and as the theme of various and varying legends and romances, the outline of which we are said to owe to the genius of Walter Map, or Mapes, the clever satirist of the reign of Henry II., and which were subsequently amplified by Robiers de Borron, Guyot de Provence, and Chrestien de Troyes. The legendary history of Joseph of Arimathea is connected with the once popular belief in the introduction of Christianity into Britain as early as the first century. According to this history, Joseph, after having collected the blood of Christ, and a few days after His resurrection, was seized by the Jews, and imprisoned in a windowless dungeon, where, for a period of forty-two years, he was fed, without human sustenance, by the Holy Graal, which he found

miraculously restored to him on his first incarceration. He was at length released by Vespasian, whom, after himself submitting to baptism, he converted and baptised; and, in obedience to a Divine voice, and with the Imperial permission, quitted Jerusalem, with his wife and son, Josaphe, and a company of fifty people, with whom, and with the Holy Graal, which he carried inside an ark or box, he arrived at Sarras, whose king, Evalak, he endeavoured to convert. His benevolent designs upon Evalak were furthered by a couple of visions with which the king was favoured, in illustration of the doctrine of the Trinity; whilst, at the same time, a vision—the motive of which has been pertinently regarded as suggested by the events of the Holy Sepulchre—was vouchsafed to Josaphe, who, upon looking intently into the Graal-ark, saw Christ first upon the cross, and afterwards descending and standing beside an altar, whilst ministering angels were in attendance. Christ ordained Josaphe bishop; and the latter gave Evalak a shield inscribed with a red cross, with an injunction to the king to call upon Christ in the hour of peril or distress in the defensive war which he was about to carry on against the invading army of Tholomer, king of Babylon. A captive, and in desperate circumstances, Evalak complied with this injunction; and in his extremity was succoured and rescued by an angel in the form of a White Knight, who having slain Tholomer, and helped Evalak to achieve a complete victory over his forces, vanished away. Evalak returned home, and was baptised, assuming at the font the name of Mordeins, whilst Seraphe, the brother of his queen, received baptism with the name of Maciens. Joseph further baptised five thou-

sand of King Evalak's subjects, and after abiding for a considerable time at Sarras, at length made his way to Britain, where, according to a development or variety of the legend, he arrived in company with eleven other disciples of Saint Philip, and succeeded in obtaining from Arviragus permission to settle in a small island, where to each of the twelve was assigned, for his subsistence, a certain portion of land called a hide, the whole comprising a district known as the twelve hides of Glastonbury. The name by which the island was distinguished by the Britons was Ynyswytryn or the Glassy Island, from the appearance of the stream which surrounded it. Afterwards it obtained the name of Avalon, alternatively with reference to the abundance of apples which it produced, or to a British chief who had been one of its sometime possessors; and, finally, by the Saxons it was called Glæsting-a-burig, the "borough of the Sons of Glast," or Glastonbury,

where the winter thorn  
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our  
Lord.

Here St. Joseph, who is considered by the monkish historians as the first Abbot, erected to the honour of the Virgin Mary, and formed of wreathed twigs, as if in imitation of the booths or tents under which the children of Israel sojourned during the feast of Tabernacles, the first Christian oratory in England."<sup>1</sup>

The legend, however, as the reader is by this time prepared to surmise, varied considerably in its details, and was not, indeed, always uniform in its outline. Sometimes the Holy Graal is said to have remained in the care of Joseph of Arimathea, who, after a life which had been preternaturally prolonged, emigrated to a better world, leaving his authority and his sacred treasure to his son, who, in

<sup>1</sup> Article entitled "Gaal" in the Arts and Sciences "Supplement to the English Cyclopædia."

like manner, consecrated one of his relatives to succeed him as custodian of the Graal. Lapse of time, however, brought deterioration to the character of its keepers, from whom, when they were no longer worthy of so honourable and precious a charge, the Holy Graal "was caught away to heaven," where it was preserved until there should appear on earth a race of heroes worthy of being reinstated in the interrupted guardianship of the sacred vessel. Such a line was represented in the person of an Asiatic prince, named Perillus, who came to Gaul, where his descendants allied themselves with the family of a Breton prince, "Titurel," the hero of the legend of Albrecht von Scharfenberg—which was finished in the year 1350, and which, along with the "Percival" of Wolfram von Eschenbach, A.D. 1205, was ostensibly referred to the common origin of a poem in the northern French dialect, written by Guyot of Provence, but otherwise unknown—who sprang from this glorious lineage, was the one chosen of God to found the worship of the San Graal among the Gauls. Accordingly, the sacred vessel was brought down by angelic hands to Titurel, who received at the same time instructions in its mysteries from the celestial visitants. In obedience to the directions he had received, the faithful prince erected a temple on the model of the temple at Jerusalem, in which to enshrine the Graal, organised a band of guardians for its safe custody, and elaborated a ritual for the performance of its decent and worthy *cultus*. "Every Good Friday," to adopt the words of Mr. Baring-Gould, to whose careful and lucid epitome, we are indebted for considerable information in this part of our narrative—"Every Good Friday a white dove descended from heaven, bearing a white oblation, which it laid before

the Graal. The Holy Graal gave oracles, expressed miraculously in characters which appeared on the surface of the bowl, and then vanished. Spiritual blessings attended on the vision and custody of the sacred vessel; the guardians, and those who were privileged to behold it, were conscious of internal joy, a foretaste of that of heaven. The material blessings are easier to be described. The Graal stood in the place of all good; it supplied its worshippers with the meats they most desired, and the drinks most to their taste; it maintained them in perpetual youth. The day on which the Graal had been seen, its guardians were incapable of being wounded or suffering any hurt. If they fought for eight days after the vision, they were susceptible of wounds, but not of death.

"Everything in the construction of the temple was full of mystery. It was erected on Montsalvatsch, of precious stones, gold, and aloe-wood. In form it was circular; there were three principal entrances. The knights who watched the Graal were patterns of virtue. All sensual love, even within the limits of marriage, was strictly forbidden. A single thought of passion would obscure the eye and conceal the mystic vessel. The chief of this circle of knights was entitled king. As his office was hereditary, he was permitted to marry.

"When the faith or the right was in jeopardy, a bell rang in the chapel of the Graal, and a knight was bound to go forth, sword in hand, to the defence. Wherever he was, should a question be asked him of his condition or office in the temple, he was to refuse to answer, and at once to return to Montsalvatsch."<sup>1</sup>

Titurel reigned four hundred years, during all which time, thanks to the virtue of the Holy Graal, and to his own, he continued to present the

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould's "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages."

appearance of a man in the prime of life. He was succeeded by his son, Frimutelle, who, having fallen into a habit or an act of criminal indulgence, perished in a tournament, in which he had taken part in honour of the lady who was the occasion or the companion of his fall. To him followed, in the incumbency of the Graal sovereignty, his son, Amfortas, whose name, in "La Mort Artus," or "Mort d'Arthur," varies as Pelles or Pellam, and who, having in turn fallen into grievous sin, was given over by the Graal to be wounded by a lance. After this disaster, it was announced to him that he should not be healed of his hurt till one came, pure and young, to Montsalvatsch, who would see the mysteries of the holy vessel, and would be thereby incited or inspired to inquire their signification. It is at this stage, however, that the legends of the Graal become, for the first time, involved in the cycle of Arthurian romance; and we may take advantage of this circumstance to interrupt our narrative for the introduction of a description of the Graal, and to follow its fortunes, as fabricated or invented by mere prosaic but equally unfounded speculation.

According to the "Percival" of Wolfram von Eschenbach, the most Protestant, so to say, in his foreshadowings of the early Graal romancists, the Holy Graal was a "vessel formed of a single precious stone, the *lapis herilis*, the stone of the Lord, filled with the strength of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; which in the beginning was with God, and was served by angels (see John i., 1 and 2). After the fall of Lucifer and of the Angels, it was confided to the safe-keeping of the purest and most faithful of men, in the same manner as God gave the Son and Saviour for the salvation of mankind (2 Tim. ii., 10; John i., 16, 17). Those who by God's grace, according to Augustine, were called to guard the holy Vessel, were

the Templeisen (French, *Les Templiers*), a clerical fraternity, formed after the model of the Order of the Templars, which order at that time, about 1200, existed in its highest bloom, and in untainted purity, as the ideal of the life of a Christian knight. These *Templeisen* form the Graal Church. No heathen can see the Graal, for he lacks baptism. But no Christian even can find it, or reach it by means of weapons, according to Rom. ix. 11-16; xii. 6; 2 Tim. i. 9. But the name of the one whom Divine grace has called upon is read in writing on the Graal (Luke x., 20), according to election by Divine grace. The election is obtained by killing original sin in ourselves, and the pride which brought Lucifer to his fall, by deep remorse, repentance, penance, and humility; and this is the way which Percival is led, until by his own exertion, in and by himself, he becomes ripe for the kingdom of the Graal.

"But the poem comprehends much more still. The relation of man placed in creation is threefold: 1. The relation of man to God. This is poetically represented in the history of Percival, and his struggle for the Holy Graal, by his inwardly conquering his impulses. 2. The relation of man to evil, which from without approaches him in the shape of a tempter, and an adversary of God, such as is represented in the stories of "Cluichor," the "Sekundille," and "Orgeluse." 3. The relation of man to the material world and its glory, represented in Arthur and the Round Table, and its principal hero, Gawain. It should be observed, that all these personages are good, devoted Roman Catholic Christians, who hear Mass regularly, &c., but none of them enter the dominion of the Graal. Indeed, it is not even their aspiration to do so, because to them is not given the grace which leads Percival, through long years of sorrow and despair, at last into glory.



"All these three elements are brought into natural contact and conflict in a most spirited manner, so that they form an artistic and finished whole, and so that every apparently irrelevant portion still contributes to the solution of the fundamental idea as explained in (1) above. We now ask whether an all-pervading idea like this is traceable with equal clearness and distinctness in the other French Percival and Graal romances?"

The characteristics of the romances thus referred to are given in a comparative estimate in another work of the same author whose opinions we have just been quoting. "The first poet of the north of France, who speaks of the tradition of the Graal, is Chrestien de Troyes, who was endowed with a truly tropical fertility, if, indeed, he<sup>1</sup> can claim all that has been attributed to him. French savans formerly placed him between 1150 and 1190—by far too long a period. The more profound researches of Fauriel show, that we have no reason for placing his literary labours farther back than 1170. His 'Percival' is dedicated to Count Philip, of Flanders, who died in June, 1191. Death deterred Chrestien from finishing his Percival. From the 148th folio of the first MS. it is continued by Gauthier de Denet; from the 180th folio by Gerbers, and finally by one Manessier, who dedicates his work to the Countess Johanna, of Flanders, who died in 1244. In this way, half a century passed before this romance was finished! There is another History of Percival and the Romance of the Graal in the Bibliothèque du Roi, of which the first poem continues that of Chrestien; the other states that the author has versified the prosetale of Robiers de Borron. The contents of the latest French Romances of Merlin, of the

new Tristan and Launcelot of Perceforest, the Morte d'Arthur, and also the Graal, &c., are more or less similar, and are all referable to a Welsh origin. All of these must be placed between the end of the twelfth century and the fourteenth. In the sixteenth century, and even before that time, when the ancient languages became inconvenient, they were changed into very thick prose volumes, as the 'Roman de Percival' (Paris, 1529), and 'L'Histoire du Sangreal' (Paris, 1523). One romance rises from another, and borrows from it; and an enormous mass of the strangest adventures are thus accumulated, without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. There is no trace of a general plot; sudden apparitions of angels and demons crowd upon each other, while every characteristic trait disappears—there is no character in the persons—and the latest personages have no longer any sense or connection between each other. Whoever has ventured to penetrate this chaos, turns away with sorrow, on seeing the beautiful creations of a sublime poetry disfigured by the monstrous mysticism of a sombre monachism, the ill-directed erudition of priests, and an immoderate passion for all that was new and unknown. Nevertheless, we see, rising above this chaotic darkness, like the last gleam of the sun, a religious and Christian spirit, always zealously occupied, though not always with equal success, in penetrating the inscrutable mysteries of Faith, the miracles effected by Christianity over the whole world, and the blessed doctrines of the New Testament—in expressing them by symbols, and in attaching them to the poetical and historical traditions, according to the character of Christian chivalry. This is the only thing which gives to the scattered elements of these romances some

<sup>1</sup> Albert Schulz, alias San Marte, prefatory essay, "On the Saga of the Holy Graal," to the Roxburghe Club edition, by Mr. Furnivall, of "Seynt Graal, or the Sante Ryall: the History of the Holy Graal."

connection and support, and a sense which deeply affects us; although we must always lament that these cherubim of light appeared to the eyes of the romancers through thick clouds, and not with that distinctness which we admire in the German Percival of Wolfram. These mercenary minstrels were animated by no spontaneous enthusiasm; in order to live, they were obliged to produce something new—for this reason they searched on all sides, employed every combination, sought out every mystery, and thus profited by the popular passion for reading, together with the frivolity of the times, and the inability to appreciate the true or the sublime. For the mind of a people who could find the highest gratification in the trifling romance of Amadis and other pastorals, or in a monstrous allegory, like the romance of the Rose, must have been long deeply corrupted, and become too weak to estimate real poetry. From the 13th century we date the lapse of tradition into arbitrary and corrupt fictions; and from that time we can no longer speak of an influence, or of the dissemination of genuine Welsh traditions.”<sup>1</sup>

Although the Holy Graal was said to have been finally transported to India, and to have remained there, several cities formerly claimed the honour of the possession of this mighty relic. At the capture of Cæsarea, in 1101, the Crusaders found what they imagined to be the very dish itself, made, as was long supposed, of a single piece of emerald; and on the division of the booty amongst the allied forces, the Genoese, under the command of Guglielmo Embriaco, selected the precious vessel as their portion. It was accordingly sent to Genoa, where it is still preserved, under the name of *Sacro Catino*, in the treasury of the cathedral of San Lorenzo.

“The supposed intrinsic worth”—we quote now from one of Mr. Murray’s Handbooks—“the supposed intrinsic worth of the material was infinitely enhanced by the fond traditions annexed to the vessel, whether as a gift from the Queen of Sheba to Solomon; or as the Dish which held the Paschal Lamb at the Last Supper, or the vessel in which Joseph of Arimathea received the blood flowing from the side of the Redeemer. Three times each year was the *Catino* brought out of the sacristy, and exposed to the veneration of the faithful. A prelate of high rank exhibited it to the multitude, and around him were *Clavigeri*, to whose care the relic was committed. No stranger was allowed to touch the *Catino*, under heavy penalties; and the attempt to try the material by steel or diamond, gem or coral, or any real or supposed test of its genuineness or hardness, was punishable with heavy fines, imprisonment, or even death. Acute, and somewhat sceptical travellers, as Keysler and the Abbé Barthélemy, in spite of these precautions, saw enough to lead them to suppose that the *Catino* was glass, a fact which is now fully confirmed. But the extraordinary perfection of the material, as well as of the workmanship, must always cause it to be considered as a very remarkable monument, and of remote antiquity. The dish is hexagonal, with some slight ornaments, which appear to have been finished with the tool, as in gem-engraving. The colour is beautiful, the transparency perfect; but a few air-bubbles sufficiently disclose the substance of which it is made. The *Catino* was sent to Paris, and was reclaimed in 1815, with other objects of art. It was so closely packed that it broke by the way. The fragments have been united by a setting of gold filigree. The keys of the cabinet are kept by the municipal

<sup>1</sup> Albert Schulz, alias San Marte, “Essay on the Influence of Welch Tradition upon the Literature of Germany, France, and Scandinavia.”

authorities, and a fee of about five francs is expected, at least from Englishmen, by the officer who opens the door."<sup>1</sup>

Critical investigations have pointed out how it has been sought to trace the ground or suggestion of the legend of the Holy Graal to sources other than Joseph of Arimathea; and it has been variously supposed to have originated in the Heliotrapezon, or Sun-Table of the pious Egyptians; in the highly-prized Blackstone of the Kaaba in Mecca; in the tragic mirror or cup of Salvation discovered by Dschemschid, the hero of Persian romance; in the Egyptian Hermes goblet, and in an assumed divining-cup of the Druids. Into the theories indicated by such speculation we have no leisure to enter, nor to follow, or even to state the arguments by which they may severally be defended. What is known is, that the story of the Holy Graal is of the highest interest as a preface to the entire cycle of the Arthurian romances; and their construction, otherwise so obscure, may be to some extent illustrated by regarding the account of the Last Supper of the Saviour with His disciples as at once the ground of the story of Joseph and his followers, and of the Romance of the Knights of the Round Table. So it is that, as has been stated in the scholarly words of Albert Schulz, the Holy Graal, as the symbol of Christian salvation to the Romance poets of the middle ages, was like King Arthur and the sorcerer Merlin, for nearly five hundred years the kernel and central point of an extensive cycle of poems, wherein the Knights of old found edification, and in writing on which poets believed they should attain final bliss. But the Graal-cycle was distinguished from the other as having no ascertainable foundation, however remote, in the events or personages of life or history. It was rather the development of the pious

thought and fancy of chivalrous ages, which sought to symbolise the mysteries and miracles of Christianity in the figured history of a Holy Vessel; the idea of which was originally distinct from the histories of the Arthurian knights, with which it was afterwards so intimately blended.

In a paper of this kind, which, being so full of matter, can pretend to very little beyond the honours of a compilation, it is difficult to refer—without carrying honest recognition to the very verge of boredom and prudery—every sentiment and every sentence which we have appropriated or assimilated to its proper author. We continue and conclude by a somewhat lengthy quotation from the article on the Holy Graal in the "English Cyclopædia," from which we have more than once quoted already, without express recognition, and which, offering the latest attempt at epitomising whatever is wisest, most pertinent, or most probable, in Graal criticism, is, we conceive, best adapted to the enlightenment and edification of our readers.

"The Graal legend having been introduced as a foreign and a spiritual element into the Arthurian cycle, it seems a pertinent surmise that the introduction was the achievement of an ecclesiastical or ecclesiastically-inclined poet, who sought to redeem the pursuits of a society of gallant knights from an utter and uniform secularity. This object the poet attained by the incorporation into the Arthurian story of the account of a nobler knight, a purer man, and a more exalted reward, than any which the old legends furnished, and which he discovered in the Graal and Sir Galahad, the history of the former of which he probably found ready to his hand, whilst the latter was identified as a direct descendant of Joseph of Arimathea. One day, it is said, when Arthur was holding high festival with his

<sup>1</sup> Murray's "Handbook of Northern Italy."

Knights of the Round Table in the Minster at Camelot, they were startled by a thunderstorm, in the midst of which a sunbeam seven times clearer than the light of mortal noontide entered the hall, and the brotherhood were enlightened by the grace of the Holy Ghost. In the intensity of this miraculous illumination, the members of the knightly circle regarded each other, and each man saw his fellows invested with an incomparable beauty and grandeur. For a season there was dumbness and silence; and then the Holy Graal, covered with white samite, entered into the hall, filling it with rarest odours, and without apparent instrumentality, supplying each knight with such meat and drink as he best loved in the world. None saw the Graal itself as it was carried through the hall, nor the hand that bore it; and it presently vanished as suddenly as it had arrived, so that none knew whither it had departed. Thereupon the king gave thanks to God for the grace He had vouchsafed them; and when the general power of speech returned, the knights undertook by solemn vows the quest of the Holy Graal.

"The legend of the Graal, and the story of the search for it, is told so variously by poets whose principal aim was frequently no more than the invention of new incidents, that it is hopeless to expect unity, or even consistency, in the several narratives. Those to which prominence is here given may be taken as illustrating the general feeling which dictated their production, rather than as pretending to a strict harmony or contemporaneity of adventures. Mr. Skeat ingeniously discovers in the historical phenomena of the time slightly anterior to the production of the first of the Graal narratives, their efficient suggestion and inspiration. The great excitement of the middle of the twelfth

century was the Second Crusade, beginning in 1146. A little earlier the order of Knights Templars had been established. This was a fighting order of knights, quite unlike the Knights of St. John. Their object was religious glory, and their destination the East. How exactly all this is reproduced in the history of the Knights of the Round Table, seeking a holy object, and finding it likewise in the East! Godfrey de Bouillon, King of Jerusalem, meets with the success of Evalak, King of Sarras; Galahad's shield bears the Templars' device.

The Saracens were then frequently heard of; hence Joseph goes to Sarras, their supposed city. The mention of the instruments of the passion brings forward the Holy Lance, and especial attention must have been called to it by the extraordinary fraud which gave out that the lance had been found at the siege of Antioch in 1098. Hence it was introduced naturally enough at the appearance of the Graal. The old romances had in view a general idea of idealising Christianity, or rather religious enthusiasm, by adding to it various mysteries and religious vows; but beyond this, the only principle which they showed was that of giving full scope to the imagination.

"The fugitive and incomplete vision of the Holy Graal vouchsafed at Camelot to the chivalry of King Arthur, is the first attempt at the juxtaposition of two sets of legends which were henceforth to be so closely connected. Years had passed since King Amfortas, or Pelles, first lay down wounded in his palace to await the pure knight, a 'clean maid,' who should heal him by the application of the sacred blood. The majority of the Knights of the Round Table were incapacitated for success in the quest of the Holy Graal through their want of charity, abstinence, and truth; and it was only to those of them—Galahad, the

occupier of the Sege Perilous, Percival, the Stainless, and Bors, or Bohors, the Penitent—that the honour of achieving the splendid discovery was assigned. Together the select trio repaired to the castle of King Pelles; where, after they had supped, they beheld a great light, in which were four angels bearing up an ancient man in bishop's vestments, whom they set down before a table of silver, on which appeared the *San Graal*. The aged prelate was no other than Joseph of Arimathea, 'the first Bishop of Christendom.' Then other angels appeared bearing candles, and a spear, from which fell drops of blood; and these drops were collected by an angel in a box. The angels now placed the candles on the table, and the fourth set the Holy Spear upon the vessel; after which Joseph proceeded to celebrate the sacred mysteries. At the consecration appeared our Lord Himself, who summoned Sir Galahad, and incited him to ask what the vessel was which He held between His hands. Christ then declared it was the Holy Dish wherein He ate the lamb at the Last Supper, a more open and abundant sight of which Galahad should enjoy in the city of Sarra, whither he was to convey it. Galahad, therefore, having anointed the wounded king with the blood which dropped from the spear, and so made him whole, set out, with his friends Bors and Percival, to the mystic city of Sarra, where he was made king.

"The story is varied in the 'Percival,' commenced by Chrestien de Troyes, and carried on and concluded by his continuators towards the close of the twelfth century, which attributes to Percival the cure of the king, from whom he received in return the Sacred Vessel and the bleeding Lance, and retired to a hermitage. On the death of Percival, the Holy Graal and Lance were taken up into heaven. It is probable that this version was an adap-

tation of a Welsh tale, entitled 'Pheredur,' the hero of which is not a Christian, and the holy vessel of which is a mysterious relic of a past heathen rite. It is Sir Percival whom Schulz regards as the point of union between the story of the Graal and the adventures of chivalry for its recovery. 'The fable of the Graal,' he says, 'did not exist in the chronicles of those countries which preserve the traditions of Arthur—Britain, France, and Ireland. The second group of romances, whose centre is the Graal, constitutes the Provençal and Spanish element; the first is Welsh—and the point of union is the chief hero, Percival, the Peredur of the Welsh. (1) Until the middle of the twelfth century, not the slightest trace of the Graal, or anything resembling it, can be found in the Breton or Welsh poems; (2), towards the same period we discover, in the French poems only, the first indications of any knowledge of the traditions of Arthur; and (3) this branch of poetry received a particular impulse from the sovereignty of England over a great part of France; and we must be deceived upon every point if Arthur and the *San Graal* did not first meet half-way in France about 1150, coming from the north and from the south.' The latest results of our insular criticism, however, select out of the five authors who are specially noted as the writers of Graal romances, Walter Map, or Mapes, the scholarly and genial poet, who was archdeacon of Oxford in the latter half of the twelfth century, as being the pioneer in this species of the literature of chivalry. Mr. Skeat supposes that Walter Map wrote his romance 'Joseph,' about 1170, or a few years earlier.

"Some of the writers of Graal romances profess to have translated from a Latin original, which, in the case of the 'History of the Holy Graal' was said to be 'from the original Latin, written by Jesus Christ

with His own hand, being the only writing made by God since His up-rising.' The legend here involved is more particularly stated to the effect that in A.D. 717, in England, Christ, as a beautiful man, appeared to a Trinity-doubting monk, and promised to clear his doubts by means of a book which he presented to him. In this book were four treatises, of which one was the

'Book of the Holy Graal,' which has thus been laid open to the denunciation of the author of a work entitled, "Britannia after the Romans," as being 'no romance, but a blasphemous imposture, more extravagant and daring than any on record, in which it is endeavoured to pass off the mysteries of Bardism for direct inspirations of the Holy Ghost.'

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### THE THREE GRACES:

#### A MADRIGAL.

TELL me, little trembling rose,  
Thou whose sweet, coy crimson glows  
Where *her* lilies, chaste and pale,  
Mutely tell their pensive tale—  
What your name, and whence you came?  
Whence your glory or your shame!

Tell me, faint æolian moan,  
Thou whose plaintive monotone,  
Like the widowed dove's at night,  
Chides a cheerful chirp's delight—  
What your name, and whence your pain?  
Why that trouble in your strain?

Tell me, brilliant, pure and clear,  
Loth to leave thy purer sphere—  
Some dumb sorrow's darkened plight  
Broke in poetry and light—  
What thy name, thy pleading charm?  
Who could do thee any harm?

Blush am I; but by-and-bye,  
If I live, they'll call me Sigh.  
I'm a sigh; but if I grow,  
Tear they'll name me, for my woe.  
Call me Tear, dear, if I move  
Thee to pity—if I prove  
Wanton vanity above.  
I was Blush' once, I was Sigh;  
I'll be Memory by-and-bye.  
—But our sorrow's name is Love!

BREAD AND CHEESE AND KISSES.<sup>1</sup>

CHRISTMAS stories have become as necessary at Christmas as roast beef and plum-pudding—with mince-pies to follow. And we know of no fitter accompaniment to those good things this Christmas time than Mr. Farjeon's beautiful story. It is like a pathetic and exciting minstrel ballad-romance, if we could imagine a ballad-minstrel of the old days of feasting in bower and hall transplanted to our modern drawing-room, and there framing a heart-stirring narrative of prosaic Westminster, and of Britain at the Antipodes. Though written in prose, the story before us is highly idealised—"too much so," cries some prosaic reader, who will have it that Westminster must be Westminster and nothing else, and that gold-diggers and their wives must necessarily be a rough, coarse lot, and that people who have gone wrong in certain directions deserve their fate, and should be left to it. The matter may be argued in this direction with much effect, no doubt; but that over, we follow with double delight, "*Bread and Cheese and Kisses*," because of its very idealisation of all the qualities of heart and soul that make Home a blessed place whenever Home *is* blessed. And who can estimate the amount of generous feeling, of devoted, self-sacrificing love, that actually exists among the poor? One half the world knows not how the other half lives, is a common saying. Society, as it is called, knows wonderfully little of the beautiful inner life, where the light of God's countenance shines in upon the hearts, and on the dreary hearth-stones of the toil-

ing, suffering classes. Let Society read this simple domestic romance, and if not the better for it, why then, so much the worse for Society! The introduction, "which serves in part as a Dedication to the Memory of my Mother," explains the title. "I think that in this wide world, among the thousands of millions of human beings who live and have passed away, there is not, and never was, a woman who lived her life more contentedly, nor one who strove more heartfully to make the most cheerful use of everything that fell to her lot—of even adversity, of which she had her full share. She was beloved by all who knew her. To her sympathising heart were confided many griefs which others had to bear; and, poor as she was for a long period of her life, she always, by some wonderful secret, of which I hope she was not the only possessor, continued to help those who came to her in need. I remember asking her once how she managed it, 'My dear,' she answered, with a smile, which reminds me of a peaceful moonlight night, 'My dear, I have a lucky-bag.' Where she kept it, heaven only knows; but she was continually dipping her hand into it, and something good and sweet always came out."

"She was a capital housewife, and made much out of little. She had not one selfish desire, and being devoted to her children, she made their home bright for them."

"I would ask her often, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, 'Mother, what have you got for dinner, to-day?' '*Bread and Cheese and Kisses*,' she would reply merrily."

<sup>1</sup> "*Bread and Cheese and Kisses*." By B. L. Farjeon, Author of "*Blade o'Grass*." Christmas Number of *Tinsley's Magazine*, 1872.

"And to this day 'Bread and Cheese and Kisses' bears for me in its simple utterance a sacred and beautiful meaning. It means contentment; it means cheerfulness; it means the exercise of sweet words and gentle thought; it means HOME!"

"Dear and sacred word! Let us get away from the garish light that disturbs it. Let you and I, this Christmas, retire for a while, and think of it and muse upon it. Let us resolve to cherish it always, and let us unite in the hope that its influence for inconceivable good may not be lost in the turmoil of the "Great March" to the thunderous steps of which the world's heart is mildly beating. Home! It is earth's heaven! The flowers that grow within garret walls prove it; the wondering ecstasy that fills the mother's breast as she looks upon the face of her firstborn, the quiet ministering to those we love, the unselfishness, the devotion, the tender word, the act of charity, the self-sacrifice that finds creation there, prove it; the prayers that are said as we kneel by the bedside before committing our bodies to sleep, the little hands folded in worship, the lisping words of praise and of thanks to God that come from children's lips, the teaching of those words by the happy mother, so that her child may grow up good, prove it. No lot in life is too lowly for this earth's heaven. No lot in life is too lowly for the pure enjoyment of "Bread and Cheese and Kisses."

The personages of the story all live within a circle of a mile around Westminster Abbey.

"Within that space is contained all that ennobles life, and all that debases it; and within that space, at the same moment, the lofty aspirations of the statesman pulses in the great Senate House in unison with the degraded desires of the inhabitant of Old Pye Street. There St. Giles and St. James elbow each

other. There may be seen, in one comprehensive glance, all the beauty and ugliness of life, all its hope and hopelessness, all its vanity and modesty, all its knowledge and ignorance, all its piety and profanity, all fragrance and foulness. The wisdom of ages, the nobility that sprung from fortunate circumstances or from brave endeavours, the sublime lessons that lie in faith and heroism, sanctify the solemn aisles of the grand old Abbey. Within its sacred cloisters rest the ashes of the great; outside its walls, brushing them with his ragged garments, skulks the thief—and worse."

The two principal characters, Saul Fielding and George Naldret, are working carpenters, who have lived and grown to manhood in Westminster. Saul is the elder of the two by six or seven years, and of superior mind. They have gradually become firm friends. They have talked and read much together. Saul, especially, is a great reader, and desires to set many wrong things right. He believes that he has a mission to redress the wrongs of his class, and elects himself the champion of his fellow-workmen. He has a "fatal gift" of being able to speak well and fluently—beyond his real convictions; the men listen to him, and accept his high-flown words as the soundest of logic. A dispute between master and men occurs in a certain workshop. Saul plunges into the dispute, and by his "fatal gift" inflames the men, and fans the discontent until it spreads to other workshops. Neither men nor masters will yield. A strike follows. In this strike Saul is the principal agitator. He is the speaker, and the man upon whom all depend, in whom all trust. But after making things as bitter as he can—after making the men believe that the masters are their natural enemies—after making a speech one night filled with false conclusions, but which fired the men to a more determined resistance—



after doing all this, Saul suddenly deserts his followers, astonishing them by the statement that, upon more serious consideration, he has been led to alter his views, and that he is afraid of the misery a longer fight would bring upon them and their families. The men are of course furious; they call him harsh names—return indignantly to work on the old terms, and all of them, masters and men, turn their backs upon the leader who had betrayed them.

Does not Mr. Farjeon merit thanks for this wholesome lesson to the classes most concerned? Such delusive excitement, such false eloquence, such miserable betrayal, has occurred again and again in trade annals, and yet workmen still listen, enchanted whenever the "fatal gift" draws them into the snare, and their families suffer bitterly in strikes while the country is disquieted. At the same time, we are far from thinking that strikes are not *sometimes* necessary.

And the lesson for the reckless agitator—what is that?

Saul finds himself in a terrible position. He can get no work, and sinks day by day. Only one friend is left to him of all his late attached fellow-workmen—George Naldret, who stands nobly by him, even when Saul has taken to drinking, and become a miserable outcast.

We are just introduced to him, when he has been a few years in an utterly fallen condition. Three weeks before Christmas, he appears in Westminster, before the small, comfortable house occupied by George Naldret's father—also a carpenter. Saul is peering through the shutters, to see if George is at home.

"Mrs. Naldret runs into the passage, and opens the street-door 'Who's there?' she cries, looking into the street and shivering, as the cold wind blows in her face, 'Who's there? Don't sneak away

like that, but come and show your face like a man!"

"The man pauses at the challenge, stands irresolute for a moment or two, then walks slowly back to the window, with hanging head.

"'Show my face like a man!' he repeats sadly, bitterly, and with a world of self-reproach in his tone, 'There's not much of that stuff left in me, Mrs. Naldret.'

"'Good lord!' she exclaims, as he stands before her like a criminal. 'It's Saul Fielding!'

"'Yes,' he replies. 'It's Saul Fielding—God help him!'

"'Why can't Saul Fielding help himself?' she retorts, half angrily, half pityingly. 'There was stuff enough in him once—at all events, I thought so.'

"'Show me the way!' he cries; but lowers his tone instantly, and says humbly, 'I beg your pardon, Mrs. Naldret, for speaking in that manner. It's ungrateful of me to speak like that to any of George's friends, and least of all to his mother, that George loves like the apple of his eye.'

"'So he does, dear lad,' says the grateful woman, 'and it does my heart good to hear you say so. But you've nothing to be grateful to me for, Saul. I've never done you any good; it's never been in my power.'

"'Yes, you have, and it has been in your power, Mrs. Naldret. Why, it was only last week that you offered me——'

"'What you wouldn't take,' she interrupts hastily; 'so you don't know if I meant it. Let be! Let be!'

"'——That you offered me food,' he continues steadily. 'But it's like you and yours to make light of it. You've never done me any good! Why, you're George's mother, and you brought him into the world! and I owe him more than my life—ay, more than my life!'

"'I know the friendship there was between you and George,' she says,

setting the strength of his words to that account, "and that George loved you like a brother. More's the pity, because of that, that you are as you are."

"It is so," he assents meekly, "but the milk's spilt; I can't pick it up again."

"Saul, Saul! you talk like a woman."

"Do I?" he asks tenderly, and looking into her face with respect and esteem in his eyes. "Then there's some good left in me."

This deeply-erring man had dragged down with him in his fall a woman who loved him, who trusted him, and whom he had robbed of her good name. But he was not evil enough to treat her unkindly, or to slight her love, or to be ungrateful for her great sacrifice. He speaks of her now to George's mother.

"I know one who is stronger than I am—better, wiser, than a hundred such as I—and I showed my appreciation of her goodness and her worth by doing her wrong. Show my face like a man! I ought to hide it, as the moles do, and show my contempt for myself by flying from the sight of man."

"Filled with compassion, she turns her face from him so that she may not witness his grief."

"She is the noblest, the best of women!" he continues; "in the face of God, I say it. Standing here, with His light shining upon me, with His keen wind piercing me to my bones (but it is just!) I bow to her, although I see her not, as the nearest approach to perfect goodness which it has ever been my happiness and my unhappiness to come in contact with. Ay, although virtue, as humanly exercised, would turn its back upon her."

"Are you blaming the world, Saul Fielding?" she asks, in a tone that has a touch of sternness in it, "for a fault which is all your own?"

"No," he answers; "I am justify-

ing Jane. I blame the world! A pretty object I, to turn accuser!"

"He appeals to his rags, in scorn of them and of himself."

"Saul Fielding," she says, after a pause, during which she feels nothing but ruth for his misery, "you are a bit of a scholar; you have gifts that others could turn to account, if they had them. Before you—you—"

"Went wrong," he adds, as she hesitates: "I know what you would say. Go on, Mrs. Naldret. Your words don't hurt me."

"Before that time, George used to come home full of admiration for you and your gifts. He said that you were the best-read man in all the trade, and I'm sure, to hear you speak is proof enough of that. Well, let be, Saul; let the past die, and make up your mind, like a man, to do better in the future."

"Let the past die!" he repeats, as through the clouds that darken his mind rifts of human love shine, under the influence of which his voice grows indescribably soft and tender. "Let the past die! No, not for a world of worlds. Though it is filled with shame, I would not let it go."

Jim Naldret would not allow Saul to enter his house, and his wife fears his return while Saul is lingering at the door. George is going to emigrate, and Saul wants to see him before he goes.

"Do you think Jim Naldret would like to see his son talking to Saul Fielding?" asks the carpenter's wife.

"No, I don't suppose he would," replies Saul quickly; "but for all that, I shall do George no harm. I would lay down my life to serve him. You don't know what binds me and George together."

This alludes to a secret service of difficulty and personal risk which George has rendered to his unfortunate friend, and this secret the reader must discover for him or herself by reading the story. It is a beautiful

and touching episode, which would be spoiled by our meddling.

"And he is going away soon—how soon, Mrs. Naldret?"

"In a very few days," she answered, with a sob in her throat.

"God speed him! Ask him to see me before he goes, will you, Mrs. Naldret?"

"Yes, I will, Saul, and thank you a thousand times for the good feeling you show to him."

"Tell him that I have joined the waits, and that he will hear my flute among them any night this week. I'll manage so that we don't go away from this neighbourhood till he bids good-bye to it."

"Joined the waits!" she exclaims. "Good Lord! Have you come to that?"

"That's pretty low, isn't it?" he says, with a light laugh, and with a dash of satire in his tone. "But then, you know—playing the flute—is one of my gifts—(I learnt it myself when I was a boy), and it's the only thing I can get to do. Is there any tune you're very fond of, and would like to hear as you lie a-bed? If there is, we'll play it."

"If you could play a tune to keep George at home," says Mrs. Naldret, "that's the tune I'd like to hear."

"Your old gospel of contentment" he remarks.

"I like to let well alone," she replies, with emphatic nods; "if you'd been content with that years ago, instead of trying to stir men up—"

"I shouldn't be as I am now," he says, interrupting her. "You are right. Good night, and God bless you."

"He shuffles off without waiting for another word, blowing on his fingers, which are almost frozen. Mrs. Naldret, who is also cold enough by this time, is glad to get to her fire-side. Her thoughts follow Saul Fielding. 'Poor fellow,' she muses, 'I should like to have had him by the fire for a while, but Jim would have been angry. And to be sure

it wouldn't be right, with the life he's been leading. But how well he talks, and how clever he is! What'll be the end of him, goodness only knows. He's made me feel quite soft. And how he loves George! That's what makes me like him. 'You don't know what binds me and George together,' he said. 'I would lay down my life to serve him,' he said. Well, there must be some good in a man who speaks like that."

And so the reader thinks, and follows with keen interest the steps of his restoration. Few things in fiction are finer. Indeed, to us the whole conception of Saul appears quite original. We are told recently that Charles Dickens' "Walter Gay" was at one time intended to show that wretched personal ruin of which we have all seen examples in everyday life, when mere love of adventure and boyish light-heartedness slides into negligence, idleness, dissipation, intemperance; and the great novelist intended to exhibit something of the philosophy of it, in great temptation and an easy nature, and to show how the good turns out the bad by degrees. Mr. Farjeon's "Saul Fielding" has sunk close on destruction from causes the very reverse. Out of the very superiority of his mind—out of his very best intentions towards his fellows, has arisen his special temptations. Sunk in these, it would appear that nothing short of a miracle could restore him. But the Author of every good and perfect gift opens before him a way of escape—beset with difficulties, indeed, almost unsurmountable, yet accessible to a brave, determined spirit, sincerely repenting its errors, and eager to arise out of the slough of misery.

Mrs. Naldret, we have seen, gave the first suggestion, and stimulated him to new and hopeful exertion. We have come to a scene requiring no slight moral courage on the part of the writer, who, however, has

worked out his idea with singular delicacy and profound pathos.

Saul returns to his "home"—a miserable garret with sloping roof, furnished scantily with a few rickety and broken articles. In such a place—and under the dark cloud of sin—break in gleams of the celestial light of love.

"There were signs in the room of a woman's care, and Saul Fielding sat down on the wheezy chair, and waited with his head resting upon his hand. He had not long to wait; the sound of light steps running up the stairs caused him to rise, and look towards the door.

"Jane!"

"She nodded and kissed him, and asked him if he were hungry.

"No," he answered; "where have you been to?"

"Only on a little errand. Come, you *must* be hungry; you've had no tea, I know."

"She took the remains of a loaf, and a yellow basin containing a little dripping, from a cupboard, and cut the bread and spread the dripping solicitously. Then she pressed him to eat.

"I shall have some with you," she said.

"To please her he forced himself to eat.

"It's very cold, Jane."

"Very, Saul."

"She was a woman who once was very fair to look at, who was fair now, despite her poverty. She was not more than twenty-five years of age, but she looked older; there was no wedding-ring on her finger, and she was too poor for adornment of any kind about her person. There was beauty in her, however; the beauty that lies in resignation. And now, as Saul Fielding looked on her furtively, he noticed, with evident inward fear, a certain kind of sad resolution in her manner which tempered the signs of long-suffering that dwelt in her face. He put his hand timidly upon her

once, and said in a troubled voice—

"You have no flannel petticoat so Jane."

"No Saul," she answered cheerfully; "I have pledged it."

"An impressive silence followed. As the darkness that fell upon Egypt could be felt, so the silence that fell upon this room spoke: with bitter brazen tongue.

"I have been out all the afternoon," she said presently. "First I went to—you know where."

"And saw her!" he asked wistfully.

"Yes; she was playing on the door-step. She looked so beautiful! I—I kissed her!"

"All the love that woman's heart can feel, all the tenderness of which woman's love is capable, were expressed in the tone in which she uttered these simple words. She placed her fingers on her lips, and dwelt upon the memory of the kiss with tearful eyes, with heart that ached with excess of love.

"Did I tell you that last week tried again to get work, Saul?"

"No," he said; "you failed!"

"Yes; I failed," she repeated sadly.

"I ask myself sometimes if I am a man, exclaimed Saul, in contempt of himself, spurning himself as it were; "If I have anything of a man's spirit left within me. Mrs. Naldret said something of that sort to me this very night—not unkindly, but with a good purpose. When I think of myself as I was many years ago, it seems to me that I am transformed. And the future! Good God! what lies in it for us?"

"I am a tie upon you, Saul."

"A tie upon me!" he said, in a tone of wonder. "Jane, you are my salvation! But for you I should have drifted into God knows what. You are at once my joy and my remorse."

"He took from the mantelshelf a broken piece of looking-glass, and

gazed at the reflection of his face. A bold and handsome face, but with deeper lines in it than his years, which were not more than thirty-two or three, warranted. Strong passion and dissipation had left striking marks behind them, but his clear blue eyes were as yet undimmed, and shone with a lustre which denoted that there was vigour still in him. His mouth was large, and the lips were the most noticeable features in his face; they were the lips of one to whom eloquence came as a natural gift, firm, and tremulous when need be. The change that he saw in himself as he looked back to the time gone by gave point and bitterness to his next words.

"I was not like this once. When you first saw me, Jane, these marks and lines were wanting—they have come all too soon. But no one is to blame but I. I have brought it all on myself. On myself! On you!—you suffer with me, patiently, uncomplainingly. You have a greater load than I to bear; and you will not let me lighten it."

"I will not let you, Saul! I do not understand."

"Because every time I approach the subject, I try to approach it by a different road."

"Ah, I know now," she said, softly.

"Jane, I ask you for the twentieth time." He held out his hands supplicatingly to her. "Let me do what I can to remove the shame from you. Let me do what I can to atone for my fault. As you love me, Jane, marry me!"

"As I love you, Saul, I refuse!"

He turned from her, and paced the room; she watched him with steady, loving eyes, and the signs of sad, fixed resolution deepened in her face.

"Come and sit by me, Saul."

He obeyed her, and she drew his head upon her breast, and kissed his lips.

"There's no question—no doubt of the love between us, Saul?"

"None, Jane."

"If some chance were to part us this night, and I was never to look upon your face again——"

"Jane!"

"And I was never to look upon your face again," she repeated, with a cheerful smile, "I should, if I lived to be an old woman, and you to be an old man, never for one moment doubt that you loved me through all the years."

"It is like you, Jane; your faith would not be misplaced."

"I know it, and I know that you would be to me the same—you would believe that no other man could hold the place in my heart that you have always held."

He took her in his arms, and said that she was his anchor; that as nothing on earth could shake her faith in him, so nothing on earth could shake his faith in her; after what she had said (although he knew it before, and would have staked his worthless life on it), could she still refuse to allow him to make her the only reparation it was in his power to make?

"She waived the question for the present, and said—"

"We are at the lowest ebb, Saul."

"Aye," he answered.

"Then you must not think of drifting," she said, tenderly; "we have drifted low enough. Remember, Saul," and she took his hand in hers, and looked into his eyes, "we have not ourselves alone to think of. There is another. It only needs resolution. Come—let us talk of it. Here, there is no hope."

"There seems none, Jane; all heart has left me."

"Elsewhere things might be better for you."

"For us," he said, correcting her.

"What is better for you is better for me," she replied. "I heard to-day that George Naldret—"

"God bless him!"

"Amen! God bless him! I heard

to-day that he was going sooner than was expected.'

"'I heard so, too, Jane; and I went round to Mrs. Naldret's tonight to see him if I could, but he had not come home.'

"'Saul,' she said, hiding her face on his shoulder, and pressing him in her arms, as one might do who was about to leave what she loved best in this world, we have suffered much together; our love for each other seems to keep us down.'" . .

"'It is a blessing for many,' she said, 'that these new lands have been discovered. A man can commence a new life there without being crushed by the misfortunes or faults of the past, if he be earnest enough to acquire strength. It might be a blessing to you.'

"'It might,' he assented, 'if you were with me.'

"'You, with your gifts, with your talent for many things, might do well there.'"

The lamp goes out. Sitting with her in the darkness his heart softens still more with sweet memories of their early love.

But the misery of the present time was too pressing to forget for more than a brief space, and he raised his head from her breast, and faced the gleams of the clear bright cold night, as they shone through the garret-window.

"'If I were to tell you,' she resumed, 'that I have felt no sorrow because of the position we are in—not as regards money, though that cannot be worse, but as regards our living together, not being married—I should tell you what is not true. I have felt bitter, bitter sorrow—bitter, bitter shame. When friends fell off from me, I suffered much. When the dearest one I had, a girl of my own age, said, 'Father forbids me to speak to you because you are leading a wrong life; when you are married, perhaps father will not be so hard upon you, and we may be friends again,—though never as

we were, Jane! never as we were!' I turned sick, Saul, because I loved her.'

They reverted to the strike that had proved so disastrous for them.

"'I had my doubts that very night, after I had made the speech that inflamed me in the making as much as it inflamed the men in the hearing. I lost my head; no wonder they turned against me afterwards. I should have done the same by them. But in acting as I did, I acted conscientiously. What, then, did I do. When I began to feel the consequences of my own act, I sought for consolation in drink, and but for your steady, unwavering faith—but for your patient endurance, and your untiring efforts to bring me back to reason, might have found a lower depth even than that!'" . . .

"'Saul,' she said, 'if I have done my duty to you—and I have striven to do it with all my heart and soul—it remains for you to do your duty by me.'" . . . "'We cannot go on as we are. We have come low—very low; but worse is before us, if we are content to let it come without an effort to avoid it. Listen. The greatest happiness that can fall to my lot is to be your wife.'

"'I believe it,' he said.

"'But not as you are, Saul! Tear yourself from your present surroundings—tear yourself from this place, where there is no hope for you nor for me! If we were at opposite ends of the world, there is a tie that binds us which neither of us can ever forget. If she were in her grave, her lips would seek my breast, her little hands would stretch themselves out to you, to caress your face! What kind of happiness would it be for you to be able to say, 'Come, love, I have a home for you, for her?'" . . . . . "'Make the effort!—away from here. If you succeed—never mind how humble it is, never mind how poor—I will be your wife, loving you no more than I love you now, and you will repay me for all that I

have suffered. If you fail——But you will not fail, Saul. I know it! I feel it! Make the effort; for the sake of my love for you, for the sake of yours for me. I think, if it were placed before me that you should make the effort, and, failing, die, or that we should remain as we are, I should chose to lose you, and never look upon your face again——Here! we are near the end of this sad year. Christmas is coming, Saul. Let it be the turning over of a new leaf for us. Nerve yourself—I will not say for your own sake—but for mine, and meet the dawning of a new year, begin a new life.”

At last he promised to try, though the road was dark before him.

They parted with many tears and kisses, though he had no idea that when he joined the waits that night, he had seen the last of her. But, returning at three o'clock in the morning, he found her gone. The shock was terrible at first, and the picture of his sorrowful desolation must draw the tears from many eyes. Jane had left a farewell letter for him of sweet affection and earnest faith. She cheers him to the venture! and tells him she has taken service with a respectable family, who live a long way off. “‘As long as I live, not a day will pass without praying for a better fortune for you and for me, to Him who sees all things, and who, my heart tells me, approves of what I am doing now. Pray to Him alone, dear love. He will hear you, and pity. Dear love, good bye! All my prayers are with you. Let them and the memory of me sustain your heart; as the consciousness of your love for me, and my faith in God's goodness, will sustain mine. Till death, and after it, your own, JANE.’”

“He read the letter twice, first with only a vague sense of its meaning, but the second time with a clearer understanding. Sobs came from his chest, tears came from his eyes, the hand that held the paper trembled

as he read. He knew that she was right. But it was hard to bear—bitterly hard to bear. How lonely the room looked—how mean, and miserable, and desolate! Faint as he was—for he had been standing in the cold streets for hours playing with the waits, and nothing but a sup of water from a drinking-fountain had passed his lips—he had no consciousness of physical weakness. All his thoughts were of Jane, all his heart, and soul, and mind, were charged with tenderness for his dear woman. He looked at the words ‘Dear Love,’ until he heard her voice speaking them. He had no thought of following her; her happiness depended upon his obeying her, and he would obey her. He had resolved upon that immediately. But O, if he could hold her in his embrace once more! If he could hear her dear voice again! If, with her arms around him, he could tell her that he would be faithful to his promise! He dashed the tears from his eyes. ‘She is thinking of me now,’ he sobbed; ‘she is awake, and praying for me now! All the suffering of our poverty was hers. She took it all upon herself, dear soul! She knew, and I did not; and her heart was bleeding while she shed the light of hope upon mine! What does she say here, dear soul, to lessen my pain? ‘You have said so much to-night to comfort me! I treasure your words. The are balm to my heart.’ It is like her—it is like her to write these words. She knew, dear woman, she knew, dear heart, that they would comfort *me!* But I want strength! I want strength!’ His eyes travelled over the letter again, and again he read the words, ‘Pray to Him also, dear love, He will hear you, and pity.’ Pressing the paper to his lips, Saul Fielding sank upon his knees, and bowed his head upon the bed.”

This is a sweet and touching idyll, but we cannot let it pass without say-

ing how very, very far it is from being a typical picture of such relations among the working-classes. Unhappily, the daily papers and common experience show a clear, stern fact—that such relations, being almost always associated with intemperate habits, the two evils act on each other, producing more or less of brutality, cruelty, violence, and crime; generally exercised toward the helpless woman who has placed herself in bondage, sometimes overwhelming both in one common destruction.

Saul has now to begin his pilgrimage—but how? He has not a shilling in the world, nor any friends powerful enough to help him. Heaven's gate seems to be more easily accessible to him than this new land across the seas. But he remembers that his friend George has had a free passage-ticket to the other end of the world given him by a Mr. Million, a public man. Perhaps Mr. Million would assist Saul also. He visits Mr. Million to try. This scene is worth attentive study. Mr. Million is an M.P., who has a fortune from a brewery, and he professes to be a great friend of the working man—and so he is, for that working man who drinks large quantities of Million's Entire and Million's treble X, and who in no way disturbs the selfish interests of his class. But Saul's opinions do not suit the rich brewer. They are drawn forth by arrogant and insolent questioning. Here are some of them—for be it remembered Saul has been a hard reader and thinker, and has made up his mind on many of the problems that agitate modern society.

“‘I think, sir,’ he says firmly and respectfully, ‘that the working classes—by which I mean all in the land who have to work with their hands for daily bread—do not receive, as things go, a fair equivalent for their work. Their wages are not sufficient. They seem to me to be framed upon a basis which makes

the work of eking them out so as to make both ends meet a harder task than the toil by which they are earned. The working man's discontent does not spring from his work; he does that cheerfully almost always. It springs out of the fact, that the results of his work are not sufficient for comfort, and certainly not sufficient to dispel the terrible anxiety which hangs over the future, when he is ill and unable to work, perhaps, or when he and his wife are too old for work.’

“‘Oh, indeed!’ exclaims Mr. Million. ‘You give him a wife!’

“‘Yes, sir; his life would be a burden indeed without woman's love.’

“Mr. Million stares loftily at Saul Fielding.

“‘And children, doubtless!’

“‘Happy he who has them! It is Nature's law; and no man can gainsay it.’ The theme possesses a fascination for Saul Fielding, and he continues warmly, ‘I put aside as outrageous all that is said of the folly and wickedness of poor people marrying and having large families. This very fact, which theorists wax indignant over—theorists, mind you, who have wives and families themselves, and who, by their arguments, lay down the monstrous proposition that Nature works in the blood according to the length of a man's purse—this very fact has made England strong; had it been otherwise, the nation would have been emasculated. Besides you can't set natural feeling to the tune of theory; nor, when a man's individual happiness is concerned, can you induce him to believe in the truth of general propositions which, being carried out in his own person as one of the units, would make his very existence hateful to him.’

“Mr. Million opens his eyes even wider than before; such language from the lips of the ragged man before him is indeed astonishing.

“‘What more have you to say?’ he gasps, ‘You will want property equally divided—’



"'No, sir, indeed,' interrupts Saul Fielding, daring- to feel indignant. 'The man who makes honestly for himself is entitled to possess and enjoy—'

"'You would, at all events, feed the working-man with a silver spoon? You would open the places of amusement for him on the Sabbath?'

"'I would open some and shut others.'

"'What places, now?'

"'The museums and public galleries. I would give him every chance—he has a right to it—to elevate himself during the only leisure he has.'

"'And in this way you would desecrate the Sabbath?'

"For the life of him Saul Fielding cannot help saying, 'A greater desecration than even that can be in your eyes, takes place on the Sabbath in places that are open in the name of the law.'

"'You refer to—'

"'Public-houses. If they are allowed to be open, what reasonable argument can be brought against the opening of places the good influence of which is universally acknowledged? It is the withholding of these just privileges that causes much discontent and ill-feeling.'

"'I have heard quite enough of your opinions, sir. Come to the point of your visit.'

Saul explains.

"'I have been especially unfortunate in my career, sir. As I told you, I am willing to work, but am unable to obtain it. If I could emigrate; if I could get into a new country, where labour is scarce, things might be better for me.'

"The poor man is helpless at the rich man's feet, and the rich man plays with him, as a cat with a mouse.

"'Well,' he says, 'emigrate. The country would be well rid of such as you.'

Saul repeats—" 'I have no means, sir; I am poor and helpless.'

"'How do you propose to effect your object, then?'

"'There are Government emigrant ships which take men out, I have heard, for very little—for nothing almost.'

Saul suggests that the public men—the "friend to the working classes"—may assist him to a free passage, as George Naldret had been assisted. Then comes the dramatic discovery that George has not had his ticket from the great brewer, but from the brewer's son, who has a wicked object in sending the young carpenter to the other side of the world.

The very idea of George's emigrating to become richer before he marries sweet Bessie Sparrow, the grocer's granddaughter, had been suggested by young Mr. Million, an idle young fellow, who is almost entirely occupied with a "traffic in wild oats," and is endeavouring to pursue this traffic at the grocer's, where he assists old Ben Sparrow in trouble, and plots to mislead his granddaughter, and separate her from George Naldret. George would never have thought of going away, but have been content with "Bread and Cheese and Kisses" in a humble home, but for the rich young gentleman's promptings. However, his unfortunate friend, Saul, opens George's eyes, in a passionate scene. George then crumpled the free ticket in his hand, and tore it fiercely in twain. But Saul caught his arm, and stayed its destination.

"'No, no, George!' he cried, but his cry was like a whisper. 'Don't destroy it! Give it, Oh give it to me! Think of the future that is open to me—to her, unless I can see a way. The way is here! Here is my salvation! Let me go instead of you!' He fell upon his knees and raised his hands tremblingly, as if the Death Angel were before him, and he was not prepared. 'If

I live I will repay you, so help me, the Great God!"

"George muttered, 'Take it. For me it is useless. May it bring you the happiness that I have lost!'"

Mr. Farjeon shows that emigration may be an evil as well as a good—an evil when it takes a man from quiet, happily-settled domestic ties, and sends him away in a vain search after riches, troubling the hearts of those who love him, and too often ending in disappointment and sorrow, not unfrequently in demoralisation or destruction, but an immense good when it gives an unfortunate a fresh start in life.

We follow Saul hopefully to the Antipodes. His adventures there are thrilling in their interest. We are told the history of the discovery of gold in "Campbell's Ranges," and how some two hundred persons pitched a couple of score of tents there—forming "a town."

Saul "wandered into it, looking about him strangely, wistfully—for old-world ways were upon him, and old-world thoughts were stirring in his mind—a man, tall, blue-eyed, and strong."

He was told of the place "where the gold comes from" far over the mountains. He only stopped to buy a little flour, he could not afford much, and then he walked on toward that place. When he at last reached it, he saw a few white canvas tents, "lying in the lap of night," almost hidden in the saddle of a gully, in the centre of a forest of mountain peaks. The diggers are some from old Devon, England's garden land; some from the Cornish mines, some from the motherland's fevered cities.

"The rough diggers often spoke among themselves of the manner of his coming to them. They were working in the gullies, which were rich with gold; some were burrowing at the bottom of their mines, some were standing by the windlasses, hauling up the precious dirt. They

had been working so from sunrise, and their hearts were light; for the future was as glowing as the bright colours of the sun were when they turned out to work—as glowing as the beautiful colours in the sky were now. It was sunset. The gold-diggers, standing in the sun's light, with strong chests partly bared, with strong arms wholly so, were working with a will. Now and then snatches of song burst from their lips—now and then jests and good-humoured words were flung from one to the other. The women were busy outside their tents, lighting fires to prepare for supper; three or four children were playing with a goat and a dog; a cat—yes, a cat!—stepped cautiously out of a tent, and gazed solemnly about. And all around them and above them were the ground-hills and mountains, stretching for miles on every side. It was a wonderful life amidst wonderful scenes. Close contact with the grandeur of nature, and with its sublime influences, humanised many of the rough men, and melted them to love and tenderness. The hills were full of echoes; when the thunder came, the titanic hollows sent the news forth and brought it back again; it was like God's voice speaking with eternal majesty. As the diggers looked up from their work, they saw, upon one of the nearest peaks, a man standing with sunset colours all around him.

Saul came with slow and painful steps down into the valley. "Pale, patient-looking, footsore, ragged, and with deep lines on his face." After a few inquiries from the jealous workers, who were afraid of too many new arrivals, he sat on the ground a short distance from them, worn out with hunger and fatigue. The gold-diggers spoke to one another, and looked at him, but made no advance. The women also raised their heads and cast many a curious glance at the stranger. He wistfully glanced at them, and watched the

children playing. "Behind the hills sunk the sun, and night drained the fiery peaks of every drop of blood." The gold-diggers left off work, and, suspicious of the stranger, and afraid of bushrangers, took their buckets and tools to their tents, and took the ropes from the windlasses. They let off their fire-arms and re-loaded them. The darker shadows came down upon the valleys, and wrapt the man and his misery from their gaze and comprehension. They could see the faint outlines of his form, nothing more.

"He gazed around and above him, at the solemn hills, at the solemn sky, and thought, 'For myself I should be content to die here, and now. But for her—for her! Give me strength, great God—sustain me!' He knelt, and buried his face in his hands; and when the moon rose, as it did soon after, it shone upon his form. A woman, standing at the door of her tent was the first to see him in his agony of supplication. She hurried in to her husband, who was nursing a little daughter on his knees. 'David,' she said, 'that man is praying. There can be no harm in him, and he has no shelter. He may be in want of food.' 'Poor man!' said the little daughter. The father lifted her gently from his knee, and went out without a word. The touch of a hand upon his shoulder roused the stranger, and he looked into David's face.

"'What are you doing?' asked David.

"'Praying?'

"'For what?'

"'For strength, for comfort. I need both. Turn your face from me! I am breaking down!'

"A great sob came from the stranger's heart. David, with averted face, stood steady and silent for full five minutes. Then placed his hand upon the stranger's shoulder, and spoke:

"'Come with me. I can give

you a shelter to-night. My wife sent me to you.'

So Saul was hospitably received into the gold-digger's tent, and was fed and warmed and comforted. Within a month every one in the little colony loved him.

"Love is not hard to win. Try, you who doubt. Try, with gentleness and kindness, and with charitable heart."

Three months pass. It is June, and winter. The snow season is in its meridian. The colony is snow-bound—fifty souls in all, beside a dozen dogs, three goats, a large number of poultry, and a cat. "The shade of Whittington would rejoice if it knew that this cat cost an ounce of gold—and a pinch over." The heights all around are man-deep in snow. The diggers are not dismayed as yet. They have wood and provisions for six months, and nearly every man there is worth his hundred ounces of gold. Saul has eighty ounces, and he keeps it next to his heart, sewn in his blue serge shirt. David and Saul were mates. They dug and shared, and he lived with the father, mother, and child. A great and blessed change had passed over him.

"How tender his heart grew during this time! How he blessed God for His goodness! What beauty he saw in every evidence of the great Creator! He made the rough men better, and often in the evening they would gather round him while he read to them, and talked with them. The Sabbath day, from the time he came among them, was never passed without prayer—and they all lived happily together. Then the snow began to fall. They laughed and said, 'after the snow, the primroses!' The children played with it, and pelted each other with snowballs, and the men joined in the sport. The goats scampered up the hills in mad delight, and sent the snow-sprays in the air with their hoofs. The women

looked on lovingly, and the little gully was filled with pleasant mirth. At night they clustered round the fires, and raised up pictures for the future. They talked of their gold, not greedily, but gratefully, and blessed the land which gave them its [treasures willingly ; and in their dreams they dreamed of dear old England, and of the dear faces at home—the dear faces which would smile upon them by-and-bye, please God.”

But that was never to be ! The soft snow fell and fell, day after day, week after week. Saul woke in terror one night. He felt as if a spirit's voice had roused him. He went out toward the hills with a pole to try the snow. Ankle-deep, knee-deep, waist-deep, breast-deep ; and yet he had not walked more than five hundred yards. He was in a snow prison. Reason almost deserted him, as he cried “ Jane ! Jane ! ” the echoes dying away mournfully.

Slowly and painfully he traced his steps to the tent, and crept into the blankets again. The moan of the wind again frightened him. The moan grew into a shriek, and rushed past the tent and over the hills, like an angry spirit. It brought the Snow-Drift on the few low-lying tents of the gold-diggers. Never did we read a more soul-moving scene than that which follows.

Saul did not perceive the imminent fate.

“ God shield you, dear woman ! ” he murmured, thinking of Jane, as he fell into a doze. “ God bring you to me ! ”

“ All night long the wind shrieked and whistled through the tents ; the men, tired out with their exertions, did not wake. But the women did, and lay and trembled. David's wife awoke.

“ David, ’ she whispered, but he did not hear her.

“ What's the matter, mother ? ” murmured her daughter.

“ ‘ Nothing, child ! nothing ! It's only the wind. Hush ! one mustn't wake father. Go to sleep, darling ! ’

“ The sun rose late the next morning, and a dim blood-veil was in the sky, which made some of them think that it was night still. The miners found the snow round their huts to be three feet deep. They looked anxious at this.

“ ‘ We can master the snow, ’ they whispered one to another, ‘ but the Drift will master us. ’ Even as they spoke, the wind, which had lulled, began to moan again, and before they had been working an hour, shovelling away the snow, the wind-storm, bringing the snow with it from the heights over which it rushed, blinded them, and drove them into their tents for shelter. They could not hold their feet. ‘ Let us hope it'll not last long, ’ they said ; and they took advantage of every lull to work against their enemy, not like men, but like heroes.

“ ‘ What makes you so downcast, Saul ? ’ asked David ; he had not begun to lose heart.

“ Saul looked in silence at David's wife and David's daughter ; they were at the far end of the hut.

“ ‘ You are not frightened, Saul, surely ? ’ said David.

“ ‘ Not for myself, David, ’ whispered Saul. ‘ But tell me. What kind of love do you bear for your wife and child ? ’ David's look was sufficient answer. ‘ I have a perfect love for a woman also, David. If she were here, as your wife is with you, I could bear it, and so could she. David, we are beset by a terrible danger. Listen to the wind. I am afraid we may never get out of this. ’

“ David's lips quivered, but he shook away the fear.

“ ‘ We mustn't lose heart, Saul, and we must keep this danger from the wife and little one. There's men's work before us, and we must do it—like men ! ’

“ ‘ Trust me, David, ’ said Saul .

'my heart beats to the pulse of a willing hand ;'

All day the wind storm prevented the men from work. "The blood-veil in the sky died away, and when night came, the moon's light shone clear and cruel, bright and pitiless. Worn out with hard toil and anxiety, Saul lay down that night, and tried to sleep. He hugged his gold close, and vowed that he would not risk another season of such danger. 'If I do not get an ounce more I will be content. What I have will be sufficient for the home and for Jane.'" He dreamed of voyaging home—blissfully—with his new friends,—of seeing Jane standing on a far-off shore, with glad face. "I am coming, Jane," he cried, and she smiled, and held out her arms to him. Presently a sudden and terrible wind sprung up. "The ship seemed as if it were being torn to pieces. 'My God !' he heard David's wife cry, and starting up, he saw a candle alight in the tent, and David's wife standing in her nightdress on his side of the green baize which divided the tent. Her face was white with terror.

"'My God !' she cried again ; 'we are lost !' The storm of his dream was raging among the hills furiously.

"'Go into your room,' said Saul hurriedly. 'I will be dressed in a minute.'

"In less than that space of time he was up and dressed, and then David tore the green baize aside.

"'Saul,' he said, 'this is terrible !' And stepping to Saul's side, whispered, 'If this continues long, our grave is here.'

"Saul went to the door of the tent, and tried to open it ; but he could not. The wind had brought with it thousands and thousands of tons of snow from the heights, and they were walled up. Saul felt all round the sides of the tent. The snow was man-high. Only the frail drill of which the tent was made kept it from falling in, and burying

them. In an instant Saul comprehended their dread peril.

"'The tree !' he cried, as if an inspiration had fallen upon him. 'The tree !'

"Just outside the tent, between it and the tent next to it, stood a great pine-tree, the only tree among the tents. Rough seats and tables were piled up. Saul climbed up them, and cut a great hole in the roof of the tent. It was day-light above, and the snow was falling fast. Saul saw the noble tree standing fast and firm. With a desperate leap he caught a branch, and raised himself above the tent. And when he looked upon the awful scene, upon the cruel white snow, in which the tents all around him were embedded and nearly buried, his heart throbbed despairingly. He stooped over the tent. 'David !' he cried. David's voice answered him.

"'This is our only chance,' he said loudly. 'Here we may be able to find safety until the storm abates and the snow subsides. Listen to me, and do exactly as I say. Get some provisions together, and some water, and the little brandy that is left. Make them up in a bundle. Tie rope and cord round it, and let me have it. Quick !'

"Answer me, Saul,' cried David. 'What do you see of our mates ?'

"Saul groaned. 'Do not ask me, David ! Let us thank God that this tree was left standing.'

"David climbed on to the table with the bundle of provisions in his hands. He was lifting it for Saul to take hold of, when the pile upon which he was standing gave way, and he fell heavily to the ground.

"He called, 'David, David, are you hurt ?'

"The voice of David's wife answered him with sobs and cries. 'He can't move, Saul ! He can't move ! Oh, my poor, dear David ! He has broken his leg, he says, and his back is hurt. What shall I do ? Oh, what shall I do !' But although

she asked this question, she—true wife and woman as she was—was attending to the sufferer, not thinking of herself.

“‘God pity us!’ groaned Saul, and raised his hand to the storm. ‘Pity us! pity us!’ he cried.

“But the pitiless snow fell, and the soft flakes danced in the air.

“Then Saul cried, ‘David’s wife! The child! the child!’

“‘Let me be, wife,’ said David; ‘I am easier now. Pile up those seats, again; make them firm. Don’t hurry. I can wait. I am in no pain. Lift our little daughter to Saul, and the provisions afterwards.’

“She obeyed him; she piled the seats one above another. Then brought the child to David. He took her in his arms, and kissed her again and again.

“‘My pet! my darling!’ he moaned. ‘Kiss father, little one!’

“And the rough man pressed this link of love to his heart, and kissed her face, her hands, her neck, her lips.

“‘Now, wife,’ he said, and resigned their child to her. David’s wife stood silent for a few moments with the child in her arms, and murmured a prayer over her, and blessed her, and then, keeping down her awful grief, bravely, like a brave woman, climbed to the height, and raised her arms to Saul with the child in them. Only her bare arms could be seen above the tent’s roof.”

“‘Come, little one,’ said Saul, and stooping down, at the risk of his life, clutched the child from her mother’s arms, and heard the mother’s heart-broken sobs.

“‘Is she safe, Saul?’

“‘She is safe, dear woman.’

“Other heads rose from other tents, and turned despairingly about. But no help for them was near. They were in their grave.

“David’s wife raised the provisions to Saul, and went down to her husband.

“‘Wife,’ said David, ‘leave me, and see if you can reach Saul. It will be difficult, but you may be able to manage it.’

“She looked at him tenderly.

“‘My place is here, David,’ she said. ‘I shall stay with you, and trust to God. Our child is safe, in the care of a good man.’

“He tried to persuade her, but she shook her head sweetly and sadly, and simply said, ‘I know my duty.’ He could say no more, for the next moment he swooned, his pain was so great. Then his wife knelt by him, and raised his head upon her lap.

“Saul heard a thud beneath him, and looking down saw that the walls of the tent in which David and his wife were had given way, and that the snow was toppling over. He turned his head, he was powerless to help them. The tears ran down his face and beard, and he waited, awe-struck by the terror of the time. He thought he heard the voice of David’s wife cry,

“‘Good bye, my child! God preserve you!’

“In a choking voice he said, to David’s little daughter,

“‘Say, God bless you, mother and father.’

“The child repeated the words in a whisper, and nestled down to Saul, and said,

“‘I’m so cold! Where’s mother and father? Why don’t they come up.’”

Saul, with a shiver, looked down. Nothing of David, or David’s wife could he see. The tent was not in sight. The snow had covered it. “And still it fell, and still it drifted—and rose higher and higher. Men signalled to each from tent to tent, and bade God bless each other, for they felt that, unless the snow-drift and snow-fall should instantly cease, there was no hope for them. But still it fell; fell softly into the holes in the canvas roofs and sides; into the chambers below; crept up to

them inch by inch; wrapt yellow gold and mortal flesh in soft shrouds of white, and hid the adventurers from the light of day."

Saul is saved, and returns to England with his orphan charge—there to be reunited to Jane, and to call her wife. He is in time to render an important service to George and Bessie Sparrow; and a general reunion takes place with other old friends, and with *one* nearer and dearer than any. The conclusion is in harmony with the title.

"'George and I are going into business together,' says Saul. 'We shall start a little shop of our own.'"

"'And stop at home,' remarks Mrs. Naldret, 'and be contented.'"

"'Yes,' replies George, 'on bread and cheese and kisses. I shall be able to buy my pots and pans now!'"

The friends are all together in the grocer's parlour at Christmas—Jane also with them, when, 'Silence falls upon them. And in the midst of

the silence, the sounds of music steal to their ears, and they gaze at each other with earnest, grateful eyes. It is the waits playing "Home, sweet Home." Softly, sweetly, proceeds the hymn of Home. The air is filled with harmony and prayer."

And thus finishes this sweet story, which the reader is not to judge only from the extracts given here, for we have not touched on the well-wrought scenes with George and Bessie, nor the curious picture of little Tottie, who, with her kind protector, the old grocer, is very amusing. The child has evidently been drawn from the life, with no common insight into that mystic thing, the mind of infancy. Some of us can recollect similar strange minglings of the fanciful and the real—of eager sense and dawning conscience—often entirely unsuspected by the good folk about—as those which Mr. Farjeon has depicted so boldly in little Tottie's frailty.



## THE PHILOSOPHER.

A NOVEL.

—O—

BOOK V.

THE ULTIMA THULE.

—O—

CHAPTER V. (*continued*)

AN IRON HAND STRETCHED FORTH.

LILY, trembling a little, but preserving in her bearing the heaven-born dignity of her soul, stepped forth at once from the carriage, refusing, as she did so, the proffered assistance of her cousin; and, casting upon him one glance so full of proud disdain, that he almost writhed under its influence, she calmly entered the Hall, and confronting Mrs. Viking with an air of lofty decision, she said—

“I will remain in the library until another coachman is found to drive me back where I came. I must beg of you to impress upon your attendants the importance of despatch.”

And ere Mrs. Viking had drawn breath to reply, Lily passed on to the library, which she entered, closing the door after her, and throwing herself into the arm-chair, in which I used to sit, she remained absorbed by the unknown terrors of her situation, her heart growing momentarily colder, and despair fast closing in upon her.

Mrs. Viking followed Lily with her eyes, and then as she saw the door of the library closed, she turned to confront her son. He was standing petrified, as it were, by Lily's glance of scorn, pale of cheek, and with no lustre of daring in his eye.

“Charles!” said Mrs. Viking at length, as the blood mounted to her

cheeks and with an angry stamp of her foot upon the floor.

The clergyman started, and it was well that he did so, for, by some mysterious coincidence, just at that moment a large block of stone suddenly detached itself from a projecting cornice high up on the front of the house, and fell with a tremendous crash full upon the spot where he had been standing. It caught the open door of the carriage in its descent, and dashed it into fragments, and this sudden noise so startled the horses that they bounded forward at full speed down the avenue. In another moment the carriage swaying to and fro came into contact with one of the trees, and was violently overthrown, breaking as it fell both pole and traces; and the horses, being thus left at liberty, careered madly onwards and disappeared in the distance, through the great gates at the entrance of the grounds.

Charles Viking staggered backwards and supported himself against one of the pillars of the portico, trembling in every limb; whilst his mother, equally roused, rushed forward and hurriedly grasped his arm.

“It is the warning of Heaven!” muttered the clergyman in a voice broken by the stupendous emotion of his soul.

The terrified face of his mother



betokened her acquiescence in his words, and she was about to reply when a sudden sound produced as sudden a change in both mother and son.

The sharp click of a lock was heard.

Lily, aroused by the noise of the falling stone, had witnessed from the library-window the destruction of the carriage, and with her full presence of mind restored, she had at once flown to the door and turned the key in its massive lock.

"I was wrong," said Charles Viking, as a look of gloomy resolution settled upon his face—"I am under the protection of Heaven, it seems—or of Hell," he added, in a lower tone.

"The iron hand should crush, and not be crushed, Charles," replied Mrs. Viking. "Come! Conquer me this little fool! There is not too much time remaining before the servants return."

And so saying, she led the way to the library-door, followed by her son. She tried the handle of the lock, and finding it immovable, paused for a moment, as though to consider what course should next be pursued. Then, addressing Charles with a determined expression, she said,—

"Fetch the large axe from the wood-house. We must act with vigour."

Charles silently obeyed, and in a few moments came back carrying with him a ponderous axe, furnished with a huge hammer-head.

"Strike the handle of the lock, Charles, and not the wood. You must leave no tell-tale marks," said Mrs. Viking, her eyes sparkling with excitement, but betraying no symptom of trepidation or nervousness.

Charles raised the axe and smote the handle of the lock with all his force. The whole door quivered again, and the blow reverberated through the hall, and up the grand staircase, with deafening noise. The wrought-iron of the handle, however,

showed no sign of the blow, and the bolt of the lock stood firm. Far otherwise, though, was it with the heart that beat behind the door.

Again and again, with increasing haste and vehemence, the clergyman rained heavy blows upon the handle, each blow producing a mighty shudder as it were in the whole frame-work of the door, and causing Lily's heart to tremble in unison. At length the lock began to yield beneath the shocks, and finally the staple which held the bolt gave way, and the door flew open with a mighty crash.

The bright sunbeams, streaming in through the library-windows witnessed a strange scene. Lily, almost fainting with affright, but still trying to nerve herself for the struggle that she felt to be inevitable, had retreated to the window, where, supported with one hand upon the sill and the other pressed upon her heart, she stood thinking and looking hurriedly from side to side, as though to discover some means of escape. Her cheeks were pale as death, her hair, prettily disordered, fell in truant locks partly on her face, her half-opened lips allowed the frequent fragrant sighs to escape in piteous haste, and abandoned by all else, the Spirit of Beauty had visibly constituted to be invoked by her solitary plight.

At the door, so roughly dashed open, stood Charles Viking, his tall form erect, one foot planted firmly in advance, the axe grimly brandished aloft, his chest panting fiercely from the violent exertions, his face flushed, his eyes flashing, and his whole attitude and countenance expressive of the most bitter determination. Behind him appeared his mother in a posture of what at sight seemed to be majestic repose, but a close scrutiny would have revealed a tremor in her limbs that she could not altogether repress, while her tightly clenched hands and teeth, together with her blanched features,

and the malignant hatred that beamed from her eyes, visibly betokened the raging passions by which she was moved.

Sweet Innocence struggling with the Furies, was a sight on which the whole of Olympus might have gazed. Charles Viking advanced a step across the threshold of the chamber, and simultaneously fresh life surged through Lily's breast.

"I forbid you to advance, sir," said she, standing erect with difficulty, and feebly motioning him away. "I appeal to whatever manly feelings may still retain their influence with you."

Her appeal was not without effect, and Charles stood still. Seeing this, Mrs. Viking could no longer contain herself, but rushing forward into the middle of the room, and addressing Lily, in bitter tones and with fierce looks, said—

"So we have found you at last, Miss Lily Trevor! and you even have the insolence to appeal to the man you have so deeply injured! Out upon you, girl!"

Lily's only reply was a look of scorn.

"Ay, you may look as contemptuous as you please," pursued my aunt, livid with rage, "but you have seen your last day of liberty! That stubborn will of your's must bend or break! Come. Follow me instantly!"

And so saying she seized Lily's wrist, as though to drag her from the room; but this display of violence aroused such indignation in Lily's mind, that with an angry gesture she snatched her hand from her aunt's grasp as speedily and as easily as she would have shaken off that of an infant. Furious at this new proof of the metal with which she had to deal, Mrs. Viking became forgetful of all womanly restraint, and like a tigress sprang at Lily's

hair, which she seized with such vehemence, that the poor girl was pulled to the ground in a moment, and her head sharply striking the floor, this, added to the terrible emotions she had undergone, proved too much for her strength to sustain. She fainted.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Viking, panting with excitement, and pointing to the prostrate form of her niece with an air of savage triumph. "I have done my part, you must now do your's, Charles."

The clergyman who had been on the point of rushing forward to Lily's assistance, and had already thrown down his axe to do so, now looked at his mother with an air of something like positive fear, and at once divining her thoughts, he passed on to where Lily was lying; stooped down, swung the delicate body across his shoulder, and without saying a word, strode from the room, and slowly ascended the great staircase. Mrs. Viking stayed behind for a moment, set back in their places some chairs that had been overthrown, picked up the axe, restored the dislodged staple, turned back the projecting bolt of the lock, and casting a satisfied glance around, followed her son.

On arriving in his study she found the entrance to the secret staircase open, and neither Charles nor Lily in sight. Proceeding to the chimney, she paused to listen, and almost immediately she heard a faint scream echoing through the vaults below. At this a look of some little perplexity crossed her countenance, and for a moment she made a movement as though to descend the mysterious steps; but she suddenly drew back her foot, and with a sinister and vindictive smile she quitted the apartment, and withdrew to the lower part of the house.

## CHAPTER VI.

## A PLUNGE INTO THE ABYSS.

DURING the two or three days succeeding his encounter with Martin Dawes, Mr. Littlemore lived far removed from peace. He remained at his chambers, and immersed himself deeply in the pursuit of his profession; but there was ever present with him the image of a pale face, the phantom of a fairy spirit, gazing sadly at him, and beckoning him away with mournful gestures. Did he open a musty text-book of the law, soft sorrowful eyes looked up from its pages: did he rivet his attention upon a brief, tender trembling lips strove to smile between the closely-written lines: did he engage in keen, subtle argument with the solicitors who consulted him, the subtle strains of a guitar, touched by seraph fingers, and discoursing some exquisitely pathetic melody, would ravish his thoughts away, and cause the half-finished sentences to fade upon his tongue; but, most terrible of all, did he sit pondering in the solitude of his room, a bedstead draped with funeral black would shape itself before him, and he would start shuddering from the contemplation of the serene, but marble countenance that lay pillowed thereon.

As often as he could bid his nerves recall their wonted vigour, he fostered every angry emotion of his soul, and summoned to his aid ambition, pride, selfishness, and absorption in the present; and, at these times he busily shaped out the steps to take respecting Clara. He was in daily communication with her, and it had been arranged that their marriage should take place at the earliest moment possible in London, after which Charles Viking should proceed to Leighbury to reside, leaving his father and mother at Rumbleton Hall. In pursuance of

this, Mr. Littlemore had taken a house in the neighbourhood of Russell Square, and had given instructions for it to be completely furnished, occupying his mind during his leisure moments with the contemplation of the brilliant future which awaited his entry into the world of hosts and guests.

He had seen no more either of Martin Dawes or Ned Harner, and had thought it best to make no inquiries as to what had become of them. It is true he cast a watchful glance around him as he passed to and from his chambers, and both his own doorway and the gateway in Fleet Street echoed a sigh of relief as often as he passed themunchallenged. Not that he was possessed by any physical fear; for, in spite of his loss of presence of mind on being so suddenly assailed by Mr. Dawes, he retained sufficient nonchalance of character to render him quite oblivious at any cause for apprehension; but he dreaded lest an interview with the father of the most sweet spirit he had chased from gladness, might disclose the calamitous issue which he felt must have taken place, but which as yet had not been directly communicated to him.

Early in the morning of the day succeeding Elsie's funeral, a sharp pull at the bell connected with the housekeeper's apartment of the building in which Littlemore's chambers were situated, roused the functionary in question from her breakfast; and on emerging from the subterranean regions where she dwelt, a little dolefully it must be coupled, she saw two gentlemen standing in the passage. They were both rather short, and one was inclined to stoutness; but beyond this she could not make out very much owing to both of them being muffled up in cloaks,

and their wide-brimmed hats being pulled down over their ears, in spite of the warmth of the weather.

As soon as she could recover her breath—for she had ascended the steps rather more quickly than was usual or quite compatible with the symptoms of plethora, that she had discovered to be gradually overtaking her for the last few years—she asked the two gentlemen “what their pleasure might be.”

“Leave it to me,” whispered the thinner one of the two to the other. “I’ll handle these ribbons.” Then addressing the housekeeper, he said, “Well, my good woman, we want to know if there’s any stalls to let in this house.”

“Stalls!” replied the woman, in accents of indignation—“I keeps no stalls. P’raps it’s chambers as you mean?”

“Ay, that’s it,” said the gentleman. “Well, we want to see what you’ve got to dispose of.”

“I can’t exactly say as I’ve got none,” responded the housekeeper, looking at her questioner with a twinkle of cunning in her glance; “but we only lets ’em to lawyers.”

The gentleman seemed a little perplexed, and glanced at his companion, who, however, at once said in a tone so solemn, and with something so unworldlike, that the housekeeper trembled with affright as she heard it,

“We are not lawyers: we are judges.”

“Ay, we are judges,” repeated the other in similar accents.

The woman was so startled by this intimation that she at once forsook her self-assertive, defiant attitude, and dropping a profound curtsy, or a slow bob intended as such, she said—

“I’m sure I begs your lordships’ pardons; but I didn’t know as you’d be suitable for our house—and, indeed, the keys of the chambers is down in my rooms—very damp rooms your lordships, all stone and

fog, and some folks does say as judges and parl’ments ought to give us fresh air in return for the taxes we pays—live and let live, says I, and who should know better, seeing as how the damp is so a-soaking my constitution that if it warn’t for a little something warm, I do think as moss and weeds would a-grow out all over me.”

All this she uttered, not rapidly, but with an air of mournful gravity that quite arrested her hearers’ attention in spite of the impatience that, as it were mechanically, betrayed itself.

“Damp’s a bad thing, but it gets almost comfortable if you bear it like a philosopher,” sententiously replied Ned Harner, for it was he who, with Martin Dawes, had come there from Morton House, after having assisted at the last sad obsequies of poor Elsie.

“What’s a philosopher, your lordship?” asked the woman, with another curtsy.

“In this case it’s a person who best knows how to cure damp by something warm,” said Martin Dawes, sternly. “Come, get us the keys,” he added, clinking some coins in his pocket.

Ned Harner looked a little affronted at this definition of a philosopher, but the sound of the coins produced a marvellous effect for good in the housekeeper. She immediately disappeared down the steps with surprising alacrity, and returned in another minute, bringing with her two large keys.

“There’s only one set of chambers to let, your lordships,” she explained; “but they’re the most convenient-like we have. Here they are, right on the ground-floor, and near the door.”

So saying, she pointed to a door in the wall of the passage close to the foot of the stairs that led to the upper floor; and then placing a key in the lock, she turned it and threw the door open, inviting the friends to enter.

"The house is pretty full, then?" said Ned Harner, following her with Martin Dawes.

"Oh, yes; there's a-many big lawyer here," rejoined the woman. "For instance, there's the handsomest and cleverest barrister in all the courts lives in the rooms right over there. People do say as he'll soon be made a judge, your lordships—he's so wise. Well, he used to be rather gay, but lately he's got quite grave and serious."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Harner; "what may be his name?"

"Mr. Littlemore," replied the housekeeper, and then she felt her shoulder suddenly grasped as in a vice. Turning round, she saw Martin's eyes flashing from under the brim of his hat, and then, while he held her tightly as though to preclude her escape, he asked, in tones of suppressed excitement,—

"He!—He lives in the very rooms above this?"

"Yes, your lordship. But he's very quiet, he won't disturb you," said the woman, thoroughly frightened by Martin's demeanour.

"She is right—he won't disturb us," said Ned Harner, casting a meaning glance at his friend, and lifting Martin's hand from the housekeeper's shoulder.

"Yes, yes," echoed Mr. Dawes with assumed calmness; and then looking at the housekeeper, he added—"And we need not disturb you. While we are looking at the rooms you can run out and obtain some remedy against the damp."

He drew out a half-crown, and placed the same in the woman's hand, whereupon, with many curseys and profuse expressions of gratitude, she withdrew, promising to return in five minutes' time.

When she had gone, Martin looked hurriedly around, to make sure that they were not being watched, and then said to Ned Harner, in low, hurried tones—

"Ned, we must take these rooms."

The worthy coachman looked troubled, and replied,

"Yes, we must take 'em, that's clear enough—but I can't, for the life of me, quite spell out the direction on the sign-post."

Martin laid his hand on his friend's arm, and bending forward his mouth to Harner's ear, he whispered a few words.

Harner started as though he heard the crack of doom, and looked at Martin with blanched cheeks and a glance of terrified amazement. Mr. Dawes, on the contrary, confronted his companion boldly and resolutely, with a flush of excitement in his face, but with an air of firm determination, expressed in his sparkling eyes and compressed lips. Placing his hand to his forehead, he seemed to reflect for a moment, and then said to Harner,

"Just look round here, Ned, and see what's wanted here, while I run and see what we're to do upstairs."

This said, he left the room, and began to ascend the stairs cautiously and silently; while Mr. Harner, who had by this time fully recovered his self-possession, busily occupied himself by examining both the outer and inner apartments of the suite of chamber they were in, glancing out of each window, scrutinising the walls and ceilings narrowly, and carefully inspecting the cupboards and fireplaces. He had barely completed his survey when Martin returned with a stern expression on his countenance.











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